

of their babes than if they were so many pigs! Do hurry, Peggy has gone already."

"I'll be there soon," said Edward, taking his instrument case.

That evening at tea Aunt Ruthy informed Edward that she had been down to see Miss Smith, the milliner, about taking Dora as an apprentice in her shop, but she said that she had more offers of girls than she could accept, and that she had always heard that Irish girls were poor sewers. "But when I told her that I had taught the child myself, and that she could stitch and hem very neatly, Miss Smith concluded to take her when the busy season came on in the fall."

"She would do it," she said, "to oblige our family, though she must disappoint some others who were waiting."

"Is it, indeed, such a privilege for a young girl to be permitted to earn her living by the needle, that she must have the patronage of some family, and are we under obligations to Miss Smith for this great favor?"

"La! Edward how queer you talk!—it's a nice place for the girl, and she can make a deal of money when she has learned to cut dresses and make bonnets."

"What wages will Miss Smith give?"

"Wages! why of course she don't give any wages till Dora has learned the trade,—that will be in three months, but after that, she will give her two dollars a week to begin with."

"And board?"

"No, of course not."

"How many hours must she work?"

"The girls go at seven in the morning and stay till eight in the evening, but when they are very much hurried they stay till nine or ten, and she pays them higher wages."

"So many hours of sewing will spoil Dora's complexion, and make a little old woman of her before she is twenty."

"Lawful sakes! Edward you don't know nothing about gals; there's a dozen now that would jump at Dora's chance. Girls that have to earn their living can't be very nice about their complexion."

"Dora has a very fine one though," said Edward, as he passed his cup for more coffee.

"That's true. Dinah says she looks as if the lily was a blushing."

"Dinah is very poetical."

"I don't know anything about that, but she thinks a heap of Dora; she says she's an uncommon Irish gal, not a bit like the rest on 'em she has seen, and if she didn't know that Jack picked her up in the street, she should think she was a born lady."

"There are no better judges of good birth and breeding than the blacks," said Edward, "they seem to know by instinct a true gentleman."

"Of course Dinah knows that Dora has learned almost all she knows since she came here. You did the handsome thing by the family, Edward; 'tain't many folks that would have let an Irish family into the house so, not that I've any complaint to make, for we haven't needed the office part at all, but in case you should make any changes here, you know—"

"And the old lady fidgetted about and fixed her cap a little, as if she would like to speak plainer. Edward observed it, and helped her on a little."

"Bring a wife home, you mean," he said, smiling.

"Yes," said Aunt Ruthy, quite relieved, "if you should bring a wife home, you'd want the office just as it was in your father's day. Now, if Dora can learn a good trade, she'll be a great help to her mother, and they might hire some rooms in the village, because, you know, she couldn't do anything so far from the street as this house."

"Of course not," said Edward, rather abstractedly, the figure of Dora, spending years of ill requited toil in a little room in the rather close village street, appearing in his mind's eye as no very pleasing tableau.

He rose from table and stepped out into the broad, ample yard before the door. The house which Edward loved so well, and which he delighted to call his home, was built by his great grandfather before the Revolutionary war. It was a fine house in its day, and its stout oaken frame still bid defiance to summer suns, and winter storms; while the wainscoted rooms, with the heavy beams and curiously carved woodwork, told the story of its antiquity. It was two stories high with a gable roof, in which was a large, spacious garret, where the children of three generations had gambled, and where now reposed in dusty obscurity the relics of a past century—there was the cradle in which Edward's grandfather was rocked, close to the old-fashioned flag bottom chair, in which his grandmother sat when she sung her lullabies to the young doctor's father. There was an old spinnet brought from England in the reign of George III. from which some fair dame, in high heeled shoes, and brocade dress and ample train, with hair powdered and cushioned, had daintily drawn sweet music. But alas! the music had followed the spirit of the ancient lady to some unknown region, for none could be wooed now from its shattered keys. The playthings of past generations too were there, from the old-fashioned straw rattle to the rocking-horse of the present owner's boyhood, which it seemed but yesterday to Aunt Ruthy when she carried it up and placed it beside the rusty old sword worn by some ancestor in Queen Anne's war. But we are lingering long in the garret; on the second story are two large square chambers in front, one of them always sacred to hospitality, from the time to which the memory of no living man ran contrary. Its high posted and carved mahogany bedstead, with its heavy drapery, the round, high backed chairs, the small patterned Brussels carpet, the old fashioned set of drawers, the massive, antique china toilet set, were all more than twice as old as the present owner of the mansion. His mother, who was the pattern housekeeper of the neighborhood, had guarded them from dust and sunlight, and Aunt Ruthy was as vigilant as if the lady herself were there to make her weekly inspection. Indeed, one would have supposed the good woman firmly believed in the periodical return of the departed to the scenes dear to them on earth, for everything about the house was kept in the same order, and even her favorite dishes prepared as when she superintended kitchen and parlor. The latter, Aunt Ruthy has described to Dora, and we have frequently taken the reader to the sitting-room into which opened a small porch, shaded with a grape vine, more luxuriant in foliage than fruit. The heavy double front door opened upon an avenue of large, shadowy elms, and smooth-bud beeches, set out before Washington fought at Du Quenois, or George III. thundered his anathemas upon the devoted colonies.

The avenue was nearly three rods in length, extending to the gate, opening upon the high road

which led to the village, about half a mile distant. It (the road) was little frequented since the railway was completed, save by farmers going to the village, and by the few pedestrians who loved a quiet path and pleasant scenery.

As Edward stood in the doorway enjoying the mild air and the spring verdure of the fresh grass, and the emerald garments of the old trees, Dora came out of the little office door on the right equipped for a walk.

"I'll seal my fate," was the thought that sprang up in Edward's heart, as he looked at her neat, trim figure and fair face peeping from the cottage, and seizing his hat, he was at her side in a moment.

"Where now, Dora, this fine evening?"

"I am going down to the Factory village, sir, to Pat Ryan's. He told me yesterday that the people there would like to have me teach their children this summer, and I was going to see how many scholars I could have, and procure a room."

"But it is not very pleasant there; Dora, some eight or ten Irish families, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. Aunt Ruthy has other plans for me in the fall, but I thought this would give me employment for the summer. I am glad they are Irish, sir, I have so long wished to do something for my own countrywomen. Oh, Dr. Edward, Ireland would be a different country if all her poor children could find such good friends as God has given me since I came to America. I sometimes wish I had a great deal of money and could go back to Ireland and spend it in feeding and clothing and teaching the poor little suffering children there."

"Would you rather live in Ireland than in America, Dora?"

"I think, sir, if I could only go back and see Ireland once more, and Uncle Mick, if he's living, and my father's grave, and the old ivy-covered church; and the little house where I was born, and the green spring, and the old sun-dial, and O'Neil castle, that seems more beautiful to me than anything I have seen in America, that I would come back here and be very happy."

"Don't you think Beechwood is very pleasant," said Edward, as they arrived at the gate, and he stood a moment leaning over the fence, and gazing at the house, now partly hidden by the foliage of the trees.

"Yes, indeed, sir, and it will be a great trial to leave it; I think no other place will seem like home to me in Beechwood."

"Leave it?" said the Doctor, "pray, what is the trouble, haven't you room enough? You can have the room back of the parlor, if you'd like, it is easy of access to the office."

The look of bewilderment in the young girl's face was quite amusing, but her usual frankness explained.

"I don't understand, sir," Aunt Ruthy said "you would want the rooms this fall, and it would be better for us to leave before, as she thought it likely you would wish to make some repairs."

"Well, really, Aunt Ruthy has been allowed to have her own way so long, that she forgets that she hasn't the title deeds of the estate. Your mother is my tenant, and at liberty to stay here as long as she chooses, and Dora," he added, in a low voice, coming nearer to her, as she stood under the shadow of a branching elm, "if you like Beechwood,"—

Just then a carriage stopped at the gate, and a familiar voice exclaimed,—"Holloa, Doctor! glad to find you at home!"

Edward turned and met the pleasant face of Dr. Reynolds, who was seated in a chaise, with his niece, the beautiful heiress, Miss Winslow, by his side.

He received them cordially, and opening the large gate of the carriage-way, invited them to enter.

"We are on our way to the Springs, and I thought I would stop over one night at Beechwood, and take a peep at your bachelor establishment."

"You will find it a sort of Ravenswood, I fear," said Edward to the lady, "but it will be honored by the presence of such guests."

"If Aunt Ruthy is within, I have no fears for the entertainment," said Miss Winslow. "Ah! there she is," as the good housekeeper, hearing the carriage, showed her face at the door, and the cordial greeting she gave the guests augured well for the coming cheer.

CHAPTER XXIX.
VISITORS AT BEECHWOOD.

"Our name and line are not forgot."

"It never rains but it pours," is a homely saying, which the good housekeeper at Beechwood repeated that evening to Dinah, in the kitchen, as she was superintending the sending in of a third supper to some guests that had arrived in the last train of cars.

Mr. Hall, the traveler, whom we met at the opening of our story, and who had visited Edward but a few weeks before, called with a friend, on special business, he said, but as Aunt Ruthy's hot cakes and fragrant tea would suffer more by the waiting than the information which they had to communicate, Mr. Hall said he would discuss these first.

Meanwhile, Edward, whom his visitors would not permit to leave the garden, where he was walking with Miss Winslow, to play host at the table, was indulging in pleasant reminiscences of his mother with his companion.

"Ah! see," said the lady, "your mother's favorite plants and flowers in the same spots, and tended by some careful hand; how fresh, and green, and free from weeds that camomile. I remember her saying to me once, 'I love the plant, not only for the beauty of its graceful foliage, but for its emblem of courage in adversity, and she repeated the lines,—"

"Like the sweet camomile it grew,
Luxuriant from the bruise and blow."

Then there are her favorite pansies. But what is this?" and the lady stooped to pluck a white violet from its nest of green leaves—"how beautiful! Did you transplant this from the woods, Doctor?"

"No, I have had little time for gardening this summer." And the gentleman hesitated a moment, somehow the name that lay so close to his heart refused to pass the lips.

"But somebody has had time," said the lady, for I see, at a glance, that a person with a keen sense of the beautiful, and a knowledge of grouping, has been at work here; you say you have no gardener, and, bless me! Aunt Ruthy understands patchwork better than the arrangement of those verbena's; or the graceful trimming of those cypress vines; how beautifully they have clustered around that trellis, and in their wealth of drapery, ring their drooping tresses from the circle above. Then the tulip bed! It has all been reset since I was here, the old-fashioned double red discarded, and the colors grouped in a brilliant mosaic."

"I think, Miss Winslow, that you have explained

to me why I have taken pleasure in the garden this summer. As I have sat in the porch, cigar in hand, tired of my round of duties, I have felt soothed and refreshed, as if reading a poem. I understand it now; there is harmony of color, and a pretty grouping of plants."

"Yes, that is it; some fairy has been the preading genius."

At this moment, Dinah appeared with a shawl in her hand, her white ivories glistening between her red lips.

"Miss Ruthy sent the shawl, for she is afraid you'll catch cold, now the dew is falling," and seeing how interested the guest seemed in the flowers, she asked, "Have you seen Miss Dora's plants in the arbor. They're a heap nicer than these."

"And who is Miss Dora?"

"Oh, she's the little Irish gal what lives in the office there—she works a heap in the garden, and I believe the flowers love to grow for her to look at 'em. She makes me laugh 'till I ache, telling about the little fairies that live in blue bells, and ride in lily carriages, with butterflies for horses. She says she learned all about 'em when she lived in a little cabin in Ireland."

"Miss Winslow," said Edward, "let me throw the shawl over your shoulders, I am thankful to Aunt Ruthy for her thoughtful care of you. She knows I am too reckless of clouds and sunshine to be very gallant."

"And so I have found out your fairy," said the lady, as she moved towards the arbor; "is it one of those Irish children that I have heard Uncle Reynolds speak of, one a little blind boy?"

"Yes, the same," said Edward.

"Well, she's a prodigy for a Paddy child, I wish I might pick up a match to her, but I should as soon think of hunting for pearls in a potato patch, as for such a child among the mass of filthy, disgusting Irish that crowd the narrow streets of Boston."

"Are you prejudiced against the race?"

"Prejudiced—no, I don't call it prejudice, but you know the Celtic race is, and probably always will be, inferior to the Anglo Saxons, and I have little faith in their ever uniting, for the Irish are proverbially clannish. If, Doctor, you had your patience tried as my own has been with them, you would not wonder at the warmth with which I speak. Only last month, our servant girl, Bridget, who had lived with us a year, and who had been so faithful, that we had placed great confidence in her, went to the priest and got married privately to a poor, worthless creature. A friend informed us of the fact, and I took occasion to say to the girl, 'Bridget, I hope you wouldn't marry without informing us of it.'

"Faix ma'am ye don't think Bridget Early is the one that would do such a mane trick? Sorra a bit do I want to bring trouble upon meself in that way."

And when, the next day, after abundant proof of the fact, we accused her of it, she stoutly denied it.

Indeed, ma'am, would ye ruin the character of a poor girl that's nothing else to depend on?"

But when an hour afterwards her lawful husband came to claim her and the wages due, she said, 'I'm sorry to love you, ma'am, you've been kind to me, but I'll set up for meself now.'

There's the least particle of shame or sense of degradation at the falsehood, and there she is, poor girl, living with a brute of a husband, who gets drunk and abuses her. This is only one instance out of many, so that we think ourselves fortunate now, if we can procure any other servants than Irish."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I believe it is so, generally, for it is common to see advertisements for servants printed with the closing sentence, 'No Irish person need apply,' or 'No Catholic Irish are desired.' I fear they are becoming a proscribed race, but it seems to me that, with all their faults, they have redeeming traits. The educated Irish of the higher classes will compare favorably with any others of the same class in any nation. In the eighth and ninth centuries the scholars of Ireland were among the most distinguished at the courts of the Saxon kings and of Charlemagne, and in our own age Curran, Grattan, Emmet, O'Connell and others have given evidence of what Ireland might produce, if she had not been kept down by a mistaken policy, or crushed by starvation. I have great hope for the future of Ireland at home, and the Irish here."

The present generation here are dying by thousands in our cities and on our public works. Our railways are laid above their graves, and the low, muddy, plague-stricken districts of our Western towns and cities, where for cheapness they build their miserable shanties, are so many hot-beds of disease and vice. The average age to which Irish emigrants live, in this country, is but ten years, but another generation is springing up, abundantly supplied with food for body and mind; and if we can forbear with them and subdue our own prejudice to their religion and their race, it will be good for them and happier for ourselves. They are clannish, I acknowledge; let us not increase this spirit by drawing too closely the lines between our own more favored selves, and these poor, ignorant exiles who have sought our shores for the mere privilege of existence. But excuse my homily.—I am keeping you in the evening air too long. Shall we seek our friends? I see they have assembled in the library."

"Yes; but Doctor, if you lived in Boston or Buffalo, I am not certain but your philanthropy would cool to zero. Blessed with such household help as Aunt Ruthy and Dinah, you know little of an Irish brigade in the kitchen."

"I am highly favored, to be sure, and often wish that Aunt Ruthy could bathe in the fabled fountain that restores youth."

TO BE CONTINUED.

F U N .

"Julius, what's a coroner?" "A coroner, Mr. Snow, is a man what sets on people to see whether they killed themselves or committed suicide." "And what does he do when he finds out?" "Brings in a verdict." "And what's a wardlot, Julius?" "What's a wardlot? Why, a long black pole, painted white on de end—now hold yer hush, and don't bodder any more."

Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No I won't." "Then I'll give you another—pounding." "Pound away. Me," said Dr. Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

A LADY-up town cleared her house of flies by putting honey on her husband's whiskers when he was asleep. The flies stuck fast, and when he went out of the house he carried them off with him!

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SUMMER'S INVITATION.

By CORA WILSON.

"Come away!
From the daily toil and care,
From the city's dust and strife;
To the fragrant mountain air,
To a beautiful dream-life.
Come away!"

From the forest's depths to me,
Is a loving greeting sent;
And a memory of the breeze,
With the evening breeze blest,
Whispers softly, "Come away
From the artificial glare,
From the intercepted ray
Of God's sunshine falling there,
Come away!"

"Come where Nature smiling sits
On her green and sunny throne;
Where the happy songster flits
With a freedom song its own.
Come away!"

"Come where untried roses bloom;
Where the hand of beauty twines,
With a sweet and wild perfume,
Starry flowers 'mid leafy shrines."
Come away!"

With a joyous burst of song,
Flow the sun-kissed wavelets fair;
And a bright ideal throng,
Of sweet fancies cluster there.

"Angel-forms amid the flowers
Of that heaven-blessed retreat;
Fold their silver wings in bowers,
Where the loved and seeking meet.
Come away!"

"Come away!
From the bustle and the glare,
From the weariness and strife;
From the visions of despair,
The sad spectacle of life
"That so darkly thrills thy heart,
With a sorrow deep and vain,
For the tollers in the mart,
Woful slaves in Mammon's chain!"

"Come away!
Tears alone, and prayers are thine—
Power dwells in solid hands,
But a prophecy divine
Has been broadcast o'er the lands.
That the iron rule shall cease,
And oppression be no more;
Songs of liberty and peace
Tell of earth's blest store."

"Come away!
In the forest's densest shade,
By the sparkling river's side—
By sweet Contemplation's aid,
We will wait thee o'er the tide
Of the darkened present; past
All its gloomy scenes, and strife,
To a glowing future, vast,
To a coming higher life.
Come away!"

STAR WORSHIP.

By S. LEAVITT.

The musical ripple of the ever-moving waters gave but a faint pleasure to Alfred Anderson, as he stood on the beautiful shore of Lake Champlain, near a large village. He was one of that innumerable company of unfortunate mortals, who have come pretty near being geniuses, and yet only near enough to tantalize them. He, for instance, had all the sensitiveness and love of the beautiful which invariably belongs to great poets, and yet, because of one or two loose screws in his mental machinery, he was destined, as he by this time very well knew, never to accomplish anything great. The afternoon on which we find him by the lake, however, is a peculiarly sad one, to him. Hitherto he had entertained a glimmering hope that he might yet accomplish much for the cheering of humanity, but this afternoon he felt that his fate was decided.

"At last," he mutters, "I will take that situation in the book-store, for I know that I never shall recover from this blow—there will I sit, 'like patience on a monument,' and drag out my weary existence."

But we must explain. This very day, "The Wonderful," whom he had heard of with trembling, even Clara—the young poetess, had come to take up her abode in the village; and her coming had been of the Veni, Vidi, Vici sort, so far as Alfred was concerned. Behold him, then, the Monday following, quietly seated behind the counter of the small, but select book-store, looking as if "life's fever o'er," he had settled himself for the rest of his days. Faithfully he went through the performance of his duties, day after day, month after month, apparently as content with his lot as was the old shoemaker over the way, who whistled and fretted with his wife and children, as through the sunlit hours he hammered and carved and sewed.

And Alfred was indeed content with his lot. He had looked with searching and heaven-cleared eyes into the arena of the Universe, and knew that no man, whatever be his condition, has cause for despair, so long as he can so plainly see, if he will, that the Creation is prospering around him. That the state called by a certain wise man, "Chaos come again," is contrary to that wise man's fears, still infinitely far off. Thirst for knowledge, too, came to his assistance; and it was, indeed, because he knew that it would enable him to bury himself "to the hilt in venerable tomes," that he had chosen the book-store clerkship. So there he sat, through both day and evening, with his good natured bachelor employer—who was himself an antiquary and book-worm—poring over the literature of all times; for idle he could not be, and could only keep within bounds his soul's unconquerable restlessness, by suffering it to stray unceasingly over the richest fields of literature, and by maintaining constant communion with the Father of Spirits. Meantime, the favorite of the Muses, who had so speedily enchanted our so susceptible villager, dwelt amid a ceaseless round of joys. The pride of her family, and of the village—conscious of her power as a writer—with a soul so thoroughly tuned, as not to be easily rendered discordant—she scarcely knew of sorrow, as far as personal experience of it was concerned. Most people have to go through a sort of fire-baptism, otherwise called the furnace of affliction, before they can attain to the highest condition they are capable of. Not so with Clara. If we may believe that there are unfallen worlds, whose inhabitants never know of sin, except through hearsay; then may we say of our young poetess, that she had apparently as little "original sin" in her composition, as have the denizens of those happy earths. In fact, she was one of that rare and

genius, who are so ethereal, so lifted above earth, seemingly so much better fitted for an abode in the spiritual world—that they are seldom suffered by the higher powers to spend more than their childhood in this gross sphere.

Bitterly, bitterly, did Alfred contrast his lot with hers. And yet, although he knew that he never could accomplish anything of much importance; although he felt that he must ever remain the plain, unnoticeable country clerk, while she went on unto perfection of distinction and usefulness—sometimes his soul rose in defiance of circumstances, and claimed a place by her side, as his rightful position among mortals. And he was right; there was that in him—little as he himself was able to realize it, and little hope as there was that the world ever would—which made him equal. Ah, God and his angels see not as we see; if the doctrine of the eternity of the marriage relation be a true one, there will be matings in the other world that will astonish those who had credit for wisdom while here.

Of course, the literary taste of the young blue-stocking would lead her to call occasionally at the book-store, especially since the assortment of books displayed there, had been chosen with more taste, than even small city book-stores often give evidence of.

Clara had not, at first, taken particular notice of the clerk; indeed, she dwelt in such a lofty ideal world, that such sublimity things as young men had never yet, especially, occupied her mind, if we except those unsubstantial Apollos and Adonises, which inevitably haunt the imagination of even the most spirituelle damsel. But, in after times, she recollected that from the first, there was a something stirred within her, on meeting him, different from all her usual feelings, on meeting comparative strangers.

From time to time, however, as her tastes led her to the store, she more and more noticed, uncommon traits in him. Still this notice was, after all, very much like that we give to things of ordinary interest, when—walking the streets of a city—we allow them, as it were, to occupy the outer court of our mind's sanctuary, while dearer things engross our "inmosts." Behold her on one of these occasions. She stands looking over a lot of new works which have just arrived. With cool dignity he points out to her the most noticeable books, and descants briefly upon their merits.

At length he says, "Your own book seems to sell well; I congratulate you." There was no fawning on his part—no "Miss"—ing; the mode of address; rather pleased her.

"You have a great reputation for learning in the village."

"Mr. Anderson," she answered, "I am surprised that you have never favored us with any of your lucubrations."

"I read some to pass time," he quietly returned—"I make no pretence to literary talent; it is pleasant, it is not, to be a writer?"

"Well, yes, rather," said she, smiling. "Are you never weary of your quiet life?" she then continued, naturally desirous of changing the subject; "the people say you don't stir about much."

"In common with the race, I have my hours of weariness. But my case is not, so very pitiable," he added, a little piqued, supposing, as he did, that she was merely looking down from her lofty position upon him, with a passing emotion of compassion. In fact, the false idea so commonly entertained, that ladies of literary celebrity cannot be satisfied to wed men not equally celebrated with themselves, was fast becoming a sun-obscuring cloud to him—threatening to leave him in darkness through all his days. This idea it was that had caused him to cease all manly effort, for worldly advancement; for, as before said, knowing as he did that his affections were irreversibly fixed upon the young poetess; and supposing that no one but an equally popular literateur could ever win her, he had busied himself in the book-store. And his being possessed of this same idea was the cause of not seeing, when so kindly addressed by Clara, that it was the heartfelt interest she took in him—as a lover of books, and at the same time a rather melancholy man—that made her so friendly.

He knew not then, that every true woman devoted to literature, needs not so much a business partner, fitted to perform an equal share of literary labor—as a strong and manly mate, that she can love and respect, confide in and lean upon.

But let us look into his soul and behind the curtains of his privacy more scrutinizingly.

It has been often, and with some reason, said, that theatre-goers and newspaper readers are too fond of highly-wrought scenes, and that this is a morbid taste, since every-day life—which actors and writers generally claim that they depict—does not abound in such scenes. But are not the objectors somewhat misled by reason of their looking at men's outside life, instead of at their soul's life? If we would see into the latter, we would be led to confess every-day real life is about as full of tragedies as "the yellow-covered literature of the day." For instance, Alfred Anderson's soul led a very different life from what one would suppose from appearances.

Look upon him in his own little room in his good aunt's house, and you see, often, a very different man from the thoughtful, studious clerk. There, often, you might see him writing in anguish upon the floor. Religion, to be sure, had come to his aid, so that his state was not so much one of despair, as of Christian sadness. Thus, sometimes he would spend whole hours striving to lighten his burden by giving vent to his sorrows in the piteously lamenting utterances of Job, David and Jeremiah. It would, for instance, "just about set him on his feet" to dash through Job, reading sometimes in a low, smothered whisper, which, from its vehemence sounded like the spasmodic hissing of a snake, and again in a low monotone that seemed like one continuous groan.

The only thing in the way of amusement which he went into was sailing. Not long after he had turned clerk, he had purchased, at a considerable, though not felt justifiable expense, one of the best sail boats that had ever been seen on the lake. It did not at all interfere with his plans in this respect, that he had to attend at the store until eight in the evening. He had become "a bird of the night," and lived but to flit around over the bosom of the waters when darkness was brooding over them. Again he liked but stormy-weather for his excursions. He was, in fact, a sort of stormy petrel; so that the navigators of these waters, fishermen and others, began to look upon him somewhat in that light. Indeed what with his invariably sailing in the night and his frequently in stormy weather, when other amateur sailors were afraid to venture out; and what with the exceeding swiftness of his little vessel, and his phantom-like appearance; (she was painted white) the crews of

those vessels which piled up and down that part of the lake—with the proverbial superstitions of sailors—began to regard this strange turn-out as a miniature edition of the "Flying Dutchman," especially when they saw, on approaching her, that there was but one person on board.

Nothing in the external world seemed to calm his mind more than "dangerous" sailing. Some of his quietest moments were those which he passed on the lake during summer evening thunder-storms. When the thunder made the earth quake, the lightning almost blinded him, the furious blast threatened every moment to overset his boat, and the rain descended as a water-spout; at such a time he seemed "to breathe free." The excitement of the scene made him for a moment forget his woes, and he would sit as far up on the windward side of his boat, as far as he could without letting go of the tiller, to which side he had also dragged all his ballast; and a faint smile would be the only evidence of emotion visible in his face, as the docile little craft leaped like an antelope from wave to wave, with her gunwale continually kissing them and threatening to plunge under them; while "water, water, (was) everywhere" in the form of rain, spray and hissing billows.

But while Alfred Anderson was leading this strange life, Clara was not an unmoved spectator of his course. She never dreamed that she had any influence upon his mode of life; indeed it had from the beginning of their acquaintance been quite an affliction to her, that he always treated her, on occasion of their casual meeting, with rather more indifference and hauteur than any one of the villagers. Her literary success had not in any way marred her sweet disposition, and her only ambition now, as ever, was, to be beloved. Of too guileless a nature to suppose that this coolness on the part of so estimable an acquaintance was a cloak to warmth, it really grieved her to be so treated by him. He became a sort of Mordcaid to her—the only person in the neighborhood who refused to do her the only honor she asked, that of esteeming her.

So light was her estimation of her own productions, that she would have been perfectly amazed, to be told that he looked upon those productions as the interesting landmark which was forever to keep them in different regions. On the contrary she regarded him, with his learning, his melancholy and his dignified thoughtful demeanor, as a being of quite a superior order to that to which "such foolish, giddy rattlebrains," as to herself belonged.

Now it fell upon an Indian Summer day, that a picnic upon a neighboring island was proposed in the village, and of course Alfred's boat was in demand. With no great hope of an affirmative response, some of the young men asked him if he would make one of the party,—trusting that at least he would offer them his boat, for although he had arrived in the village but a short time before, Alfred, and had held himself aloof from them, they—all, especially the children, who would flock around him as he sat of any evening on the bluff that overhung the lake—had found out how kind and obliging he was.

He replied, however, to their interrogatory, that he would like to visit the island with them, although he would not promise to stay by the rest of the party when he got there.

Miss Clara, also, had been induced to make one of the party; although on account of her superior station among them as a literary lady, and the daughter of the richest man in town, it was not expected of her to take a very active part in the exercises.

The leaders of the party, several of whom had previously manifested a mischievous desire to try the effect upon the imperturbable bookseller of the bright eyes and intellect of their village queen,—placed her in his boat and alongside of him. So now he was in the very jaws of — he knew not what. But seeing that it was useless for him to resist the *fates*, he began to converse with her on ordinary topics. Her presence, however, acting as an inspiration on him, he could not long dwell amid commonplaces.

"The hazy, mysterious Indian Summer is upon us again, Miss Clara," he began, after a short pause in the conversation; "no doubt it keeps you much in dream-land?"

"It does indeed: I ever stand in awe, then, as though more immediately in God's presence, than at any other season. We read in the history Moses gives us of our first parents, that 'God walked in the garden in the cool of the evening;' and so would it seem that he came ever now to walk the earth in this pleasant evening of the year,—bringing a genial, heavenly air with him,—to see that his children here are well prepared for the cold dark night of winter. 'From earth and her waters and the depths of air,' seems to come a voice saying, 'be still and know that I am God, commune with your own heart and be still.' Do you take the same view of it, Mr. Anderson? or is your view a more sombre one?"

Just here they reached their destination, and the colloquy was broken off. With great glee the company disembarked from the boats as they came up, and engaged in the various amusements that belong to such occasions. After a while Alfred finding himself alone with the "destroying angel"—the rest of the party having wandered off, leaving her sketching the view,—resumed, thus, the conversation:—"You spoke doubtfully with regard to the effect of the Indian Summer upon me, Miss Clara."

"Yes, excuse my frankness, but the people tell strange stories about your midnight excursions and various other odd ways: I feared you were not happy. I would not attempt to advise; but would it not be better for you to mingle more in society?" and here a dowy glistening was in her eye. Let it not be supposed, however, that there was, as yet, anything more than a sisterly feeling in her heart toward him. She spoke thus because she was at once exceedingly kind-hearted and exceedingly frank.

"It was pretty hard for Alfred to subdue his rising emotion: these words and that tearful look of sympathy almost unmanned him.

"Perhaps you are right," he replied. But then turning nervously he continued, "I hardly think it would be worth his, though."

"For," said he to himself, "even if she does mean that for an invitation, what but misery will it bring to me to call her. I shall but have to stand by and see aristocrats and men of genius from town and city, producing effects that I can never produce."

proud, Mr. Anderson. This soul-subduing season ought to drive all pride from our hearts. Are we not very little, insignificant creatures, all we mortals?" and here the tear drops fell again. "How foolish it is for us to raise imaginary barriers around ourselves, to set ourselves in any way apart from our kind, when there is so much inevitable misery in the earth, without that which this unnecessarily causes."

A grosser mind would have misunderstood this language, but Alfred did not. He knew that this was not the language of one enamored; but he gathered such good omens from it, that he answered more cheerily, when she continued: "Come, Mr. Anderson, it would do for you to seclude yourself so; visit more; visit us. I have often heard my father speak of you; and I know he often longs for more intellectual company than that he usually obtains."

"Well," he returned, "if it will prove to any one that I am not proud, I will gladly avail myself of your invitation."

So in the next week found our furious navigator dropping in upon several of his *compagnons du voyage*, greatly to their surprise; though, when the following week they learned that he had called also on their *queen*, some of the deeper ones saw through the ruse.

The call upon Clara not being so memorable as some later ones, we skip it, and come to a year that fell upon another Indian summer day, a year from that time.

He sat with her now in a spacious vine-clad parlor, that looked from an eminence toward the lake and the setting sun. A Claude Lorraine could not have talked of love in view of such a sunset; but Alfred, being no painter, found it necessary only to look that way occasionally—other orbs attracted him still more. A small table was between them, on which they had been playing chess; but the chessmen were in confusion. Their owner was a little; for an unwonted loving pressure was on her hand, holding it captive on the table. She was checked.

"So I am really to allow myself to believe, Clara, that we may go the rest of this pilgrimage hand in hand," said Alfred, turning his great serious eyes upon her.

"Yes, Alfred," was the low response.

"And you are content to mate with a man in whom the fire of ambition is burnt out, who sits like the old man in Cole's 'Voyage of Life' picture—'life's fever o'er'—quietly drifting in his weather-beaten boat out toward the silent shore of that boundless ocean—Evermore?"

"I am, Alfred."

"And the love-light of that seraph's eye,"

was a goodly sight to see.

"And you will not weary of your prosy husband, when the fiery, dazzling lights of the age, comet-like, go by?"

"No, Alfred," and unconsciously, she drew nearer to him on the settee; so that a corresponding movement on his part very naturally pillowed her head on his breast.

But both were now looking at the enchanting scene before them.

"The earth looks very peaceful, Clara; it smiles like a sleeping infant. The water is like a sea of glass, mingled with fire, under this glorious shining."

"Is there any more peace within, Alfred, than when at night you used so madly to plough those waters, while I looked on so sadly?"

"Even so, Clara. But when I think what an old sort of a man I'm getting to be," (he was just twenty), "and how, since I am to have no business to do but to take care of your father's property, I shall sit here so much, as some people would say, moping—I sometimes fear your younger heart will not find itself fully met."

"Oh, but I am very old, too; then what is this bustle and uproar that men call activity, but a morbid excitement. I often think," she went on, with kindling eyes, "that in less-corrapt worlds there is much less of it. Men say, 'Oh, we would have some excitement—life would be tame without these sharp contrasts of quietness and uproar, disease and health, cold and heat, hunger and satiety.' But, to my thinking, this need not be. Good God! this is so sublime a world, with tremendous God-facts of life, death and eternity, it is excitement enough for me, and would be, methinks, through the eternities, to sit in rapt contemplation of these facts. Think you not, love, that in many worlds the inhabitants find all imaginable happiness in a quiet routine of simple life, while angels minister unto them, and talk with them day by day, as Milton's Raphael talked with the first father, concerning all the deeper and diviner mysteries?"

"I think not any otherwise than thou," came from Alfred's lips, as, bending down, he, with them, caused her to cease her eloquence.

THE MAGICAL ISLE IN THE RIVER OF TIME.

There's a magic isle in the river of time, Where softest of echoes are straying, And the air is as sweet as a musical chime— Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime— When June, with its roses, is straying!

'Tis there memory dwells with her pale golden hue, And music forever is flowing; While the low-murmur'd tones that come tremblingly through, Sadly trouble the heart—and yet sweeten it too— As south winds o'er waters when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in this fairy-like isle, Where pictures of beauty are gleaming; Yet the light of their eyes and their sunny smile Only flash round the heart with a "wondering wile, And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of the isle is the Beautiful Past, And we bury our treasures all there; There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last, There are bosoms of snow, with dust o'er them cast, There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings, And the words of a dear mother's prayer; There's a harp long unwept, and a lute without strings; There are flowers all withered, and letters, and rings, Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

Even the dead, the bright, beautiful dead, there arise, With their soft-flowing ringlets of gold; Though their robes are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes The unbroken violet of heaven now lies, They are with us again as of old.

In the stillness of night, hushed as beckoning us there, And with joy that is almost a pain, We delight to turn back, and in wandering there— Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair— We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show, Is a vista unendingly bright; And the river of time, in its turbulent flow, Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago— When the years were a dream of delight.

Godness before greatness; virtue before wealth!

MERCY'S MISSION.

Written for the Banner of Light. BY CORA WILKINSON.

Haat thou stood spell-bound beneath the glowing skies of Italy, and felt thy spirits' inmost depths responding to its enchanting scenes? Haat thou beheld the vine-clad hills that guard the blue Rhiphe's beauty, where the forget-me-nots cluster, loving and timidly at the water's edge? Or, has thy beauty-seeking spirit dwelt enraptured beneath the evening glory of the tropic sky, when the sudden and glorious night drew her starry mantle o'er the yet rosy gleaming heavens? where crested oasias bowed their kindest flowers, and the commingling odors of the sweetest heads were wafted far across the slumbering waters; where the moon is dazlingly bright, the stars gleam with a tenfold lustre, the heavens unfold the tranquil ocean, so musically answering the voices of the night? And there, enrapt in beauty, enraptured by delirious dreams, has thy soul responded to nature's whispered utterances, filling thy being with a tide of heavenly rapture, uplifting thee far beyond all clouds of earthly sense and care, unto an ideal world of love and light and fragrance?

Then, if thy soul admits the harmonizing influences of Nature, the beauty of night, of flowers, and moonlight and serial music—then can thy soul portray unto the seeking vision, the fulfilled glories of that unfolding world, where earth-tried spirits become angels in love and wisdom. Mortal pen may not describe the glories of the spirit worlds; human language fails, and expression is powerless from exceeding joy and glad surprise.

The flowery gates leading into a fairy region, the mellow skies, the heavenly light illumining the celestial landscape with a mingled rose and golden hue; the far off silver gleaming temples, the paradisaean vales, studded with innumerable gem-like flowers; the eternally verdant mountains, the wood-enrobed homes, the spirit bowers; the messenger roses, the emblem buds, the music-whispering vines—what earthly language can portray the supernatural loveliness of that spirit realm; what earth-framed words describe its glories; so far transcending the artist's power, and the poet's loftiest dream!

It is the spirit land; one of the many worlds on which the progressed human spirit finds love and happiness; and there, seated upon the emerald green sward, appears a radiant group, their silver and azure vestments enrobing them with majesty and grace. They are pure, and they are happy; heart-smiles dwell upon their lips, truth beams in their sub-bright eyes; faith is in their love-warm clasp, and immortal joy crowns radiantly their noble brows with wreaths of jeweled flowers, that change their forms and shift their rainbow gleams, with the varying emotions of the celestial weaver; brightening and expanding as their pure affections unfold, their knowledge widens, their inspirations deepen, or their holy efforts bloom. They are no longer called by earth-worn names. Some attribute of their nature, some loving trait, some ennobling affection has bestowed upon them their "angel name." The violet-eyed, golden-haired Lyra is so called for her love of harmony; her white hands rest upon her golden harp, her starry wreath flashes brilliantly beneath the music inspirations that deepen the rose-tint upon her cheek, that swell her joyful heart with a perpetual hymn of glorying praise! Gazing upon her with looks of holiest love, stands her spirit mate, the dark-browed, gloriously beautiful gold-star; a spirit renowned for deep research and untiring effort for the good of all. The sweet-voiced Eolia is answering the poetic messages of the whispering flowers. With approving smile, her beloved one watches her. All are lovingly employed, happy, unselfish and loving. But, apart somewhat from the group sits one, a dark-haired maiden, upon whose heavenly countenance is cast a softening shade; whose dark eyes fill with tears of the tenderest pity for the darkened, misdirected souls of earth. Lovingly attracted towards that world, once her dwelling place, her life is devoted to the alleviation of its sufferings; to the softening of its harshness, to the leading unto the realms of light the erring souls of earth's children. Whith cheek leaning upon a small, white hand, she gazes far across the intervening space, and to her pitying eyes, penetrating the earthly gloom, is revealed one of its sorrowing scenes.

She beholds a little child, a fragile, light-haired girl, whose blue eyes are dimmed with tears, sitting alone in a darkened chamber. There is gloom and care and fear within that childish heart; she has never beheld her mother, and cruelty, and neglect, and hardship have cast their darkening influence upon the fair, solitary child. Thrown among cold and uncongenial hearts, no fond maternal accents greet her ear; no gentle caresses, no words of encouragement are given to the little orphan drudge; and hatred and bitterness, and envy, rank weeds of most luxuriant growth, spring up within the uncared for breast. Childish, indefinite plans of vengeance, find their concealment; her earthly keepers feel not the responsibility, the retribution awarded for the broken trust; the terror and the darkness enveloping the unfeeling soul, that coldly planned the neglected pauper child? But a plying spirit has seen the need, and hastens with the balm of consolation.

There is a vacant place on the emerald green sward; the spirit's wreath is lying there, its gemmed flowers reflecting the sunset gleams. Powerfully attracted by the sorrow that neglected child, the spirit, Mercy, has descended to earth, even to the darkened chamber, where the orphan weeps alone. A softening influence falls upon the spirit of the rebellious child; the gloom clouds of bitterness are dissolved; the plans of vengeance forgotten. A holy calm pervades her troubled soul; she kneels down in prayer, and amid the silence and the darkness, a music voice utters her name. She stretches out her arms with yearning love, and fearlessly responds to the heavenly visitant. Cruelty and neglect have darkened the child's pure vision; she cannot see her angel guide, but she feels a soft hand laid upon her brow, and drinks in holy draughts of love and faith, that leave a lasting impression upon her grateful soul.

Beneath the twilight glory of the spirit sky, a new soul-blossom of choicest fragrance is added to fair Mercy's wreath; and with a tenfold lustre gleam the jeweled flowers. Sweet strains of music greet her return, and the smile of approving love adds glory to her happiness. Self-constituted guardian of the lonely child, Mercy fulfilled her holy mission; often leaving the spirit bowers for the darkened atmosphere of earth, strengthening the solitary heart with visions of the future, telling her of hope and faith's reward, and of the songs of joy in heaven, over the victory achieved on earth by a pure heart's efforts against temptation and wrong.

Mercy sought the poor child's mother, and found her, a darkened dweller of a lower sphere. Lovingly, untringly, she labored to bring light, and truth, and hope unto that misdirected soul. Years, as we count time, passed on, and the heavenly power of benevolence was manifest. The once despairing dweller of the lower sphere became a radiant spirit; the lonely child a blooming woman; oft communing with the spirit mother, still lovingly guided by Mercy's hallowing influence. From the allurement of vice, from the debasing influence and the artificialities of the world, the spirit's influence guarded the lone and oft weary wanderer. Often was Allicia poor and destitute, yet never tempted to barter her soul's serenity for earthly glitter. A few true hearts were near her, smoothing, with friendship's hand, life's thorny pathway; but within her soul dwelt peace, untroubled, undoubting faith. Over the fertile, blooming valleys of the spirit land; over its even, tranquil seas, over its mountain heights, passed Mercy's feet, love and happiness her ever-attending angels. Her starry wreath is thickly clustered with the soul-gems of thought and feeling; her robes gleam sun-bright; new flames uprising where'er her footsteps fall, and music voices greet her with a burst of welcoming joy. And hand in hand, the reunited meet and follow her beckoning hand, the mother and the child, now also rescued from the cold earth's toils; they follow where she leads; imitating her glorious example; seeking to rescue from wrong and ignorance the culpably neglected, uncared-for children of the poor.

THE EASTERN SLAVE, OR THE DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH.

A cloud of gorgeous light flushed over the sky, spread upward and abroad, for a moment, the rich colors of an Eastern sunrise pictured themselves upon the horizon like an arch of fretted gold and powdered gems, broken and irregular—now standing out in abutments of fiery light, or sinking back to the depths of the sky in caves of crimson, purple and pale violet, then flinging up the turrets of amber, and soft rose color, to the zenith, and last, melting away in a sea of sheet gold, as the sun arose from behind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour of worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the Ganges, when the stony temples and picturesque mosques which stood bedded in the foliage, and crowned the rocks which shot over the stream, with their drapery of creeping vines were hung open. From every casement, and fairy lattice were lavished forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green leaves, and buds full of odor, the Brahmins' tribute to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into blossoms beneath the warm sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright winged spirits sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budger, or state barge, followed by a train of baggage boats, shot out from the shadow of a grove of banian trees, and with its silken pennants streaming to the morning air, made its way up the stream.

It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat—as it flashed out into the broad sunshine—its gilded prow curving gracefully up from the water in the form of a peacock with burnished wings, jeweled crest and neck of scaly gold, the sides swelling gently out at the bows and sloping away to the stern, till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workmanship, the smaller ends twisted together and forming the extreme point of the boat. The rose colored mouths curved gently outward, from which a hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semblance of nature, seemed bursting away over the foaming waters as she cut her path gracefully through them, leaving a long wreath of foam, curling and flashing in her track. In the broadest part of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved with mother of pearl and studded with precious stones; its pillars of fluted ivory, half hidden by a rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, twisted and tasseled with silver.

Within a pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the rich dyes of Persia, half sat, half reclined, an elderly native, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, with his eyes half closed, and apparently drooping into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hook lay idly between his thin lips, its jeweled lengths glittered against his silken vest, and then burst away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole languidly upward, and floated among the azure drapery like clouds moving in the depths of a summer sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as an houri. Her robe of India muslin, starred and spotted with gold, was open in front, betraying a neck of perfect beauty, and but half concealing the graceful outline of her person; her bright hair was banded back from her forehead with a string of orient pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach her feet while she retained her reclining position. She had the full large eye of her fiery clime, long cut, and full of brightness, but shaded with heavy, silken lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting over her full, red lips, and the whole expression of her face was one of mingled softness and energy. Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active form, with a high, finely moulded forehead, and eyes kindling with the fire of a proud but restrained spirit. Yet, though his port was almost regal, and his bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a Hindoo slave. The hand which should have been familiar with the sabre hilt, was occupied in waving a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining princess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close her eyes, as if lulled to sleep by the musical dipping of the oars, he would fix those expressive eyes upon her, as the devotee dwells upon the form of his idol. The bold mental had dared to look upon the loveliest maiden, and the loftiest princess in all Hindostan, with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her father's court, the affianced bride of a prince as proud and as wealthy as her own haughty sire—had she forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on the person of a slave? Those who had looked upon

the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the starry blossoms open to the sunbeams, might have read an answer which spoke much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the mingled glances of the youthful pair, and a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half open eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts—he lay like a serpent nursing its venom for a sudden spring.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of boats made its way slowly up the shadowy side of the stream. The oarsmen bent wearily over their oars, for the atmosphere, which slumbered about them, had become oppressive with the perfume which rose in clouds from the clematis thickets, and the thousand budding vines that flung their garlands over the water, and chained the tree-tops into one sea of blossoming vegetation. A short distance up, the high bank curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill, which was covered with rich herbage, and crowned by a thick grove, heavy with ripe bananas, and other Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two lofty palm trees shot up into the air, branching out at the top in a cloud of thick green foliage, impervious almost to the hot sunshine, which fell broadly on that side of the river.

The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the stately palms, as the boat gradually neared them; while he gazed, the glittering branches which had hitherto remained motionless, began to tremble, and wave to and fro. The leaves shivered; a low rustling sound was heard, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst over them; and then the head and half the body of a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves, swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a moment, and then darted back with the same rustling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he commanded his attendants to enter a baggage boat, and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of fresh fruit. "Moor the boat in the inlet beneath the two palms, and let Taje remain with her," he commanded, pointing to the handsome slave who stood behind his daughter. The slave made his salaam, and the princess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain idle," she said, with a smile; "let thy task be to gather some of those lilies which spring up from that bed of white sand, just within the cove, and scatter them over my cushions; should I sleep when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me pleasant dreams."

The slave bent his turbaned head, and sprang into the boat. The princess half rose from her cushions and watched the party as they row towards the shore. The slave, Taje, moored the boat, and brought an armful of the beautiful white lilies she had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow, where he seated himself to wait for his companions. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstractedness on the cove, when she saw the tops of the palm trees in commotion; the heavy leaves began to shiver again, and the slender branches crashed, as with the force of a hurricane. As she looked, that huge serpent began to coil itself like the stem of a great vine, downward, around the palm; his neck glistening, his head thrust out a little from the trunk, and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who had dropped asleep in the boat. The princess sprang to her feet with a cry of horror, and then stood motionless, and white as death; her fingers locked, and her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striving to cry out, but her voice was choked in her throat. She saw the monster thrust his head far out from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and flung half his length into the boat, gleamed before her distended eyes. With a cry that rang over the waters like the shriek of a maniac, she fell upon the deck, and with her face buried in her hands, lay quivering in every limb, like a dying creature.

"Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting her form from the deck and flinging it on the cushions, "Peace, ingrate! What is the dog of a slave to thee? Look up and witness his just punishment!"

As if nothing could appease his thirst for vengeance, he tore the hands from the shuddering creature's face, and again half lifting her from the pile of cushions, forced her to look upon the appalling scene. The serpent had coiled itself around its victim, while yet one part of its huge length was twisted about the palms. She gazed with a dizzy brain on the mottled folds as they writhed glistening and swelling eagerly around their struggling victim. She saw the glossy neck, flung upward with a curve that brought the head, with its fierce gloating eyes, and its forked tongue quivering like a fiery arrow from the open jaws, over the crouching slave. A low, smothered cry of mortal agony arose from the boat—then a shout and a rush of men from the grove. She saw the gleam of their hatchets and pikes as they fell upon the monster. She saw the horrid folds that begirt her lover relax, and then with a faint gasp she fell back in her father's arms sick and entirely senseless.

"Dog!" cried the fierce old man, seizing the rescued slave as he ascended the side of the barge, pale and haggard as a corpse, yet bearing the lilies which his mistress had ordered, in his arms—"Dog! crocodile! Thou hast escaped the serpent, but who shall save thee from the vengeance of a disgraced father?"

The old man's scimitar flashed upward as he spoke. The slave drew his fine form proudly to its height, and fixed his stern, calm eyes, full on the old Rajah's.

"Rash old man," he said, "what would you of me? True, I have won the love of your daughter, but if you seek vengeance for the wrong, claim it not of Taje, the slave, but of the Prince Arungzeb, her affianced husband, for, by the holy stream which hears us, I am that man!"

The Rajah's eye quailed beneath that stern glance, and the scimitar fell to the deck with a ringing sound. The youth calmly put away the hand which the fierce old man had fixed on his arm, and taking a sealed parchment from the folds of his turban, gave it to him. The Rajah took it with a shaking hand—glanced at the signature, and then opened his arms to receive his son-in-law. The youth leaned for a moment on his bosom, and then they went into the pavilion together. When the princess awoke from her swoon, her father was sitting on his carpet smoking his hooka, as quietly as if nothing had happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bending over her.

"Oh! I have had a terrible dream," she said,

passing her slender hand over her eyes. "Ah—but you are very pale; was it real?" She started up and looked towards the cove. The two palm trees stood towering in the sunshine, the bark here and there torn from their trunks, and the thick branches broken and dangling in the air, like rent banners streaming over a battle field, the heavy grass was trampled and soiled with blood, and a huge box-constructor lay stretched upon the white sand, mutilated and dead.

Communication.

IDEA AND FORM OF PRAYER.

NUMBER ONE.

Mr. EYRON.—Will you permit the columns of your paper to publish some thoughts—few and simple but needed—by tens of thousands needed more than gold or any other object—a few plain direct self-evident truths of the Idea and Form of Prayer? I would say a few words on this subject, not to gratify anything individual, personal, or partisan, but because I know innumerable people not only greatly need but most earnestly desire them. The immense importance of the subject is sufficiently evinced from the vast extent of the sermons, essays, leaders, tracts and numerous volumes, large and small, in which great men of the church have treated it for centuries. It is a satisfaction to know that prayer is a constituent element of man's nature—not temporary—not liable to fail, but inevitable and eternal—unavoidable with every man as the circulation of the blood and the digestion of food—by laws as old and certain as God's first idea of a human being. It is not only the duty and the privilege of every one to pray, but a necessity. Constant, ceaseless, unintermitted, fervent prayer, is our theme. "Pray without ceasing. Pray always. Be instant in prayer. Give thyself unto prayer. The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The sublimity of the thought spoils language. Prayer is the power that moves the world. It is the pinion on which the soul mounts to visions and fruitions otherwise unattainable. It is the portal of truth in spiritual development—the only avenue by which the earnest mind gains access to, communes with, and receives benedictions from, the God of Wisdom and Goodness. Like all exercises of the mind, this may be indefinitely intensified, purified and enhanced. Culture and habit are powers without limitation. The finest triumphs of human effort on every plane have been the direct result of fervent, confiding, devout prayer. But candor, freedom, courage, are indispensable to the truth of this subject. No command ever penetrated mortal ear and moved the reverence of the human heart more sublime and vital than the apostolic, "Prove all things. Believe not, but try the spirits. Judge ye of yourselves what is right. I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

Has the wide distinction between a sentiment and its vocal expression ever been fairly and fully stated? Do people generally see and appreciate this broad difference? It is profound and deeply essential to the truth. The bare knowledge of it is revolutionary to an extent not dreamed of by minds accustomed to accept opinions and institutions from tradition and authority. Feeling and its outward expression! Manifestly these are two, and not one thing. Nor are outward expressions of inward emotion confined exclusively to the tongue and lips. Far otherwise. The signs, motions, looks, actions, symbols, insignias by which the interior perceptions are manifested and communicated, are quite innumerable. An irradiation of the eye, a flush or paleness of the cheek, a wave of the hand, a bow of the head, a curve of the finger, silent, inarticulate, yet eloquent motions, as forcibly and thoroughly publish an emotion of the soul, as deeds that shake the very elements of the social fabric.

Nor are words the only vehicle of communication, even when the vocal organs are employed. Almost imperceptible cadences and intonations, as well as the groan of anguish and despair, will apprise us of the pent fires whose scorching flames are concealed by the screens and drapery of an iron and imperial will. Ay, the pent fires may burn, and rend, and consume, and the outward eye of the keenest observer shall look in vain for the slightest sign of the hidden volcano. So disconnected, separate, foreign are these two things, one may exist without the other—in millions of instances, and for indefinite time does exist without the other. If this is a plain, undeniable proof—if it is revolutionary, threatening destruction to many things now deemed sacred, on whom falls the responsibility? Must we shut our eyes? Have we no courage? Does a fact frighten us? Truth should be sought—truth should be revered, cherished, advocated, defended, even though what is highly esteemed among men be found an abomination in the sight of God. Put this down, then, as an initial—that feeling and thought are a different and distinct thing from their enunciation. Thought is one thing, its expression another.

Sentiment, feeling, opinion, desire is one thing—the utterance or statement of it a distinct and different matter. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed. Prayer is "sincere" desire, i. e., benevolent, friendly, kindly, humane desire. It may exist unexpressed, or while unuttered by words may publish itself by other methods. A philanthropy which may pervade the soul and not move the lips. Pure, humane emotions and the truest desires of love may excite and sanctify the heart without moving the tongue to words. The strongest and holiest yearnings of a generous spirit do not necessarily and inevitably avail themselves of the organs of speech. They may, and generally do, but not of necessity. Prayer is one thing—its vocal utterance is a different thing. One is substance—the other form. One is the vehicle or medium—the other the feeling or desire conveyed and delivered. This distinction prevents confusion and injustice. What profanation to call the words—mere lip expression—the oral utterance—prayer, when not prompted by kind desire! What loathsomeness hypocrisy, the most obscene and beautiful form of words uninspired by emotions of benevolence! The "sincere" desire of the dumb, who have no words, no vocal utterance, is genuine, as if it had words. Without the possibility of lip expression they cherish the kind wish and enjoy the benevolent emotions, and often find more effectual expression than any form of words is capable of. Expressions of the lips may be hollow and counterfeit, employed for a sinister purpose when the kind desire is not present to prompt them. Prayer is possible without lip expression, and lip expression without prayer. Three things are apparent: prayer, or desire—the vehicle of utterance of it—and when the lips are employed, the possible counterfeit. Prayer has innumerable forms of meth-

ods of communication. Words are one, but not more potent or beautiful than millions of others. The features of the face pray—the motions of the head, of the hands, of the entire body. Any deed, however silent and unseen, that embodies a beneficent wish, a friendly sympathy, a divine aspiration, a just and holy desire, is an effectual prayer of a righteous man—effectual, because righteous.

How constantly, devoutly, earnestly does the mother pray for the recovery of her sick child as from day to day, and from night to night she wastes away her strength in anxiously watching its symptoms, soothing its grief, combating disease, imparting her own potent magnetism! Every syllable and look of encouragement, every effort to beguile the tedious hours, every irradiation of her sleepless eye, every expression of her controlled features, every motion of her hand, every step of her soft and silent tread, every arrangement for comfort and relief, every adjustment of its little, sacred bed, the preparation of food, cordials, anodynes—every deed that undying affection can suggest, and unsleeping vigilance execute, is each a separate and definite expression of the all-pervading, intense prayer of her fond soul for the salvation of that dear object.

The father utters his deep, earnest, ceaseless prayer for the welfare of his family by every deed of that life-long toil which annually plants the seed, watches its development, and gathers in the harvest for their support, education and rational enjoyment. Has any one forgotten the majesty, sincerity and power of these prayers, as their music, perfume and magical grandeur expelled his pains, cheered his weariness, restored his prostrate energies, quickened his hope and inspired the courage that blossomed into triumph.

Time and strength would fail the writer, and patience the reader, to enumerate the inconceivable variety of forms in which true prayer daily fills the earth with melody, joy, beauty, peace, and all good and great things. J. J. LOCKE.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1857.

LUTHER COLBY & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. JOHN S. ADAMS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

TERMS.

Single copies per year, \$2 00. Six months, 1 00. Three months, 50.

For club rates, see eighth page. Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.

NOTICE.

As some of our contemporaries seem disposed to throw doubt upon the messages we have published, we request those to whom they have been or are addressed, to write to us in answer, stating whether they stand the test of Truth, and the probability of our knowing aught of the facts stated, where such answers will not prejudice the writers before the society in which they move.

We wish to keep a list of these letters, and have them ready to show any honest skeptic.

Speak boldly for the Truth when it is right you should do so.

THE ORACLE AND OPPOSITION.

The Oracle of Harvard has opened its mouth once more, and the usual quantity and quality of vituperation has escaped. The message to Bird, of Watertown, is the subject on which it undertakes to read us a sermon, and, by way of convincing us that we are in error, it calls us "Slanderer of the dead," "Liar," "Forger." And, only think of it, all these dreadful names are in small capitals! It is evident that the Oracle and its Professors are not Crocketts, or these hard names in small caps, as printers say, would be apt to frighten us.

The language used, and the spirit it expresses towards us, is too infamous, too scurrilous, too much of the blackguard order, to appear in any respectable paper, or in any one claiming respectability. What delightful language to be carried into a family—to be read by children. How it would teach them hatred, revenge, vituperation. Really, the Oracle will pardon us for writing it, such language as it has lately used, such spirit as it has lately shown, totally unfit it for being allowed in any respectable community, and after the sober thought of its patrons come to them, they will surer it from them as a vile sheet.

Its appeal to three of the papers of this city for aid against us betrays weakness. How many papers does it take, pray, to give us a good blackguarding? Cannot the Oracle of Harvard, with George Lunt, Professor Felton, Professor Peirce, Agassiz, and the rest of the "scientific" men attached to it, satisfy its spleen? Really, we are stronger in their estimation than we thought.

This last appeal is answered by the Journal, from which we select the following paragraph:—The Courier has discovered an instance in which an alleged spiritual communication, published in the Banner of Light, turns out to be false in its statement of facts, and to be a self-voided forgery.

We wish to say, in reference to this, that the message referred to was spoken by a medium for spirit communication while in a state of trance. She never knew young Bird, nor did we ever know him, or any of his family. Nothing took place on the morning it was received to call to our mind anything about him, and we had no remembrance whatever of the events he alluded to in his message. Yet what was published was spoken by the medium, and was taken down by us as spoken. No other persons were present.

The only fact which the Courier says is false, (a capital Irishism for "All the Intelligence" to make), is the statement that Bird was a music teacher, which the Oracle denies. To speak plainly, we have reason for denying what the Oracle says, yet we will not call the author liar, for the spirit which prompts such epithets cannot surely be a happy nor a Christian spirit.

Neither the Oracle nor the Journal can disprove the statement we have made, and this being the case, where is the forgery? No where but in the corrupt opposition of the Oracle.

The Journal further says:—

"The communications purporting to come from the spirit world are, most of them, at least, so obviously vague and unreliable, that even those who believe in spirit intercourse have confessed to us that they could not positively discriminate between the true and the false."

We have published probably 800 messages, many of them, yes, most of them, containing strong tests,

both by statements of facts and in the very character of the language used, expressions familiar to the friends of the departed being made use of in them.

For ourselves we can truly say that we do not recollect of one we have published, where we have had any acquaintance with the friends of the party communicating or with him or her while on earth. We can prove this to the satisfaction of the Journal, should we be desired to do so.

They are spoken by the medium while in the trance state, and while she is unconscious. We never call for any manifestation or any spirit to manifest. If any spirit chooses to manifest through the medium, it can do so. Now it is a greater stretch of the imagination to suppose that these things are the result of two minds, ours and the medium's, supposing either of us base enough to allow this to be so, than to acknowledge that they come from spirits, as we positively assert they do, and really and candidly and honestly believe. The trouble of hunting up these facts and writing these messages, must be too great and too expensive to be thought of.

It is clear folly to suppose that Rascals, Forgers and Impostors will devote their time to concocting such messages, for the very reason that the gain is not large enough. They are published free, and there is not half the chance for the knave to shine and gather remuneration in such an enterprise, as there would be for him to enter the ministry, the legal profession, the Broker's Board, or the mercantile profession. Even the secular press, with all its assumed respectability, is the place where the knave, whose propensities lead him to impose upon the public, may secure a richer harvest. Advertisements and puffs of quacks and their nostrums, from Restell to vegetable pills, by publishing which the press impose upon the public daily and weekly, recommending nostrums which they either know nothing of, or know to be worse than worthless—injuries, pay better. Patronage of government or political parties buys the press, and sells the people, and we doubt whether the world ever sustained a more easily bribed and corrupted press than, generally speaking, is the Boston Press. Two-thirds of the people connected with it can be bought—some at one price, some at another, from a champagne supper to a free pass to some mountebank exhibition; from a bank check to the price of a four line puff at twenty-five cents a line. These facts are so well known by the people that the phrase "it must be true, because it's in the papers," is no longer uttered as a truism, but a joke, a species of irony. Depend upon it, there is a wider and a richer field there, than under the Banner of Spiritualism for the knave or impostor.

We are aware this state of things is more owing to the manners of the times, than any positive love of wrong on the part of its conductors. But while we exercise charity towards them, we take the liberty of hinting that before they go abroad to dictate to their neighbors, it will be well for them if they take the beam out of their own eyes.

One good proof of the favor with which our messages are received, is the fact that we are constantly in receipt of letters from parties, requesting additional messages, who have been startled by the accuracy of those published, and awakened by them to an interest in the subject of spirit communication.

The Journal says they are "absurd." We pity the poor spirits making them if they entertain any respect for the Journal or the Oracle. What does the Journal expect of a man, who, having no advantages of education on earth, comes back to commune, imperfect as the mode of communion now is, and the mediums through whom spirits communicate? If from such a man we should publish an elegant communication, the Journal would say "he hath a devil," and when the spirit talks just as he used to on earth, so that friends will recognize him by the manner, it would say, "behold the friend of publicans and sinners." The absurdity and ignorance is on the side of those who expect so much more from the spirit world, than the same party communicating in the natural world could give.

We do not desire our friends of the Journal or Oracle to imagine that we harbor the slightest bitterness of feeling towards them; on the contrary, we consider ourselves under obligations to them for the opposition they display, and the friends of the cause of Spiritualism should feel rejoiced that the subject so dear to their hearts is considered worthy to receive so much persecution from those who are so dark that they cannot see, and blindly enlist under the banner of the enemies of progress. No matter how bitter the conflict, our opponents are sure of defeat, and we are equally sure of a glorious triumph. In fact, our triumph will be brilliant in proportion to the bitterness of the opposition.

All we have to do is to preserve a calm, unruffled mind—to press steadily on in our course, keeping Truth, and Love for our enemies burning brightly in our hearts, and God and the Angels will direct our battle, and give us the victory. We must remember that the battle is not ours. If we are right in our belief, it is God's, and just as we have faith in our mission, and His power to guide us and guard us, so will our strength be. If God is on our side, who shall prevail against us? We have no fears for the result of this contest. We expect it will be bitter, violent, and such as will try all Spiritualists; but with Peace, Love and Truth guiding us, God and the Hosts of Spirits fighting for us, we will not fail of victory.

Spiritualism never stood so well as it does to-day; we never saw so much cause for congratulation as we now see. Agitation is wanted to bring it before the people, and opposition is the agitation which will do more good than all the Lecturers we can send into the field. Let the fiery furnace burn ever so hotly, all true Spiritualists, who go through it in the Love of God and Truth, will come out not only unscathed, but purified. We should rather rejoice, than be cast down at the present aspect of our cause.

CAN IMPUDENCE GO FURTHER?

To those who have noticed the gross personal attacks of the ORACLE, not only upon us, but others of their contemporaries, the extract we give below must be extremely refreshing. There is a coolness about it, which totally demolishes the ice-cream trade. "There is no species of argument—if such can be called argument—to which venal editors and rapacious politicians are so prone to resort, as that of impeaching the motives of their opponents. Too much—perhaps, too unconsciously—under the influence of mercenary considerations themselves; they are too ready to attribute the same sordid principle of action to those whose premises they cannot assail by the force of reason. When they find themselves unable to refute an adversary, they at once fall upon him with their more familiar weapon of personal scandal; in the fervor of hope of rendering his arguments absurd by making his person odious."

IS THERE ANY GOOD IN SPIRITUALISM?

On Tuesday, July 7th, while we were at our usual sitting with Mrs. Conant, we received the following communication:— After a lapse of years must I return to benefit mankind? Must I come back to deal out charity to my kindred? Are all Priests and Levites passing on the other side? Is there no Samaritan among you? Near one hundred and fifty years have rolled back into the past since I left earth. Justice demands that I return to benefit those my earthly eyes never beheld. A long line of kindred have been clustering around a little few here in the earth life, that they may benefit them, and I alone, of all the kindred, am able to speak. Near twenty days ago I was called to earth to visit my kindred, and I found those called mortals dwelling in poverty; without the comforts by which mortals are wont to make themselves happy. Seeing their condition, understanding their souls, I draw nigh to you that I may make manifest their situation.

I am told by kindred spirits that mortals are continually asking, why do not spirits view our necessities, and aid us withal? We now ask mortals why the heavens above are not rent in twain at their bidding? Why does not the Almighty cast aside his laws, and become in subjection to mortals? All spirits who are laboring for the good of mankind, the redemption of the world, are seeking, by every opportunity, to benefit them in their pecuniary and spiritual means, and no door will be untried. And no matter how hard the hearts of men may be, they are not so hard but the oil of Love will soften them, and we may enter therein, making the waste to blossom, and the darkness to shine.

When poverty, like a sable clad messenger of despair, enters the earthly home, behold joy is driven afar off, and mortals are led to cry out, where is our God, that he doth not interfere to relieve us? Cease your murmurings, oh ye inhabitants of earth, and know the Lord your God is able to deliver, and, no matter how gross the surroundings, spirit power will, in time penetrate it, and fill your souls with purity and love.

My name was Melchisedec Adams, and if you will permit me to carry your medium in spirit a short distance, I will give you the locality of those I have come to benefit.

After a lapse of a few seconds, the medium, in a clairvoyant state, gave the following description of the locality to which the spirit desired to carry her:— I am now in somebody's house. There seems to be a lady and gentleman here. Everything looks neat, but I guess they are poor. They are Americans. The lady does not look well. There is trouble here—they can't get work to do.

But oh, there are so many spirits here. The people have been praying, and, in answer to their prayers, spirits have been sent to them. The spirit wishes me to go outside, so that I may know the street. It is Endicott street. There are red houses near, and a store close by. You must find them, and prove him true. I should know this place again.

With this, the medium was restored to her normal condition, and said that she remembered the whole scene. It seemed stamped upon her like a vivid dream, and she knew she should remember the room she had been in, should she see it.

We started in search of the family, in order to test our spirit friend, and to see what could be done for the family.

We passed through the upper part of the street without any success. We did not expect any there from some cause. Our attention seemed to be directed to the part of the street towards the water very strongly. Accordingly, we went on, and looked into all the little shops on our way, (and they are legion) but had no inclination to enter any of them, until we arrived at a grocery at the further extremity of the street. This seemed to us to be the place to make inquiry, and we did so. Some would term it a strange coincidence which directed our steps to the store just at the time the lady we were in search of was there. Another strange incident, is that as she of her own accord remarked she had not been in that store before for some months, as she did not trade there.

We found things as represented by the spirit. The man was in the last stage of consumption, the lady worn out from tending her husband.

In the afternoon, taking with her a friend of ours, who is one of the Lord's Stewards, and gladly uses the talent God has given him for the relief of his brethren, Mrs. Conant called, and was shown into a lower room. She still thought she could remember the room the spirit showed her, but she did not recognize this, though she did the lady. The room up stairs in which the sick man lay, she did recognize even to the pictures. There was but one alteration, and that was, she did not see the sick man there in the morning vision. This was a complete test, for when we called a few minutes after the sitting which directed our steps to the house, the invalid was not in that room, but in one which led from it.

Soon after taking a seat beside the bed, Mrs. C. was entranced, and spoke nearly as follows:—

Friends,—sufficient for the day is the good or the evil thereof. We have called you here. You would know for what. It is that you may administer to the wants of our brother, who is passing away from you to us. He is your brother, and he needs your help to render the remainder of his days among you comfortable, and you have plenty, while he needs. It is your duty, and will, no doubt, be your pleasure to relieve his necessities. This is all we have to say, particularly as our brother is very much exhausted.

Now, here lay a man who was about to pass away to an undiscovered country—to him. He had, perhaps often thought that God and the angels had forgotten him. But not so; God had heard his prayer, and had permitted an angel band to gather around him. He had sent his angels to us, who were utter strangers to the sick man and his family, knowing not of the existence of such people, and they bade us to seek out their earthly kindred, and do our duty.

Were this recorded in the Bible, that good book, and record of spirit manifestations, this "Thus saith the Lord," would be pointed at by the church, as proof of the Power, Wisdom and Love of God for his creatures; will they rob Him of the glory of this proof of his omnipresence and kindness now? Will the skeptical world insult Him by crying defiance, because this happened in 1857. Will they tell us He is less powerful now than in the earlier stages of the world, and takes no thought of the sparrows now?

What a sweet assurance this visit of the angels must be to him who is passing on to them, of immortality, and of the love of God for all! Will it not give him faith to cross the stream so black and dark to some, without fear? Will the waters be so gloomy to him?

Ah, no! Death is the placid, crystal lake, over whose sweet waters the angels of the Lord bear the spirit freed from earth, to its happy home, where all is love, purity, and peace to him who has improved the talent given him.

And does it not show him also, that if the angels can return in answer to his prayers, to smooth his passage home, that he may have no fears for her he leaves behind, for will not their kind care keep her

also, and will not his God permit him to make use of the band who shall cheer her days on earth? If any of our friends see fit to aid this family, they may be furnished with their address.

Spirit of the Press.

The widely extended and continually increasing interest manifested in regard to the subject of Spiritualism, prompts us to lay before our readers extracts from the secular newspapers and periodicals which reach us, as exchanges and otherwise. In this department we shall offer very few remarks of our own, but allow our readers to draw their own conclusions from the testimony laid before them.

The ORACLE feels the approach of the dog days, and each morning develops new symptoms of hydrophobia. The law requires that the canine species should be muzzled at this season. We are totally opposed to muzzling the press. Besides, the ORACLE is not full grown, so its snarling won't hurt anybody.

The MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, published in London, dated June 27th, under the heading of "Spiritualism in America," says:—"Of all the religious or other systems which have been propagated in the world by the agency of men who have pretended to be the recipients of supernatural revelations, there has been none so boldly advanced as the new heresy of 'Spiritualism' in America. We have before us the tenth number of the Banner of Light, a Boston paper of eight pages, beautifully got up, and containing, most really well-written matter. It appears pretty plain from the rapid spread of this American Spiritualism, that Mr. Macaulay was not far from right when he said, 'That in spiritual matters there cannot be a progress analogous to that which is constantly taking place in the sciences.' It is to be hoped that our religious communities at home will lend no countenance to any practice which can tend to justify these American impostures."

Thank you for the compliment to us, brother, and for the rest, we can only say, in the language of one of your own poets, (slightly altered for the occasion), "Wait, and remember, and understand."

We like you well. There is a glimpse of the better day dawning in your columns. The article entitled "The Legal Wrongs of Inventors," breathes the true spirit of progress. There is life, vitality and strength in it. The life, the vitality, and the strength of Justice.

You call our faith by that great bug-bear word which the church has always used to crush the aspiring, heavenward promptings of man, "heresy."

Webster says, "In countries where there is an established church, an opinion is deemed heresy when it differs from that of the church," and let us tell you that although we have no so-called "established church," yet the definition will not the less apply to us. We agree with the opinion of Mr. Macaulay, as quoted in your article, but would add the words, "until the yoke of bigotry and intolerance is thrown off, and man learns to think for himself." In the article we have alluded to, the petition to Prince Albert, occur these words. They will apply to many more subjects than mechanism. Don't you think so?

"No deed of greater heroism, sire, could be done in the days of modern chivalry than to do battle for the right against ancient error—against obsolete laws, that only turn to the profit of dishonest men. Give but the signal, and strength, and will, and intellect will rush to the struggle on all sides, hailing with joy the advent of the time when even-handed justice shall be dealt out without delay. The present system is but the continuance of the deeds of the robber barons of old, not now yielding swords, but wielding laws that turn into as fatal weapons against the peaceful workers. The time is ripe for the change."

The NASHUA OASIS concludes a sensible article, headed, "Why should men be afraid to investigate?" thus:—

We have been led into making the above remarks by reading, in the Boston papers, accounts of the doings of the "Scientific" Cambridge committee, in reference to spiritualism. Now one of the most noted of the dignified, (?) committee could make a great flourish of trumpets over a new discovery, in relation to the preceptive organs of an insignificant fish, but will not only refuse to fairly and candidly investigate the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously pronouncing the whole world-wide, and world-old thing a "stupendous delusion!" The long ears of old Midas, who presumed to judge of the comparative merits of the musical performances of Apollo and Pan, should be affixed to the head of this great professor.

The LOWELL COURIER says:—

The truth seems to be that the late investigation resulted in nothing satisfactory—for or against the truth of spiritual manifestations. But the unfairness of the professors in their mode of investigating, and the undue and ridiculous prominence they and some others, utter disbelievers in the doctrine, are giving to the subject, is doing more than the foolish vagaries and innocent nonsense of professed Spiritualists, mediums and trance speakers could possibly accomplish in spreading the infection. The professors had better keep easy. At Dartmouth and other places the faculty have had the fit, and we trust it will soon be so at Cambridge.

The WOMAN'S ADVOCATE, edited, printed and published by ladies in the city of Philadelphia, is always welcome. When we see its fair face among our package of exchanges, we have a feeling akin to that we experience when, in passing through a crowd of the "lords," with a familiar nod of the head, a common place, "Good morning," "how d'ye do," or something of that sort, we suddenly recognize a fair acquaintance, and the hand instinctively flies to the hat. Enough that we always look through The Woman's Advocate. Our editorial brethren, blest with a large exchange list, will know what that means.

In relation to the late "investigation," the editress speaks as follows:—

"The learned professors declare that no result either for or against Spiritualism, was arrived at. They had no 'demonstrations' nor, did they pretend to any detection of trick. They, however, advised people to have nothing to do with it, and declare, as a reason that it has a tendency to 'destroy the truth of man and the virtue of woman.' They do not give their experience which led them to this conclusion, at least, they have not yet given it. It is to be presumed that testimony elicited in the course of the investigation, is the foundation of this opinion. If they have had such experience as convinces them that they are less truthful, or that the women with whom they associated are less virtuous than when they commenced the investigation, they should give the world the benefit of that experience. They have no right to assume any such position unless they claim to be more clairvoyant than the seers themselves. Impeachment of character should be accompanied with testimony to give it weight."

We notice that many of the newspapers are declaring that this is a final blow to Spiritualism. It is, according to their story, killed, dead. We never saw or heard of anything that, according to the papers, had so many lives as this Spiritualism. It has been discovered, exposed, blown up, exploded, and killed at least a hundred times, and our re-

membrane, and what is a little curious, such man that explodes the "humb" also explodes all other theories that have been put forth against it. So it has been from the commencement. We hardly know which is humbug, the zealous opponents or the zealous Spiritualists.

We attach no importance at all to this report from Cambridge; not the least. Only a day or two ago, we were looking over an old report on Mesmerism, made by certain learned professors of France, with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, from this country. They decided it to be a delusion amounting to nothing in fact. A few years after, the same body of men pronounced it an important remedial agent, and recommended its use, especially in Surgical operations.

It has been so in all ages of the world, and on almost all important subjects. It was so when Galileo first declared the earth to move on its axis. It was the learned men and theologians that laughed at his theories, condemned them as delusions and required him to renounce them. So Columbus met the opposition of the learned professors of his time. These ecclesiastics of learned men in favor of their own prejudices are not entitled to much weight, as the experience of the world abundantly shows.

We have never seen anything to convince us of spiritual influences in all the 'manifestations' we have witnessed; but nothing in the world, unless it be something that every man and woman sees for themselves, is better proved than that the alleged facts have taken place. It is much more demonstrable than that the earth turns on its axis, to the great mass of people. What produces the strange occurrences is the only question to be settled. Strange to say, some learned professors who formerly condemned mesmerism now account for these things by saying it is mesmeric phenomena. What then, is mesmerism? On these questions the Cambridge savans give us no light. We see no way to solve the problem but to keep investigating, trying and learning, without depending on the report of professors who think more of maintaining their reputation than discovering new truths. They don't want to report to the world that 'common people' have been wiser than they, on any subject.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Prof. Felton has condescended (!) to notice my communication to the Banner in an article published in that frank (!) and liberal (!) paper, the Courier. The Professor, with characteristic obstinacy, adheres to the imposition and jugglery theory, modestly asserting that all who do not agree with him must be either deluding or deluded. Others, scientific men, trained to habits of strict and accurate observation, although rejecting the supernatural theory, have confessed that in the manifestations of modern spiritualism there is something more than imposture—something which baffles their most patient investigations. But what of that? Prof. Felton has decided otherwise, and his *ipse dixit* must override and crush down every opposing theory and opinion. But to the letter. I state positively and solemnly that on the night when I met Prof. Felton and his friends, there was no deception on my part. Whether or not there was any on theirs, they know best. The first experiment I acknowledged to be a failure; but the failure was not at all caused by "Mr. Eustis' eyes being fixed on the medium's arm." Could Mr. Eustis, think you, Professor, on that night keep his eyes STEADILY fixed on any object? Some may be uncharitable enough to doubt it. The second experiment did succeed. The cap was removed from the watch, and as you well know, under circumstances which made it utterly impossible for me to remove it. The following sentence, of Prof. Felton's, is so peculiarly worded that, had a cheating spiritualist, or a deluded ignorant skeptic written it, had it been written by any other man than the frank and charitable and truth-loving Professor, I should have supposed it was intended to convey an erroneous impression. "The table which was somehow carried over Mr. Squire's head in the dark, after rocking to and fro for several minutes, was carried over Mr. Eustis' head in the light, and placed in the same position in the same spot on the bed, in about one minute." Here the "somehow" makes all the difference. How was the table thrown on the bed by my instrumentality in the dark? How was it thrown on the bed by Mr. Eustis in the light? Could I, situated as I was and surrounded as I was, by my unassisted strength and agility throw a table weighing one hundred pounds over my head on the bed?—my feet tied to the chair, my hand held by the trained and quick-detecting (!) Mr. Eustis? Under those circumstances, I could not, unassisted, have thrown the table over my head on the bed. No man of common sense will for a moment believe I could. How did Mr. Eustis perform the feat? He placed the table on his knees; and then leaning entirely back upon the bed *sidit* it over his chest and face. This difference, which is so material to a right understanding of the feat as performed by my instrumentality and as performed by Mr. Eustis, the Professor studiously keeps out of sight. Any man of ordinary strength could have thrown the table over his head in the manner in which it was done by Mr. E. and I challenge any man unassisted by other power, be he scientific, military-trained or juggler, to perform it in the manner in which it was performed through me. True; the table was not taken away from three men, but three men with the "application of forces," man to direct them could not hold the table still, could not hold the table still against a boy, who was never submitted to military drill, and who knows nothing of the application of forces. The catching of the watch nearer my hand was, it seems, "only an incident, not an essential point." It was something else than an incident; it was a FAKEHOOD. Why was this stated? It was to convey to others the impression that I was endeavoring to get the watch nearer to my fingers to enable me to operate upon it, and thus deceive the wise (!) savans of Harvard University! And is not this an essential point? Oh! Professor, this was a dodge unworthy even of you. Your distinction looks very much like an equivocation. I do most distinctly deny "the panning and perspiring." But further, a gentleman and lady of unimpeachable veracity, who were present during all the manifestations, state through me, and are willing to stake their character for the truth of my former statement in the Banner for the week ending July 16th, that I did not pant and perspire, and did not exhibit those many other symptoms of severe physical effort, and that the watch chain was not, and furthermore, could not have been caught up. I do deny most positively "that the performance with the table were results of my own muscular strength," and I deny further that Prof. F. perceived and felt any violent efforts made by me. Here is denial against denial.

Now for proof. The table was thrown over my head; this is indisputable. It was done in a manner far different from that in which Mr. Eustis did it. This, I have already shown. So far, so good. Now the next step is that I made violent muscular

effort. Now on whom does theonus probandi lie clearly by the Professor. The statement is his, and he must prove it. Let him explain, if he can, how those violent efforts manifested themselves to him. The Professor has decided that the performances of the evening were "mere tricks." That, of course, ends the matter (?). None can have the hardihood to question his statements. There are, however, in the community, some men of over-weening presumption, who will persist that God has given them also eyes, and minds; and who will not, as no doubt they might, surrender themselves wholly to the Professors of Harvard College, and sit humbly as babes at their feet, and drink in, unquestioning, all that flows from their infallible (!) lips. They will use their own eyes, and exercise their own judgments, and adhere to their own conclusions, despite Prof. Felton and his umpires. The community must be "cleansed of that perilous stuff." Off with them to the prison, the pillory, and the stake. But pause a moment. This cannot be done. The presumptuous fools are largely in a majority, and therefore must be let alone. Here I must state again, and once for all, I will not relinquish what I believe to be the truth. I am not a deceiver, whatever Prof. Felton may say to the contrary. Statements unsupported by proof injurious to the character of others are easily made, and these statements may be backed by the weight of social and intellectual position; but let those casting such statements abroad in the community beware. We have heard of instances where they have rebounded with a thundering crash upon the heads of those who made them, high as they were in the social scale, and prostrating them in the very dust. Professors may plume their arrogance and self-conceit, and amuse the public with their antics; but time will try all things, and the truth must ultimately prevail. The Professor intimates that I was conversant, or at least thought I was, with his antecedents; but I knew nothing about him before I met him on the evening referred to in his letter, and was of course ignorant of any reports concerning him, adroit in the public.

But since then, having mentioned that I had passed an evening with him, it was remarked that his father, being unable to support him, put him to live with a farmer, who set him to work at the invigorating employment of raising asparagus and tending celery roots; but noticing an aptitude to learn, soon after sent him to college; where he has deserted the celery, for Greek and Hebrew roots, and found true the line—

"Hebrew roots thrive best in barren ground."

Whether or not it is fact I cannot vouch; if it is, I suppose this is what was meant in the communication, if I rightly recollect, "I left you early," &c., &c. One expression I must notice in the Professor's letter, not that it is worthy of it. He speaks of "the spirit which is handsomely lodged in Mr. Squire's body." This is fulsome and disgusting and offensive to good taste. I hate such wretched twaddle.

My education, kind (?) Professor, I am too well aware is "very superficial," but if hereafter I fail to make it apparent to my many friends and those I may chance to meet—I will refer them to Professor Felton.

Your allusion to my lack of a knowledge of grammar, is most certainly not verified in any part of my last communication, and I brand your vain attempt to underrate, as mean and unworthy of you; but drowning men will catch at straws. You might as easily and more properly have said, "You spoke of having been out of your head previous to the time," &c., instead of "having been out of your head at the time."

For the Latin and Greek—inasmuch as there is an intelligible idea conveyed in either one of the communications, is it sufficient proof that I did not produce either; as you so willingly acknowledge my ignorance of those languages. The supposition of having previously learned them is neither honorable nor right, unsupported as the supposition is by aught of proof. The circumstance you relate of my first development, that the book moved into a neighboring room, is not correct, as I said, it moved first on the table, and fell on the floor, and moved there a little, while I passed into a "neighboring room." You are not a correct reporter; and everything, throughout your relations, has borne quite an original tint. And as in your first statement, I said there were FAKEHOODS, "I say so still," and quote a few lines from your organ, the Courier. "The falsehood will do its work eagerly and promptly. The truth, following too laggingly, will but partially retrieve the mischief, and never heal the laceration of private character and feelings which the libel has inflicted." Applicable to the Courier itself is the following fire of its own. "What an instrument of evil may the public press become in the hands of persons destitute at once of the urbanity of gentlemen and the principles of virtue," for it is neither gentlemanly nor just to refuse to admit a reply to its columns, having opened them for a dastardly and false attack, both of which it has done; nor is it virtuous to still keep open those columns "at the beck and call" of those claiming authorship to such foul libels, and to shut out replies which those libels provoke, both of which it does do. I now take my leave, for the present, of Professor Felton. His letters and conduct simply confirm the old remark—that skeptics are the most credulous of men. A man of strong prejudices and conceited, will, without proof, believe anything that supports his preconceived notions and opinions. No credulity is equal to the credulity of incredulity. The incredulous are the most credulous men.

Your servant,
J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.
20 Court street.

THE OTHER SIDE.
In another article we have alluded to the Journal, perhaps in no complimentary manner. It suits us to be just with all, and to endeavor to do our duty towards all, and therefore while we cast aside the chaff we gratefully accept the wheat. The Journal, in its reply to the Ounce, through which the cry of old bigotry and superstition arises. "Help, Traveler! help, Journal! help, Saturday Evening Gazette! help! save, or we perish!" uses the following language—sensible—just—coherent.

"We are inclined to think that the evils of Spiritualism will find a palliative, when scientific men recognize the phenomena as fixed facts, and trace out the real causes of these curious mental and physical demonstrations. To assume that the mediums are impostors and the believers dupes, is a royal road to a solution of the problem upon which the dogmatic rather than those who can see and reason for themselves, will enter. It only strengthens the credulity of the believers, and makes non-converts among those who see phenomena which cannot be accounted for by this 'scientific' theory. In this view of the case the Courier and its board of savans is doing incalculable mischief—more, we fear, than the Gazette, Traveller and Journal will soon be able to counteract by the attitude of common sense."

Now for proof. The table was thrown over my head; this is indisputable. It was done in a manner far different from that in which Mr. Eustis did it. This, I have already shown. So far, so good. Now the next step is that I made violent muscular

MUSIC ON BOSTON COMMON.—"IM- PROPER PERSONS."

The people of this city have been deprived of their usual summer evening concerts on the Common, by the action of the Board of Aldermen. It will be amusing for our friends at a distance to know that the chief objection urged against these acceptable entertainments, by those who have denied them to us, has been that they have hitherto attracted improper persons! Who the individuals are that are thus distinguished and control our city, using the Board of Aldermen as their medium, we are not authorized to say. We presume, however, they are certain loose characters, whose honesty of heart will not allow them to act the part of hypocrites and conceal their natural inclinations, and so their inmost thoughts are made manifest in acts, while many passing them by clothed in saintly robes, are deemed very holy, whose real lives are no better than theirs, but whose cunning hypocrisy enables them to walk our streets as very proper persons.

The way Boston Aldermen talk of "improper persons," fairly illustrates the "church," and "respectable society." The God they profess to love and worship, consigns these "improper persons" to endless torment, and why should not they prepare them for that place by giving them a taste of its miseries? Therefore kick them out of sight, they're nothing but "sinners," trample them down, they're "improper persons."

This, if not the language, is the practice of the popular church and society of our times, and it disgraces the name of Christianity, as Christ established it. When he was upon earth he sat "with publicans and sinners," and by his example led many whose record is on high to pure lives. But these, his pretentious followers, scorn to be seen with such lest they be thought of them. What a satire is this upon their professions and their characters. Boston must dispense with its music on the Common because improper persons are attracted there when it is given! O thou embodiment of sanctimonious hypocrisy, Public Opinion!

Why, in the name of the religion of Christ, do you not place a band of music in every public square, and invite those whom your term improper persons to listen to the inspirations of Music? Such a movement would effect more good than all your Asylums and Reform Schools. It would put out a hand, as it were, to these brothers and sisters, and lead them up. It would create an atmosphere of love and kindness in which spirits of a higher grade than those now about them could approach and elevate them. Instead, therefore, of the class alluded to being "improper," they are very proper to be brought into such society, and under the good influence of music. We have something to learn yet in regard to Reform. In our opinion, no great good can result from any effort in that direction, until we come to regard these men and women as our own brothers and sisters, and instead of casting them out from us draw them to us, and permit the genial warmth of kind hearts and loving smiles to teach them they are yet human, and heirs of the same glorious immortality as ourselves.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURES AND MEDIUMS.

Warren Chase has just concluded a lecturing tour through Ohio and Western New York, and is now the recipient of Nature's blessings, among the fine regions of Vermont. Miss Sprague has recently spoken, entranced, with much success, in New York city. Miss Martha Hallett, a young lady, daughter of a farmer, has astonished the people of Illinois, by a series of discourses, while entranced. She has appeared in public at Freeport, Rockford, Rockton and other places. Joel Tiffany is lecturing in Chicago, being engaged to continue there, for several months. Mrs. Hatch is making a tour through the West. She has recently attracted crowds to the Masonic Hall, Baltimore, meeting with no opposition except from that great obstacle to all progress and reform, the church. Miss Beebe has awakened an interest in Illinois and Wisconsin. Spiritualism is rapidly becoming the universal faith of the West. The Davenport Boys are in this city, giving the public an opportunity to witness wonderful and convincing tests of spirit presence. Mrs. Ada Coan, accompanied by Mr. J. F. Coles, is holding test meetings, and astounding the people of Michigan and Ohio, with convincing proofs of the nearness of the spirit world. Dr. Dods is busily engaged in answering many calls for lectures. He recently lectured in Brooklyn. Mr. L. K. Coonley, of Portland, has spoken, entranced, in this city, in connection with Mr. W. H. Porter. The Universe announces J. B. Lewis as in the field, as a reform lecturer and advocate of the Harmonical Philosophy. Mrs. Britt is lecturing in Illinois, and may be addressed at Peoria.

HEROES AND HEROISM.

The Boston Ledger evinces strength of thought and comprehensiveness of intellect in its editorial department, equalled by few other city papers. Its leading articles will always stand the test of criticism. An editor's duties, so multifarious and arduous, rarely permit him the indulgence of his own unbiased thought, but at times it will flash out, if the gem is a true one, and illumine the dark places with its radiance.

The following is so truthful that we cannot refrain from transferring it to our columns:—
The age of martyrdom has not passed, it has but just begun. A man needs as much moral courage now, in order to make his way honorably and honestly in the world, as some of the men had who walked waters and roasted in fires. The stake and the thumb-screw may not be as much in demand now as they were some little time back, but the principle of the thing is about as active as it ever was. Men do hate to permit others to believe and to act as they want to. They seek to head off one another in the church, in politics, and in business. They elbow and jostle each other in society, and drop mean hints, set strange inquiries on foot, and in every variety of way seek to bring one another into disfavor. It requires somewhat of a man to stand up against all this machinery—for it is a machinery, worked in a regular way, for regular objects and purposes,—and to live down the gross libels that are circulated on this side and that against his character.

There are those in plenty all around us, who, under calm exteriors, endure the cross, and despise the shame day after day, but make no sign of their poignant inward sufferings to the world without. Thousands are struggling heroically all the while against fate, against obstacles maliciously thrown in their way, against the wiles, and temptations, and deceits, and disappointments of life, and many of them finally sink under the trial, though true to the end—than whom no martyrs in the past ever endured affliction with greater courage and constancy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We have received from Hon. J. W. Edmonds several communications received by him at his lodges, which we shall lay before our readers from time to time.

Dramatic.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM has lost no portion of its attraction. The play of STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, is not less enthusiastically received at each representation, than when first produced under the management of Messrs. Field and Placide. Mr. J. S. Browne's performance of Mildmay, is now, as then, one of the best, if not the very best portrayals the theatre-goers of this city have ever witnessed. So truthful and natural is it that we almost forget it is a play requiring the clap-traps and pompous show of the stage, but rather, we imagine, that we are one of the household, and that all the plots and counter-plots are being enacted in earnest.

Mr. E. L. Davenport has confirmed and strengthened the high opinion previously held of him, by his performance of Captain Hawkeley. It is fully up to the mark of the lamented Field, and in some of the scenes vastly better. The last scene, defective in its previous performance, is, owing to the excellence of Mr. Davenport particularly, made one of the most effective in the play.

Mrs. Barrows' "Mrs. Mildmay," though a performance of great excellence, lacks earnestness. It is somewhat too superficial, for a woman, moved by impulse and impulse alone. And then there is a little, just a little too much playing at the audience. Indeed this fault is the only prominent one in the company, and is not confined to Mrs. Barrow. Mrs. W. H. Smith and Mr. E. B. Williams sustain the characters of Mrs. Sternhold and Potter with the same ability which called forth the praise of all who witnessed the former production of the play.

On Friday evening Mrs. E. L. Davenport appeared as Mrs. Mildmay, and the portion of the performance we were fortunate enough to witness, left a most agreeable impression upon our mind. This lady, as we mentioned in a previous number of this paper, is so unaffected and natural, in her manner, and so clear in enunciation, that we never grow weary of witnessing her performances.

John Brougham commenced an engagement on Monday, during which will be produced the celebrated extravaganza entitled "Pocahontas." We shall have something to say of John hereafter.

THE NATIONAL, with Mr. and Mrs. Florence, has attracted good houses, and the best we can say of actors or audience is, that they are "jolly."

European Items.

At the recent election in France for members of the Assembly, the Republican ticket received 96,000 votes in Paris, while the government ticket had only 110,000 votes, with the army. Elsewhere in France, however, the government was almost universally successful.

A dispatch from Berlin says it is affirmed there that Prussia, Russia and Sardinia have given their adhesion to the compromise on the question of the union of the Principalities drawn up by Lord Clarendon, which is, therefore, now opposed by France alone.

The crosses of the "Order of Valor," recently distributed by Queen Victoria, to the braves of the Crimea, were made of gun metal, from cannon taken at Sebastopol.

The advices from Canton River are to the 8th of May. Several attempts have been made to blow up the ships there, one of which was nearly successful. No military operations could be undertaken before October, owing to the heat of the weather.

The India overland mail has arrived at London, with voluminous accounts confirmatory of the telegraphic announcement of the mutiny in the Indian army. The details are somewhat less alarming than the bare telegraphic accounts of the movement, which would be confined to Delhi.

Troops were marching from every side against the mutineers in the Punjab. Meerut and Delhi were placed under martial law, and the native princes were sending contingences to the British forces, and to Meerut. The native troops had murdered every officer on whom they could lay their hands at Delhi.

The shipment of the cable for the Submarine Telegraph between Europe and America had commenced on board the Niagara, and would be proceeded in with the utmost dispatch.

Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, together with his officers, attended, by special invitation, the Manchester exhibition, on the occasion of the Queen's state visit there. They were received with loud cheering and other demonstrations of good feeling.

France, at the request of England, is to send out fourteen transports with troops to China. This will be done at the request of England, in order to prevent the withdrawing of British troops from India for the China war, as was at first contemplated, the startling news of the mutiny among the native troops of the former country, having made their presence there more than ever necessary.

Later accounts state that a reinforcement of 14,000 troops are to be sent immediately to India. The Spanish-American difficulty is as far as ever from adjustment.

Political troubles are rife at Genoa, where party conspirators have been arrested. The Italians, whose arrest in Paris was announced by a previous steamer, are to be tried for an attempt to assassinate the Emperor.

In France, about 34,000,000 pounds of sulphur has been distributed among the vine-growers, and has been employed by them, apparently with complete success, in checking the vine disease. Within a period of many years the grape crop has not been so promising. So well satisfied has the government become with the success of the treatment, that it has awarded the prize of 10,000 francs to the discoverer or introducer of the remedy.

A scheme is on foot in London for organizing an annual exhibition of works of British Art in New York. A collection is to be in readiness by the end of August for the transit to New York.

The water employed in the christening of a new royal baby was brought from the River Jordan, and presented to Her Majesty by Captain Geoffrey Nightingale for the occasion.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These remarkable mediums have taken rooms at No. 3 Winter street, and will hold public circles in the afternoon, commencing at three o'clock. Private circles will be held at eight o'clock in the evening, for which tickets can be obtained at the Fountain House.

The price of these tickets will be two dollars, admitting the holder to four separate exhibitions, to take place on four successive evenings.

The Busy World.

HEALTY, the artist, is said to have made \$12,000 in six months by portrait-painting in Chicago.

THE RECEIPTS of the American Colonization Society for the past month, amounted to \$6534.

GLOUCESTER will send to Bay Chaleur this season some three hundred sail of vessels, manned by nearly four thousand men.

NAVAL.—The U. S. frigate Constellation was at anchor in the Tagus, June 16.

CHOICE PIECES of the sirloin of beef sell in Paris at fifty cents a pound. A fowl brings \$1.25.

THE DUTIES levied on a barrel of flour at Havana, and at all the ports in Cuba, amount to \$9.85.

FIFTY slaves were liberated last week by Colonel Thomas Hite and other philanthropic citizens of Jefferson County, Virginia.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The census of the State, except the small town of Tolland, shows an aggregate of 211,432 voters.

FROM 4TH MARCH, 1853, to 1st July, 1857, there have been 2692 post offices discontinued; 16,637 postmasters resigned; 1096 postmasters died; 7086 postmasters removed. Whole number of post offices in the United States on the 30th of June, 1857, 26,107.

THE ESTATE known as Montpelier, in Virginia, and distinguished as the former residence of President Madison, has just been sold to Mr. Thomas J. Carson of New York for the sum of \$37,250. The estate embraces 1165 acres.

IRON CHURCHES, 70 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet high, capable of accommodating 700 persons, and costing about \$5000 each, have been erected, recently, in the neighborhood of London.

MR. THALBERG has returned to New York from his tour in the West. It is said that Strokosch, who managed the operation, has cleared \$20,000.

MORMONS.—Since the first of January last, there have arrived in this country upwards of two thousand one hundred emigrants who had espoused the Mormon faith in the Old Country, and were en route to Utah Territory. They were composed mostly of Welsh and English, with some Danes and Norwegians, and a few Germans.

VERDI, the composer, is said to be at work on a new opera for Mr. Lumley, the London manager.

IT IS PROPOSED to establish a cattle market in Providence, R. I.

IN NEW BEDFORD, 1600 barrels of whale oil have been sold within a few days, at 73 cents.

THE FINAL EXAMINATION of the Senior Class of Williams College took place on Wednesday. The Commencement occurs on the 6th of August.

THE FISHING BUSINESS at Hingham is about dying out, as only six or eight vessels are at present engaged in it, and yet twenty years ago there were more than sixty, all hailing from that town.

MAURICE RETSCH, whose outline illustrations have gained such a world-wide celebrity, has just died in Germany at the age of seventy-seven years; leaving Darnley, the illustrator of "Margaret," without a rival in that line of art.

WM. OGDEN NILES, for many years well known as the junior editor of "Niles' Register," a periodical issued in Baltimore, whose reliable character has made it valuable as a historical record, died at the Girard House, in Philadelphia, on the 8th.

THE STATE AUDITOR of KENTUCKY has received returns from forty-eight counties, of the number of hogs assessed; by which it appears there is an excess of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand over the previous year. This includes little less than half the State.

Wool growing in Texas is becoming very extensive. A few days since, a lot was sent from the prairies in Texas to New Orleans, which for quality is represented to be equal to the best Saxony imported.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY of PAINTINGS has been sold to the Cosmopolitan Art Association for \$180,000.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has bestowed on the widow of the late Hugh Miller an annuity of \$70.

THE INVESTIGATION.

We shall publish in our next number, Dr. Gardner's report of the so-called investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena, by the learned and impartial savans of Harvard.

NOTICE.

We shall report the lecture of R. P. Ambler phonographically, and publish it in our next number. It will, without doubt, be highly interesting.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

Our friends will confer a favor on us and upon our readers by sending us each week short reports of meetings held upon the Sabbath, or at any other time, with announcements of future gatherings. We shall also publish a list of public lecturers and mediums who are disposed to act as agents for this paper and use exertion in their respective localities to increase its circulation. Will such addresses us? Our object is not only to make the "Banner" useful to Spiritualists as a class, and the public at large, but to every individual; and for this purpose we solicit the personal co-operation of each in the work we are carrying on.

Write to us, and talk to us as freely as you would face to face. Let us form a conversational circle that shall extend from one extreme of our country, (and of the world if you say so,) to the other.

R. P. AMBLER, the eloquent and philosophic exponent of the Spiritualist Theory, will lecture under Spirit Influence at the Melodion, on Sunday, July 19, at 3 and 6 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

WILLIAM H. PORTER is expected to commence a course of written lectures, on the Principles and Uses of Spiritualism, at the Music Hall, next Sabbath morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Also, social conference and spiritual communications, at 3 o'clock; to be supported by voluntary contributions.

L. K. COONLEY, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Goddard, in Chelsea, at the morning and evening sessions.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings are held regularly at Washington Hall, Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced mediums.

CHELSEA.—On Sunday, morning and evening, at FREMONT HALL, Winslow street. D. F. Goddard regular speaker. CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Meetings also at Walt's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

SALEM.—Meetings in Bowell street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening. At Lyceum Hall, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOOMEY.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court of Massachusetts.

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD: BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

DR. ASHBURNER'S EXPERIENCE.—CONTINUED.

By the aid of the telegraphic signals I have endeavored to describe, I conversed for some time with the charming companion of my early years, and learned very interesting particulars relating to her happy abode in the spirit world. My curiosity had been excited by the different sounds produced by rappings that I had heard close to those made by my friend Ann. I asked for the name of the spirit that they represented. The name which came out by the letters indicated on the alphabet was ELIZABETH MAURICE, another companion of the childhood of myself and my brother and sister—another almost angelic being while on earth, but now, with her cousin Ann, an inhabitant of the third sphere in Paradise. The authoress of the "Invalid's Book," and some other works testifying to a pure, gentle, and refined taste, conversed with me awhile; and at last a louder and more decided signal was made to me from the middle of the table. The name I obtained by the telegraphic raps was that of my father. I asked him to communicate to me the date on which he quitted this world for the spirit home, and the raps indicated "7th September, 1798." I asked where the event took place, and I obtained the answer "at Bombay." I asked his age at the time, with many other questions, the replies to which were all quite correct. I kept up mentally a long conversation with him on subjects deeply interesting, and it was productive of a communication from him, which I subjoin:—

"My dear Son—I am delighted to have this privilege of communicating with you, hoping to dispel some of those wrong impressions which now hover around you in regard to this spiritual being. Allow a spirit who inhabits one of the higher circles to decide for you on a most important subject, to try to remove from your mind the doubts which perplex you, and to establish in their stead a firm faith in the Creator of heaven and earth. It is he who permits us to make these manifestations, through certain constituted persons, in order to impress mankind with the fact that the spirit shall live in a future state, in a more bright and blissful home. What proof can I give you of the truth of this? You have only to name it, and it shall be granted to you from your father, who has ever watched over you with the care of an angel. Do not doubt what I now say.

Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM ASHBURNER.

I am giving you a short narrative of the first part of my course of experience of the spirit manifestations. It is important not to be too diffuse. I am desirous of showing that if the subject be investigated in a calm and bold frame of mind there is no danger of the bad tendencies which have been so fiercely deprecated. I may not be able to prove to you, and to such as yourself, that there is a sufficient amount of facts to satisfy you of the existence of intelligences absent from the immediate sphere of our own cognizances, but I have at all events been able to adduce to you a number of curious facts; and if these and more such be tied together in bundles so placed as to affect the phrenological organs of a vast number of brains with the attractive force of agreeable conviction, many of the ideas advocated by the Reasoner will have a chance of being displaced and forced into the category of negative existence. To take up the impossibility of future existence, is to deny that we are beings of limited capacities, and to arrogate to ourselves the power of finality. No weakness is so ridiculous as that of fancying that we are arbiters of events—that our will, exercised by organs that soon shall rot, is to determine the future fate of a holy truth. How ardently does the bigot fancy he is right. Sincerity may be his merit, if ignorance be the cause of pardon for a foolish sincerity. A new truth, a new event, which established into a fact is a new light, makes the antecedent idea pale, and it vanishes before the force of new conviction. I cannot express to you the influence on my mind produced by the facts rapped out by alphabetical signals that my spirit friends, Ann and Elizabeth, knew of their cousins Hannah and Isabella having called a few days before at my house at twelve o'clock, and that they knew I was going from Mr. Hoyalnd's house to 17, Palace Gardens, Kensington. They knew the persons I should see there; and on being asked if they were acquainted with any other persons residing in Palace Gardens, Ann replied to me that her cousin, Henry Goodere, lived at No. 2—a house he had not long before purchased. If these be not facts demonstrative of a future state of existence, in which friends of former days are now cognizant of the events occurring here, I do not know what will be sufficient to force your mind to a conviction. But these are only a small part of the numerous proofs I have had of the identity of persons with whom I had been acquainted years ago. I have, in subsequent scenes, had many opportunities of holding intercourse with a score of other persons now in the upper magnetic regions of space surrounding this earth—intelligences, some of whom were friends here, and some of whom were individuals of whom I had been desired to learn facts that turn out to be marvellously true.

Had I been inclined, I could have made an equally absurd affair of this serious inquiry, as some have succeeded in doing. My taste does not lean in that direction. When I am convinced that I have a good grip of a bold and sacred truth, it is not an easy matter to shake me from it. I have tested the fact of the spiritual manifestations most minutely and carefully, and I grieve for those who have concluded against it from a touchy disposition not to accept a truth simply because it does not originate from self, or on account of any other weak and personal consideration. It is easy to go to simpletons and say your neighbor is a credulous fool, and the simpletons believe it; because perhaps they have never seen a mesmerized somnambule, under the influence of a magnetic impulse, from the finger, on the organ of self-esteem, obliged to enter the same class of words. In your article on "Those Rapping Spirits," you were influenced to trot in a groove on the point of dignity. Some infallible judges of dignity there are

who cannot perceive in mankind any other high qualities but those of cunning and acquiescence. Man is a strange compound, and to the philosopher it is a curious subject of reflection how very trifling in themselves are the motives which make the wisest rush into the most foolish and illiberal courses. It is unnecessary, after the notices of the spirit manifestations in subsequent numbers of your periodical, to dilate on the deficiencies of philosophical taste that have characterized some of the would-be-considered investigators of the subject. I may say that when I have been impelled by the lower feelings of our nature to feel desirous of attacking them, it has happened invariably of late that I have had affectionate warnings from the Spheres not to be guilty of the error of hurrying unnecessarily the feelings of my friends. You will acknowledge, that if the tendencies of Spiritualism are to make men more tender towards the fallings of their neighbors, and more mindful of the obligations they owe to kindness and friendship, those tendencies cannot be very dangerous, or evil, or pernicious.

With every good wish, I remain,
My dear Mr. Holyoake,
Yours truly,
JOHN ASHBURNER.
40 York Place, May 26, 1853.

AN OPPONENT CONVINCED.

The Editor of the Review, published at Crawfordsville, Ind., has been one of the most bitter opposers of the claims of Spiritualism, and has availed himself of every opportunity to ridicule it. But recent events, which he has witnessed, have materially changed his views, and he voluntarily publishes a recantation of them, in connection with an interesting report of the occurrences leading to his new position. We transfer the article to our columns. It will prove of deep interest to our readers, as indicative of the change that is gradually being wrought upon all minds.

We have been in the habit of decrying that most mysterious of all sciences, or rather phenomena, called Spiritualism. A profound skeptic myself, it has occasioned us sincere sorrow to mark the extraordinary spread of the delusion, particularly as it has been attended with such serious consequences to individuals in all parts of the Union. But we are now prepared to take back all we said and thought about it. We have seen the spirits at last, and beg to assure our readers, at the risk of our good fame, that there is something in Spiritualism—too deep for our philosophy.

For the veracity of our story, we beg leave to refer to some of the most respectable citizens of our village—to Major Elston, Banker; Mr. Snyder, Postmaster; Mr. Wallace, Senator; Mr. Watson, Major Winn, and Colonel Mansson.

We may be pardoned for one word relative to the medium on the occasion we allude to. Dr. Sloan is a citizen of Covington, in our neighboring county, with a character above suspicion. He is indeed a gentleman. Deceit he is incapable of practising. Of easy circumstances, he cannot be supposed actuated by any mercenary motive.

All he performed, or that we saw, we have not space to detail. We content ourselves with a few of the most striking and inexplicable points.

In company with a select party, by invitation, we took a chair in Mr. Wallace's office, last Thursday evening, skeptically waiting to see what we should see. Within ten minutes Dr. Sloan had put himself in a mesmeric state. Usually this is done for the medium by outside influence; the Doctor's power is the more incomprehensible, however, from the fact that he himself produces the condition, and throws it off at pleasure. He selects a position in the center of the room, avoiding tables and persons; sits awhile with his head drooped upon his breast; makes a few passes over his head and breast with his hands; then is ready to bid spirits from the vasty deep.

The gentlemanly appearance of the man, we confess, inclined us at length to credulity, which prepossession was further strengthened by the total absence of every thing like trickery and hocus pocus. But we were not prepared to see a large circular office table, weighed down by law books, deliberately begin a rather dignified *chassez* across the floor, and stop directly in front of our worthy friend, Mr. Watson, who looked the picture of terror and astonishment. Some of the books toppled over to the floor, no damage was done.

The company had barely time to observe that Dr. Sloan was not touching the table during his *hégira*, when another performance ensued that would have been sublimely ridiculous, but for the mysterious agency that achieved it. Majors Winn and Easton, two as sedate, quiet men as ever dignified a community, were sitting together, rapt observers of the eccentricities of the table. Suddenly an unseen power lifted them up chairs and all, and in mid-air the two still sitting, though by no means sitting still, were trundled up and down facing each other, as nurses sometimes toss cross children to quiet them. They would both have gladly escaped from their uneasy seat; they looked appealingly to the company; but the invisible hands that danced them in the air, also held them fast. Though we now look back and smile at thinking of the two grey-heads thus hobnobbing to each other, yet we were too much terrified at the time to think of lending them assistance. Ask them about that "witches' ride," and they smile in the sickly manner of one who has seen a ghost. They are firm believers in Spiritualism.

While this was going on, we were further startled by a peculiar cry, and looking to the quarter it came from, Mr. Snyder was discovered sitting on the center table, where he had been lifted in his chair by the spirits, who probably knew that he had been many years a justice of the peace, and was therefore capable of worthily speaking over their orgies. We are sorry to say that for once, his gravity was seriously disturbed; and if we may be pardoned a joke about a matter so serious, we think he couldn't have got into a worse box. He also is now a believer, and seriously meditates becoming a medium.

There were other incidents, such as rappings, &c., which we will not trouble ourselves to describe. The one that most strongly impressed all who beheld it, we feel incompetent to do justice to. Dr. Sloan set the candle in the centre of the room, and blew it out. Retiring then to another quarter, we saw the light by unseen agency gradually revive, and when it was fully restored, we were thrilled at seeing a hand directly above it. We might well be excused for doubting our senses; yet there was no mistake; the wrist, the whole hand indeed, pale as a corpse's and delicate as a woman's, was distinctly defined. Its position was horizontal; one finger was extended pointing, as we have since been solemnly assured, directly at our worthy friend, Col. Mansson. In the same manner, and the same threatening meaning, for aught we know, the ghost of Banquo is made to point its skeleton finger at the guilty Macbeth. It may be the spirit was seeking to make the Col. ashamed of himself; if so, we have only to say, it was not so well acquainted with him as we happen to be.

Dr. Sloan left early next morning. A public exhibition of his powers would be profitable, and we so represented to him, but he declined the *expose* as inconsistent with his feelings and character.

At some other time we may write more fully upon the exciting incidents of that evening. We will merely add that our statements are strictly reliable, and will be vouched for by the gentlemen above named. We take pleasure in referring our readers to them.

ITALY.

The Tablet, the leading Roman Catholic Journal of Europe, states that a belief in Spiritualism extends to every part of Italy, and is rapidly increasing.

ANSWERS TO AN ENQUIRER.

NUMBER ONE.

We commence with this number a series of letters from a gentleman in one of the Western States to a friend in this city. About four years ago the two had a conversation concerning Spiritualism. Some time afterward the gentleman in this city lost a dear relative, and informed his friend of his loss, and in that friend's reply, the subject of Spiritualism was again introduced, and the gentleman again wrote to his friend to know if he was impressed to write upon that subject. The letter which follows is a rejoinder:—

May 6, 1857.

I very recently had some conversation with an old friend of mine, who, by the way, in former days, was one of the most skeptical men in matters of "faith" I ever knew: He had been in Illinois. While there, he was induced to visit a lady, (one of his daughter's near neighbors,) who possessed remarkable powers as a medium for the spiritual manifestations. The medium was one of that class known to those versed in such matters, as an *impersonating medium*—i. e., the supposed departed persons who manifested themselves through her, exhibited the characteristic personal phenomena of gesture, motion and speech, peculiar to their mundane appearance and life. I will not attempt to detail to you all he told me of what he witnessed; but he was satisfied. Among the various persons who were personated by the medium, was an only son of a person of peculiar physical formation, having a defect in his spine, which gave a very awkward, limping, shuffling gait in his walk. These, and all the mental, as well as physical characteristics, were manifested perfectly, and facts were stated by the spirits, which my friend supposed were very different, but on inquiry, were verified.

I have led you thus far, through a kind of general statement of the thing, to present to you, at this point, a new feature. My friend says, with the convictions he brought home with him, he has brought a feeling of contentment and resignation. He no longer deprecates his loss, but now looks forward with a feeling of satisfaction to the final termination of his duties here, so that he shall join those friends, of whose continued existence he is now most positively assured, by evidence, that he, nor the most skeptical to whom he has related his experience, have not been able to controvert. To you these assurances, and this satisfaction, it seems to me, would be most welcome. But human nature has a peculiar pride that revolts at the adoption of anything that is not quite "the thing" in aristocratic circles. Traditional births in a manner are very fine things to embody in the history and theory of a religion; but a modern manger, a manger of 1845 or 1857, is a little too near home. We can smell the stable. Well, what if we do smell the stable. No false pride ever withheld me from deriving any advantages a new truth affords; if I am not able to appreciate a truth, no matter whether it comes to me over the tick-tick-tick-tick of the telegraph register, or through the rattling of invisible forces on a piece of board, surrounded by a dozen men and women—or any other source. My friend, Truth does not always clothe itself in broadcloth and silks. It does not glide slick and smooth down a man's throat like a glass of toed champagne, at a sacrament held in upper-tendom church. Sneers and sarcasms are always thrown at new truths, because they generally rub the noses of old theories in a very unhandsome manner, and I am just enough imbued with the spirit of Young America, to indulge the notion that *old theories are old fogies*, and the easier they give place to the light of truth, the better for mankind. You have lost a relative, & dearly beloved relative. I know it is a loss to you, but to him it is much gain.

Earth is but the birth-place of man. It is not his grave. Man has no grave. The worn-out garment we cast aside. *It is not the man we bury.*

You believe, I am almost tempted to tell you, that you shall know, ere you join him, that he yet lives. *If you will, you may.* I hope you will. You have regarded me as visionary on this subject. But, I can claim the privilege of reasoning for myself on all subjects. I have no belief that you might call *faith*, a blind credence of something taught me in early life, and fed to me from the pulpit. I have no such faith. I have only the convictions of natural evidence; and if *science and religion* cannot stand on the same footing, so far as the laws of evidence go, then I dismiss from my investigations that one of them, in which I cannot cross-examine the witnesses.

I know pretty nearly what your views have been respecting modern spiritual manifestations. What they are now, I do not know. Unfortunately, most of our great men, our learned men, have taken the cue from Pestus, and they fear our modern Payls, like the Paul of other days, are "mad from much learning," and they shun this source of madness, lest they too be mad!

You are not very likely to indulge the same ideas on the subject as I do—so long as you will permit the subject to be fairly developed and demonstrated to you. I am not going to urge you to investigate it, but this thing I will tell you, with a firm conviction of its truth; you will, at some future time, acknowledge to yourself your regrets for not having satisfied yourself, if your present or past convictions rule you through this life. You do not feel satisfied of the accuracy of your present convictions. No one does who holds aloof, at least that is the evidence of all persons whom I have conversed with before and after their acquaintance with *reliable and indisputable facts*.

That I should be pleased to have you examine this thing, you do not need to be assured. If you do so, it does not follow of course that you are to give yourself up to it, and become insane, as some less stable-minded persons than yourself might do; there are unreasonable limits in all things, and I think I ought to put limits to these remarks.

RESULT OF OPPOSITION.

A correspondent of the New England Spiritualist, writing from Sandwich, Mass., says:—"Some three or four weeks since, John G. Gleason, of Plymouth, offered to speak from spirit impression, in the Town Hall. The Selectmen, who have the control of it, refused to let it be used for that purpose. Whereupon some of the inhabitants, feeling aggrieved, resolved that the matter should be laid before the people at some future town meeting, and a vote taken on the same."

IN OTHER TONGUES.

Professor Euclid states, that in his presence, communications were written in Greek and Latin, the medium having no knowledge of the former, and but slightly acquainted with the latter.

Correspondence.

AMESBURY, June, 1857.

MESSES. EDITORS.—The doctrine of Spiritualism, which you advocate, appears mysterious to me as yet; but it is not strange that it does. In fact, it would be strange if it did not, for all discoveries have seemed so at first. Galileo said the earth revolved, and it did, with natural laws to govern it, though denied. Franklin drew lightning from the clouds, and Morse taught it to speak the English language, and Newton discovered the law of gravitation, and Fulton asked for a building in which to explain his theory of steam power, but it was denied him. There were natural causes for all these; may there not be, therefore, a possibility that Spiritualism, so called, can be explained on philosophical principles?

I will give you a word in relation to a manifestation I received. I called on the spirit of a ship-builder, and on his announcing his presence, asked him to imitate the launch of a ship. Thirty or more distinct raps were heard, resembling the sound at a distance of carpenters setting up a ship. Shortly all the rappings ceased except two, and they represented men-splitting out the blocks. After these the table shook, as a ship does just before she starts from the ways, then it moved six feet or more, without any person touching it, resembling the motion of a ship as it is launched into the water. I am convinced that nothing by mere human agency could thus, in every particular, imitate so perfectly the launching of a ship.

Yours, NATHAN NUTTER.

Our friend's experience is a good proof of the reality of spirit manifestations, and a perfect argument against the position of those who maintain that they are all produced by jugglery, wires, pulleys, or mechanical appliances of any name or nature. Though a "medium" himself, and having such manifestations as he above narrates occur in his presence, he does not accept the spiritual theory in explanation of the phenomena. He is fully conscientious that these things do take place, and equally so that he does not produce them, for the very good reason that it would be impossible for him to do so. Certainly there can be no trickery here; no imitation of the sounds of ship carpenters at a launch, made with a foot—the great Cambridge solution—or by any unconscious pressure of the hands, the equally astounding scientific theory of Farady, for neither hand or foot was within six feet of the moving table.

In reply to the inquiry whether Spiritualism may not be explained on philosophical principles, we would say, it can. The same general laws that govern Franklin's lightning, Newton's gravitation, and Fulton's application of steam power, govern the events of Spiritualism. At the time of these discoveries these governing qualities were not known, at least not laid down in the books, and the discovered blessings were near being lost on that account. And so it is with Spiritualism now. There is no law, no rule of science, known at Cambridge, that would evolve such facts, and so they seek to destroy the facts. But their efforts are as impotent as their brethren of the past, and Spiritualism will live through all their efforts to put it out of existence, and the philosophy that governs it will ere long be made known.

PORTSMOUTH, July 7, 1857.

MESSES. EDITORS.—Having received some powerful demonstrations of spirit truths recently, I have a desire to communicate to you what has been received. Some things have been given which would puzzle many a scientific mind.

I have had papers from spirit friends dropped in my presence, lights of the most startling brilliancy have been seen, the hand formed, so that its shape could be ascertained, writing on the slate without the use of the hand of the medium, and music was heard at a distance, sounding very much like the airs played by a music box, but more sweet. Many times it has been heard by several friends, who knew that no such instrumental music had ever been heard there before. Raps are heard in a room adjoining, with no one in it, loud enough to awaken a house from its slumbers. The spirits have also touched us in many ways, but always gently, thus reminding us of their positive nearness to each one.

I send you a copy of a communication which was dropped by a spirit in my room a few days ago:

THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EVELETH.

"Here, lies buried the body of the Rev'd John Eveleth, who departed this life August, 1st day, Anno Dom. 1734, aged 65 years."

This stone, with the above, is in Eliot, Maine, under two beautiful elm trees; I think you can get a communication there if you will go up on some fine day; it is a beautiful spot.

Another from the same Spirit.

"Where I communicated to you, the place is in Eliot, on the line of Kittery and Eliot, near the farm of Major Mark Dennet, about two miles from the Portsmouth bridge, on the old post road, where I have heard the war-hoop of the red men."

The above are copies from the original papers, sent me by the spirit itself. Not having ever heard of the above named person, I sent over to Eliot to ascertain the facts, and the truth of the above obituary notice was ascertained. The stone is well known, as existing in that neighborhood. It was a most excellent test. Several persons have verified the above.

I send you the following, which I copy from a paper received from another spirit, in the same way as the other. It was written beautifully by a female spirit:

An echo. Hush! 'tis from the spirit land!
How full the note! and like that loved band
That plumed their wings, and took their upward flight,
When life was winged fast, and gloomy night
Sat brooding o'er my soul, with vengeful look,
Then through the gloom they soared as dust the lark,
Above earth's storms, high in the clear blue sky,
And winged their way to blissful worlds on high,
Another,—
Like a pure water lily, thou'lt rise from the storm,
Like a spirit inhaling the breath of the morn,
Like the eagle, when soaring above his cloud nest,
Thou'lt be wafted on shore to the realms of the blest.
J. M. L.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June, 1857.

MESSES. EDITORS.—I have been intending for some time to give you a word of congratulation, for the wonderful success of your beautiful paper. It has taken a very important place in our Literature, and is maintaining its character nobly, while at the same time it appears to have some spell of attraction, for it diffuses itself, as if it were endowed with some secret charm. It is a happy omen to the world, as well as to you; for as the Brazen Serpent was lifted up in the Wilderness, that all who were bitten of serpents might look upon it and live, so shall the type of a true intellectual power, be an antidote to false stimuli, and moral poisons, and thus inaugurate a more truthful National Literature. Regarded in that light, your work is a great and real benefaction to mankind.

On a recent passage from New York, in the steamer Governor, I could not but reflect upon the power of mind over matter, and felt an exultation in my relationship with Humanity; which it would be impossible for me to adequately express. The Mind that was manifest in the Iron—the great Thought which, after so many struggles, had at length come out free, and achieved this miracle of Art, by which

we were so restlessly sweeping forward, against wind and tide, seemed to stand before me, as an embodied spirit. I wished then for power, to make the idle, the voluptuous, the sensual, comprehend the dignity and grandeur of a true work. By knowing this, many a merely physical operator would unfold a higher degree of intelligence, and many a dainty aristocrat or white-fingered dandy, would become a MAN. In fact, this consciousness must be one of the great forces of mental and moral regeneration; for when men can appreciate the honor of work, and the degradation of idleness, however highly wrought and finely gilded may be its cage, even the poorest laborer will begin to respect himself, as a member of the great public Benefaction, to which he is admitted, through the Diploma of his Work. Thus, there will be a continual approximation toward those truer relations, that shall secure to every man his own work. There will then be no such anomaly as that of a human being condemned to uselessness, or left open to mischief in the world, because he is bound to be gentle; for the finest gentleman, or lady, must then be recognized as the happiest and most intelligent worker. I see that this must come, though I am sometimes impatient of the slow progress. I am sometimes impatient of the slow progress. I stretch out my arms toward the happy time—the Good Day of the Future—I invoke it with all my power of heart and soul.

I cannot close without saying a word for the benefit of other travelers, of the new line of steamers between New York and Providence, connecting also with your Boston railway trains; for I consider it a work of great public good.

The accommodations are excellent; the stewardess and other attendants ready and respectful—the Captain courteous and regardful of the least interest of those that come under his care, and the pilot, Capt. Child, himself an accomplished and long tried seaman. This line, which is now represented by the steamer Governor, soon to be joined by the Eastern City, has also the additional good features of making the whole trip by water, without the inconvenience of disembarking, and that at only two-thirds the usual rates.

WHOM AND WHAT SHALL WE BELIEVE?

If a man cannot believe his own senses and trust the reasons which God has implanted within him for his guidance, what shall he believe and whom shall he trust? It has never appeared to us of much importance whether this "Dr." and that "Prof.," and the other man, whom a few fellows of his have called "President," believe that God's laws are unchangeable, and consequently, that what occurred eighteen centuries ago can likewise occur to-day. Each individual must judge for himself, and if the foolishness of Harvard in relation to Spiritualism effects no greater good than to convince mankind of the folly of putting trust in princes, and looking up to, or down to, other people's views in order to shape their own, it will have accomplished a great mission.

Within ten years, millions of individuals have had internal and external evidence of the fact of spirit intercourse, and all the decisions of all the colleges in the universe cannot alter that fact or injure the truth which that evidence establishes in their minds.

Messes. Peires, Agassiz, Gould and Horsford may call them "dupes," and declare them the victims of a "stupendous delusion," but the God-given reason within is proof against all such attacks. It is invulnerable, because it ever suggests the inquiry, if we cannot trust our own eyes to see for us, our own ears to hear for us, and our own reason to judge for us, to whom and what shall we appeal? And again, are we any better off in trusting the eyes, ears and reason of others than we can be in trusting our own?

"BECAUSE OF UNBELIEF."

The failure to produce manifestations of spirit power in the presence of the Cambridge committee, is an additional proof that these events are of the same class, and produced by the same agencies as those in the times of Christ. On a certain occasion, Christ failed to do mighty works, because of unbelief, (Math. 13, 58.) Are mediums of this age expected to do what he, whom Christendom worships as God, could not do? All the powers in the universe could not have produced a different result than was had before the "men of science," for the reason that natural laws cannot be subverted. Christ would have been branded as a "forger," and an "impostor," and a belief in the events of his life a "stupendous delusion," under such modes of "investigation" as were adopted by the Renowned Four.

"PROCEEDING ON A PRESUMPTION."

The Courier, half apologising for its care of the people's morals, and exposition of a "stupendous delusion," says that it has "proceeded on the presumption that the intelligent portion of the public in general coincided in the views and arguments" it has presented. The "intelligent portion" will not consider this as any attempt to cajole it with flattering words, for the mere supposition that any one who has arrived at years of discretion, and can rightfully claim the title of "intelligent," is so ignorant of facts as those "views and arguments" show the writer to be, is not to be admitted by any sane mind.

UNIVERSALITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The Age of Progress furnishes translations of communications from spirits, and contained in the French Journal of Spiritualism, published at New Orleans. We select the following. Indications of the truth of the statement reaches us from all directions. Letters from all parts of the world confirm it.

"The work of redemption is going on in all parts of the Globe. We have more mediums in Asia than you have in America. I present the faith to these still under a veil; like the violet hidden by the leaves; like beauty under the gauze. In this form, they accept it. At the proper time, we will remove the leaves, we will lift the veil, and the truth shall shine in all its noble brightness. MANOMER."

UNDERSTANDING OF A TABLE.

Dr. J. P. Greaves, of Milwaukee, writes to the Age of Progress, that in the town of Manistec, Mich., on the opposite side of the lake, there is a young girl, a medium, who was recently directed by the Spirits to have a hole bored in the bottom of one leg of a table, and a pencil firmly inserted. This being done, the Spirits used the table leg—whenever she placed her hands on the top—to write with great rapidity, perfectly legible communications for the persons present. It is not a little remarkable that mediums and other people can do such things through the legs of a table, when they could by no means use their own legs for a similar purpose.

THE SPIRITS MOVING.

The Rock River Democrat, (Ill.) says:—"We presume most of our readers will be as surprised as were we to learn the number of converts to this new faith in our midst. We are informed upon good authority, that the Spiritualists of our city number over a thousand. Among them are many of our most substantial citizens, men and women of worth, standing and candor. Some of them have related to us spiritual manifestations which have occurred under their own roof, in their own presence, which were of the most remarkable character; and the individuals who tell them to us bear a character among our people of good sense, and veracity second to none in our midst."

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mrs. J. H. COLEMAN, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

Answers to Correspondents. To JAMES D. S.— Blessings on him who asks for his disembodied friends through this sheet.

O'Neill, State Surveyor, Maryland, Who Died in Washington.

I would like to commune with you, provided I can hold control over your medium. This is quite new to me, being the first time I ever tried to do so;

I have dear friends in the earth life, and if I were possible I should like to commune with them and to them.

I have been in the spirit life near two years, as high as I can estimate time.

I am happy, yet it was hard. More than two years ago I sat with this medium. I am fully aware of my position.

Melinda Field, Taunton. If this be Death, I soon shall be From every sin and from every foe.

Oh, blessed thought! if all mortals would so live that they may fully realize the import of these words. The true Christian, one who has all these words in the kindness of our Father, knows he will be free from sin and sorrow, when death comes.

When I was nearing the portals of Heaven, many stood around my couch, and shed tears on account of my departure; they feared I would not be happy, because I had not experienced religion.

God, our Father, teaches us to love him; mortals teach us to fear him. There is no Christianity that is based on fear, and all the creeds of the present day are based upon that.

The promised land. Religion in a garb of mourning; the child of Nature clothes it in a garb of light. I had rather worship God in Nature's Temple, than in one so dark and gloomy.

I left many friends to mourn my loss; a companion, and a dear child, and oh, how my spirit yearns to commune with them—

Oh, my friends, my friends! my spirit longs to commune with them. Oh, if they will only see, and hear, and know! I thought almost too happy to be realized.

I wish to tender thanks to the Order, who were so kind to me, and to all personal friends, and forgiveness to all personal enemies.

It seems mysterious to me; I cannot really comprehend the meaning of all this. An old man who says he passed away from earth years ago, who bears the name of John O'Neill, tells me he was the instrument of bringing me here.

I should have told you I died at Washington, at the Capitol of our country.

Oh, how happy I could be could I know I could commune with my friends. I was a medium, so many friends in the spirit life tell me. I died at eight in the morning. I know this well, because I was told before my departure by spirits that I should die at that time.

We received this June 3d, and took the usual method of satisfying ourselves in regard to its truth. Up to this time, July 8th, we have not received an answer from letters written, but accidentally met with a gentleman from Washington, who assures us it is true.

Baker, to his brother and sister, in Boston. I have been requested by friends to come here and commune. Now I have not much that will please the ear to communicate.

I have only been in the spirit life about three years, and have learned much during that time, and I have also seen much to regret in my past.

Daniel, that I often visit. He has good medium powers, and I often wish to commune through him, but his occupation prevents our accomplishing what we would do.

He is one you do not meet with every hour in the day, and is always most happy when he has succeeded in making some one else happy.

George P. Tewksbury. I am happy, yet it was hard. More than two years ago I sat with this medium. I am fully aware of my position.

After this was written, while the medium was in the trance state, she was influenced as a clairvoyant, and gave the following description of two spirits who were standing within her range of vision.

I see a man, tall, rather slim, black hair, small black eyes, pleasant looking, but sharp and earnest. He has a forehead which projects at the eye lids, and retreats. He wants to know if I recognize him, but I do not.

The allusion to a "vest" requires an explanation to those who are ignorant of spirit manifestations. Spirits have the power to embody in any form or dress which pleases them, or to control the medium so that she sees the form, whether they take it upon them or no.

Melinda Field, Taunton. If this be Death, I soon shall be From every sin and from every foe.

Oh, blessed thought! if all mortals would so live that they may fully realize the import of these words. The true Christian, one who has all these words in the kindness of our Father, knows he will be free from sin and sorrow, when death comes.

When I was nearing the portals of Heaven, many stood around my couch, and shed tears on account of my departure; they feared I would not be happy, because I had not experienced religion.

God, our Father, teaches us to love him; mortals teach us to fear him. There is no Christianity that is based on fear, and all the creeds of the present day are based upon that.

The promised land. Religion in a garb of mourning; the child of Nature clothes it in a garb of light. I had rather worship God in Nature's Temple, than in one so dark and gloomy.

I left many friends to mourn my loss; a companion, and a dear child, and oh, how my spirit yearns to commune with them—

Oh, my friends, my friends! my spirit longs to commune with them. Oh, if they will only see, and hear, and know! I thought almost too happy to be realized.

I wish to tender thanks to the Order, who were so kind to me, and to all personal friends, and forgiveness to all personal enemies.

It seems mysterious to me; I cannot really comprehend the meaning of all this. An old man who says he passed away from earth years ago, who bears the name of John O'Neill, tells me he was the instrument of bringing me here.

I should have told you I died at Washington, at the Capitol of our country.

Oh, how happy I could be could I know I could commune with my friends. I was a medium, so many friends in the spirit life tell me. I died at eight in the morning. I know this well, because I was told before my departure by spirits that I should die at that time.

We received this June 3d, and took the usual method of satisfying ourselves in regard to its truth. Up to this time, July 8th, we have not received an answer from letters written, but accidentally met with a gentleman from Washington, who assures us it is true.

Baker, to his brother and sister, in Boston. I have been requested by friends to come here and commune. Now I have not much that will please the ear to communicate.

I have only been in the spirit life about three years, and have learned much during that time, and I have also seen much to regret in my past.

My name Carl Vankendahl; Bess is my frow name, and remember I got four children—two born since here. I was 49 years—don't forget about the papers. I am there all the time—going right there now. I hid them myself—forgot to tell her. She's too good to stay here. God bless the old fellow, who brought me here. He says no do so more, you frightened frow, come with me and I show you how to do; so he brought me here, where I see this frow and you. Now I must go.

We have no means of testing this message. It serves to show that spirits in coming to earth do not lose their individuality, but present the same characteristics they did on earth.

It characterizes his anxiety to see his "frow" right on some points relative to property and her future life here, caused him to manifest to her in such a manner as to alarm her.

He gave it just as he spoke it through Mrs. C., while in a trance, or under the mesmeric influence of the spirit controlling. We know nothing of the truth of the message, or whether such a person ever existed in Hoboken, but if, any of our friends there see fit to test it, we should be pleased to hear from it, whether true or untrue.

Robert Stockell, Butcher, to his friends. Oh, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? This prayer, I have been uttering ever since I came here; and I have been told the only way for me to progress and become happier is to return to earth and sow seeds of repentance for all the deeds of evil I committed.

John Tucker. I say, old fellow, it's hard driving against wind and tide; can't you give us a little help.

There were three of us in the boat, and we were all drunk—at least I was. We went out about six in the morning, and that was the last of us. I used to go fishing occasionally. I wish to God every drop of rum was in hell, for if that had been in hell, I should not have been here, perhaps.

Chas. Bent, of California. We have no means of verifying this manifestation; therefore we cannot put it before the public as truth.

I suppose I have a son-in-law on earth by name of John Jackson. I have a daughter, Margaret. I am told she is a married, but I don't know who to. She used to be in a store when I was here; I can't see well where these people are now, nor can I remember events well, but my next youngest child was there. Frank was the youngest.

I was drowned. When I was young, it was Robert; but when I was poor and looked down upon, it was Bob. I owned a house in Portsmouth, N. H. God knows whether my folks owe it now or not. Perhaps they have gone there to live. I cannot see now; all is in the dark to me, in consequence of my evil deeds on earth.

Charles Johnson, Printer. I understand you receive spirit communications, and as I am anxious to communicate, I avail myself of your position.

Six years ago I lived in Boston; my name was Charles Johnson; I was rather a wild, hard boy. About nine years ago I married and lived very unhappily with my wife. I presume I was greatly to blame, and she doubtless somewhat to blame.

I was a printer by trade, but rarely ever worked at it, and never in Boston. You saw me at your office some seven years ago; you saw me remember me? I recognized you from the first word I spoke with you this morning, but did not see fit to speak of it until after I had given what I wanted.

I now return to you as a friend asking a favor, and you doubtless will grant it. I have heard, or since I came to the spirit world, that he or she who would be happy must do right. If I see fit to return to give you something in reference to myself, I shall do so. But if I see fit to give you only a part, that I may not injure those who are still on earth, I shall do so, for conscience is a part of the spirit, and will speak if we do wrong. I have sinned, and that has hurt me sorely, I assure you, since I have been here, and I return because it was my duty.

From a Spirit Mother, to her Daughter, while in Trouble. My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care for you, and you shall not be harmed.

My beloved companion, I have heard your request, and will hasten to comply, as far as conditions will permit.

Dear husband, you did not, in reality, suppose that if you uttered a wish that I would spend you, a communication, that I really would hear that wish and would answer the same.

Mary Taylor, to her husband, of Danvers. My beloved companion, I have heard your request, and will hasten to comply, as far as conditions will permit.

Dear husband, you did not, in reality, suppose that if you uttered a wish that I would spend you, a communication, that I really would hear that wish and would answer the same.

My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care for you, and you shall not be harmed.

My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care for you, and you shall not be harmed.

My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care for you, and you shall not be harmed.

show you. I was not dead when you asked me if I knew you, and begged of me to speak once again to you, but I could not answer, because I had not sufficient power to do so.

Money Returned to its Owner by Spirit Direction. A poor man went to Woburn from Portsmouth, N. H., and at the office of the railroad in Woburn, gave the ticket-master a bill for a ticket.

He came to Boston, and desired to sit with Mrs. Conant, but was told he could not have one.

Dear William—I and my sister, your wife, were with you when you met with that loss. Now, if you will go to that place to-day and demand your own, you will doubtless obtain it.

Acting upon faith in this suggestion, the poor man sent to Woburn, and received his money. As was said, the ticket-master was honest in his belief that he did not receive it.

John Tucker. I say, old fellow, it's hard driving against wind and tide; can't you give us a little help.

There were three of us in the boat, and we were all drunk—at least I was. We went out about six in the morning, and that was the last of us.

Chas. Bent, of California. We have no means of verifying this manifestation; therefore we cannot put it before the public as truth.

I suppose I have a son-in-law on earth by name of John Jackson. I have a daughter, Margaret. I am told she is a married, but I don't know who to.

I was drowned. When I was young, it was Robert; but when I was poor and looked down upon, it was Bob. I owned a house in Portsmouth, N. H.

Charles Johnson, Printer. I understand you receive spirit communications, and as I am anxious to communicate, I avail myself of your position.

Six years ago I lived in Boston; my name was Charles Johnson; I was rather a wild, hard boy. About nine years ago I married and lived very unhappily with my wife.

I was a printer by trade, but rarely ever worked at it, and never in Boston. You saw me at your office some seven years ago; you saw me remember me?

I now return to you as a friend asking a favor, and you doubtless will grant it. I have heard, or since I came to the spirit world, that he or she who would be happy must do right.

From a Spirit Mother, to her Daughter, while in Trouble. My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care for you, and you shall not be harmed.

My beloved companion, I have heard your request, and will hasten to comply, as far as conditions will permit.

Dear husband, you did not, in reality, suppose that if you uttered a wish that I would spend you, a communication, that I really would hear that wish and would answer the same.

Mary Taylor, to her husband, of Danvers. My beloved companion, I have heard your request, and will hasten to comply, as far as conditions will permit.

Dear husband, you did not, in reality, suppose that if you uttered a wish that I would spend you, a communication, that I really would hear that wish and would answer the same.

My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care for you, and you shall not be harmed.

My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care for you, and you shall not be harmed.

ling child, let Truth ever find a resting place within your soul; then your feet will be well shod, and your enemies shall fall in the pit of their own digging. Oh, let every sand in your hour glass be a germ of Truth, running into Immortality. I know the battle will be hard, yet be strong, be firm, constantly trusting in the God who is able to redeem you.

Wallace Hurlbut. Wallace Hurlbut was given us after he had been visited by a lady whose notions of life after the grave are of the brimstone church stamp.

Friend, sometimes good comes out of evil; a little fire will do you no harm, and may result in benefit to me and mine.

I never anticipated any such from my companion, but I have many friends that interest themselves more about me now than when I was on earth.

Abigail Carpenter. Many years ago I lived on earth, and died in Massachusetts; my name was Abigail Carpenter; my disease was consumption.

Spiritualism, at the present day, comes to elevate mankind, as it did in the days of Jesus; but there are quite as many Scribes and Pharisees in your day as in his day; and you mortals should remember that all Truth, when first presented to mankind, has been rejected.

Your Father has promised He will give you all things expedient; and if they rise up against you, and call you to prove your fidelity, you must call upon your Father to aid you, else the mighty arm of opposition is laid upon you and you fall.

God is Good. The tiny stream murmurs in silver tones, God is good. The twinkling stars, with a thousand rays of light echo, God is good.

And shall not man with his higher realization of goodness, send forth the cry, God is good! Yes, He doeth all things well; he filleth all your desert places with fruit; he giveth unto all the bread of life; he sendeth his showers of goodness through many channels to the thirsty sons and daughters of earth.

A Quaker Medium Two Hundred Years Ago.—In Mr. Glanville's "Sedacium Triumphatus," published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, and account of a neopiate in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day.

The sphere wherein you mortals dwell is being surrounded by a chain of brilliants taken from the crown of angels. The brilliants are destined to shed a lustre over all the earth; and regardless of man's inventions, will fill the world with light.

A Quaker Medium Two Hundred Years Ago.—In Mr. Glanville's "Sedacium Triumphatus," published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, and account of a neopiate in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day.

The sphere wherein you mortals dwell is being surrounded by a chain of brilliants taken from the crown of angels. The brilliants are destined to shed a lustre over all the earth; and regardless of man's inventions, will fill the world with light.

A Quaker Medium Two Hundred Years Ago.—In Mr. Glanville's "Sedacium Triumphatus," published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, and account of a neopiate in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day.

The sphere wherein you mortals dwell is being surrounded by a chain of brilliants taken from the crown of angels. The brilliants are destined to shed a lustre over all the earth; and regardless of man's inventions, will fill the world with light.

A Quaker Medium Two Hundred Years Ago.—In Mr. Glanville's "Sedacium Triumphatus," published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, and account of a neopiate in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day.

The sphere wherein you mortals dwell is being surrounded by a chain of brilliants taken from the crown of angels. The brilliants are destined to shed a lustre over all the earth; and regardless of man's inventions, will fill the world with light.

A Quaker Medium Two Hundred Years Ago.—In Mr. Glanville's "Sedacium Triumphatus," published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, and account of a neopiate in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day.

The sphere wherein you mortals dwell is being surrounded by a chain of brilliants taken from the crown of angels. The brilliants are destined to shed a lustre over all the earth; and regardless of man's inventions, will fill the world with light.

A Quaker Medium Two Hundred Years Ago.—In Mr. Glanville's "Sedacium Triumphatus," published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, and account of a neopiate in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day.

The sphere wherein you mortals dwell is being surrounded by a chain of brilliants taken from the crown of angels. The brilliants are destined to shed a lustre over all the earth; and regardless of man's inventions, will fill the world with light.

Pearls.

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

Each day some pearl drops from the Jewel thread of friendship—
Some lyre to which we have been wont to listen—
Has been hushed forever.

I tell you God is good, as well as just,
And some few flowers in every heart are sown;
Their black and crumpled leaves show but as dust;

It is easier to declaim against a thousand sins in others,
Than to mortify one in ourselves.

ELLA PERCIVAL, THE BLOSSOM OF VIOLET DELL.

BY HENRI H. FENTON.

*One sole desire, one passion now remains
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast

Yet even here, where the face of nature wears
The primal beauty of unsullied purity,
The dark and stormy passions have sprung from bud to blossom,

On the eastern shore, almost entirely hidden
By the luxuriant growth of forest trees,
Underbrush and trailing grape vines, stands a little cottage.

Even so it was. Years ago, that now blackened
Ruin was such a dwelling place as the poet artist
Pictures and sighs for. In the summer, "flowers of all hues,

And Ella!—To what bright creation of fancy shall
She be likened? The pen of the poet, the pencil
Of the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, would alike

"I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came

As she moved through those blooming gardens,
The flowers seemed to feel her presence,
The hollyhocks nodded gratefully as she passed,

Hour after hour set that broken-hearted father

he deemed such, and indifferent to his enemies.
In his younger days, he had mixed much with society,
had whirled through all the mazes of city life,

Two children had gladdened the hearts of those
peaceful, contented lovers. The eldest, Edward,
was twelve years of age when the pure-hearted mother

Hubert Leroy was what the world styles an elegant,
accomplished gentleman. He was skilled in
all the arts of society, with a fine face and form,

Up the swift current of the Mississippi,
the steamer Sultana was bravely battling its way.
Its decks were crowded with passengers, from every

Among the many passengers walking the deck,
was one conspicuous above the rest from the quick
glance he gave to each of the male passengers

The waiter was summoned and the letter despatched.
But a brief time elapsed before the man returned
and placed in Edward's hands a letter in his father's

"Edward—Our hope is desolate, for Ella is dying."
Edward had looked upon battle-fields, and smiled
as the roll of the musketry and the boom of the

"Open the window, father," said the dying girl,
"let me look once more over the quiet lake and
breath again the fragrance of the purple flowers I have

"Yes! bumpers to the fair bride!" The words
were yet ringing on his lips, when like the avenging
bolt of Heaven, a bullet crashed through the skull

Hour after hour set that broken-hearted father

beside that couch of death. Ella lay as if in a trance,
her spirit hovering between the visible world and the
unseen. Occasionally she would open her eyes,

"The day was drawing towards its close,
the sun was passing its rest among the gold and crimson
clouds, and still silent and motionless sat the father

Ella had, as moved by the same impulse, started
up from her pillow, and when Edward turned
towards her, one glance told him that it was but the

Brightly over the beautiful lake dawned the first
rays of morning. The sun came up and crimsoned
the waters, and danced upon the fluttering leaves,

Up the swift current of the Mississippi,
the steamer Sultana was bravely battling its way.
Its decks were crowded with passengers, from every

Among the many passengers walking the deck,
was one conspicuous above the rest from the quick
glance he gave to each of the male passengers

The waiter was summoned and the letter despatched.
But a brief time elapsed before the man returned
and placed in Edward's hands a letter in his father's

"Edward—Our hope is desolate, for Ella is dying."
Edward had looked upon battle-fields, and smiled
as the roll of the musketry and the boom of the

"Open the window, father," said the dying girl,
"let me look once more over the quiet lake and
breath again the fragrance of the purple flowers I have

Hour after hour set that broken-hearted father

been, there were far too many witnesses to permit
any hope of escape. The judge, elected for the occasion,
simply asked the prisoner what he had to say

Revolution had been muttering through the streets
of Paris. The people chafing under the galling
chains of despotism met in clusters upon the squares,

At one of the barricades, urging on the workers
with voice and hands, was an officer who wore a
simple undress military suit of blue, and as they

In the cemetery of Montmartre is a simple slab bearing
the inscription, "Le brave Americain;" under
it moulders the dust which contained the high

Beautiful simile. Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring so
small, that a single ox, in a summer's day, could
drain it dry.

Every period of life has its prejudice; who ever
saw old age, and did not applaud the past and condemn
the present?

Advertisements.

NOTICE. L. K. COONLEY, of Portland, Me., TRANCE SPEAKER and

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY

HEALING SPIRITUAL REMEDY—"THE CURE"

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber having found

MRS. J. H. CONANT, TRANCE MEDIUM, NATIONAL

MRS. W. E. HAYDEN, BAPPING, WRITING TEST, H.

MRS. R. H. BURNETT, SPEAKING, TRANCE AND

MRS. M. MUNSON, CLAIRVOYANT.

MRS. W. E. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL

MRS. T. C. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, N. Y.

BANNER OF LIGHT. A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF ROMANOE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

is published in Boston every Thursday, and contains in a
handsome Quarto form of the largest size, FORTY COLUMNS

One Copy, Two Dollars per annum.
One Copy, One Dollar for six months.

Those desirous of receiving this paper by mail, are informed
that money sent in REGISTERED letters will be at our risk.

SOLICITORS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS. In order to procure the BANNER OF LIGHT, every agent

LIST OF AGENTS. NEW YORK. S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York City

F. A. DROVING, No. 47 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

ALL AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PUBLICATIONS. RELATING TO SPIRITUALISM AND GENERAL REFORM,

Mr. MUNSON is the general agent for New York and vicinity

Mr. M. is agent for all other Spiritual Publications; also for

THE PSALMS OF LIFE; a compilation of Psalms, Hymns,

There is Balm in Gilead. MRS. E. B. DANFORTH,

MEDICAL INSTITUTE HAVING NO SYMPATHY with the

Office is connected with a store of Eclectic, Botanic,

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY

HEALING SPIRITUAL REMEDY—"THE CURE"

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber having found

MRS. J. H. CONANT, TRANCE MEDIUM, NATIONAL

MRS. W. E. HAYDEN, BAPPING, WRITING TEST, H.

MRS. R. H. BURNETT, SPEAKING, TRANCE AND

MRS. M. MUNSON, CLAIRVOYANT.

MRS. W. E. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL

MRS. T. C. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, N. Y.

LIFE OF A SEER. JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF A SEER. JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, ROOM

MRS. T. C. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, N. Y.

MRS. T. C. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, N. Y.