

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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NO. 10.

Poetry.

(Original.)
GEORGE, TO S. W. H. CHARLESTOWN,
MASS.

BY E. L. COBBIN.

Brother, listen—spirit voices
Now are chanting notes of love;
Ling'ring near with words to cheer thee,
Borne from spheres of light above.
Strains of music, soft and thrilling,
Echo through the air around;
While their rich and lasting sweetness
Fills the soul with joy profound.

Brother, see those shining garments,
Moving by on angel-forms;
Gently floating, how 'ring o'er thee,
Shielding thee from life's rough storms.
Brilliant orbs, heart-eyes revealing—
Smile-wreathed faces so divine—
Watching faithfully beside thee,
Footsteps silent, guiding thine.

Brother, feel those fond caresses,
Know'st thou not they're with thee now?
That soft hands of angel-esters
Lightly rest upon thy brow?
Now they're whispering, like pearls dropping
Scem the truths they're breathing forth;
Listen, too them, feel and take them—
Such rare gems are not of earth.

Flowers of wisdom, choicest treasures,
Culled in spheres of their bright home,
Sparkling drops from love's pure fountain,
Fall upon them as they come.
Richest fragrance, they're exhaling,
Cleansing in its nature, too;
Breathe it in, 'twill make thy being
Full of light and life, anon.

Speak to others of these treasures,
Give to them of thy precious store;
Tell them of the angels' mission—
Show them where to gather more.
Let thy life and light distilling,
Gently guide them on their way;
Giving never will impair—
Saith the spirit, 'I'll repay.'

Brother, faithful be to duty,
And thy constant guides we'll be,
Till thy spirit's passed death's portals—
Then we'll roam in union, free;
Culling flowers of rarest beauty,
Twining wreaths for those we love,
Shedding light to guide their pathway,
Till they join our band above.

Uxton, May, 5, 1858.

Splendid Romance!

Written for the Banner of Light.

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS;

OR,

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

At nine o'clock the dining-room door opened, and the guests were invited to supper. By the aid of her pained wife, a variety of glass dishes, and many candles, Mrs. Shuttleworth had managed to make a show, and the lady guests were full of silent admiration.

Behind Mrs. Shuttleworth stood Alice, in a cheap, but pretty spotted lawn, her brown hair smooth as usual, but her face was pale, and her whole appearance that of a weary child. She held a little tray ready to pass tea and coffee. As she came near Mrs. Sewall, that lady said kindly: "Are you sick, Alice?"

"Only a little, ma'am," she replied, in a low voice. Jerry, who stood near, and heard her, said: "Let me take that waiter, Alice."

"No, I thank you, sir. I can carry it," but she had gone but a few steps when her foot tripped, and she fell, spilling a cup of coffee upon Margaretta Frances's dress. The young lady turned, and, with a flashing eye, and heightened color, said: "You little careless—!" but here she stopped, for many eyes were upon her. Alice picked up the broken cup, carried it into the kitchen, and, returning with a towel, wiped the coffee from the carpet. When she returned to the side of Mrs. Shuttleworth, a few persons marked the glance of that lady's eye, and pitied the child. Jerry, who had become interested in watching her, for want of something else to do—for the biscuits were sour, and the coffee poor—now spoke to her again, saying, in a way that admitted of no denial: "There, Alice, you'll certainly break more dishes if your hands tremble so. I'll wait upon the ladies, and get permission for you to go to bed."

Stepping to Mrs. Shuttleworth, he offered his services, and obtained his request.

"Al! Jerry, she's a careless child, not fit to be trusted. She's a trouble to my patience."

Alice went up to the little kitchen chamber appropriated to her use. It had but one window, and was neither painted nor papered. A little low bedstead, one chair, a small table, and a large, handsome traveling trunk, were all the furniture it contained. This trunk was very precious to Alice, for it had been her mother's. She opened it, and drew from one corner a little Bible, once, too, the greatest treasure of that mother, now in heaven.

Alice thought it was singular that the very first words that met her eyes that night, were the blessed words of our Saviour: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She read it again, and thought of heaven, and longed to go there; then she remembered death lay between that rest and herself, and, child-like, she shrank

from the very thought of the dark valley. She read farther: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Then she remembered how unkindly she felt towards Mrs. Shuttleworth and her daughters, for she could not love them, they were so unjust to her. Now she saw this was wrong, for was not Jesus meek and lowly in heart? Then she prayed for herself, and those who had wronged her—and throwing her little weary body upon the bed, tried to sleep, but it was a troubled rest. Hers, as I have said before, was a lovely face; the fair brow, the long, dark eyelashes, the beautifully formed mouth, would have challenged admiration from almost any gazer; but the weary look, the languid falling of the hands, showed that her strength had been too heavily taxed. There was one heart hard enough to look unmoved upon that child, as she lay and slept. Mrs. Shuttleworth could not let her anger rest till morning, but towards midnight, when the party had dispersed, she went to Alice's room, and startled the child by her stern voice, and the heavy blows she dealt upon her person.

"We'll see how many dishes you'll break," said Mrs. Shuttleworth, as she continued to beat the child most unmercifully.

"Oh, pray don't," I am tired and sick, and I did not mean to break your dishes."

"It is no use telling me that, you careless hussy; if you had n't been trying to make Jerry Sewall take notice of you."

This last charge overwhelmed Alice, and she made no reply. When her mistress had wreaked her vengeance sufficiently, she left poor Alice in pain and solitude, but worse than that was the wound caused by that cruel taunt.

"I cannot bear this," she said, her spirit thoroughly roused, "and I will not!" But where should she go? What refuge had the poor child? In vain she tried to think of any other home—of any friends who could aid her. She thought of none but the Sewalls, and they did not need her services.

As she thus tried to recall those who had shown her kindness in her short life, memory ran back to her earliest childhood, and there was a dim vision of a pleasant home and kind voices. This picture Alice often saw in her dreams, and sometimes, too, when she was washing dishes in the old shed that joined the kitchen, but it was a very shadowy, indistinct figure, like the landscape, when obscured by morning mists. But there was another scene, graven as with a pen of iron upon brain and heart. Sometimes even she would start from sleep and jump out of bed in haste, as if that terrible night were come again. She could recall distinctly every incident. She had been undressed, and at her mother's knee repeated her evening prayer. Then she dropped asleep while watching her mother, who sat at the table, sewing, and remembered thinking how small and white that mother's hands, and how pale and thin her face. She woke about midnight, and heard and saw her mother undress and lie down by her side, first looking at a trunk—the identical trunk in Alice's room.

"One kiss, Alice, dear, and then lay your head close to mine; you are my all, now," and a tear dropped on the child's face as the kiss was given. They were startled from their sleep not more than an hour after their "good night," by the watchman's heavy voice, giving the alarm of fire, and opened their eyes only to see their room light as day, and to feel the hot breath of the fire upon their faces!

Her mother had presence of mind to throw her trunk from the window, and then with her child in her arms, rushed to the staircase. It was in a light blaze—the flame crackled and hissed—the dense smoke was suffocating, and now and then a window fell in with a crash, scattering the glass in all directions. At last, in her bewilderment, she found herself, with her child by her side, on the roof of the house. Suddenly a voice was heard in the crowd below—"A woman on the roof!" All eyes turned in that direction, and a shudder ran through every heart—one pause, as if each of those hearts had for an instant ceased to beat; then a fireman called for a ladder, and it just reached the wooden railing that surrounded the roof. But the flames were eager for their prey, and had just seized this railing, enveloping mother and child in a dense smoke. It seemed certain death to mount that ladder—but Boston firemen seldom shrink from a noble deed for fear of death. On no field of battle can "seven hundred braver men be found than those who leaped from their pillows at that midnight hour, and rushed to the scene of peril. There was another hush, as the young man ran up the ladder.

"My child first—I'll come alone!" said the mother.

"No, do not try it; I'll come again. Put this silk handkerchief over your face."

In a moment Alice was safe in the arms of a bystander, but her deliverer and her mother were seriously burned. The injury and excitement were too much for a feeble woman, already worn with disease and sorrow. Mother and child were homeless and friendless, and were taken to the Hospital. The mother lingered some weeks, but most of the time was deprived of reason. Just before her death her intellect was clear, and, laying her hand upon her daughter's head, she prayed the God of the fatherless to protect her child.

That mother was a Christian. Are such prayers lost? Poor Alice is a forsaken, abused, suffering child. Has that prayer failed to reach Heaven? No; the Bank of Faith never fails—its deposits are in the archives of Heaven, where thieves never break through and steal, and the Lion of the tribe of Judah guard the golden gates.

What, then—has God forgotten to be gracious? No; Our Father's love is high as Heaven—deep as Hell, and all his creatures are dear to him. But we forget, sometimes, that our life is disciplinary, and that those dearest to him are often purified by suffering.

Poor little Alice was in sorrow, now, but she remembered that sweet passage—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and thinking of this she soon fell asleep. It was short, and when she woke, her head throbbled and her limbs ached. She tried to rise, but fell back faint and helpless. Mrs. Shuttleworth's angry voice brought no response in the morning, so after waiting a few minutes she mounted the stairs in hot wrath—but even she was startled by the appearance of Alice.

"I would get up if I could," said the child, pleadingly.

"I do n't want you to get up, if you're sick," said Mrs. Shuttleworth, as she threw herself out of the room, more disappointed at the loss of help than sad for the sufferer.

It was a relief to Alice to know that she might be there alone, away from the noisy talk of the family—such talk as she knew always succeeded a party—but then her poor head ached so she could hardly think at all, and she was so sore from head to foot that she could with difficulty turn herself in bed. If she could only have some cold water to bathe her head, and cool her burning cheeks and hands!

But no one came near her until about noon, when Ada Grace entered with a cup of tea and a cracker.

Alice smiled and thanked her, but added, "I do not want to eat, but I should be so glad of some cold water."

"Well, I'll bring some," said Ada Grace—and she intended to do so, for she was not hard-hearted or intentionally unkind; (children seldom are) but as she ran down stairs she caught sight of her brother, about to ride away.

"Come, Grace—want a ride?"

Everything else was forgotten, as she ran for her bonnet and gloves, and was whirled away by Alexander, who prided himself upon his rapid driving. Another hour passed, and poor Alice found no relief, but lay longing for a draught of cold water. At last a light step was heard upon the stairs; the door opened quietly, and Hannah's bright face appeared.

"So you're not asleep? May I come in?"

"Oh, yes—do!" said Alice.

"You are very sick, I know you are," she said, as she laid her hand on the hot forehead of Alice.

"My head aches very hard."

"Can't I do something for you?"

"If I only had some cold water I should feel better; would you be so kind as to bring some?"

"Yes, indeed—I'll have it here in no time," and she ran down stairs, and back again very soon, bearing a pitcher just filled from the spring.

"There," said she, as she came in, fresh as Hebe herself—"that's my father's medicine—the 'world's' elixir," he calls it. Now see what a famous nurse I'll make. There, you may drink a little—no more just now. Would n't I like to be a doctor's wife, and go jaunting round with my husband in a comfortable chaise, helping him make folks better! Now I'll bathe your head and arms in this water, and smooth your 'bonny brown hair.' You have no sponge—well, this clean cloth will do as well. The cold water, the soothing motion of the brush, and the pressure of a gentle hand, acted like a charm upon the sick child, and she felt quite refreshed.

"If you will sit up a few minutes, I'll make your bed. I'm so glad I happened to come over! We all wondered why you did n't come for the milk, and mother said she was afraid you were sick, and so she sent me. What's this?" she asked, as she looked at the cup of tea. "Oh, dear! you can't drink this—it do n't taste much like that I make for mother when she has the sick-headache—it's nothing but black tea with skim-milk and brown sugar in it."

"I don't wish anything to eat," said Alice.

"Perhaps it is best you should not eat," said her little nurse; "fasting is good for sick people."

Hannah helped Alice rise from bed and seat herself in the only chair the room contained; and while she leaned her head upon the pillows which were placed upon the table, Hannah put the bed in order, and her patient was glad to return to it.

"How much better I feel!" she said, with a face beaming with gratitude. "How kind you are!"

"Not so very, either, for you see I like to play doctor."

"I wish you could see Doctor Thaxter that attended my mother when she was sick."

"Was he kind to you?"

"Yes; I used to sit upon his knee, and he would tell me stories and bring me toys. But I loved him because he was so kind and gentle to mother. He treated her just as kindly as if she was a rich lady in a fine house, and not a poor woman, dying in the hospital."

"Al! I guess your mother was a lady, and perhaps this Doctor was gentleman enough to know it; but did he smoke, or chew, or take snuff?"

"I do n't know—why so?"

"Oh, because; I never will love a man who does either. Bah! I can smell Alexander Shuttleworth's cigars now. He leaves his perfume wherever he goes. There, now, you must try to sleep. I'll go home and help mother wash the dishes, and then, if she is willing, I will bring my sewing and sit with you."

Below stairs Mrs. Shuttleworth and her daughters were washing the dishes on the last night's supper-table.

"I'm glad it is over with," said Mrs. Shuttleworth;

"now we've paid up all our debts. It's the cheapest way, if folks did but know it—do n't cost half as much as Mrs. Sewall's 'social visits,' as she calls them."

"What in the world is the matter with those custards?" said Angelina Seraphina, "there seems to be a hard, white substance in the bottom of every cup, and no one to a whole custard."

"La, child, it is nothing but starch. I put it in to thicken the milk, to save eggs."

"What shall I do with these bits of bread and broken tarts, mother?"

"Put them in a plate together, and we will get some skim-milk of Mrs. Sewall, and make a pudding."

"How provoking that Jerry Sewall acted! I wish he had been in Jericho, a making his mousetraps," said Margaretta, "he don't know how to behave, or he would n't be taking so much notice of servants. If it had n't been for his speaking to Sally, I should have saved my dress."

"I have taught her to know her place next time," said Mrs. Shuttleworth.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, thou picture-land of sleep!"

It is amusing to see how a city fashion, when once introduced into country villages, spreads like the whooping-cough or measles. The Shuttleworths had been scarcely a year in Mapleton, when Mr. Spicer, the village trader, was commissioned by his wife to bring a little girl from Boston to help take care of the baby. Miss Wood, one of the maiden ladies before mentioned, who had a sister residing in Boston, recommended an application to the Orphan Asylum, where homeless little girls were kept until they were eleven years of age, and then taken by the lady managers as domestics for their own families. The institution was wholly under the care of a few ladies, who were aided in their funds by yearly contributions from the churches.

"They are very particular," said Aunt Polly to Mrs. Spicer, "about the families to whom they send these children; they allow none but professors of religion to take a child, and they must promise to send them to Sunday school and bring them up in the fear of God. Now you and Mr. Spicer would be just the persons to take one. You would n't spoil them by indulgence, and your husband would see that they were well indoctrinated."

"Yes, that he would, Miss Polly—he's real true Orthodox; he's nothing to say to Methodists, nor Unitarians, nor Millineries, nor close communion Baptists, nor any of them sort of folks that try to climb the wrong way into the sheepfold. Then his ideas of training children are very strict. 'Spare the rod, and spoil the child,' he says. Why, only last evening, the baby here—his only seven months old—cried to have me take him up, and his father whipped him, so that his little back is black and blue now; but he says it is the only way to begin early, for the natural depravity shows itself at once, 'going astray as soon as they're born'—that's Scripture, ain't it, Miss Polly?"

"Be sure it is; and if parents would only understand it, they might whip the wickedness of 'em more than they do. Strange what odd notions folks get now-a-days; there's the Sewalls—I heard the 'Squire say the other day, that he never had occasion to whip one of his children after they were six years old. To be sure they are wonderfully behaved children; but I know there must be something wrong when whipping is left out of family government."

"That's my notion, Miss Polly; but then the Sewalls are too indulgent to their children for their good, and I know—for Mr. Spicer brought them from Boston—that the girls spent three dollars last spring, just for flower-seeds—only think, flower-seeds! just no use at all; and then it's a solemn fact, they spend ten dollars a year for newspapers—half of it for the children. That's what I call sheer extravagance. When I asked Mrs. Sewall if she was going to the 'Donation Party,' she said, 'No; Mr. Sewall had given Mr. Hall ten dollars towards increasing his library, instead of the cake and other eatables usually expected at such a visit.'—Now books will not feed or clothe a minister, and Mr. Hall thinks, of course, he must lay it out in books, if Mr. Sewall says so. Now ain't they 'good,' and what's more," sinking her voice to an ominous whisper, "I do n't believe they are quite sound in doctrine, for one Sunday when our minister was gone, and my husband was to read a sermon, the whole family went to the Methodists! Now the Methodists, for aught I know, are good folks enough, but they do n't believe in election, and how can they be saved if they deny this cardinal point?"

"True enough," said Miss Polly, taking a pinch of snuff by way of consolation at the thought of the Methodists being lost for their unbelief."

"It's no use, Polly—it's no sort of use to give in at all; we can't have charity, when the Bible has none. If folks won't come to our meeting to hear the truth, they must take the consequences. But, dear me, how I forget myself!—It is most five o'clock—time I was getting tea, Johnnie."

At her call a little boy, some eight years of age, entered the room. He was pale and sad; there was none of the joyousness of a boy in his appearance. He stood waiting a moment after answering Miss Polly's question, "Are you well, Johnnie?" by "Pretty well, ma'am."

"Have you made a fire in the kitchen, Johnnie?" said Mrs. Spicer.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, put the tea-kettle on, and then come and take care of the baby while I get tea."

He left the room to obey, moving slowly and quietly, like a child-whose spirits have been subdued by harsh treatment.

"I should n't think you would have any trouble with that child, Mrs. Spicer. He looks as meek as a lamb."

"You can't tell by looks, Miss Polly; now that boy wears a face before company as meek as Moses, but he's got a will, I can tell you—these quiet folks are pretty set when their wills are up. You know he was the only child Mr. Spicer had by his first wife. His mother had been dead but six months, and as he was three years old, he remembered her very well. He could n't very well help it, for his mother was Mr. Sewall's sister, and he stayed there till we were married. It always seemed kind of spiteful towards me to have them talk to him so much about his own mother; but they do, to this day, whenever they have a chance. Well, what I was going to tell you, was this, that the second day after we were married, Mr. Spicer says—"

"This is your mother, Johnnie."

"Well, the child did n't say a word, but like a great baby, began to cry."

"Do n't you want some sugar-plums?" I asked.

"No, ma'am," he said, and was going away to his own room to play.

"His father called him back and told him to kiss me."

"It aint my mother," said the child. "My mother is in heaven, and I'm going to see her picture in the parlor."

"No, you're not," said his father, "you are going to kiss this lady, for she is your mother."

"But, Johnnie only kept crying."

"I shall whip you," said his father, "if you do n't kiss your mother."

"Please don't, please don't," said the child; "mother is buried up in the ground. Auntie and I went there last night, and the grass is just coming up, and I picked some little flowers—please papa, do n't whip me."

"Spicer looked as pale as if he had seen a ghost, and set the child down a minute, and I said, 'No matter, Mr. Spicer, he'll do it some time.'"
"It won't do," said he, "the child's will must be subdued—Johnnie, kiss your mother."
"But the boy only cried the louder. His father then whipped him till I thought the child would give him up from pain, but he only stood and sobbed and groaned. Again and again he used the whip, till at last the child sunk down exhausted and faint. I was frightened, but Spicer said he guessed he'd get over it. Now kiss that lady," he said, as Johnnie lay unable to move. The boy tried to rise and come to me, but could not. I went to him and received the kiss."

"Now call Sally and have him put to bed," said his father.

"Sally Jones, that was the old maid who was keeping house for Spicer, came in, and as she took Johnnie up, she looked at Spicer spiteful enough to bite a ten-penny nail in two. 'You're a wretch,' said she. It was nothing in the world, only because she thought to marry Spicer herself, and did n't make out."

"You leave my house to-day!" said my husband.

"That's what I intend to do," said she; "do you think I'm going to stay here and wait on Bets Thayer?"

"The next morning Johnny was so sick and lame he could n't get up, and I was frightened when Mr. Sewall came and inquired for him. But my husband said, 'He's been a bad boy, and I have had to punish him.' Mr. Sewall went to the crib and examined the child, and do you believe it, that great stout man cried like a baby over that ugly child, and then taking him out carefully, for he had fallen asleep, he carried him off without saying a word. He kept him for two weeks, till my husband went there and told them he could take care of his own child. Mr. Spicer thought he had got the child under—but I have sometimes thought if he had said, 'Johnnie, kiss your mother,' instead of 'kiss the lady,' he might have had more trouble."

"Perhaps so," said Miss Polly. "When do you send to Boston for the little girl you are going to take?"

"Next week; I want to have her soon. I suppose, of course, they will bind her to me; I would n't take her without."

"Oh, yes, the child is yours, till she is free, and they have n't generally any friends to interfere."

By this time, Mrs. Spicer's tea was ready, and Mr. Spicer made his appearance. He was a spare man, very erect and stiff in his manner, with sharp gray eyes, though you seldom met their glance, for when he spoke he did not look you directly in the face, but had a certain oblique, downcast look, as if there was something to conceal. He took no notice of the baby, as fathers are apt to do, on their return home, and the little creature seemed half afraid when it heard his step, and leaned his head on Johnnie's shoulder.

Mrs. Spicer's table was the ne plus ultra of neatness, not a speck or stain upon the smooth, white cloth, which was rather too stiff with starch to hang gracefully; the knives were bright and sharp, and the hard, wooden chairs shone with rubbing. The bread was good, and out as with a machine; the scolloped seed-cakes looked just like the baker's, Miss Polly said, they were so smooth and regular, and the pumpkin pie was equally smooth, pastry and filling. Mr. Spicer was very lengthy in taking a blessing, first looking sternly at the baby, and telling him to keep still, which command was not fully obeyed, for the child reached forward in his high

chair, and touched a bright tea-spoon which lay near. "Mrs. Spicer, it is necessary to be more severe with that child at table; I wish perfect silence." When the pie was being out, Mr. Spicer looked at Johnnie and asked—

"Have you learned the lesson in your catechism?"

"Yes, sir."

"We make it a rule, Miss Polly, to have our children learn the catechism, two verses each day, and if they do not recite it perfectly, they have no pie or cake."

"An excellent plan, Mr. Spicer—that's what I call indoctrinating children."

Johnnie was then told to repeat the ninth commandment, which he did correctly.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Now what is forbidden in this commandment?"

"The ninth commandment forbiddeth whatever is prejudicial to truth, or injurious to our neighbors' reputation."

"You can have your pie, Johnnie. Where's William?"

"He has gone for the cow, sir."

"I can hear his lesson," said Mrs. Spicer—a task which she generally undertook, for William was her own child, a very dull scholar, and preferred his mother for teacher.

"I saw you at the party the other evening, Miss Polly," said Mrs. Spicer; "did you learn how to make custards?"

"My conscience! Mrs. Spicer, did you ever see such cooking? What in the name of water was the groundwork of them ere custards?"

"Poland starch, I reckon; eggs are scarce just now. But what was that soupy mess they brought in just before we went away?"

"That was what they call ice-cream. No wonder you didn't know it; if you could only eat some of my sister's, down to Boston, you would n't think this deserving the name; the cream was skin-milk, I reckon, flavored with nutmeg and a sprinkle of sugar."

"The Shuttleworths have shown what they are now," said Mrs. Spicer. "When they came here they put on airs, as if they were grand folks, and the old man called here to talk politics with my husband, and said he was a familiar acquaintance with Bonaparte and Washington and General Jackson, and all the big-bugs. He had seen and talked with all on 'em."

"Not exactly, Mrs. Spicer," said her husband, but he spoke of General Jackson as an old acquaintance, and said that most of the members of the Cabinet were his particular friends. "I suppose he has held some office."

"Office?" said Aunt Polly, contemptuously, "now I can tell you all about that."

The eyes of the listeners gleamed. How much they had wished to be enlightened on this very subject.

"I shall be glad if you can," said Mrs. Spicer, "for I never could get anything out of the Sewalls; now they know all about it, but never a word will they say; they have the greatest notions about speaking against any one. But my way is, let the truth out, hit where it may."

"Well, you see," said Polly, "my sister Nabby, she lives in Broad street; her son Ebenezer is a truckman. Now, I suppose you don't know, but Mr. Spicer does, what trucks are—long boards on wheels, made so as to carry barrels, boxes and other freight from vessels. Eben has always been Mr. Appleton's truckman, and is such an honest, steady fellow, that his employer thinks the world of him. When I was down to Nabby's this spring, I asked Eben if he ever heard tell of our Shuttleworth."

"Shuttleworth! Shuttleworth!" said he, "that must be the same fellow; a poor, half-way lawyer. One day I was unloading some freight, and Mr. Appleton came along; he isn't at the store much, but once in awhile he comes down to see if things go straight. Well, this Shuttleworth, came along in a sneaking sort of way, and asked Mr. Appleton if there were any changes contemplated at Washington. ("Now I must tell you," said Aunt Polly, "that Mr. Appleton ain't any of your make-believe great men; he has plenty of money, and plenty of sense too, if he is a member of Congress.") Mr. Appleton said, "I have heard of none," and came alongside of my truck to see the goods, and ask after our folks, but Shuttleworth followed him round, and finally said—

"I have a document here which I wish you would sign, Mr. Appleton." My employer looked as if he was tired of such things, and then said—"Why, yes, Shuttleworth, and that is all the good it will do—because you once had a clerkship, don't think to live by office. For ten years now your law office has been deserted, and your time and energies wasted in pursuit of that child's bauble, a public office. Let me assure you, my friend, that the promises of Scripture don't apply here—those that seek do not find; those that knock meet only closed doors; they that ask for bread, do get a stone; and they that beg for fish, receive a serpent that stings with a vengeance. A child crying for the moon is not more to be pitied than he who fritters away life, begging the crumbs that fall from the national table—better labor, like my good friend, the drayman here, and if fortune sends office, take it, as we do sunshine and rain, as a free gift from a fountain whose supplies you cannot control." The poor man walked off quite crest-fallen, and Mr. Appleton, turning to me, said, "I was rather severe, but I am bored to death with these petty office-seekers; they swim through the land like the frogs of Egypt."

"There," said Miss Polly, quite exhausted, "that's our Mr. Shuttleworth that received such a lecture; and I guess what he wants here, is to be elected representative to-morrow."

"Well, that's what he won't get till he settles up with the Factory."

"The Factory!" said Aunt Polly, "is there trouble there?"

"Trouble brewing; Shuttleworth has led them on till they are ten-thousand dollars in debt."

"Oh dear! what shall we do? Betty and I have five hundred dollars invested there."

"Who persuaded you to put your money there?"

"Why, Shuttleworth himself, soon after he came here."

"The best thing you can do is to sell out."

"Sell out! and who'll buy?"

"Oh, you need n't tell folks what I have told you; there are only the managers that know it, and they'll keep what for the present."

Miss Polly did not answer, but mused awhile, and then rather abruptly took her leave. Just as she entered the street, she met good old Deacon Barr.

"Oh, Deacon, do you think the Factory is going to fail?"

"No, I hope not," said the Deacon, "for I have just bought five shares of Spicer, and he says it is good; he ought to know, for he has been one of the managers."

Polly made no reply to this, but went on her way musing still.

The whole village was in commotion the next day. It was town meeting, and then a number of gentlemen had come from the city to survey for a railroad.

The Sewalls were up very early that morning, for they had always had friends to dinner on that day, and in addition her husband had invited the surveyors also.

Hannah had finished her chamber work, gathered the vegetables for dinner, washed them by the spring, and laid them in pans of cold water. Lizzie had finished the pies, and stuffed the chickens, and their mother was taking her bread and cake from the oven when Alice came for the milk. She was pale, and her step was feeble, but she thanked Hannah very heartily when she handed her the cup of milk. Mrs. Sewall stopped a moment, leaving her hot bread in the pans, as she turned to look at Alice.

She marked, at a glance, the hollow cheeks and the large blue eyes, looking so much larger and dimmer than usual.

Mrs. Sewall sat down in a chair.

"Alice, come here," and she took that small, thin hand in hers, and laid the gingham sun-bonnet on the table. "Why, child! what is the matter; tell me all about it."

The tears sprang to Alice's eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, my dear," said Mrs. Sewall, "we are your friends, and love you." Then she took the light form in her arms, while Alice hid her head on that kind breast and wept freely. Mrs. Sewall let her weep awhile; such tears were medicine.

"Now, Alice, I have known for a long time that you had trouble, and that you were ill, but I have not questioned you, for I did not like to lead you to speak ill of others, but this must not last, or you will get so sick we cannot cure you."

"Oh, Mrs. Sewall," said Alice, "I feel now as if I wanted to die and go to my mother," and the child wept afresh.

It was the first time that Alice had spoken of her mother, and as Mrs. Sewall looked at the weeping girl, and thought how hard it would be to leave her own children to the heartless protection of the world, she could hardly restrain her own tears.

"Hannah, my child, take that bread out of the pans, and wrap it in those large linen towels, and see if the gingerbread in the oven is done; and, Lizzie, run and bring a glass of cordial here; Alice must take a little. I wish I could keep her here to-day, and see if I could wake up some smiles in those pale cheeks; but I do not know as Mrs. Shuttleworth can spare her."

"Oh, no, no," said Alice, "they are waiting now for the milk."

"Drink this," said Mrs. Sewall, "and ask Mrs. Shuttleworth to let you come over here this afternoon. I shall be in my room, resting, and I want you to tell me all you can remember about your mother."

Alice's eyes brightened. She thought the request would not be refused, if Mrs. Sewall preferred it, and with a smile she turned to take her sun-bonnet and milk-pail; but the pail was not to be found.

"Why, I certainly put it on the table," said Hannah.

"And I know I haven't moved it," said Lizzie, for I saw it just in that spot when I went for the cordial."

"Who has been around here?" said Mrs. Sewall.

"Nobody but Jerry; he was shaving at the farther end of the room; he would n't want Mrs. Shuttleworth's pail."

"Why, Hannah! it must be that you washed and put it to dry with the milkpans."

But no such pail was to be found, and while they were wondering at the mysterious disappearance, Jerry came in, and going to his mother's bed-room took some pillows, which he conveyed to the couch in the sitting-room.

"Jerry, Jerry, have you seen anything of a tin pail?" cried Hannah.

He did not appear to heed the question, but going directly to Alice, took her in his arms, and carried her to the couch.

"There, Alice, rest yourself to-day. I have permission for you to stay here all day; your milk is carried home, and they don't want to see you till night. So ask no questions, but shut your eyes and dream pleasant dreams. I know what makes you sick to-day. You were kept up till twelve o'clock last night to wait on Alexander Shuttleworth, and his drinking companions; if that fellow wants such company, he should have a different person for waiter."

Alice opened her blue eyes in wonder, and then a deep blush crimsoned her cheeks. Could it be that he heard of the coarse jests, and rude oaths she had been obliged to hear, and which had made her heart as well as head sick.

"There, child, can you rest now?"

How musical was that voice to her ears! She remembered well hearing it for the first time when she lost her oysters. Jerry did not know that it was the same little girl that he had once made so happy, and she had never forgotten the voice or the deed.

It was a pleasant spot, that quiet sitting room; it faced the east, but the warm August sun looked very mildly in through the closed blinds and soft white curtains. There were flowers and books, and a glass case of curiosities—such as stuffed birds, minerals, and various specimens of jack-knife skill, miniature fire engines, &c., &c.—all the product of Jerry's industry.

Mrs. Sewall delighted to show them, while her husband would smile quietly, as she would say—

"Our Jerry did this when he was nine years old," or "Our Jerry made this the very first year he wore jacket and trousers."

"And why should n't I think our Jerry is smart?" said she, one day, when her husband smiled, when she was exhibiting some new piece of his handiwork. "I don't know how I should keep house without him. Here, all this hot weather, I have had ice for my butter; from the ice house planned and built by himself; and there is the strawberry bed, and the bee-hives, and the vegetable garden—all so profitable to us, and all managed by Jerry. He has always some new way to make things grow better than other folks. And the orchard, Mr. Sewall, you forgot the orchard; five hundred thirty trees all set out and grafted by himself. To be sure he does spend a great deal of time in reading, but I never was one of them sort of folks that thought time was all wasted that was spent in reading. I do n't be-

grudge Jerry his reading time, and I hope you don't. Mr. Sewall, for he is a good son to you. You would find it hard to give him up, if the Lord should take him from us."

It was Mr. Sewall's turn now to show a moist eye and a trembling voice, as he replied—

"Yes, yes, wife, Jerry is a good boy, and I only hope he will settle to some definite employment one of these days. It won't do to be all his lifetime making experiments."

But we have wandered from the sitting-room. In one corner, on a small table, was the Family Bible. It was used daily in that family, and its precepts were no dead letter, but a rule for daily life and practice. Poor little Alice said to herself—"I do n't believe they love it any better than I do, for they have so much else to love."

Mrs. Sewall told Alice she must lie there and rest till dinner time.

"Poor little darling," said Hannah, "but ain't our Jerry cunning? He carried Mrs. Shuttleworth a basket of our summer harveys, and said—"

"Mrs. Shuttleworth, our girls would like to have your Alice stay all day, if you can spare her."

And she looked at the beautiful fruit, and said—

"Oh, yes, if you wish it, she can remain all day."

When Mrs. Sewall had finished her baking, she went in and sat down by the side of Alice. She looked at the small hands, so small for the work required of them, at the little feet curled up so cozily. Alice had placed her shoes under the sofa, and a shawl had been thrown over her, but it had fallen aside, and the bare feet lay close together as if glad of rest. The hands were clasped together, and the long eyelashes were still moist with tears, but still she smiled. Mrs. Sewall sat silently by till she woke.

"My dear child, you have had a pleasant dream."

"Yes, ma'am, and it seems so strange that I should have the same dream so many times."

"Will you tell it to me, Alice?"

"Yes, ma'am; I think I see a little stone house, not like any of the houses round here, but with a very pointed roof, and many curious windows. There are large trees before the house that almost conceal it, until you are very near the door. There are odd looking chimneys, not like any in Mapleton. Then there is a large garden near the house, with fruit trees trained to the side of the fence, and borders full of pinks. Oh, it is so pretty, Mrs. Sewall, that I wish I could make a picture of it. And now, as I tell it to you, it does not seem a dream, but just a memory of what I have seen."

"Alice, do you remember your father?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I do. I was only six years old when he left us to cross the water. I went with my mother on board the vessel, and when she wept, he spoke kindly to her; but when he took me in his arms and bade me 'good by,' I felt his tears on my face. I was very sick after that with brain fever, and forgot almost everything I had known before, even my letters."

"Did your father ever return, Alice?"

"No, ma'am, and it was that made my mother grow so thin and pale; and one day she took me in her arms and wept a long while, and said, 'Alice, my poor fatherless child,' and then I knew my father must be dead, and I cried till I fell asleep. Not long afterwards came that dreadful night of the fire (and Alice related to Mrs. Sewall what the reader already knows) and then my mother was taken sick and her reason left her, so that she did n't know me, and would scream away from her. Oh, that was terrible! Mrs. Sewall, and the child covered her face with her hands, but she could not conceal the tears that trickled through her little thin fingers."

"But her reason came again, after awhile, and she called me to her, and told me I had friends a great way off; and just then the Doctor came, and she said, 'I want to say something to you, before I die, about my child; then her voice failed and she fainted, but he gave her something to revive her, and told her to rest awhile, and he would visit the other patients and return to her. He wrote her name down in his pocketbook. She lay a long while in a sort of stupor, and I was alone beside her, with my hand in hers, and then she fell asleep, and when the Doctor came, he said we were both asleep; but when I waked, and said 'Mother,' she did n't answer me, and her hand was very cold. I kissed her, and kissed her, but she did not open her eyes or smile, and then I was afraid and cried, and the nurse came, and bent her ear down to my mother's mouth, and laid her fingers on her pulse, and then she said, 'poor child, your mother's dead!'"

The poor child could not say more, and Mrs. Sewall let her weep freely. They sat there in silence a long time, till the little girl became calm, and Mrs. Sewall lost in reverie, from which she was roused by the clock striking the hour of ten.

"My stars! ten o'clock, and here I am in my baking gown. Alice, we are to have company to dinner, and I will send to Mrs. Shuttleworth for your white frock; I believe you have one?"

"Yes, ma'am, one that Ada Grace made me; it is very pretty, I think, but I never wore it on any day but Sunday."

"Well, perhaps Mrs. Shuttleworth will make an exception to-day," and she did, much to the surprise of Alice.

Hannah and Alice were a happy pair that afternoon, and pleasant to look upon—one with red cheeks and dark sparkling eyes, the other pale and fair, with blue eyes and brown curls—but they thought little of their own beauty, as they roamed over the large farm house, having their liberty and the freedom of the place for the afternoon. At dinner the engineer from Boston, and his assistant, a young German, whose acquaintance with our language was very slight, made their appearance. Alice had taken up a book, while they were waiting for dinner to be brought in, and was seated in a corner of the room, while Mrs. Sewall, the two strangers and Jerry were discussing routes and grades, steam engines, patent cars and so forth—subjects that did not possess sufficient attractions to draw a child from the charms of Robinson Crusoe.

Mr. Schmidt, the German, not being able to understand fully the rapid conversation of the Yankees, (who, under the excitement of such a project for a railroad, like all their race, talked fast and loud) rose and looked out of the window. Clouds had gathered in the west and foreboded a thunder-storm.

"Wie werden Donner haben," he said, forgetting, for the moment, that he was with those who were ignorant of his native tongue.

Alice, whose eyes had been riveted upon her book, heard the voice and the words, and like one who hears some old, familiar, but long half-forgotten melody, she started from her seat, opened wide her large blue eyes, and gazed at the stranger.

Mr. Schmidt seemed embarrassed, but recollecting

himself, said in English, "We shall have—" but he could go no farther, for he could not recall the word for "Donner." Alice, who watched him, came to his relief.

"Did you say we should have thunder, sir?" she timidly asked.

The young German's eyes brightened, and his whole countenance glowed with delight. He came near to Alice, took her hand in his, and said—

"Sprechen sie Deutsch mein gutes kind?"

It was Alice's turn to blush and hesitate, for he had asked a question which she did not know how to answer. Had it been asked half an hour before in English, she would have said no; but she understood all that he had said, and now she remembered that it was in that language the "dream gentleman" spoke. No wonder she was confused! Alice hesitated, mused a moment, and then, in a faltering voice, said, very slowly, as if recalling a lesson learned long ago—

"Ich spreche es ein wenig."

Just then they were summoned to dinner, and the German, still holding the hand of Alice as if he feared to lose a treasure suddenly obtained, led her to the dining room, and seating her at the table, craved the privilege of a seat by her side.

Slowly, and by degrees, more and more of the language came to her, till she found herself repeating some little ballads, in German, much to the delight of her new friend, who had suggested them by repeating the first lines.

"Did your mother talk so?" said Mrs. Sewall.

"Not much, ma'am, and not any during her sickness."

In the afternoon, the gentleman proposed an excursion to the top of "Sugar-Loaf Hill," from which a fine view of the neighborhood could be obtained.

Some one wished to take a water level, and Jerry went to his workshop to get it.

"Ah, this way, gentlemen, if you want to see a lot of Yankee notions; you'll never have a better chance." Much to Jerry's mortification he found the party assembled in his sanctum—the "house of his gods."

It was an omnium gatherum to amuse any mechanic—apple-parers, churns, washing machines, miniature mills, water-wheels, and sketches of animals and machines, all evincing uncommon skill, for a self-taught farmer's boy.

So interested were the two strangers, that one or more hours passed before they were aware, or had thought of, their intended walk. As for Jerry, he experienced, for the first time in his life, those delicious emotions known only to those patient tollers, who have labored year after year, with no encouragement but that self-support with which neglected genius feeds itself, but suddenly meets that reward for which he has so long thirsted—the appreciation of intelligent minds.

The engineer, finding that Jerry would like the employment, engaged his services, promising him an opportunity to perfect himself in the more elaborate skill of the machinist.

Jerry's destiny was fixed; he was about to find the vacant niche appropriated to him in this world.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

BUILDING UPON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Thine will to woo, 'tis well to wed,
(For so the world has done
Since myrtle grew, and roses blow,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And 'built upon the sand."

"Thine will to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mind brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin-chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

"Thine good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe what'er we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gossamer words—
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who piles up words alone,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true,
Most lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

THE POETRY OF THE ROSE.—The rose is pre-eminently the flower of love and poetry—the very perfection of floral realities. Like the myrtle, the rose is considered as sacred to the goddess of beauty, Berkeley, in his Utopia, describes lovers as declaring their passion by presenting to the fair beloved a rose-bud just beginning to open. If the lady accepted and wore the bud, she was supposed to favor his desires. As time increased the lover's affections, he followed up the first present by that of a half-blown rose, which was again succeeded by one full blown; and if the lady wore this last, she was considered as engaged for life. Poetry is lavish of roses. It keeps them in beds, weaves them into crowns, twines them into arched, forges them into chains, plants them in the bosom of beauty—not only delighting to bring in the rose itself, upon every occasion, but seizing each particular beauty it possesses as an object of comparison with the loveliest works of nature—as: soft as a rose, sweet as a rose, rosy clouds, rosy cheeks, rosy lips, rosy blushes, rosy dawns, and many similar figures of speech.

JOYS OF AGE.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of other years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together by our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holler feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching in the decline of age.

RYD PENCAEN.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

"Whenever you shall see a mighty king, with a freckled face, make an irruption into the southern part of Britain, should he cross Ryd Pencarn, then know ye that the might of Cambria shall be brought low."—MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

About a mile and a half south of the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire, there is a small stream which was anciently called Nant Pencarn, and which is very difficult of passage, except at certain times, not so much on account of the depth of its waters as from its hollow and muddy bed. The public road led formerly to a ford, called Ryd Pencarn; that is, the ford under the head of the rock—from Ryd, which, in the ancient British language, signifies a ford; Pen the head, and Carn a rock. Of this place Merlin Sylvester had thus prophesied: "Whenever you shall see a mighty prince with a freckled face make a hostile irruption into the southern part of Britain, should he cross Ryd Pencarn, then know ye that the might of Cambria shall be brought low."

In the reign of the English King, Henry the Second, the southern portion of Wales had been repeatedly invaded by that monarch; but his success had ever been merely temporary, the martial spirit of the Welsh continually breaking out, and recovering from him the conquests which he made. The priests and minstrels, who were well acquainted with the prophecy of Merlin, had always watched the approach of this King with the most intense anxiety; for he seemed to be the person pointed out by the seer, being not only a mighty prince, but having a freckled face. Twice had he crossed Nant Pencarn, but never by the ford which Merlin mentioned. Indeed this ford had been long disused, as it led over that part of the river where the current was strongest, and a more modern and easier ford was found higher up the stream.

In the year 1163, during the absence of Henry in Normandy, Rhys ap Gryffid, the immediate heir to the sovereign dignity of Wales, took the opportunity of throwing off his allegiance to the King of England, and began his revolt by laying siege to the Castle of Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire, of which he soon gained possession. Here he found the beautiful Adelaide de St. Clare, the daughter of the commander of the Castle, Hubert de St. Clare, the Constable of Colchester, who was absent with his sovereign in Normandy. This lady had been betrothed to William de Languelee, a gallant knight, who was also with the King's forces in Normandy, and she was in daily expectation of his return for the purpose of celebrating their nuptials. A noble ransom was offered for her liberation, but Rhys was deaf to every intreaty, and carried her away with him to the mountains.

He also subdued the whole of the country of Cardigan; made successive inroads upon the Flemings in Pembrokeshire; and, entrencing himself with a formidable army among the mountains of Dreknock, carried terror and devastation into the neighboring English counties. Other Welsh princes, animated by his example, threw off the English yoke, and the whole country evinced a spirit of independence and resistance on which Henry and his advisers had never calculated.

In the meantime, Henry no sooner arrived in England than, collecting a vast force of English, Normans, Bretons, and Flemings, he led the army against the rebellious Welsh, for the purpose of subduing Rhys ap Gryffid and his adherents. He was accompanied by the most distinguished barons and knights of those nations, and amongst others by the Constable of Colchester, the father, and William de Languelee, the lover of the lady whom the Welsh prince had got into his power. The most serious apprehensions were entertained even for her life; for the semi-barbarous Welsh, in those days, spared neither sex nor age when they wished to avenge themselves on their enemies. A report had even spread through the English camp that Rhys had given her up to the priests, and that they, who blended many Pagan and Druidical rites with the very imperfect system of Christianity which they professed, intended to offer her up as a propitiatory sacrifice to Heaven, in the hope of thereby averting from their country the calamities which they anticipated from the invasion of King Henry.

The King's forces were within an hour's march of the town of Newport, and were advancing full of hope and enthusiasm, when they came in sight of the Welsh army, hanging like a dark cloud over the top of the mountain which the English were about to ascend. They had not expected to encounter the Welsh before they crossed Nant Pencarn, but they were, nevertheless, not ill-prepared to repel the threatened attack. Their first attempt to force the hill was met by a shower of arrows and stones, which latter their opponents hurled with tremendous force upon their invaders, accompanied with fearful and deafening shouts. The English bowmen, however, returned the flight of their foe's arrows with wonderful precision and effect, the more especially as the Welsh, posted on the summit of the hill, offered a mark which the English archers could scarcely fail to hit. A numerous body of Welsh now descended the hill, armed with long knives; in the use of which weapons they were peculiarly expert, and grappled in close contact with their enemies. The King, wielding his battle-axe, was repeatedly seen surrounded by these assailants, but he as repeatedly hewed his way through them, dealing death at every blow. At length they were forced to retreat, and make their way with the utmost precipitation towards the summit of the hill, where their main force, dreadfully thinned in numbers by the arrows of the English, seemed to be making one more stand, and had drawn their bows for a final attack upon their invaders. At length they rained down a tremendous shower of arrows upon the English; and then, turning their backs upon them, descended the hill in the opposite direction. Hubert de St. Clare, who stood next to the King, observed an arrow descending, which some unerring arm had aimed at the person of the sovereign, and, stepping between him and the winged messenger of death, was just in time to receive the latter in his bosom. He sank to the ground pierced to the heart.

"Hubert, good Hubert," said the King, bending over him; "I trust thou art not hurt!"

"Farewell, my liege!" said the Constable; "the days of Hubert de St. Clare are numbered; but he dies contented, having saved the life of his lord."

"Not so—not so," said the old man, on whose eyes the dimness of death was gathering; "her kindest office would be to pray for my soul. But thou, Sir King, hast named my daughter. May the prayer of a dying man find favor in thy royal ear?"

"Name thy petition, good Hubert," said the King. "Whatever it may be, I pledge my royal word that it shall be granted."

"My daughter, my daughter!" faintly articulated Hubert, grasping the King's hand with an energy intended to supply that emphasis which he had not strength to give to his words; "promise me that, if she yet live, thou wilt be a good lord and protector to her; and that if she be no more, thou wilt be her avenger!"

"I promise thee," said the King, "if she be alive, she shall wed this my excellent knight, William de Langueale, and I will make her portion equal to an earl's revenue; and if the savage Welsh have dared to hurt a hair of her head, there is not a town in Cambria that shall not become a monument of King Henry's vengeance."

The old man's eyes had closed under the weight of approaching death, but the King's words revived him for a moment. He gazed fixedly on the monarch, a faint smile played upon his lip, and his eyes glimmered with a bright but dying lustre, until their lids once more and forever fell over them.

During the progress of these events, a band of priests and minstrels had gathered on the southern bank of Nant Pencaern, having the unfortunate Adelaide St. Clare in their custody. As Rhys ap Gryffid, with his forces, was about to pass the river for the purpose of making that attack upon the English, the unsuccessful issue of which has been just narrated, she had sprung forward and seized his bridle, ere he could cross the ford.

"Save me—save me!" said Adelaide. "Surely the generous Rhys ap Gryffid—the descendant of Roderick the Great—delights not in the blood and tears of unfortunate maidens. Save me, save me—my father is rich, and will pay a princely ransom; King Henry is powerful, and will exact a fearful retribution. Prince of Wales, I charge thee, save me!"

"Maiden, I have no power to assist thee," said the Prince; "I have given thee into the charge of the ministers of God, who will deal with thee as shall seem to them to be most agreeable to His holy will."

Thus saying, he put spurs to his horse, and dashing into the stream, landed speedily at the opposite bank.

"Were it not well to spare the maiden's life?" said one of the priests to him who seemed to be the chief among them.

"That," replied the other, "were to spurn and scoff at the favor of God and St. David, who have delivered her into our hands. Her life shall be spared for a time, until either Prince Rhys returns victorious from his attack upon the King, or, if he should fail in that attack, until the King shall cross Nant Pencaern by the new ford, and so give assurance that the evil spoken of in Merlin's prophecy is not now to fall upon Cambria. In either event it will be proper to testify our gratitude to God, by offering upon his altar the noblest sacrifice which earth affords—a spotless and high-born virgin."

Of the purport of this conversation, which was held in the ancient British language, Adelaide was ignorant. She had repeatedly endeavored, by her tears, her gestures, and her suppliant postures, to soften the hard-hearted bigots by whom she was surrounded, but in vain, for they looked at her with a grim and sullen expression of pleasure, and when her cries and lamentations were loudest, they caused the minstrels or cornhriets (so called from *corn*, a horn, and *hri*, long) to sound their trumpets till the shores of the river echoed with their minstrelsy. The priests stood by her side with their bare knives in their hands, and their keen grey eyes anxiously exploring the distance for some signs of the return of their countrymen who had lately crossed the river. At length some straggling fugitives were seen running in the greatest disorder towards the river, and were shortly followed by more numerous parties, and finally by Rhys ap Gryffid, with the main body of his forces in full retreat, uttering the most pitiable and discordant cries.

"To the woods, to the woods!" shouted the Prince, as he once more crossed the river; "all is lost if we are overtaken before we arrive there!"

One long, loud note of wailing and lamentation from the instruments of the cornhriets followed the flight of the Prince and his forces.

"The fall of Cambria is at hand!" said the priest, who had already interceded on behalf of Adelaide; "let us rather seek our own safety than stay here till the proud conqueror comes. Release this maiden; she has committed no crime, and heaven will surely not frown upon us because we refrain from the shedding of innocent blood."

"Sayest thou that the fall of Cambria is at hand?" said his superior. "Have we not twice before seen the princely Rhys driven across yonder stream, with the bloodthirsty English following him; but has not King Henry always crossed the new ford, and shortly afterwards been driven back, defeated and disgraced? The fall of Cambria is not at hand until Merlin's prophecy is accomplished. Until that proud King shall cross Ryd Pencaern, Cambria, however fortune may frown upon her for a moment, is sure of final victory. Brethren and friends, listen to me! Here let us wait until King Henry has crossed the new ford, and put his foot on the southern bank of the stream. Then testify your gratitude to heaven for the preservation once more afforded to us—bury your knives in the maiden's bosom, and flee."

One hoarse murmur of acquiescence and applause followed this address, and the band again folded their arms and gazed sternly across the stream. They had not gazed long before the English, whom the superior swiftness and better knowledge of the country, on the part of the Welsh, had left a short distance behind, appeared in full pursuit.

"They come, they come!" exclaimed the priests, "they approach the new ford! Minstrel, prepare to celebrate the event which once more insures the safety of Cambria—brother, be ready to strike the blow which shall testify your gratitude for the deliverance of your country!"

King Henry rode a considerable distance in advance of his forces, and, putting spurs to his horse, plunged into the new ford. At that moment he saw a dozen knives raised on the opposite bank, and then suspended inactive for a moment, as if the wielders waited to observe his further movements, while the trumpets of the cornhriets blew a blast of exultation and defiance with which, the woods, the rocks, and the shores of the river loudly resounded.

The King's horse, startled by the flash of the knives and the wild and unusual sounds of the instruments,

reared and plunged, and refused to obey the spur; in vain did Henry endeavor to impel him through the stream; he backed until he had nearly thrown his rider, and then, turning suddenly round, he bore him back to the point at which he had entered the river.

The King, as soon as his steed had recrossed with him, gathered up the reins in violent wrath; and as every effort to make the animal pass that ford was unavailing, he hastened lower down the bank, and galloped over by Ryd Pencaern, which he crossed with the greatest rapidity.

One long, loud shout of execration and wailing burst from the Welsh as they saw the King arrive on the southern bank of the river. The priests let fall their knives, the cornhriets threw away their instruments, and the whole party fled with the rapidity of the forest deer to the woods, leaving Adelaide St. Clare uninjured and alone.

The main body of the English had now crossed the stream, and directed their course towards the woods, for the purpose of overtaking the fugitives. The pursuers were better mounted than the Welsh, and were therefore in great hopes of cutting off their retreat. The King, with three or four attendants, rode up to the spot where Adelaide lay almost breathless with anxiety and terror.

"Sweet maiden," said Henry, "lift up your head; your foes are fled, and there are none but friends around you now. Henry Plantagenet is by your side, and craves to know your name."

Adelaide raised her head, and gazed in the King's face.

"Ha! by heaven!" added the monarch, "the fair St. Clare! Now I can perform the promise which I made to the dying request of her gallant father."

"Ha!" said Adelaide, whom the King's last words had roused from the stupor into which the fearful trial through which she had lately passed had thrown her; "is my father dead?"

"He died, sweet maiden, as he lived, in honor and glory. His breast was his sovereign's shield; he received in his loyal heart that arrow which was destined for my own."

"Then," said Adelaide, lifting up her hands to heaven, "sweet father, why should I mourn your death? Why not mourn that the knife of the ruthless Welshman has not made me a partaker of your bliss?"

"Nay, sweet Adelaide," said the King, smiling, and taking her hand, "why not rather take the earliest opportunity of performing that act, the anticipation of which gilded your father's dying features with a smile—the celebration of your nuptials with William de Langueale?"

The lady blushed, and gently endeavored to disengage her hand from the King's grasp. At that moment a tremendous shout was heard, and the rear of the English forces was seen to desert from the pursuit, and, turning back, move towards the spot on which King Henry and the Lady Adelaide stood.

"Laurels, my liege, laurels!" said Sir Alan Fitzwalter, advancing towards them, "for the brave knight, William de Langueale!"

"What is this news, good Sir Walter?" asked the King, "and what, more especially, of William de Langueale?"

"He has taken Rhys ap Gryffid prisoner, my liege together with Owen Cyvreillog, Owen Brogyntyn, and the three sons of Madoc ap Meryddyd. All these princes have laid down their arms to him, and are approaching your royal presence to crave pardon for their rebellion, and do homage to you as their liege lord."

The tidings of the last speaker were soon confirmed by the arrival of William de Langueale with his princely captives.

"First," said the King, "thou gallant knight, receive the noblest reward which it is in my power to bestow—the hand of the Lady Adelaide de St. Clare."

William rushed to the lady, whom he had not beheld since his departure to Normandy, and of whose safety, until that moment, he had not been assured.

"Dearest Adelaide," he exclaimed, as he folded her in his arms, "said not King Henry well?"

"Sir Knight," she said, turning from him, "is this a time to talk of nuptials, when the blood from my father's death-wound has not yet ceased to flow?"

"Lady," said the knight, "the pang of that death-wound was assuaged alone by King Henry's assurance that this white hand and mine should be joined together."

The lady blushed again, and some annualists say that the tears which she let fall for her father were gilded by a smile for her own true knight. Certain it is, that she did not again attempt to withdraw her hand from his grasp, and heard the following words spoken by King Henry without uttering a single expression of negation or disapproval:—

"Guard the fair prize well, Sir William! 'Tis thine, alike as the bequest of her sire, and the trophy won by thy own right hand. To-morrow we shall proceed to Cardiff Castle, and see thy nuptials solemnized. And now, my lords and princes of Wales," he added, turning to the prisoners, "ye have led us a long and weary journey from Neustria to Cambria; and now that we have arrived here, what would ye wish us?"

"Great King," said Rhys ap Gryffid, "we acknowledge our fault, and will no longer contend against the power of your grace, and the decrees of destiny. We saw this day that the finger of heaven was against us, when you, sire, crossed yonder river by the ford called Ryd Pencaern; for of that place Merlin Sylvester has prophesied, that when a mighty prince, with a freckled face should make a hostile irruption into Southern Britain, and should cross Ryd Pencaern, then should the might of Cambria be brought low."

"Ha!" said the King, "then was my gallant steed, who refused to bear me by the new ford, of a right English breed. But, princes, how shall I be assured of your allegiance, and that you will no more resist my authority if I restore you to your liberty?"

"We are ready, my liege, said Rhys, "to deliver hostages. My two sons shall be given up into your hands, and these princes are prepared with pledges of equal value, to insure their fidelity and allegiance to your grace."

"Then," said the King, "I will once more receive your homage, and give you license to depart free and fearless."

Then did the Welsh princes, in the presence of the assembled knights and barons, kneel down before the King, and placing their hands in his, swear fealty to him, and do him homage, acknowledging him to be their liege lord, and promising in all things to be faithful and true to him and his successors.

Thus was the prophecy of Merlin accomplished, the might of Cambria brought low, and the sovereign authority of the King of England acknowledged throughout the principality.

Be not affronted at a jest.

THE MAGNET CHAIN.

BY MISS F. C. MYERS.

Oh! shall I wake the Spirit Lyre
And let its tones of Love
Gleam o'er thee as a prelude to
Our future bliss above?
And shall I wake the Lyre-tones bring
A myrtle wreath for thee.
Laden with spray thrown from the waves
Of God's Divinity?

I know thou art, and my soul
Must e'er respond to thine;
For nought can break the magnet chain
Of Love like rapture and mine;
The moon as well might seek to change
Her pathway through the skies,
As mortal forms to break away
The soul's interior ties.

Though years have passed since I have clasped
Thy cherished hand in mine,
Unwillingly my soul has grasped
Love's magnet cord divine;
And by their power I'll draw thee on
To our bright gem-paved shores,
Where earthly change and earthly forms
Can part us never more.—*ANON OF PENCAERN.*

Life Eternal.

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

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

PART THIRD.

Let us at this point give expression to an ADDRESS TO THE DEITY:

Thou Great, Immortal, boundless source of all life! Thou, who hast made all the worlds, and dost hold them in their course as they go revolving round! Thou, who dost hold Creation in Thy hands; and dost keep every atom within its bounds! Great Parent! Source of all happiness and joy—the Immortal fountain that flows through life! How can we ask Thee to keep us right, when all things are made for our happiness? Move on, Great Ruling Power—move on in Thy works of wisdom—and we will acknowledge Thee—and find Thee—and worship Thee, in the tributary streams of bliss that flow around our souls! Thou, the Great moving, breathing Intellect of Life; whose ways are Wisdom infinite!

In paths of knowledge we would walk, to Thee, and find Thy dwelling, O, how bright!

Flow on, my soul! and flow in adoration; till the soul's power of expression grows inadequate to the task of addressing Thee, Thou Deity!

We are but babes in the arms of Creation; Thou wilt care for us; we are Thy offspring, and Faith will bear our feeble expressions unto Thy Being!

And now, let us walk abroad, and see if the *hideo* form, called *Death*, dwells on this earth. Where can his being abide? Truly, life has no room for him; Eternal animation holds him not; gems of immortality *feel* him not; he must be a thing of fancy, dwelling in the imagination; or a form that shows itself only to the material gaze, when the eyes of affection look on the powerless form that lays in its shroud. Did the *spiritual* eyes go forth, then, they would see his birth. We will call it *Change*, henceforth. Let him be baptized. O, let him be christened at the altar of life! O, let him be embraced in the arms of immortality, and his name be *Change*. Write it on the pams throughout the kingdoms of existence; print it indelibly on the human soul; engrave it on the monuments! Pass away, thou shrouded hideous form of Death! Thou canst not dwell longer here; for spirit friends come bearing the glad tidings that they are not in thy embrace!

Thou canst not dwell in matter, for that is God's, and He made *life*, not *death*. Thou canst not picture thy presence by the seared and yellow leaf of autumn. Thou canst not exult in triumph over the gardens of summer. Where the breath of winter comes thou must come by the name that is thine own—and we will call thee, *CHANGE IN LIFE*. The flowers of one summer's rays and warmth, have sent forth all their rays of sweetness and beauty, and they fade only to bloom again; to form nourishment, to fill the trees with new life, and force up their way again into opening buds.

And so the spirit, here, must bloom awhile. The heart must shed forth its sweetness, and then drop to bud again—to bloom in another climate—and even in the decay, and process, that takes the body back to dust, there arises a force which goes to the other body—the body of the spirit birth—and gives it powers to go on there, till another unfolding of the soul is born again. Ah! what is spirit? What is this undying thought, that makes us the beings of life? What is this deposit of intellect, of wisdom, put in a tenement of clay? Grasp it, if you can, O, mighty ones of earth; tell, if you can, how many unfoldings it shall know while wandering through eternity! Measure, if you can, the amount of wisdom, it shall gather into itself, ere it rises to the sphere of bright Archangels? Are we not so many parts of God, individualized? And, then, are we not a collected mass of breathing, living matter? Where was the soul, that fills thy body, ere thou wert called into this existence of life? Was not thy spirit a breath of God's? And before this tenement of clay was formed, He had not thrown off that breath that gave thee life; so, are not we respirations of God—living with Him from the beginning? Nations, that we say are yet to come, are nations *now* in existence; and generations yet unborn, are living children of God *now*.

Let the soul look out in magnitude on the great principle! Let it flow through all the winding paths of animation; for, turn wheresoever thou wilt, there is written life, *life, life, and being*!

Oh, Fashionless and stupendous! mighty are the works of Omnipotence! When the mind of research goes out, and to that grasp a truth, then can it take in, in part, the thought of an eternity. Time without duration! How necessary to learn of Him who is to be our book immortal! And what atoms of light! how few have been gathered yet. Do mortals feel that in the pulsations of their being, God is moving? Do they feel that when they look on a form of folly and sin that the God principle is struggling to shine there? When we say "God," we feel how insignificant is the term to convey to the mind an idea of that Being. The soul has yet learned no word expressive of the Deity. But to see how He fills all being, we will look, and see how instinctively a child of existence turns to God—turns unto the Maker of his frame. And according to the light of that soul, so is shaped his God. The enlightened heathen embodies Him in stones and wood. Some, there are, who worship the sun and moon; some call the stars their God; some make a human form their highest Deity; others make the God of

Mahmon their Great Father of love. And, are all these emanations, that go from these souls, to have no higher shrine than the God of their own capacity? They love the things that God has made, and in part (though small) they worship Him.

The child of thy being loves the things thou hast given him; he pours the expressions of his little soul, and breathes them out on a toy of earth. Is the fragrance lost? Are the affections that he lavishes on the playthings of his hour lost? No! he loves the things that the parent has given; and his little soul flows indirectly, in thanksgiving, to the parent that has given them to him. And so the child of God, that has his gifts that please his fancy, that contribute to his happiness, praises his God unknown to himself, in his heart's thanksgiving. But to have the soul turned to its point of brightest adoration, is, to take all these gifts of the Heavenly Parent, to use them in thankfulness, and to raise the eye of gratitude beyond. It is to feel the impress of the Deity in all His works. It is to see His form shining forever in goodness—to acknowledge Him in every being that dwells around thee, and to feel alike their claims and thine as the Great Giver.

It will help the soul to walk with God in worshipping Him through the manifestations that are around us. Know that, at all times, when thy soul is dark with doubt, that He cannot be far from thee, for thou art His breath. And when His breath on earth is feeble; when it is embodied in some poor, sorrowing form; when it pants for light and love, go *wherever* that sorrow is; let not thy hand be stayed. Go, help the God-light to shine forth through that form of darkness; for in life, we can say, as Christ has said—my Father and I are one. We rob Him not of Wisdom, Divinity or Power, when we claim to be one with Him; for if our aspirations grow to be with Him, our lives will tell that we are of Him, and that we do His works. O, look on the great thronging tide of existence that flows unto Him. See how it ebbs and flows. See how some waves go dashing on through the immortal paths of existence; and see others moving in serenity and calmness. Are they not His varied breaths of emanation? For sometimes His soul, in its great creative power, *bounds and dashes* forth, with animated life; and yet there is the calm working principle of order, method and development, that corresponds to souls of deep and quiet thought.

Think of all the scattered souls, throughout His universe—think of the varied impulses of life—think of the thousand sparks of matter—think of the bounding hosts of joy—of the waves of sorrow—reflect on all this universe of life, and embody them all in one great centre of existence. And then, there is, too, one little spark of divinity, gathered throughout the *starry* worlds—and the planets—that move majestically on, upheld by His hands—peopled over with an existence. And these are so many breaths of God, waiting to welcome eternity—going to tread in immortality—learning to grasp Divinity.

But the powers of the mind are enfeebled, and the soul must grow, and receive as it grows, and Eternity's theme will be our God, life, and creation. Thinkest thou, oh, man of earth, that His works are finished? Thinkest thou, this earth is done—is complete? Away! with the little error! Let it not tarnish the soul longer. Go out into the paths of wisdom, and look on this earth's development, and see how fast it keeps on improving. It grows with the intellect of man. It is through the manifestations in the intellect of man, that God beautifies the earth. Look on the work of vegetation, and trace improvement in fruits, hardy and unpalatable, till now—they form a source of grateful nourishment.

Look on art and science; see the types of spiritual and angel homes. Gaze on mechanism, and see the revolution of labor. The effort that required hours to accomplish, is reduced to moments. And all things tend to the speedy accomplishment of labor, that men may give more time to intellectual pursuits. And these are the manifestations of God, directly. As science unfolds, and mechanism reveals its powers, and earth grows softer, and the heart has learned where dwells its Maker, and eternal life is stereotyped within each soul—and as death goes off, wrap in the garments of *change and hope*, so will the heaven on earth be begun. So will it be a place most fitting for angel intercourse—so will rosy bowers stand here inviting them to repose—so will the hands of duty go wiping away the tears of sorrow, and so will man usher in the bright eternal life, and its glorious morn will arise, and its rays will know no eventide.

Oh, this moving, growing, finishing, developing earth! How rapidly the wheels of time move on, and wear down the mountainous aspect, to make it a valley of repose. How fast the inequalities of its surface are giving away, as God, through the intellect of man, works upon it; and when life says it is finished, then eternity is no more.

Forms that now people the earth, will pass from it. Millions yet to come, will live upon it. Eternity's children will feed upon it, and your little earth will never be done. It is yet but an atom of rudeness, of rough material, compared with the soft and growing beauty of some distant planets. But it is God's earth—it is dear to Him. It is a spark of His creation; and He will ever keep His beams of light shining upon it as now—the sunbeams illumine it. It belongs to His great, immortal kingdom, and He will not forget the children of earth. They are His—and oh, how cared for! They belong to His life-throng, and they must join in the song of eternity.

[Here the medium was silent for some minutes. There seemed to be great thoughts working within.]

Oh, life! blest life! Here, as I stand gazing from some point, of beauty, removed from your atmosphere, and see this little earth revolving in its orbit, and as I look down into that breaking mass of life—beholding those varied forms of intellect moving to and fro, with the seal of eternity stamped upon their brows, I gaze, and wonder if they feel the magnitude of their immortal powers!

Ah! how they are moving on—what groups of life I see!

First, a laughing, beautiful child, with flaxen ringlets, trips along so gaily, and whispers: "This is life—to gather flowers—to chase sunbeams—to love, laugh and sing." This is the life of one little soul.

Another picture is a youthful boy. How course the life-currents through his veins! How flashes the eye of hope, as he says: "This is life—to grow, and love, and do some mighty deed; to gather stores of good, and revel in the things of earth—this is my life."

I see the boy to manhood grown—new aspirations seize him—and he longs for a name and a fame of earth. This is his life, then,—to spend the anxious

hours, in order to bend every faculty of the soul to one pursuit—to find himself *riches*. With golden-tipped wings he flies on awhile. But his phantom is fled—sorrow takes him by the hand, and talks to him of a life in another sphere.

I see the man of many winters, whose looks are frosted over, and he sighs, "What is life?" The grave holds the forms he love. Hope does not visit him now—he fled away in youth; disappointment is his soul's only guest, and he vainly cries for life.

I see the bright-eyed maiden, on whose beautiful face time has smiled so sweetly. Her young heart beats with happy pulsations, and this is her song of life: "Go, be among the gay and lovely—to dwell in the halls of merriment—to twine the rosy flowers of summer, and drink in pleasures as they pass."

I see the woman of sorrow, bowed down with neglect, with want and misery staring around her, and this is her *mean* of life: "Oh, for a place of rest; oh, for a spot whereon to lay these weary limbs." Sorrow takes up the wall, and, alas! I hear so many groans of agony, that I would not longer stay, but go *to labor*, where I may send them relief, if it be not till the late hour, when their spirits come home. Infant, Maiden, Boyhood, Manhood, Old Age, Woman of Sorrow and Grief—*there is life for you all*.

[The medium here, partially roused from her trance, and said: "I thought I was looking down, and it seemed as if I could see the moving principle that carried the immense throng of earth through; I could see the diversities of the life-principle. She was entranced again, and the 'Unknown' continued.]

And these are the leading songs of earth I heard. I cried—Oh, God, send them light and food—send them immortal themes that they may not choose the bubbles and phantoms of life, but turn inwardly to the soul's deep principles of existence.

I shall pass to my home in the spheres, with memory freshened with the light. I shall coho to them, perhaps, more loving words in my leaves, that you gather—give them more themes from Nature's great book, so that they may sing on the life-song, and sing it in beauty.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRUE WOMAN.

"Buy an orange, ma'am?" said a soft Italian voice. The two ladies made a *demipause*. "Please, ma'am, buy an orange," repeated the timid voice, pleadingly.

Miss Dainty Slipper raised her rich silk in disgust, and moved on disdainfully. Her companion, gazing a moment at the sorrowful face of the fruit-seller, drew closer to the half clad, bare-foot orange girl, and, in a tone of inexpressible sweetness and compassion, said: "Yes, yes, my little one, that I will. Give me one."

The poor girl endeavored to lift the basket from her head, but the tiny arms trembled and seemed unequal to the effort.

"You are tired, child; let me set it down." And the beautiful gloved hand of the noble woman raised the burden from the bonnetless head, and placed it on the sidewalk. "Now rest your wee feet awhile; and here"—she almost covered the palm of the extended hand with a shining half-dollar.

The sad heart of the beggar girl melted, and the tears stole down her sunburned cheeks.

"Oh! you are so good, ma'am, so good!" sobbed the child.

"Why do you cry, child? Why do you cry?" and the angelic woman stooped down and patted the uncombed head with her aristocratic hand.

"Oh! ma'am, my mother is dead, and my father is sick, and can't work, and—and—no one cares for me."

The tender bosom of loveliness rose and fell, and rose again, and a pearl glistened from the tips of her long eyelashes.

"I care for you; indeed I do. I have a sweet baby myself, younger than you. Give me another orange for her," and another glittering half-dollar found its way among the oranges. The outstap playing of fortune hid her young face in her fruit, while the peerless daughter of beauty turned away, to conceal the glorious soul that would speak through her face, and rejoined her loitering and impatient friend.

God bless thee, noble-souled woman! Thou didst thrill the cords of a heart, other than that of the beggar girl—a heart long untouched by sympathy for its fellows. Thou didst wake in one, who saw thy deed of love, and heard thy words of pity, feelings to which his heart has been long a stranger. "I know thy works and charity," and thou, oh! Dainty Slipper—thou supercilious, un pitying Dainty Slipper—thou self-righteous Pharisee!—do not "I know thy works and charity" also? Verily I say unto you, even you, Dainty Slipper, who didst scorn the miseries of a wretched child of thine own sex—you, you, immaculate Dainty Slipper, "have your reward."

The large eyes of the sorrowing Italian girl followed, with mute blessings and thanksgivings, her gentle and queenly benefactress, until her form was lost in the distance. When the friendly, motherless bantling had called back her thoughts with her gaze, she replaced the basket upon her bare head; and her delicate feet, brown and scratched and bare, commenced again their wearisome round. I withdrew from my window with a strange sensation in my throat, and an unwanted moisture in my eye.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

There lies in the depth of every heart that dream of our youth, and the chaste wish of manhood, which neither cares nor honors can ever extinguish—the hope of one day resting from the pursuits which absorb us; of interposing between old age and the tomb, some tranquil interval of reflection, when, with feelings not subdued, but softened, with passions not exhausted, but mellowed, we may look calmly on the past without regret, and on the future without apprehension.

But, in the tumult of the world, this vision forever recedes as we approach it; the passions which have agitated our life disturb our latest hours, and we go down to the tomb, like the sun in ocean, with no gentle and gradual withdrawing of life back to the source which gave it, but sudden in its fiery glow long after it has lost its power and splendor.

THE "SIEZEN."—There is something lovely in the name, and its utterance rarely fails to call up the warm affections of the gentle heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all quiet, beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noon-day sun; a sliver, the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

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TEMPERANCE AND POLITICS.

The action of a certain portion of the Temperance men of the State, at a recent meeting in this city, in relation to a new movement looking towards the organization of a Temperance party on a political basis, provokes many reflections not of an altogether favorable character to those chiefly concerned in the transaction. There are others who have already improved the occasion to express themselves quite freely concerning the motives and the effect of such a movement; but we will not consent to have it said, without contradiction, that any hold the cause of temperance itself in higher esteem than do we.

One thing is very certain,—that politics and purely reformatory movements will never mix. You cannot do any more in the way of forming an union between them than you can in the case of oil and water. Where interest, or passion, or ambition, get the upper hand, or are likely to do so, it is folly to try to employ the energy they beget and the machinery they run, for a work which they stand in no wise related.

We have before this put upon record our serious conviction, that the temperance cause, as a cause of pure morals, has retrograded since the day when its supporters mistakenly threw away the weapons of moral suasion, and resolved to fold their arms and wait for political machinery to do their work. If it had been right in the first place to make a political work of it, or to give it a character and coloring which would be most apt to catch the interests of professed politicians, then the movement should thus have begun; it is proceeding upon false pretences, after having preached up the cause as a purely moral cause, to turn around and seek to make it something entirely different.

We know that those who have the real and radical principles of this cause most at heart, will discover that they have been led into an egregious error, as a time when perhaps it may be too late to retrace their steps. Neither by fire nor by sword can they count upon achieving success for their principles or their measures. This is a field in which, to effect a permanent good, the weapons of persuasion only may be used; violence does not help on, never did, and never will; the only arts used are those which belong to the publication of all gospel messages, proclaiming parol and peace.

It is highly desirable that these things should be known now, before any steps have been taken that shall precipitate further trouble and perplexity. Persistence is one thing, and in its place a very good thing, too; but obstinacy is of a different character. And to stick up one's back and insist that all mankind shall reform themselves immediately—not because they think they ought, but because we think so—is to challenge opposition from every imaginable quarter, and to lose every inch of ground beside, which has already been gained by rational and conciliatory endeavor.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

An Episcopal clergyman from a neighboring State, who was in town during the anniversary of last week, thought he would go in and hear Miss Emma Hardinge deliver her interesting discourse at the Melancon, on Wednesday evening. On his return home, the friend with whom he was temporarily domiciled inquired, of him how he had been entertained. He answered, without the least hesitation, that unless he had heard this most gifted and eloquent lady for himself, he never would have believed her, or any other woman, capable of pronouncing such a lecture.

The truth was—he said—that she evinced a familiarity with topics which a cultivated man well knew she could not have been at all conversant with, when the actual circumstances are taken into account; she was one of the most eloquent, copious, thorough, and attractive speakers he ever listened to in his life; in fact, he could not better express himself than by confessing that she struck him dumb with wonder.

Being a clergyman of high culture and standing in his own diocese, his friend very naturally was led to ask how the Bishop of his diocese was disposed to treat the subject of Spiritualism. "I have had conversations with him," that subject myself," was the reply, "and he invariably advises to a peaceful and quiet method of treatment, enjoining it upon the clergy not to oppose or defend it as it stands at present, but to let it alone to work its own way out. For," adds the Bishop, "if it be of God, who is able to withstand so great and so desirable a truth? But if of man only, it will surely come to its own speedy end without any help from the church!" This is certainly candid and sensible. Would that other preachers and prelates might be convinced that this is the way to advance the cause of Truth most rapidly!

The Bishop added still further, that he was not satisfied in his own mind that God was not preparing to make mankind a new, clearer, more direct and impressive revelation, and that the world did not sorely stand in need of some such manifestation from the source of eternal good.

Frankie opposers of the truth everywhere may take a profitable lesson from this sober and sensible advice of the Bishop. If this thing be of God, who can withstand it? If this thing be of God, who can successfully withstand it? Not all the powers, nor all the professors in the land can avail to write

down or talk down that which it is decreed shall go every where like the sunlight; nay, the more violent and unreasonable their opposition to its progress, the surer are their efforts to win over, and drive over, the converts, whom they might otherwise have failed to influence at all.

FROM PROFESSOR HARE.

The following answer to a letter received by us from a gentleman in Philadelphia, was written by Dr. Robert Hare, through Mrs. Conant, on Sunday last.

The letter calling forth this communication from Professor Hare, is as follows:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 24, 1858.
 Messrs. COLBY, FORSTER & Co., Gentlemen—A friend of mine, in this city, (Mr. J. R. —) who was intimately acquainted with Prof. Hare, has asked me to apply for him, through you, for a communication from him. Mr. R. — is an unbeliever in Spiritualism, but, having had frequent conversations with the Doctor, he feels anxious to know something more about the subject, and he says if he could get a communication from him, in which he should refer to their conversations, the particular business of Mr. R. —, or any other test of identification, it would much gratify him—indeed give him great joy—for he is anxious to believe the beautiful theory, but has never had any proof of its truth, and I confess myself that it would be a source of happiness to me to have a proof, which I have never yet had, and I sometimes have my serious doubts whether it is not all a delusion. If communications can be made at all by disembodied spirits, I think it will not be long before Dr. Hare will give his spiritual experience to the world.

I remain yours truly, J. B. —

In the following the spirit seems to touch briefly at the conversations with the surviving friend. We wish he had been rather more explicit, and had told us something in relation to the inquiring party, which would appear more conclusive. But we have generally found that spirits understand how they should communicate, much better than we; and now that the communication is opened by the spirit, we may hope for a proper quantity of spiritual food, in due season. Mrs. C. was alone when the communication came. Professor Hare manifested on Monday, at our circle, by writing, and would have spoken, except for the physical debility of the medium, who was suffering from a severe headache.

My dear R. —: God in His boundless wisdom and everlasting mercy has seen fit to call me in spirit from the world of matter to the world of thought—the unseen—to you, yet ever present existence, where all thought is free to wear itself into form, and expand even into Deity—the fountain of thought.

My dear R. —, you seek for wisdom. You told me so when I animated matter and conversed with you through the agency of my own mortal structure; and as you seek, may not I, your humble servant, by Divine Will, be the means through which your spirit may receive food for eternity? Let us hope, yet, let us expect, that Hope will ultimately itself into a realization of Hope.

Oh God! when I in spirit scan the vast multitudes of souls, whose cry is, "Give us more light!" I can but send forth an invocation to the Source of Strength; feeling, as I do, my own weakness before the mighty power of darkness, upon whose bosom of midnight hue a thousand creeds are floating to lure the soul from freedom, truth, and the knowledge of God, our Father.

My dear R. —, I have a great desire to impart wisdom to you; but I tell you now, as I told you in mortal, found not your faith upon another's experience. Seek for yourself, and the fruit you obtain shall be pleasant to the taste. Your position and abilities will favor your suit; therefore, my dear R. —, I again advise you in spirit, as I did in mortal, to seek for yourself. The philosophy has proved good and true in my case—why may it not in yours?

I will here close my brief epistle from spirit-life, after informing you that my reception to the spirit world was grand even beyond mortal conception. And begging of you to lend a willing ear to the voice of God, as He calls through countless sources to His children, I remain, yours truly, in spirit,

ROBERT HARE.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

These social and religious reunions have come and gone, as usual. They have without doubt furnished pleasure and instruction to many, and quickened the thoughts of perhaps not so large a number. Emotional feelings have been more or less stirred by the speeches, the reports, the hymns, and the prayers, &c.—good resolutions have been taken by those who listened or took an active part in the performances—and all have separated and gone home with the certain belief that they are doing some good in the world, and helping on the great and overshadowing cause of humanity.

This is all very well; yet it is not very well, when such persons allow themselves to come, within the circle of pharisaical influences, and fall to work calculating how much good they can do themselves, and how very little others do beside them.

Glancing over the field, as it is opened to us in the reports of the different societies assembled in conclave, we discover that the world is yet alive to religious influences, and that all the means of instruction and enlightening it have not yet been exhausted. We did not suppose they had; on the contrary, it has long been our settled belief that there is just as much room and need for workers now as there ever was—and that the harvest is indeed much more abundant than it has been before.

This should be enough for any of us to know. We cannot mistake either a fact of this vast and lasting import, or its great significance at the present time. Those who have put their hands to the plough, cannot think of turning back now. The kingdom of heaven is before them. "The earth is the Lord's" still, and so is "the fullness thereof." Working with the instrumentalities He furnishes, we must be content still to work on, and to work always. It is our sincere hope that Anniversary Week will result in the highest good to all.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE, OR A SPIRITUAL TEST.

At the house of Dr. Hayden, on Friday last, a Mr. Barnes of Connecticut, said to Mr. Huston, "Give your hand in mine, and fix your attention on some object in this room on which you desire to have your hand placed, and your spirit guardian will place it there, making use of my hand to direct it." In the room were more than one thousand objects—the figures on the papered walls and on the carpet alone would number more than this, besides the pictures, ornaments, and various articles of furniture. Mr. Barnes took the hand of Mr. Huston in his, and was instantly seized with a powerful influence outside himself, and carried his [Mr. Huston's] hand to the object he mentally desired to have it placed upon.

We call particular attention to the letter in another column from Melrose. We should be happy to hear from our correspondent, "G. A. B.," often.

FRIENDSHIP.

The cold-hearted man of the world is apt to make a jest of friendship. It enters into none of his plans, forms no part of the rigid rules of life he has marked out. He stands alone as a being of a race different from those with whom his business throws him in contact. Sweet, sunny-browed Charity never enters his chilly room to hold pleasant converse. He has repelled her too often. If he has a family, its members are to him only atoms of the great mountain, self. As far as they administer to his comfort, they are appreciated; but when their comfort demands a sacrifice from him, they are welwed as incumbrances. There are many, too many, such men in the world; but, thank God, they do not monopolize it.

There are also warm, generous natures, whose hearts and sympathies are expansive enough to feel for all their fellow-creatures—to rejoice with the joyful, and to mourn with the sorrowful, where there cannot assuage the sorrow. Yes, and there is true Friendship in the world, although it requires the searching eye of Adversity to find it out. While Prosperity waves her magic wand, all bow alike to her influence. Friendship rejoices in the very fullness of her gratitude, and sympathy stoops low, "that thrift may follow fawning." But lo! the presage of the storm. Friendship stands firm with her protecting mantle extended as a defence—and she stands alone. And how beautiful and majestic she is! How brilliant is the glance of her eye! How cheering the tones of her voice! The world is a bright and sunny one which she inherits, for her smile is sunshine and happiness. Many a worn, breaking heart, has awakened to new life at her words. God be praised for the holy gift of Friendship.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STANZAS.

BY LITA H. BARNET.

The darkening clouds have opened their sluices wide,
 And poured a flood of pearls drops to earth;
 The waving spray upon the lilac-trees
 Ringed forth in renewal of its birth:
 Its lovely flowers uplift their drooping heads,
 And on the air reviving fragrance fling,
 Casting their perfume back, a benison
 Unto the clouds, of newer life, their spring.
 And as the crystals patter to the ground,
 The very air seems growing fresh and sweet;
 Life flashes more exultant through our veins,
 Pleasures remain, and sorrows speed more fleet,
 And to more glorious aims, life forth our wearied foot.
 Now, bright Apollo from his covert streams,
 Filling to brim the cup from which we sip,
 Making a rainbow in each tiny drop
 That langueth, tremulant, on leafy tip—
 He comes—with vivifying beams, to add
 New splendors to the over-glowing scene,
 To chase away the gathered gloom of sky,
 And deck the tree-tops in a brighter green:
 As with the sun—so, One doth guard us well—
 Upon the cloud 'twas shining all the while,
 And yet we saw it not, till forth it burst;
 Thus shines His love; which doth our ills beguile,
 And turn our saddest tears to an enduring smile.
 PROVIDENCE, R. I., May, 1858.

PERSONAL.

Miss HARDINGE has closed her labors with us for the summer. The fact that her discourses have drawn crowded houses, and the attention which has been paid to her by these audiences, are proofs that her labors have struck a fitting chord in the hearts of the people. We have never had a speaker here who has brought out so large audiences, and elicited such warm expressions of satisfaction, as the lady in question. Success will attend her everywhere, for she has all the elements to command it, as a medium, so long as she is true to the Angel World. Our Philadelphia friends have heard her, and doubtless await her arrival there with pleasure.

Miss ROSA T. AMBURY, the popular trance-speaking medium, is doing good service in the cause of truth. She has engagements to lecture for months to come in different places. Next Thursday she speaks in West Bridgewater, and on Sunday, the 6th, in Quincy.

Mrs. HENDERSON will make engagements for lectures, on either Sundays or other days, for the coming three months. She may be addressed "Fountain House, Boston, care of Dr. H. F. Gardner."

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will lecture in this city next Sabbath, and also on the 13th and 20th insts., we understand; but we are unable to inform our readers in what hall she will speak.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Boston Theatre re-opened on Monday evening last, at which time Miss Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance here for some years. We understand this will be her last engagement in Boston before retiring from the stage. She will be assisted by Edward L. Davenport, and several others new to the Boston stage. On Monday evening Shakespeare's Henry VIII. was performed before a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Cushman appeared as "Queen Catharine," Davenport as "Cardinal Wolsey," and John Gilbert as "King Henry."

At the Museum, "Rich and Poor of Boston" has been played two or three times during the past week. On Friday evening Mr. E. F. Keach took his farewell benefit. He will carry with him the good wishes of all, on his tour to the South, and his place at the Museum will not soon be filled. The "Crock of Gold" is on the bills for the coming week.

Eph Horn and his jolly company are suiting the taste of the visitors at Ordway's Hall every night. There is as much truth as poetry in the often-quoted couplet—

"A little nonsense, now and then,
 Is relished by the best of men."

Mr. Ordway has a benefit on Friday night, and his multitudes of friends will then have a good opportunity of testifying to their personal regard for the accomplished manager.

MESSAGE TESTED.

By reference to our last issue, the reader will find a message from "Joshua Davis" (a spirit) to his wife, who resides in Boston. It seems that she has a son named Joshua, some time ago, went to California; and as he has not been heard of since he left home, she felt, as a matter of course, somewhat anxious for his safety. Hence the message alluded to was given by the father, to relieve the mother's mind. A member of the family called at our office, recently, and assured us that the message was true in every particular. It is conclusive proof of spirit presence, as neither ourselves or the medium had the slightest knowledge of the facts given.

REPORT OF REV. RHODORE PARKER'S LECTURES.
 We have no report of Rev. Mr. Parker's lecture this week, which is accounted for by his absence in Pennsylvania.

THE JUDGMENT.

Miss Emma Hardinge lectured at the Melancon on Wednesday evening last. At an early hour the hall was filled, and many were compelled to remain standing. Her subject, as before announced, was "The Last Judgment." She commenced by reading from the third chapter of Joel, the eleventh and following verses, in which judgment is referred to, and the day of the Lord in the Valley of Decision.

She continued—In the world, all religious creeds and doctrines look forward to the Last Judgment; when, by deluge and fire, the world—spiritual and material—will arrive at its finality.

The present system of Christianity accepts these words as literal and final.

The uprising minds of progress break loose from this acceptance and call it blasphemous to charge a God of love with the vengeance and cruelty attributed to Him by this system. They cannot see God as a negative power—a God of dust—without a reproduction. These forms must be broken up by a knowledge of cause and effect. To the smallest atom, as to the largest thing in nature, belong cause and effect. In man these laws exist, and a knowledge of them will break the fetters of earth, and let the spirit wander in fields of uncontrolled light.

The coarse particles of the granite, the finer particles of the diamond, reach in time their culminating point, and break and die—their reach their summit, arrive at an end—their day of judgment comes, for they die, and their identity becomes involved in another life. Then these laws exist and act in a higher degree in vegetable life—the mature tree, the perfect flower, the ripened fruit, are broken by death; thus upon them judgment is passed. Man comes forth governed by the same laws—his use in the individual form ceases, and he dies; this is his doom, is his judgment, and his identity is involved in a higher life. So in the progress and change of ideas with which man's intellect is fraught. These laws have applied to nations in all ages, to all things,—to the fisherman's hut, to the woodman's cabin; and from thence, through all the degrees of refinement, to the mighty city of civilization. All these pass on to their culminating point; they die, and judgment is passed.

Tracing up the history of the world, from the birth of Adam, we find that all is governed by this law. We find in the first revolution of man, the Adam is born—type of the strength of man. He is born of the animal kingdom, and has neither wisdom nor conception. His mission is to till and cultivate the land, and make earth fruitful. When his work is done, his judgment is passed. The Adam dies, and the Eve is born. This is intellect, and seems to be the highest condition of the God. Then knowledge of good and evil is born.

The next condition is a mixture of this good and evil, where Cain and Abel are born. The judgment comes to Cain, and he is sent forth to people the earth. Here we find that carvings of wood, stone and marble are born. Age after age succeeds, till we arrive at the time of Enoch. Here is religion born—the idea of a God who walks and talks with man. But this age, too, must die, and in turn passes away. It listens to the doom of judgment—and Enoch is no more. Age succeeds, and the compendium of all exists in the person of Noah. The deluge, represented as taking place, is the transition of man from gross materiality to a spiritual life. Moses follows, in the course of ages. Here is law, springing up from the ashes of Noah and of all who had passed away. Then we read the light and progress the world has made, in the history of David and Solomon.

We come to Christ. A child is born with the gospel of love, and it is from this standpoint we shall be able to know, to see the light, the beauty, the power that truly belongs to earth. A thousand Christs shall yet spring forth in spirit power.

All developments of the past have had their day, their place, their growth, their maturity, their judgment. This is the highest development of earth—the gospel of love—and onward and upward shall it now spread. Age after age of power has passed; the age of law is now having its judgment; the age of learning is culminating, and shall soon have its judgment; and thus age after age passes away. Under the unfolding of the new power of love, kingdoms shall rock, and find their doom; dynasties shall crumble, for their judgment day is come.

Men put off their old forms, laws, creeds and government. The old man dies, and the new man is born in Christ in a higher and better life into the gospel of love.

What does last mean? Is there any last of anything? Is there a finality to anything? What we call the last of everything is but the birth of a new blessing. The earth reproduces after every failure; not a thought is ever lost from change; the use is ended, but the individual reigns forever.

What is judgment? Where may we find it? Trace progress through the past and in every step you will find a judgment. Judgment on the earth has already taken place; new light at every judgment has burst forth; and a brighter light than the earth has known is breaking forth to-day in the new-born infant love. Spirits from the world unseen—fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers are whispering the new gospel—the gospel of love. In the infancy of this new world of love we recognized the fulfillment of the promise of a new heaven and a new earth. Judgment is passing; sensuality, materiality, science and human invention culminating for change; the old world is dying; the night of darkness may fall on the nations, but the infant star of love will shine. The soul shall be born, perhaps, in sorrow from the gross encasement that now holds it.

Death comes. What is it? It is the emanation of this earthly body from the tolling spirit. How beautiful it is! This is judgment—change only—is an onward move of the soul to a higher life. And as the soul moves onward in its eternal destiny, it ever passes new judgments, and emerges into new beauties. There is no last to the soul. The law of judgment is in every thing. The tribunal of judgment is inevitable; but judgment is not a law of terror; it is beautiful. It opens the eternal gates of happiness; it opens new prisons of light to newer and fresher kingdoms of beauty at every judgment. Fear not this act of your Father, children of earth, for by this process of judgment He draws you nearer—nearer to Himself. On, then, to the "Valley of Decision." Ask yourselves what of the night? What comes of the morning light? All hail! to the great judgment day, unfolding radiant crowns of light and glory, waiting for souls. Mark through successive series of judgments aspires—rises to now and more beautiful life, forever.

At the close of her discourses several questions

were asked and answered, though we have not room to publish them, in the present rush of matter to which we are subjected. They will, however, be published, together with this, and Mrs. H.'s other discourses, in pamphlet form, by Bela Marsh, in the course of a week.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, May 29, 1858.

Messrs. EDITORS—The recent demise of Dr. Hare calls for a passing notice at my hands. He was a good old man, and perhaps, not so far gone in second childhood as even some of us imagined. His conversion to our ranks marked an era in the history of Spiritualism, as well as in his own; and his courage in facing the world, and labors to reduce the phenomena to something like a science, whatever may become of many of his conclusions, will gather around his memory a deeper respect with every lapsing year. He died, it appears, of disease of the lungs; and it is painful to learn that during his illness of three weeks, all friends of his own particular faith, were carefully excluded from his presence. I see by a communication, through Mrs. Gourlay, published in the Telegraph, purporting to come from his freed spirit, that he alludes to this circumstance with some feeling; but who can doubt the truth of his closing remark, that he is now "free and happy."

I see also the death of another prominent individual announced, who has recently identified himself with our cause. I allude to Gen. Peter Skene Smith, formerly a lawyer at Philadelphia, and brother to Gerritt Smith, of this State. He died a few days since at Springfield, Mass., where he was temporarily sojourning for the benefit of the health of his body; and the papers state that he died of disease of the heart and brain. It is quite probable that the chief evidence relied on to establish a diseased condition of the brain, was the fact of his having become, at the age of sixty-three, a Spiritualist and a medium. I know it has lately been said by some, as of other men and women who have had the manliness and courage to accept the conclusions of evidence, and embrace an unpopular truth, that his mind had become unbalanced; but I believe there was no proper foundation for the charge. A man of large mind and indomitable will, and at the same time of an extremely buoyant and even enthusiastic temperament, the vivacity and eccentricities, if you please, which he has exhibited since he became a Spiritualist, have been but the natural result of casting off the old burthen of darkness and doubt, with respect to the tremendous question of the future, and emerging into a clearer light, and among something like tangible realities. During his late visit to this city, I saw him several times; and he spent an entire evening, to a late hour, with me, in the most confidential intercourse. With all his great mind and energy, which seemed to have lost nothing of their strength, I found him meek and trusting as a little child, looking to Christ as his model, and up to the great Father of All, with the most confiding love; ready to go or stay—to work for the cause of humanity here, or to be removed to a plane of higher life and usefulness above. He was happy, exuberantly happy. Such was the character of his insanity if insane he was; and, possibly, it would be all the better for the world, if more of us were like him.

Since I have been writing this paragraph, I have received from Dr. Redman the following communication, purporting to come from our friend, General Smith; and it may be interesting to add, that the bibliography is his, and characterized by that free underscoring of words which was his peculiar habit; as will be seen by the parts in italics:—

"My dear friend —: I have seen flowers blooming in all their beauty, even while the stalk was bending. I have, too, stepped upon such blooming pictures of life, and crushed them from existence: and still while my careless foot was there, the fragrance would rise and fill my senses with delight.

Insects, too, are daily snatched from life by the appearance of something that seems to disregard all the virtues of charity.

Life is like a stream in the mountain districts; it may dry away on any day, and its channel only be visible.

So with me. I was full of health, as I thought, and boasted in my youthful age. But the door of a future state had just then opened, and even while I was talking to you, did the waiting angel bid me enter.

I cannot, nor am I yet permitted, to explore my own condition. I am, as it were, waiting for the susceptibilities of my spirit to grow, ere I behold the sphere of my usefulness.

I will come to you again. God bless you.

P. S. SMITH.

At the time to which I refer, Gen. Smith seemed in vigorous health; and the allusion in the communication is to a remark he then made to me, that he was, probably, for his age, the youngest man in America.

Aside from the language of this communication, I think the friends of the General will find strong evidences of its authenticity, in the manner in which it is broken into paragraphs, and in the underscoring; especially as I feel free to assure them that the medium, Dr. Redman, never saw Gen. Smith, nor any of his writings, until I placed a letter from him by the side of the communication, in order to satisfy myself fully that the hand-writing was the same.

The Lyceum at Clinton Hall, may be considered in the full tide of successful experiment. Last Sunday afternoon, at its sixth session, the Rev. Mr. Benning gave a brief lecture on the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures; after which the general question was debated by Dr. Gray, Mr. Partridge, and others. It was pretty well agreed that the old prophets and sacred writers, made their utterances under influence and inspiration from some high source; but, at this point the speakers diverged; some contending that the Bible is a mere collection of historical facts and traditions, and of moral and religious, and of course, inspired sayings; and others that it is substantially, if not literally, the Divine Word; containing instructions from the highest source, and filling the place of a medium for Divine influx from the Heavens to the inhabitants of earth. The Conference at the Lyceum on Friday evening, are also well attended and interesting. The ladies take an active part in the proceedings. Last evening Mrs. Farnham, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Burgess of Wisconsin were among the speakers.

Mr. Davis closes his series of lectures at Dodworth's, to-morrow. Last Sabbath evening he spoke on the subject of revivals. Revivals, as they have existed in past years, he considered mostly psychological. The animus of the late great revival, he deemed quite different. The excitement originated among the people, and not the priests; its cause was the near approach of the spirit-world to us. Still, but little real good had been accomplished. As yet, people had only been made to feel, instead of be-

coming wiser. True, it had made them better, and this was a step in advance, which would ultimately be followed by protest and action against intemperance, cheating and lying, and all other vices of the age.

The speaker made a severe point against the church, on the score of its inconsistencies. We say spirit is substance. The church replies, "humbly." The church sings—

"There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign."

Yes, we answer, that is true. But in order to keep up the war against us, the church says, that, too, is *humbly*. Then the church sings to its children—

"Hush, my dear, be still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

and we respond and say, amen! when the church swallows its own words again, and pronounces that also *humbly*!

In company with ten or a dozen others, your correspondent, a few evenings since, visited the rooms of Dr. von Vleck, at No. 17 Stuyvesant street, in the near vicinity of the great Bible House, for the purpose of witnessing, for the first time in his life, the wonders of a dark circle. This was also Mr. von Vleck's first exhibition, I believe, in New York. He had become famous at the West, both as an advocate and denouncer of Spiritualism; and as a medium, whose native incredulity was so strong, that notwithstanding the most extraordinary things were done through him, exceeding, by great odds, every possible stretch of human capacity, still was determined not to believe; or if he did believe, at times, to alternate it pretty equally with most rabid paroxysms of unbelief. I was not disappointed in the result, which I had been led to anticipate by the reports in Western papers. The medium was first tied securely to his chair, with a common bed-cord; Mr. C—, a New York lawyer, who understands the science of knots, and Capt. Smith, of your city, an old sailor, officiating in the operation. The hands of the medium were crossed on his lap, and drawn tightly around and secured to the lower round of the chair behind, with knots that could not be slipped. The arms were thus held by ligatures knotted close to the skin of the wrist. The legs were also tied; and, altogether, some thirty feet of rope were used, and a score or more of knots employed, and half an hour consumed in the process of binding the victim. On extinguishing the light, the medium was set free in some five minutes from the time that the first sound was heard about him.

I cannot now describe all the occurrences of this very interesting evening. Suffice it that among them, instruments of music were played on by the invisibles, and a couple of guitars flew about the room like birds, touching alternately almost every person in the room; and this, too, when the medium was firmly held by the hands and feet by two members of our party.

LETTER FROM OHIO.

CINCINNATI, MAY 15, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Last Sunday, May 9th, Mr. Wadsworth, occupied the stand at National Hall in the morning and evening. A large and attentive audience was present on both occasions. The subject of the morning lecture was "Individual Development," which, as the lecturer remarked, should be of common interest. Each thought that man can put forth, manifests the attributes within him. Generations past have put up a standard; their thoughts being recorded, make their impressions through future ages. Minds that existed thousands on thousands of years gone by, have produced their effects on individual organizations in the past, present, and will on those of the future. Moses was cited as an instance of what an individual mind could exert; the thoughts emanating from him exerted a mighty influence on the minds of his generation, as well as on those of the future. Confucius was another instance of a controlling individual mind. Next Christ was referred to, whose spirit-mind left the nutritive power on the minds of those around him. Wherever the mind is individualized, the thoughts beget other thoughts, and these beget individuality; individual freedom begets individual freedom, though men will not become individualized each on the same plane. Man exercises free thought on the plane of which he exists. As the mind sends forth in its thought different developments, so from these different planes of thought come the multiplied differences of opinion. See the minds that surround us—they have their thoughts from those of a thousand years ago. Leading minds are affected by sluggish minds. Minds harmonize not with the religious world, outside of those organizations. The great mind of Galileo discovered the revolutions of the earth. The religious world could not understand it—that there were other worlds beside this. The moment a man comes forward with the claims of a new or original idea, the sluggish comes forth to oppose. Few minds have dared to come forth and proclaim a free idea. They send forth in aspiration the arrow-like thought, that begets its multiplied ideas of free thought. This day we find opposition to individualized thought. The mind that stands forth thus, must expect to meet opposition. As individualized minds have increased, opposition is lessened. Shall I crush an attribute to please a wondering multitude? Individualized minds of the past are speaking to-day. The going forth of your spirit to-day gives birth to the freedom of thought to-morrow. Let not individual organizations be crushed, but let your pure thoughts shine out in your acts, for by the light of spiritual truth shall freedom be established throughout the earth.

At the close, our recently organized Harmonical Choir gave forth most delightful music, after which Mrs. Anna F. Carver, in the trance-state, gave an eloquent invocation. Of Mrs. Carver's abilities and qualifications as a trance-speaking medium I shall speak hereafter. She is controlled by a high order of intelligences. Yours, in light, love and truth,
DAVID H. SHAEFFER.

MEDICAL POWER FAILS—MEDIUM POWER CURES.

Messrs. Editors—A lady in our town had a severe and malignant attack of inflammation of an eye, that caused most excruciating pain, and confinement in a dark room. She tried the skill of four different physicians, and from them found no relief; but under their treatment her general health became weakened, and the inflammation and pain increased. In addition, she had advice from the Eye Infirmary, but received no benefit. Her case was decided to be hopeless. At this stage of extreme suffering, and in this hopeless condition, by the advice of friends, a healing medium was called, and, by the laying on of the medium's hands, her pains were immediately lessened, and in a few weeks, by the repetition of

the laying on of hands, the inflammation and pain were so much lessened, and her bodily health so much improved, that she was able to attend to the ordinary duties of life, and is now in tolerable good health.
JOHN ANNOLD.

SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS.

Meetings in Boston.

LECTURES LAST SUNDAY AT THE MELODEON.

Miss Harlinge made the "Word of God" the topic of her discourse on Sunday afternoon, and took for her text the following passage of Scripture—"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

She continued—Perhaps no passage of Scripture contains within itself a dictum so authoritative, concerning the nature and divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, as the few words we have quoted. There follows this a few other verses of similar nature; but we look in vain in the Hebrew Scriptures for a record that God was ever transformed into human flesh. But the position we are called to consider, is not the life and death of Jesus, but whether the word was an impersonation, or a principle—and if the former, when it was made flesh and dwelt with man. We should not think this question worthy of attention for an hour, was there not something involved beyond.

We are taught that the Scriptures are from God, who was, by a great and incomprehensible metempsychosis, both Father and son—like finite and infinite. What is it you are called to believe is the word of God? In the Old Testament we find the spirit of the Word, and in the New Testament the Life of the Word. We must not dwell in the past because we find beautiful things there; our spirits claim the substance of to-day.

If we admit that the word existed before the creation of the world, why was it ever divided? Matthew, it is claimed, wrote many gospels, but not till thirty years after the death of his master, and then from memory—so his record cannot be divested of all errors by any probability. But if this was written by the Holy Ghost, can that element of the Godhead be guilty of plagiarism? The first chapter of the book of Matthew gives account of the cruelty of Herod, and his command that the first-born son shall be put to death, though no secular history mentions the matter at all. Though we have no evidence that any such legal proclamation was ever published, a parallel case is found in the mythology of Hindostan. The prediction of his birth, the fiat from the throne, the flight of his parents from the land—all these incidents in the recorded life of Christ, are to be found in the old legend. If Matthew was inspired to write the history of Christ, he was singularly felicitous in turning to account the mythic legends of old India. Mark and Luke were likewise guilty of plagiarism, though not to such an extent as Matthew. We can trace John with less certainty than we can the other writers.

Years, many years after the death of Christ, he was called from the seclusion of the Isle of Patmos, so old and decrepit and worn with age that when he was conducted to the church, he said nothing but "little children, love one another;" and when asked what he meant by the continual repetition of that injunction, he said that it was the beginning of all law. Forty or fifty years after the crucifixion, numerous sects and sects grew up—all opposed to each other, and constantly in discord and strife. One of the philosophic teachers of these days—the head of a strong and growing sect—taught the doctrine that all incarnations were simple illusions. To defeat this pernicious doctrine, the Bishops of Asia called upon John to write an epistle. John was the only apostle alive, and he was weakened in faculties, and in the foolishness of second-childhood. Many years passed before this document was published, and the church to which it was addressed was not founded till thirty years after his death!

No man ever accomplished anything to excite the wonder of his contemporaries, but the ignorance and superstition of the people sought to deify him. So it was with Jesus.

We shall now allude to the working of this word before the advent of Jesus. At one time it speaks in the singular number, and at other times in the plural. Again, how obvious is the inconsistency attributed to God in holding human life so valuable that He sets a mark upon Cain, in order that no man shall slay him—and afterwards to send forth Abraham to slay his son, in order that he might regale himself with the smoke of the sacrifice! If such an order should come to the parent to-day as came to Abraham, how would it be received?

It is now admitted that in no case can two wrongs make a right—and so horrid a crime as murder is, no retaliation will wipe the crime away. Even the life of the murderer is sacred. But the man who gathered sticks on Saturday, committed no murder, yet the spoken word of God commanded him to be put to death. In the word of God we find recorded the history of Lot, the recital of whose obscenity would make refined ears tingle with shame. We cannot dwell upon it, and pass it by. We find God's spoken words coming from the mouth of a dumb beast, in remembrance to the conduct of Balaam. The beast of burden becomes the agent of the spoken word of God! Balaam is called, by the word of God, to speak curses on all nations who shall stand in the way of the people of Israel. They must die, that the invaders may ride rough-shod over their bodies, to occupy their land and use their property. We find in the spoken word of God, a law against stealing, yet we find the Israelites ordered, when they fled from Egypt, to borrow from their neighbors their jewelry and garments, and run away with them. But this is the spoken word of God, so we must not put it under the ban of plunder. Then the books of Kings and Chronicles are filled with disgusting details of men preying on each other. One devout and pious man, delighted in hacking in pieces before the altar, the body of a king; and God regretted that the Amalekites had been spared, repented that He had made Saul king, and poor Samuel weeps at his hard-heartedness. Never was there a medium of such power and strength as Elijah. How did he serve his God? King Ahaziah sent to the best God he knew of—an idol, and that, perhaps, a better God than the cruel-hearted Jehovah of the Jews—and asked if he should live. On their way his men met Elijah, the Tishbite, who, because the king had sent to consult an idol, rather than the God of Israel—told them the king must die. Ahaziah then sends a captain and fifty men to consult this new oracle, Elijah, the man of God, but Elijah says, "If I be a man of God, let the earth open, and let fire from heaven consume these men"—and the men and their leaders were destroyed. Another captain and host were sent, and a

similar fate befell them; and not till a third fifty had been sent, and then, at the instigation of an angel would Elijah visit Ahaziah, and then only to inform him that he must die.

Could we believe the God of to-day would cause forty-three little children to be torn in pieces by wild beasts, simply for mocking an old man?

In the character of David, a devout man, after God's own heart—we find the adulterer and the murderer—and we find him on his dying bed drooping the building of a temple to his God, and in the same breath telling his son how to bring the hoary head of his enemy to the grave.

The spoken word of God records the wisdom of Solomon—extolls him as the wisest man that ever lived; but did his wisdom tell him to hand down to the future such a history of a life?—in his old age to forsake his God to worship idols and stones, at the behest of a hundred wantons, and to commit deeds too shameful to name?

The spoken word of God was conveyed in images. Isaiah was commanded to run without clothing for three years, in order to fit himself for a prophet. Trace the direction in the spoken word of God for the observance of the sacrifices—the cutting up of different portions of the body—and what can be more disgusting to refined natures?

The spoken word of God, acting through Jesus, proclaimed, indeed, a higher gospel. It was enough that man should love his God with all his power, and his neighbor as himself. All the records of the Bible pass into insignificance, beside the inspiration from God we have here.

Can it be that God was the cause of all that was cruel and malicious in the history of the world? Did the God we worship command Moses to stone the man for picking sticks on the Sabbath, and send the bears down to destroy the little children who called Enoch a bald-head?

To reconcile, as we must, these incongruities of the spoken word of God, we admit that every medium, of every age, had to view God through his own faculties. The great mind of Milton, Shakespeare, or Shelley, could no more expend a knowledge of the Infinite, than the little child could know all of science, playing with its cup and ball.

What evidence have we that the word of God lives. Look at man. Thousands of years ago, a man—a leaf-gatherer, gazed upon a morsel of wood, and spent a life-time gazing at it. Others said he wasted his time. But while he was gazing, a thought was born. He died, and all was lost, save that thought. Another leaf-gatherer followed, and built upon that thought. And through long generations leaf-gatherer succeeds leaf-gatherer, and thought is built upon thought. Finally the idea is born, that man can write upon leaves. The world was growing old, and its traditional history was spending itself, and decaying. Other ages follow. Wood, iron, stone, all had to be used—all these were necessary before a single thought could be recorded. But the papyrus grows—and you see how the first leaf-gatherer's thought has grown. At length, one day, the mighty printing-press was born—then the thought of the past was given wings to fly onward toward eternity. And now, not a thought is born but owes its parentage to the leaf-gatherer of centuries ago.

Spirits progress as man progresses, but God is over all. We would seek to reach Him, but He is ever onward. Go into the workshops—man is no more a tool—the elements are made to do the work of thousands of poor laborers of the past. Is not this the spoken word of God? Shall that word ever cease? If a word so noble exists in man, can the word of God be less? The rook-margined ocean and the hoar-headed mountains have stood, and will stand, forever; but they are always changing. The prairies shall shift places with the ocean, and man will yet build cities at the bottom of the sea. Is not progress the spoken word of God? Can we separate it from His word? We must not limit the spoken word of our Father. A spirit is our God. Would we know more of this spirit? What do we need more? Will he ever leave us? No; He cannot.

Our Father who art in Heaven—where is that Heaven? In the heart—in the good, pure heart, where the Spirit of Goodness ever dwells. *Hallowed be Thy name!*—God's name is hallowed by every tongue which pronounces it in confiding trust. *Thy Kingdom come!*—How long has that prayer gushed from the heart of man! *Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!*—What is that will? Man has sought always to find it. But when we know Him, we shall know His will. *Give us this day our daily bread!*—Well may we ask our bread of God. Christ taught us to ask for bread from day to day, and this is a sufficient command against hoarding up our substance from day to day and year to year. God, who has numbered the hairs of your head, and who watches the sparrow's fall, will provide for you. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!*—How long has man groaned this prayer, and yet forgot the conditions under which he is to obtain pardon, in wiping out the memory of his transgressions by forgiving all who have ever done him wrong. *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.* Does our Father ever lead us into temptation? No. This prayer asks that we may be shielded from sin and sorrow. *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.* Amen! If God's kingdom exists forever, it can never pass away from us—never!

[At the close of this address—which occupied nearly an hour and a half in delivery—the medium called for questions from the audience. Dr. Gardner stated that he held some in his hand, but would reserve them to make room for verbal ones from the audience, on account of the lateness of the hour. The medium then called for the reading of the second question on the sheet which he held, (being, of course, normally unacquainted with its purport.) The question was read:]

Question—Margaret Fuller expresses her belief that every person is possessed of a demon, who controls them to do wrong. She says she has felt this influence for months at a time. Is this theory true? Answer.—It has been believed that every person, at its birth, becomes possessed of a good and an evil genius: Good, as having gone beyond, and evil, as not having so much experience. These were called by the ancients, demons. To suffer temptation, or to resist it, the good or evil triumphs. When a spirit finds itself in affinity with a mortal, it delights to invest itself in his frail form. In the days of the apostles, instances of this kind are numerous, as the records of the casting out of devils; and to-day, in the mountainous country of Hungary and Bohemia, cases of this kind are very frequent. These people are possessed of an undeveloped spirit, who delights in the repetition of the events of his earthly life; but, by the exertion of a strong will, this power will be destroyed.

Q.—You stated in your lecture, Wednesday evening, that the age of learning was drawing to a close. Is it right, then, and expedient, that we should send our children to school?

A.—Learning and Science will never die, but simply cease to be the ruling power of the age—make way for a higher development.

The evening lecture was on the subject—"Night and Day." It was what may be pronounced a poem. It was a production of rare beauty and eloquence, such as is seldom equalled. Any abstract which we could give would be simply mutilation, in breaking a string of pearls to treasure up one or two. This lecture will be published in the forthcoming pamphlet, with her other discourses.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

ON THE FIRST PAGE OF THE BANNER—Original Poetry; the beautiful romance, "Country Neighbors," continued. Second Page—Poetry; "Ryd Penarn, or Merlin's Prophecy." Third Page—Poetry; Life Eternal; A True Woman; Beautiful Extract, &c. Fourth and Fifth Pages—Editorials, Poetry, Reports of Lectures, Correspondence, &c. Sixth Page—Filled with a great variety of Spirit Messages, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT; the one from Caroline Leo Hantz, especially, should be read by everybody. Seventh Page—History of Mediums, No. 2, by Dr. A. B. CHASE; Mr. Tiffany's Sunday evening Lecture at the Melodeon on the 23d ult.; Correspondence, which is continued on the Eighth Page, &c., &c.

The last steamer from Central America gives an account of another seizure of Graytown. One redoubtable Col. Kinney and a few coalfathers proceeded very quietly; on Sunday, April 17th, to remove the Mosquito flag and point the ensign of Nicaragua, and then arrested the mayor, and commanded the cannons belonging to the town to be delivered up. This order, however, was not complied with. Kinney professed to act under the command of Capt. Kennedy, of the United States Frigate James-town, but Kennedy denied the statement, and Kinney and his men were finally arrested and carried to Aspinwall.

HALL'S BRASS BAND give a grand concert on Wednesday evening, June 2d, at the Music Hall, assisted by the popular vocalist, Miss Jenny Twitchell. Admission 25 cents.

The war spirit is up to fever heat in New Orleans. In the common council resolutions have been read authorizing the mayor to equip and send an armed vessel against the British cruisers. A great indignation meeting was held at the Arcade, 28th ult., at which 5000 people were present. Gen. Palfrey was called to the chair, and, after several eloquent speeches, it was recommended that every vessel arm and equip before leaving port, and to offer every resistance possible to the British cruisers.

Orders taken at this office for all descriptions of printing; the work to be done in the best style.

ERRATUM.—In the message of "John Atkinson," upon our sixth page, last line of first paragraph, read *quiet*, instead of "quite." The transposition of one letter, in this case particularly, makes a material difference in the sense.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt in Nicaragua on the 24th of April.

AUX OF REASON.—Dr. J. Scott & Co.'s monthly sheet is before us—a very spicy and sprightly affair it is too—price 50 cents per year.

The funeral of the mortal remains of Isaac Parker, which took place from the Park street church on Saturday afternoon, was attended by several of our oldest and most distinguished merchants.

By the steamship Moses Taylor, at New York on Saturday, dates from San Francisco to May 7th have been received. The treasure list amounts to \$1,675,991. Mining is good.

"Do you drink hals in America?" asked a cookney. "No, we drink *Thunder and Lightning*!" said the Yankee.

Major Walker, paymaster in the U. S. army, died at his residence in St. Louis on Friday night, and was buried with military honors from Jefferson barracks on Saturday.

The east winds still continue, and overcasts are in general requisition; i. e., they were the first of the week.

The present spec of war will, we opine, turn out in the end a bad spec for (speculating) politicians. The English and Americans are not so fond of "cutting up" one another's commerce as formerly. They have learned wisdom by experience. The paper-pellets that are flying about at this time consequently will do no harm.

My son, if thou wilt wear tight boots, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer—namely, a bad corn, a bad gait, and a bad temper.

A gentleman at Washington direct from Fort Leavenworth reports that Gen. Harney pays no attention to the reported submission of Gov. Young, but is pushing forward the reinforcements and supply trains. Large Mormon trains were leaving various points in Nebraska for Salt Lake, carrying great quantities of arms, ammunition and clothing, and manifesting a very hostile spirit.

LATE FROM HAVANA.—On the 16th inst. the American ship, *Wandering Jew*, arrived at Havana from Swatow and Cape Good Hope with 250 coolies.

On the 19th the English brig, A. C. Robbins, was leaving the harbor for Boston, having on board the black cook of the American schooner, L. L. Watts. Upon application of Capt. Knowles, of the latter vessel, an officer from the captain of the port went on board the English brig, whose captain was forthwith fined \$100 for having a man belonging to another vessel. Some doubts existed as to the English captain's cognizance of the man's being on board. He was allowed to go to sea, giving proper security that the fine should be forthcoming, if demanded.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. L. BURGESS.—All right. We only wanted to understand it. We had three more names on the list than you did.

C. H. CHARLES.—"Spirit Revelings" will be published in our next issue.

L. H. B. PROVIDENCE.—We are grateful for your favors, and shall always feel happy to hear from you.

C. T. BUFFALO.—You shall be attended to next week, if possible.

B. FURNAS, OMAHA, IOWA.—Your subscription is not up, and the Banner has been sent regularly. It is probably stolen at some of the distributing offices out of Boston. Look it up. You may get the subscription at club rates.

L. W. M. WACKENHA.—Thanks for your kind exertions in our behalf. No. 5 has been sent this time.

Political Items.

A bill has been introduced into Congress for the reclamation of the Dismal Swamp, which lies partly in Virginia and partly in North Carolina.

The removal of Dr. Brooks from the Superintendency of the State Almshouse at Monson, by Governor Banks, has provoked a most savage attack on His Excellency and Council from the Springfield Republican. A controversy has already arisen concerning the case, in which it is made to appear that the removal was made on grounds of cruelty and want of proper courtesy.

Senator Douglas has introduced a bill into the Senate, which was referred to the proper Committee and has since been favorably acted upon, giving the President the necessary power to employ the whole naval force to repel any and all outrages on American commerce, he, of course, to be responsible for his use of the same to Congress.

Senator Seward has introduced a motion for Congress to continue its sitting until the 23th of June, instead of the 7th. It will probably be agreed to by both Houses.

Ex-Governor Henry B. Anthony, the able and popular editor of the Providence Journal, has been elected to the U. S. Senate for the term of six years from March 4th, 1859. The vote for him was 92 out of 100—the largest ever given for a Senator by the Legislature of that State.

It is expected—so says rumor—that the dispatches to our government by the next steamer from Mr. Dallas, will declare that the British government insists on exercising the "right of visitation" on the high seas, in distinction from the "right of search." If so, there is little doubt that there will be a collision, since it is very certain that we shall persist, as we always have done, in refusing that right to any nation on earth. An extra force has been sent by the Secretary of the Navy to the Gulf to protect our commerce in those waters.

The National House of Representatives have been rather warmly discussing a bill to regulate municipal elections in Washington. Mr. Winter Davis, of Maryland, characterized the Mayor and other municipal officers of Washington, as vicious and corrupt. Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, said the Know Nothing organization must legitimately result in murder and bloodshed. Mr. H. Marshall, of Kentucky, questioned this statement, defended the American party, and said there was a class of Catholics who hold the doctrine that in the last resort, the head of the Church of Rome has a moral right to determine what is right or wrong. Mr. Kelly, of New York, denied the existence of such doctrine, and added that "the gentleman from Kentucky was stating what was not true." And so on, for a long time, till the House adjourned, thoroughly out of temper.

The Tariff Investigating Committee have reported on the matter of corrupt charges raised against certain members of Congress, connected with the Lawrence, Stone & Co. transaction; and, while they entirely exonerate the members of Congress from any participation in the matter, declare that they believe that J. W. Wolcott has "willfully and corruptly" proved himself false, and that his testimony is worthy of not a particle of credence. They then ask to be excused from further labors. Wolcott has already forfeited his bail—\$2000—and it is said that the creditors of Lawrence, Stone & Co. are in vain pursuit of him, to make him disgorge the \$74,000 he is proved to have kept to himself.

Russia just now appears to be greatly troubled by agrarian disturbances, originating in the new emancipation movement.

Hon. Timothy Davis, of Mass., has recently delivered in the House a thorough and able speech on the French Spoilation Bill. It is hardly possible that anything will be done with that at this present session.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, has made a speech that has astonished and confounded all sides. It is on the extravagance of the Administration. The report of it states that it reviews and contrasts the expenditures of government through various Administrations, and compares their relative merits, morally and intellectually. It produced a great impression on the House. His array of figures and facts was startling and overwhelming. The speech will excite deeper attention, being more statesmanlike, than Mr. Ogile's exposure in 1840.

A movement for the organization of a new party has been begun in Washington, which shall comprise all sections now in opposition to the National Administration. The main features of the proposed organization are the ignoring of all questions productive of sectional strife, the protection of popular rights, a judicious system of internal improvements, a settled and firm national policy, prevention of the landing of foreign criminals and paupers, the protection of the ballot-box, and an extended period of residence after naturalization as a condition to the exercise of the elective franchise, the fostering of American genius and art, and that every Territory rising into a State should have a Constitution and laws framed by citizens of the United States who are permanent inhabitants, under such rules as Congress may prescribe.

Mr. Wiggin, of Maine, is appointed commissioner under the fishery treaty between the United States and Great Britain.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY MEETINGS AT THE MELODEON.—Mr. A. B. Whiting, of Michigan, will speak on Sunday next, at 3 and quarter to 8 o'clock P. M.

Mrs. V. J. BURRELL, of Randolph, trance-speaking medium, will lecture at Fraternity Hall, South Boston, on Sunday evening, June 6th. Mrs. Burrell will also answer calls for speaking at any time friends desire.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

LEONARD MOODY will lecture as follows:—In Lawrence, Mass., Sunday, June 6th; Haverhill, Sunday, June 13th; Groveland, Monday and Tuesday, June 14th and 15th; Georgetown, Wednesday and Thursday, June 16th and 17th; Exeter, N. H., Sunday, June 20th. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of useful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

MISS ROSA T. AVERY, trance-speaking medium, will speak in South Boston, Tuesday, June 1st; West Bridgewater, Thursday, June 3d; Quincy, Sunday, June 6th.

DR. JOHN H. CURRIER, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Orange, Mass., June 6th and 13th.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at QUEEN HALL, Westminster street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMPBELLISM.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

QUIXOT.—Spiritualist meetings are held in Marietta Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

SALINA.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualist Church, Bewell street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

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

and teach those I loved, of heaven and the spirit life. Every flower was wont to give me a lesson when I was in earth life. I loved the flowers, because they spoke of Him I loved, though I had never seen Him, save in their fragrant petals. My friends would save in their fragrant words; but now I see often wonder at my strange words; but now I see from whence they came—I know their origin, and I thank God for what I could not understand on earth. All the children of the Father have a mission, but how few there are who perform it; how few take up the cross. Many are kept in ignorance because the flower was crushed in infancy, and could only creep forth when the spirit fled from its earthly tenement. Oh, ye mothers, teach your little buds of heaven here and heaven there, and seek not to bind their souls here, else they go down to spirit life in darkness. Their mission must be performed well on earth, and they must be perfect flowers here, to be acceptable to their Father in heaven. When I look abroad among the friends I have on earth, I always wish to ask them to no longer crush the buds of earth life, which I see them doing, but let them follow the promptings of their own souls, and expand as they have power. Even the little child with his lip speaks of progress. Give him one toy, and it pleases him but for a day; and when he gets tired of it, he casts it away. Oh, here is a lesson of progress, which should teach mothers not to cramp the soul in iron fetters of the past.

My friends, my dear, dear friends who have called for me—oh, I give them blessings, and tell them that those things I failed to understand on earth, I entirely comprehend now. April 21.

We are hardly satisfied with this report. The sweet enthusiasm and tender feeling displayed by the spirit in control, which caused a rapid utterance, added to a headache we were troubled with during the afternoon, hindered us from following the speaker as closely as we generally do.

SYMPATHY.

We pine for kindred nature,
To mingle with our own;
For communings more high and full
Than taught by mortals known.
We strive with brief aspiring,
Against our bonds in vain,
Yet summoned to be free at last,
We shrink, and clasp our chain.

Mrs. HEMANS.

History of Mediums.

NUMBER II.

ANNA M. HENDERSON.

Mrs. Henderson was born in Newton, Ct., in 1830; brought up in the enjoyment of country life, with the many advantages it affords for the free unfolding and growth of the soul. From her earliest recollections, has been actively industrious, and subjected to the restraints of strict family discipline. Her parents were not rich in the things of this world, but gained an honest living by honest labor. She was educated in the faith of popular religious creeds, but has ever had intuitive persuasions not in accordance with them. During the period of her childhood has experienced severe mental afflictions. At the age of fourteen, had distinct perception of spirit forms. On one occasion, after she had retired alone to rest in her chamber, in the stillness and darkness of the night, in a perfect wakeful state, she saw distinctly before her the spirit of a departed friend, dressed in white garments. And ever after this vision, she had a sure conviction that the spirits of departed friends were constantly around and watching over her. Was susceptible to the influence of magnetism, and has many times been rendered perfectly unconscious by this influence.

At the age of twenty-one, seven years since, she attended the first circle for spiritual manifestations, when she received the following communication, by raps:—"You are a medium. Be submissive to the will of God; a great work is before you for you to do." She felt a thrill of happiness, such as she never felt before; felt a deep and earnest interest in the subject; felt she could not describe, or resist. She felt drawn by an unseen power to devote her time, her thoughts, and her whole soul, to this now and seemingly strange influence. Thus, for a few months, she continued constantly to think, talk, and attend meetings upon the subject, until she became developed, a trance medium. After a few trances, was enabled to speak, and became clairvoyant. About one year subsequent to this, was developed a powerful tipping medium, which power lasted but a few months, and then ceased. Then lights and spirit forms through her medium powers were seen distinctly in darkened rooms. Soon after this, was developed a writing and impressionable medium; many of the communications through her under this development were published in the Christian Spiritualist, in 1853. Immediately following this development, came the psychometrical, which, with impressionable, trance, writing and clairvoyance, have continued with increasing power to the present time. In the fall of 1855, Mrs. H. received imperative spirit directions to appear before the public as a trance lecturer. These directions she obeyed at first with great hesitancy and reluctance. Since her first public lecture, she has devoted her whole time and effort to spirit direction, and has given many hundred public lectures in a trance state. The subject of her lectures has always, when the audience have wished to do so, been chosen by a committee appointed for that purpose, on the occasion. And for the last year she has not failed to answer any question propounded by any person in the audience. On one occasion, by her own earnest request, she was permitted to speak in a prison in Connecticut, from the words, "Neither do I condemn thee." After this lecture, which deeply affected the poor prisoners, she went in amongst them, and they flocked and huddled like thirsty souls gasping for the living waters, around her. She shook hands with them all, and carried water to them in the name of Jesus. Most of them wept at the words of true affection spoken to them. As she parted with them, with her heart-felt words of love left in their hearts, she felt their heart expression of silent utterance: "Come, come to us again."

I believe I speak the truth, in saying that Mrs. Henderson would rather speak to a congregation of prisoners, than to any congregation on earth.

Mrs. Henderson demands for her lectures neither money or price, though compensation is generally given her. She wants bread to eat, and simple, plain garments to wear; this is all that she will take. Her lectures I believe are more freely given for charity, than for compensation.

Mrs. Henderson does not take from spirit sources what her judgment deems cry of spirits' opinion, but she is, and has been, guided by intuition and reason, going hand in hand; she never goes by spirit direction, independent of reason.

Mrs. Henderson's whole life has been one of affliction, dotted here and there with a green spot, a ray of joy. Her character is subdued; she is willing, loving, passive, and generous to her external surroundings. She is frank, open, cordial, and seemingly fearless. She can bear the influences of "re-

pulsive persons," which indicates superior strength and unfolding of her own spirit. She makes no distinction between the rich and the poor; the so-called high, and the so-called low; recognizes all as children of one family, brothers and sisters that may dwell together in love, now and forever.

The following pieces are selected from the many communications that spirits have given through her mediumship:—

The world is vain, why should man love
To linger mid its scenes?
Why leave the truths of heaven above,
Sweet truths of comfort, peace and love,
To bask in Error's beams?

The world is cold, and earthly ties,
How soon they fade away;
The heart you saw through loving eyes,
May soon your trusting love despise,
Your confidence betray.

The world is dark, and filled with thorns,
Which pierce the bleeding heart;
No ray of light your bosoms warm,
But discord and contentious wars,
Bitter truth and love depart.

The world is false, and friends are few,
If self the thought employ;
For as the sun drinks up the dew,
And hearts grow cold you thought were true,
So fades all earthly joy.

There is a world that's not so cold,
And dark and false and vain;
Where minds are formed in wisdom's mould,
Such peace and joy can never be told,
As fills that heavenly plain.

There is a love, that's richer far,
Than all the mines of earth;
More brilliant than the glittering star,
No thoughts of self its beauties mar,
In heaven it has its birth.

'Tis spirit Love, the love of God,
By Him to mortals given;
Thou cast all selfish thoughts aside,
'Twill visit you, with you abide,
And make your life a heaven.

Oh! could man gaze with quickened sight,
On endless fields of living light,
Where truth and love will ever reign,
And all are free from grief and pain;

How would he long to soar away,
And leave the feeble form of clay,
And rise aloft, as if on wings,
Above earth's vain and fleeting things,

Oh, could he tear the veil aside,
That covers heaven's expanse so wide,
And once to mortal mind impart,
The peace that fills each angel heart!

How would he long to be at rest,
In beautiful gardens of the blest;
And drink in truth from every flower,
In nature's vast, extensive bowers;

Could he behold with vision clear,
The glorious beauties of that sphere,
Where man is free from sorrow's blight,
And all is joy in endless light.

To mortal man it is not given,
To know the bliss he'll find in heaven;
For suffering ones would weary grow,
And long to leave the scenes below.

Let each remember while on earth,
To grow in wisdom's glorious worth;
That as they pass beyond the sky,
They'll find those joys that never die.

The following discourse was spoken through Mrs. H. in a trance state, in Troy, N. Y., Sunday, July 26, 1857, and published in the "Troy Daily Times."

What is the beautiful? It is an all-pervading element, which lights the pathway of mortal existence. You may see it in the insect and the shrub, as well as in the mighty monarch or the lofty eagle. It comes floating from the hand of the Infinite, through the regions of space, and lights everything with its presence. Ask you, then, where the beautiful may be found? Look about you. It is everywhere, in everything, as boundless and as diffusive as the mercy and love of God itself—in the insect, in the shrub, in the flower, in the tree—in the rivulet and the ocean—in the meanest animal and the noblest man. It comes borne to you on the whispering winds, and sings in your ears the song of mercy and of love. It meets you as you go forth upon the earth, and on every hand impresses its manifold influences upon you. When the cares and turmoil of life darken the chambers of your heart, it comes to fill them with its untold radiance. Everything which possesses life, which bears animation, which has the elements of impulse and of sentiment, acts as a principle in the great mission of the beautiful, and is constantly receiving and giving it, upon every hand.

Every human organism is capable, to a certain extent, of receiving and retaining the beautiful. Not in all its clearness, strength and vigor, perhaps, for the human mind has not arrived at that stage of development, but in accordance with the plane upon which it stands. The reception of the beautiful increases the capacity of the mind to comprehend and receive the beautiful. The order of mind is progressive—upward, onward, to new and unthought-of accomplishments. In proportion as we leave the exterior for the internal being, and become less physical; in proportion as we advance in the spirit life, the elements of beauty will press themselves upon us, and become, so to speak, a part of us. Men do not know, see and comprehend all the grandeur of the beautiful. That is not yet. But, as we have said today, for you there is a progression. You are upon a higher plane of reason than that on which your fathers stood, in the years of the past, and your advancement in the future shall be proportioned to the advancement of the past. There is a time when the mind will be enabled to imbibe the truths of infinity, but it must first pass through a series of planes, or progressions. For know that in the spirit life there are stages and conditions. We are what we have been, and we must grow, and expand, and progress onward, nearer the approximation of perfection. Therefore, you who now "see through a glass darkly," may yet hope to see the spirit of the beautiful in all its fullness and strength. But as your appreciation of the beautiful around you is measured by the plane of reason upon which you stand, so will it be governed in the spirit life.

Where, then, is the beautiful? Beauty, we have said, is everywhere; in the insect's home as well as about the monarch's throne, about the meanest shrub, as well as surrounding the noblest tree. It fills the whole arena of life and being. It is everywhere—omnipresent. And it is omnipresent because it springs from that which is omnipotent. Wherever you may look, you trace the imagery of the beautiful in Nature; and the beautiful in Nature is the handiwork of the God of the Beautiful.

And what is the God of the Beautiful? Are we to measure Him by the narrow lines laid down by sects, creeds, and denominations? Are we to look upon Him as a God contracted within the narrow limits and stature of a man; fashioned upon the pattern of a man; governed by the whims, the caprices, the anger and the rage which work in the human soul? No, assuredly not, for then we should make him an unjust God! We should offer our ovals at the shrine of an imperfect God; and the God of the Beautiful is not imperfect. He does not bestow His radiance upon one who subscribes to certain articles of creed, and books of doctrines, and rules of faith, and withhold it from another, who can see no merit in them. The God of the Beautiful is the God of him who does not bind down his belief to narrow dogmas and unmeaning superstitions, who neither lays his heart upon the altar of canonical promulgations, nor subscribes his soul to denominational articles. He is the God of him who is free to not and think for himself, and who can see in the harmonies and mysteries of Creation, a universe of beauty. He is the Father of God. And when we say Infinite, we do not mean those—for such there are—who maintain that we exist by chance, shall remain until certain elements decay, and then pass away forever. We mean those whom the narrow bigotry of conventional creeds pronounces infidels, who are shut out from the communion of those whose faith is built upon dogmas, and who can see in the mysteries and harmonies of the Universe, the power of an Infinite Mind. Such are Infidels, in the eyes of the orthodox sectarian, and for such is the God of the Beautiful—the Infidel's God.

It is His handiwork which marks the order and the symmetry of all created things. It is His hand

that governs the whirlwind, and His voice that says to the winds, "Peace be still." It is His hand which holds in life the little, fluttering, worthless insect, and in the hollow of His hand are the oceans and the mountains of earth. It is His voice which sings the soft, sweet song of the whispering winds, and glides the beauty of the sunset sky, and flashes in the lightning, and echoes His mighty voice in the rolling thunder peals, and evinces His tenderness in the little, modest flower. He is Infinite; He is every-where. Everywhere He is life, and where there is life, there is beauty. You may see it now, in proportion as your mind is perfected and fitted for its reception. For it draws out your own soul and places it before you, and as you look upon it, you behold mirrored in it the images of the beautiful—faintly, perhaps, but to grow brighter and stronger as you progress higher and faster, until at last, you hold it in close communion with its fountain-head, and receive your impressions more directly from the source of inspiration, when it will grow dazzling in its effulgence and splendor.

The beautiful has its uses and its ends. Where there is beauty there must also be usefulness. The one condition is dependent upon the other. They are twin sisters. There is not a thing upon earth that possesses the elements of beauty, which is not constantly performing a great mission of usefulness. The mission of the beautiful is to enlarge the capacity of the mind, to draw it out from its grosser and more physical being, to increase its receptability, and to strengthen its impressions. For as the mind is brought out from the grossness of the elements of darkness in which all mind is originally enveloped, it loses in a proportion its hold upon earth. It advances farther and faster towards a spiritual being. It is advanced upon a different and a higher plane. It longs for further inspirations, and is constantly bounding forward to new aspirations. And every time it plumes its wings for a higher life, it enlarges its capacity to grasp the mysteries of the superior in the beautiful. So God did not finish the world to man's hand; you must be finished, even as it was finished, by development. You have your different planes of intellect—your different stages of glory. For as there is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and another of the stars, so there are different stages of the glory of mind. And as there are elements on earth more designed to be worked up into forms of beauty, and symmetry, and grace at the hands of the artist, than others, so there are minds more fitted by their created impulses for the reception and retention of the beautiful, than others. But your capacities and your perceptions must be brought out by development. Men did not find the world as you see it now. It did not come from the Creator's hand, finished and perfect. The materials were furnished from which a degree of perfection was to be obtained, and these man was required to work up to his own advantage. So with the human mind. The materials of the beautiful are furnished to the soul, but they must be worked into shape and called into action, before their vigor is developed.

We have said, you can find the elements of the beautiful everywhere. It is all about you. If you see it not, it is because of the darkness of your own mind, which have not become the subjects of the great bounty of Progress and Development; which stand upon a plane from which they are not permitted to view the mysteries of Creation. Would you behold the beautiful? Come with us. See you yonder cottage, which bears about it the many marks of poverty and decay? It is the abode of the criminal; of one whom the rude hand of Society has cast forth from its midst; whom want and naked destitution have compelled to suffer and to sin, and whom stern honor forbids again to enter the ranks of upright men. It is the home of one whom, cold and unfeeling, you have shut off from among you, who feels his degradation, and says in his misery, "Let me eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow I die." Is there any beauty there, think you? Let us see. The noble reformer approaches the abode of misery and sin with light step and beaming eye. He takes the lowly criminal by the hand, and as in that kind embrace the electric spark of sympathy goes forth to the heart which had been steeled and cold, he talks to the erring one of missions of honor, and uprightness, and usefulness. He points him the way, and shows him the magnificent realizations of the beautiful, in nature, in art, and in man. And as he talks, the heart of the lowly criminal, which had been steeled to neglect and unkindness, goes forth responsive to his utterances. He feels that the world is not all cold, dark and drear. He feels that there are elements of joy in life, as well as of sorrow. He looks beyond the narrow plane of his own reason, and begins to realize what it is to long for something higher and nobler to aspire to; to realize that he has been wasting the elements of joy in his nature. Who shall say that the germ of beauty has not been enkindled in the heart of that lowly criminal, or that there has not commenced a development which shall proceed onward and upward, higher and broader, toward the perfect realizations of the spirit life? For these elements in the nature of man must be called into action before he can begin to realize the beautiful, which is all about him; else he can but "see through a glass darkly," and in the darkness of his way, may stumble upon errors, and misapprehensions, and fall by the way. Development only can enable us to comprehend the mysterious agencies by which works the God of the Beautiful.

See that poor inebriate, reeling homeward to his ruined dwelling. The marks of criminal indulgence have effaced the nobler lines of his features, and his form is uncouth, his garments filthy, his eyes bleared and expressionless. He reels home, where the tattered group starve and await him, and the haggard, pale, emaciated wife, with almost broken heart, sits over the empty board. Yet the impulse of that breaking heart goes out in all the tenderness of love to that ruined man, and is there not beauty there? Ah, yes, for in the hours when the demon is not upon him, his heart goes out in kindness and love to that watching, waiting one. The elements of the beautiful exist, but they are lost often in the plane of mind to which the poor inebriate is bound.

We have lingered with you among these lowly scenes, for we feel that it is here the truth should be known and understood. It is mind upon the plane of early advancement which needs enlightenment, not mind which has been developed by the full realization of spirit truths. Those who are whole need not a physician, but those that are sick—Therefore would we linger with you among the scenes of earth. For the truth of the beautiful is everywhere on earth. But the full realization of the beautiful can only be attained when the mind is released from the physical thralldom of earth. Human reason is progressing to this disenthralment every day. Every day the chains which bind it are drawn further by expansion, and you shall soon see them dropping off in the brilliant developments of spirit truth, leaving the mind free and untrammelled, to receive the beauties, and comprehend the mysteries of the beautiful in nature.

View with us yet another scene of earth. The monarch sits upon his gorgeous throne. About him are chambers alive with the beauties of art, the richness of gold and silver ornaments, and the incense of sweet-scented perfumes. The costly robe wraps his royal person, and obsequious attendants await upon his slightest behest. He is a tyrant, and accustomed to trample others beneath his feet. Has he any more perfect realization of the mission of the beautiful than the lowly criminal has? As he thinks of his heaven, he says, it is a place rich with palaces of gold and streets of silver, with frankincense and myrror, and with costly gems, and if it be not, I will not go there; and if there be accepted there lowly criminals and poor inebriates, Heaven forbid that I should go also. Yet the proud monarch must cast off the fetters, which bind him to the dross of the earth; he must begin on the plane of progression; like the lowly criminal whom he despises, he must throw open his heart for the reception of the true and beautiful, before he can begin his enjoyment of that heaven which belongs only to the spirit life. For in the mission of the beautiful, all minds are prepared for reception by development.

You have, then, the beautiful all about you! What, then, is the mission of the beautiful? When shall it

cease? when shall it have an end? Ah, answer that question, ye who can say when shall end the labors of Him—the God of the Beautiful—of whom it is said, "He rested on the seventh day." Said He rested, but He did not. He rested from the great performance of Creation, but He did not rest from the development, the promulgation, the sustenance of the beautiful. If He had rested, where would have been the material earth? where animal existence? where the problems of the beautiful? His labors have ceased not since time began, nor shall they cease until eternity has an end. Answer us, then, ye who can tell, when He rested, and when He will rest, and we will tell you when the mission of the beautiful will have ceased, when its destiny will have been accomplished.

We have said that the capacities of the mind for the reception of the beautiful may be developed and increased even in your present mundane condition, but it is not thus they will have reached the highest order of their development. Expansion does not cease with that change of condition which marks a decay of the grosser physical elements. It is then the true mission of the beautiful begins. For then, even when you shall have known what it is to view the truths of the beautiful through the unrestrained vision of the spirit life; when you shall have advanced upon the plane of intelligences; when you shall have been brought in close, in final communion with the God of the Beautiful; even then you may descend to the topmost branches of the whispering trees—aye, to the very habitations of men. Even then you may sing the sweeter strains of the higher intelligences in the atmosphere of earth, and turn the sweet impulses of the beautiful in the hearts of the children of men. Nay, you may even enter the homes of the waiting and enthralled, to exercise a guardian power over some loved and cherished one, to buoy up the fainting heart, to pour upon the wearied soul the soothing balm of spirit consolation, to bear the praying, inquiring mind upward from the dross of the physical, and to receive the sweet orisons of praise and thanksgiving from the heart which is opened to the receptability of the beautiful in Nature. This is the blessed mission of the beautiful in the spirit life.

As a public trance speaker, Mrs. Henderson possesses superior abilities. Her manner is pleasing, her voice is distinct and agreeable, her language is plain but significant. Her affectional nature predominates; she appeals to the heart more than the head. There is a peculiar expression of clearness in her lectures, which makes them adapted to the perfect understanding of all. The power she possesses of answering any question, in a satisfactory manner, before a public audience, is very extraordinary and wonderful. Mrs. H. is deservedly a popular trance lecturer. Large congregations have assembled on all occasions when she has spoken, and have listened with deep interest to the words of affection and love spoken through her lips. A. B. C.

MR. TIFFANY'S LECTURE.

We give below an abstract of Mr. Tiffany's lecture on Sunday evening, the 23d ult., which was crowded out of our last week's paper.

His text was, "And God said unto Moses, I am that I am." He said, the disposition of the mind is to inquire into all things, and is in a dissatisfied state till the question is answered which it has asked. This is every day seen in the child. It sees there are many things hidden from its view, and it desires to know; so it asks, and expects to receive corresponding answers. All can well testify to the instinct in beasts, and the consciousness of the infant is the same. The higher man's consciousness, the less his instinct. The infant's instinct calls for nourishment, but when he grows up, instinct will be supplanted by reason. If man will heed the voice of his intuition, and obey his highest convictions, he will be satisfied in the longings of his soul. The infallible certainty of instinct is known to all. Instinct is the foundation of man's religious nature.

When the child sees the wonders of nature—the mountains, rivers and stars, he inquires who made them—for his instinct tells him they were made.—He sees that every effect must have a sufficient cause. There is no age, after arriving at intelligence, in which man does not entertain an intuitive belief in the great Self-creating Power. Atheists admit it, as well as theists—and there is no attribute of God which atheists do not give to Nature. All admit the same inferential necessity.

Every desire of the individual is based upon a corresponding nature in the individual; and whenever a nature is found to exist in an individual, there is that which demands it, and is food for it. To one who has investigated this subject, this is a self-evident truth. Animal desires exist only in animal natures, and there can arise no desire which the nature does not demand. The one who does not desire intellect, can have no intellectual nature. Old Dog Tray may be a very good friend; he may stand beside the little child, and see and enjoy the light of the sun. He is warmed by it and lighted by it—and that is all. He never inquires whether the sun moves, or stands still. Yet the little child, not half his age, is always inquiring into the mystery of what he sees beyond. That little boy has a nature which must understand those great truths, or never be satisfied.

A man cannot have an intellectual nature without intellectual desires, and he cannot have moral and social desires unless he has a moral and social nature. Upon this same principle of philosophy, it becomes evident that a man who has no religious desires can have no religious nature. An aspiration can never rise above its parent source; any more than the stream can rise above the fountain.

When such a desire is acknowledged it becomes certain that there is that from which it proceeded. It may not be in the reach of every one to supply that desire, but that which will satisfy it exists, or else there could be no desire for it. Every need of every nature is demonstrative of the existence of that which is demanded.

When the mind arrives at the Infinite, it does not look beyond for a cause, for that is the cause of all. The compounds of a form must be older than the form itself. Everything has proceeded from something lying behind it. The atheist asks who made God; but when he comes to see God as a self-sustaining, great, uncreated cause, he will ask no more. To decipher what is God, you must ask the soul what it will be satisfied with. It is said that the eye never tires of seeing; so with the soul—it will never weary of knowing. Tell me what will satisfy you to know, so that you will fold your arms and ask no more forever. Nothing short of omniscience is the answer. Yet the soul is not strong enough to know all this.

When I ask the atheist where I shall go to get my highest ideas of God, he says, go to nature. I say to him, unless I find some conscious intelligence of love I cannot be satisfied. I cannot love, unless I find something to love back in return. The atheist may find much in nature to admire, but nothing in unconscious nature to wake up in the soul the slightest impulse of affection. We find much to admire, but nothing to love; but when I turn to the great Author of all, I find something to love, and call out all my affection. No one can continue always in intellect-

ual pursuits, for he soon tires of admiration, and, without affection, will die. Pure love of a worthy object is that which will become a well of living water, springing up to nourish and beautify. When the soul has found an object of its love, it grows up into its fullest power, and in its might will live forever. Thus is the God of the heart-worship, which has been revealed to man in every age of the world, as Jehovah, Jovo, or Lord.

The truth of this position every one knows. The soul cannot find satisfaction in anything short of the Infinite. That infinite must have every attribute of the soul—it must have love, wisdom, affection. The God of the atheist has no affectional nature—is less to affectional natures than the dog, cat, or canary-bird; and there is not a soul living who would not rather acknowledge the love of one fellow-being, than ten thousand suns, moons and stars.

You have a soul which seeks for communion with the great Father of all. Why is your soul never satisfied—always hungry? Do you expect to find that Father—the great I Am? Whence this thirsting and longing if you cannot? Can the nature become superior to the author? You look in vain for such an anomaly. There can be no demand which will exceed the supply. God is always nearer to me than I am to myself, drawing me with unerring precision to that living fountain—the voice within, which says, "Son, daughter, come up higher!"

What will you do without this faith, in the hour of need? When friends leave you, and the sunlight is withdrawn, you will cry out, in the agony of your spirit, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If you have not found this soul's utterance, "Abba, Father!" there will be shipwrecks in your way. If you do not now possess that desire, you must possess it, before you can find salvation.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

NEWBURYPORT, MAY 17, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—Mr. J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, was the medium through whom the spirit of Charles Ainsworth addressed us on Sunday last. No one suggesting a topic, the spirits selected that of Modern Infidelity. We are called infidels because we reject the forms of the old churches, and for breaking away from the dogmas of the bigots. The churches of the present day are preaching the doctrines of the Mosiac dispensation, and not those of Christ. We say, "let the dead bury the dead"—let the dead past bury the obsolete views. The Church has always opposed all that was new. Anti-slavery temperance, and all reforms have met with the opposition of the established Church until they became popular, and then suddenly they became the pet-ay, the legitimately begotten offspring of the Church. What a few years before was heresy, becomes truth.

In the evening, Rev. Mr. Pearson gave his second lecture in opposition to us, and our services did not commence until half-past nine o'clock; yet the Hall was filled, and so, also, was Mr. P.'s church, showing that the public have a great and growing interest in this subject. Mr. P. admitted the moving of tables, etc., and, in fact, most of our positions, but claimed that they were influences of bad spirits. Whenever any good effect was shown, it was all bad spirits—if spirits they were. There was not anything new presented; all his points are to be found in the Commentaries of a day. He said, however, that if he should see a three-story brick house moved by the power that moved tables, he would not believe the spirits had anything to do with it. He made the statement that Mr. Joel Tiffany had renounced spiritualism. This is untrue, as all Spiritualists know. Mr. Tiffany is at the present time publishing spiritual knowledge. He is a firm believer in all the phases of Spiritualism. Mr. P. was misinformed; but he should be more careful, or he will get little credit for his course.

At the close, he was answered by the medium at our Hall—in fact, he was demolished. Those who believe our mediums make preparations before lecturing, should have heard him. No one, we presume, would say that Mr. Pearson allowed us to see his manuscript before delivering his lecture, and, as he was answered immediately, such objection falls to the ground.

Mr. Currier closed both discourses by improvising poetry of the highest merit. It is one of the best speakers we have in the field, and is doing good work. He created a favorable impression here, many having known him in years past when a resident of this vicinity.

It has been intimated to me that a denial had been made of my statement in regard to the surgical operation. It is not my habit to notice statements of this kind, unless they come in an authoritative manner; but I will reiterate the statement, and if any one doubts the story, I am ready to prove all, and more than I have stated, by the fullest and most incontestable proof. My object is to aid the cause, and every occurrence I have related is capable of full proof, and no circumstance has, nor will be, related by me unless I am able to verify it by living witnesses. I should not refer to this matter, had I not been requested to, nor should I have related the particulars of the surgical operation, only that they had already become public—and I was requested to by a friend. VERITAS.

LETTER FROM NEW BEDFORD.

NEW BEDFORD, May 19, 1858.

DEAR BANNER.—After reading in your columns the communications which so cheerfully tell of the daily spread of truth in all directions, I feel that a word as to the progress of the cause here, would not be out of place. The cause of truth with us, as elsewhere, never was in a more flourishing condition than at present.

The friends of the new dispensation began to hold regular Sunday meetings about three months ago, having conference meetings in the forenoon and trance speaking in the afternoon. Prior to that time, Spiritualists in this city were popularly known only as a few fanatical and deluded beings, who were in the habit of holding occasional circles for some nefarious purposes, which were not generally understood; and those who did not consider the whole thing as the result of imagination or willful deception, flew to that, to them, omnipotent power, the devil, for their solution.

Since commencing our regular meetings, Spiritualism has received an impetus which bids fair to deluge this city with the light of truth. It has already placed the subject before this community in an entirely different light from what it appeared a few months since. The clergy are completely at a loss to account for the rapid manner in which Spiritualism is spreading; they see it manifesting itself within

their own folds—and not being willing to manfully meet, investigate and let Spiritualism rest on its own intrinsic merits—as usual, they intrench themselves behind the barriers of their own ignorance, and pretend to advance the cause of the Christ, they profess to follow, by the basest slanders, not only against all spiritualists, but against the private character of some of its advocates in particular. During the late visit of the Rev. John Hobart, who delivered several lectures here in favor of Spiritualism, some of the Methodist ministers were in a most perturbed state of mind.

The Rev. John Hobart, having formerly presided as pastor of one of the Methodist churches in this city, and being universally beloved and respected by his former congregation and the Methodists in general, it was feared that his influence might induce some of them to go and hear the truth, and judge for themselves. This not being in accordance with the theology of the day, in order to counteract the desire to investigate, and thereby feather their own nests, they proceeded in an unchristian manner to cast reproach on his character.

The progress of our new philosophy begins to tell so heavily on their own bigoted creeds, that many of them are becoming exceedingly restive. We need no better guaranty of the wide spread of truth, than the fear with which it inspires our sectarian friends. The pastor of the Elm street Methodist church has been particularly busy of late in his denunciations of Spiritualism. Last Sabbath, in his eagerness to administer theological castigation to some of the members of his church, for manifesting an interest in Spiritualism, he rather overshot the mark, and brought down on his devoted head the indignation of many of his own flock.

In spite of all opposition, the glorious cause is growing daily. The hall where our meetings are held is crowded each Sabbath to hear the fresh breathings from the spirit world, as they fall from the lips of the medium, bringing joy and peace to the weary soul, and filling the melting heart with a love which carries conviction of its truth to the mind of man.

One great cause which has tended to advance Spiritualism in this place, is the prompt, clear and logical manner in which the controlling influence has answered questions through the mediumship of E. S. Wheeler, who has occupied the desk every Sabbath for the last three months. Mr. Wheeler is from Norwich Conn., but was residing in this city when he first began his labors as a public trance lecturer. Every Monday evening the spirits use him to speak to the citizens of Fall River; also in Newport on Wednesdays, and he returns to New Bedford in time to speak on Sunday. Mr. W. is one of the best trance speakers whom it has been our fortune to hear; and we think him, as a practical reform lecturer, to be fully equal to any in the field. The discourses delivered through him have been listened to by some of the first minds in the city with admiration and wonder. So much above the ordinary pulpit eloquence have they been, that it has been the means of convincing many of the truth of spirit intercourse.

We much need some good test medium; we seem to stand in need of this class more than any other. Many of those who attend our meetings never have seen physical manifestations of any kind. Notwithstanding all obstacles, the work goes on much faster than we could expect; surely it has other aid than that of man.

Yours, in the cause of Truth, J. L. T.

REV. MR. PARKER'S LECTURES, &c.

MELROSE, May 29, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Since the first issue of the Banner, which has become to so many a beacon light of Religious Liberty, I have been a careful reader of its pages, and, therefore, must have noticed the frequent additions, each of which I consider an improvement in the right direction, tending to favor the cause of spirit communion; to more fully extend the knowledge of its significance and usefulness; to more effectively and universally inculcate its doctrines of love and harmony, and progressive development in spiritual life; in brief, to better assist the angel world in the general dissemination of heavenly truths. I have necessarily noticed this, I say, as all your readers must have done, and I would find express my sense of indebtedness for these kind and voluntary favors which have so increased our obligations towards you. May the result, like the exercise of mercy, richly bless both publishers and patrons.

Without specifying particularly in these matters, let me however especially thank you for reporting the sermons of Rev. Theodore Parker. Even a synopsis, an abridgment, if just and clear, cannot fail of doing great good, when thus laid before your readers,—many of whom, of course, are deprived by distance, &c., from hearing his spoken words. Though he does not accept the phenomenon of Spiritualism, he practically exemplifies its lessons and spirit in his daily intercourse with the world; while his sermons are acceptable to Spiritualists generally, being eloquent words, replete with the most profitable instructions for the good of mankind, the matured fruits of a studiously nurtured garden, his religion, as revealed in these sermons, though seldom contrary to, is very often in perfect harmony with, the religion of Spiritualism.

Individually, I owe much to this gentleman, as well as to Spiritualism, for the advance I humbly trust I have made, theoretically and practically, in spiritual things.

While this subject is before me, may I ask, are Mr. Parker's criticisms on Spiritualists correct? In his sermon of April 11, he says, "My criticism I give for their good, in the spirit of hope and tenderness. The Spiritualists are the only sect that looks forward, and has new fire on its hearth; they alone appropriate themselves from [worshipping] the Bible and the theology of the church, while they also seek to keep the precious truths of the Bible, and all the good things of the church." Every Spiritualist will accept the substance of this as being true.

"But even they," he continues, "are seeking God and God's truths beyond human nature, not in human nature. Their religion is Wonder more than Life; not principally addressing itself to the understanding, the imagination, the reason, the conscience, the soul, but to marvellousness more than ought besides. So with many it is amazement, not elevation."

"This, doubtless, is true of some, but we would find believe these 'many' in Mr. Parker's eyes, to be comparatively a small company; not simply because we would have it so—we would have none such—but because the far greater proportion of that vast number who now assert their faith in the truths of Spiritualism, and that its doctrines and its religion are true, do not unconsciously, as it were, and necessarily, elevate them in the scale of moral and religious beings. They find all its lessons directly

tend to teach man constantly to exercise the love-principle, to extend the sphere of his usefulness, to practice all the virtues, and to ignore all the vices of life, to obey the physical and spiritual laws of his being, that they may gravitate more rapidly towards God. The religion of Spiritualism is emphatically Life. If to daily show the worth and nature of man, to reveal his innate nobleness of character, to practice every duty here,—to seek to know his destination hereafter, be not elevation, what is it? Yet this is what the religion of Spiritualism teaches, with peculiar and particular emphasis. And if this does not address itself principally to the understanding, the imagination, the conscience, the soul, more than ought besides—I respectfully ask, what is there in all the range of Mr. Parker's discourses that does this more legitimately or effectually? G. A. B.

LETTER FROM OUR JUNIOR.

NEW ORLEANS, Thursday, May 20, 1858.

DEAR BANNER—Since my last conversation with you, I have been extending my travels into the famed land of Texas,—famed for the struggles which characterized its earlier history, and the fortitude, bravery and endurance of those men who left home and its pleasurable surroundings, and made their resting place amid the dangers of its wildernesses; the fruits of which, to-day, are a magnificent, wealthy and growing State, equal in extent to four times that of Virginia, yielding almost every kind of produce known from the borders of the East to the boundaries of the South.

Mr. Forster and myself left this city the latter part of March, for Mobile, where, after a romantic trip over the clear waters of Lake Pontchartrain, we arrived in safety. We found in Mobile a few who had accepted the truths inculcated by our philosophy, and many who were deeply interested, occupying the plane of investigation; but the public mind, as a whole, was ignorant of the first principles of Spiritualism, and its claims. Under these conditions, we made but little stay, and turned our faces toward Texas,—where we arrived, at Galveston, the 29th of March. Galveston is situated on Galveston Island, some twelve miles from the main land; the island is about thirty miles long, and some two or three miles wide; the city has about 7000 inhabitants, and from its natural advantages, is destined to a rapid increase. Its shipping is extensive, and it is already the mart of almost the whole of the up-country trade. Spiritualism has long been entertained here, and there are very many of the first and most intelligent gentlemen engaged in extending its truths, and beneficent influence, and I found a general willingness, on the part of the public, to give it a fair investigation. I remained there some two weeks, to cancel an agreement which was kindly offered me before quitting New Orleans, and to some few who felt that I did not remain long enough, and, therefore, unnecessarily charged me with not having fulfilled my engagement, I have only to reply, that on my arrival I made known my intention of remaining only two weeks, which conclusion found only a pecuniary objection. From G. I. went to Houston, the seat of Government in the times of the Republic. It has some 3000 inhabitants, and I know of no place which has more advantages of trade to aid its increase. It does an immense business, and thousands on thousands of bales of cotton flow through it on their way to the old world. There are but few Spiritualists directly in Houston, although throughout Texas they count many; they, however, are found in the very first society, and consist of the most intelligent and enterprising men. The public here is bitter against Spiritualism, and willing, at a moment's warning, without investigation, to trample it under foot.—Its most bitter opponents are those who are too self-conceited to investigate, and too superficial for anything but to flatter themselves that they are very gods in point of wisdom. From such a class, our philosophy and its advocates must rest assured they will receive, no matter how exemplary they may be, nothing but vituperation and slander. Here, of course, I found little to do; so while Mr. Forster continued his lectures, I resolved to make the most of the beautiful nature around me, and accepted an invitation from Judge H. H. Allen, to make his house my home during my sojourn in Texas. This I did; and to the Judge, who is a good Spiritualist, a talented gentleman, and a warm friend, I am indebted for many of my happiest hours. His residence is situated some two miles from town, across a prairie level as a floor; and I know of no sight more beautiful than a broad, level prairie, studded with flowers of every hue. It seems as if Nature had fallen in love with the spot, and exercised all her ingenuity in arraying it for men to look on. The evenings; genial and delightful, win you away from all thought of sleep; the sigh of the zephyr, stealing through the tall locust, and the song of the mock-bird, rising from amid the tinted bloom of the dread Catalpas, the countless eyes looking upon you from the upper world, the wavering light of the fire-fly, the dancing phantom-like in the distance, the gleam of fire from the camp of the Indian; Mexican, and the Ox-driver, and

The clanking bell upon the dull old bung.

Whose sound upon the prairie breeze is borne;

The hoarse refrain trilled by the driver's tongue,

To make his solitude a little less forlorn.

All go to make up a scene, which to those unaccustomed to such life, is one to be remembered and cherished. While at the Judge's a fishing picnic was suggested, in part for the pleasure of all parties, but mostly in consequence of the scarcity of water for cleansing purposes. An immense lumber wagon was, therefore, procured, which, to my mind, might have accommodated a large portion of the town, but as the affair was to be of a private and aristocratic nature, admitting of no outsiders, we filled in, so to speak—the Judge, wife, sister and children, Mrs. G. and myself, two negro women, three washubs and an immense basket of clothes; on foot, two negro men. With this party, in rural style, we drove some two miles to a Bayou, where we found three or four feet of stagnant water, evidently either too lazy to run—or lacking in power at the source. The bill of procedure was nearly as follows:—Sent negro, Henry, back for a forgotten axe; returned in fifteen minutes minus axe, bearing in his arms a young fawn, which he had run down in the woods. After scouring the fawn, returned for axe; got back in five hours, having forgotten that he was in a hurry, and stopped to blaze every other tree he came to. Lunch—captured a turtle—all took a sleep. After which, dinner—stroll in the woods—sleep. By this time the washing, which had been going on all day, was finished, and we returned home, tired out minus fish, not having dropped a line. With the party I have above mentioned I remained until my departure, which was on the 11th of this month, in a continual round of enjoyment. At Galveston, on the 18th, Mr. F. and myself took the steamer

Mexico for New Orleans. On entering the mouth of the Mississippi, and from thence to the city, we found on the Western side of the river a great number of the plantations entirely submerged; the rice in the river, which has not been so high since the Crevasse of '49, having carried away a portion of the levee, opposite New Orleans, at John M. Bell's plantation, above Gretna.

These plantations are devoted to sugar-raising, principally, but for the past few years, owing to the enterprise of a few individuals, rice has been introduced. It is of a larger grain and more thrifty than the rice of Carolina, and in several instances where it has been tested, has been preferred to it. I am told that in a few years it will come into successful competition with the Carolina rice, being even now quite a feature in the market.

The loss from the "Bell Crevasse" is estimated to be about \$4,000,000, as many of the plantations will be of little or no service for two years to come. It is not ended yet for the water is still high; and yesterday I took a trip to the Crevasse, and found a break of two hundred feet in the levee, and the waters of the great river rushing over the broad, fertile lands at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour for the space of a quarter of a mile, when it widens out and carries ruin with it. The estimated loss will be somewhat lessened by the deposits of the overflow on the plantations, and more especially in the swamps, which, from the present muddy condition of the river, doubtless will be immense.

I find New Orleans much the same as when I left it, except, perhaps, it is a little hotter, which heat I do not propose to remain with a great while longer.

An offer to visit Paris has been renewed to me, affording me every opportunity to do so without much inconvenience. I am not yet decided what to do, but should not be surprised if I accepted it, and visited, as the French say, "The only city in the world." And yet it is a great way off from my native land, and the vicinity of all I love and hold dear, and these considerations may fully outweigh my desire to go. I am not subjected to all the heat of the city, being some six miles out, in Carrollton, with Joe, of whom you have before heard. This is the season of blooms and exotics, and his residence is surrounded by an Eden—a garden crowded to fullness with flowers of every name and hue, oranges, plums and bananas.

If I conclude to visit France I will inform you; if not, I shall shortly make my way up the river and across, home. Hoping you and your supporters are well and happy, still enjoying your visits, and attentively appreciating your truths and information, I remain at heart,

Your friend and co-laborer,
J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

[NEW SERIES.]

ENIGMA—NO. 34.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 6, 10, 11 is an adverb of negation.
My 9, 5, 6, 7 is not any.
My 1, 8, 11, 12, 13, 14 is what is used in shaving.
My 1, 5, 3, 7 is the most pleasing emotion of the heart.
My 12, 13, 9 is a fowl.
My 1, 2, 3, 13 is solitary.
My 8, 6 is an indefinite article.
My 14, 10, 3, 4 is to wander.
My whole is a Bible injunction. ERRA M—
St. Louis, Mo.

ENIGMA—NO. 35.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 14, 3, 34, 5, 33, 19 is an unruly member.
My 27, 11, 36, 24 is a good servant, but hard master.
My 17, 26, 4, 12, 6, 21 is a river in Europe.
My 32, 4, 8, 16, 13, 2 is a delicious fruit.
My 34, 24, 7, 14, 16, 12 is a town in Massachusetts.
My 10, 3, 36, 30, 6 is a valuable animal.
My 21, 8, 9, 28 is hard to get.
My 20, 29, 37, 2 is an instrument of music.
My 18, 8, 22 is an article of men's apparel.
My 1, 25, 19, 37 is a color.
My 20, 23, 7 are the initials of my name.
My 36, 8, 35, 24 is a part of a stove.
My whole is that which will ever hold a place in the minds of every true American. F. H. W.
Boston, Mass.

ENIGMA—NO. 36.

The army halts, the tents are raised.
The busy day is heard afar;
Around the nightly fires are blazed,
That light the implements of war.
Oh, dear and sweet, my second life,
The marching hours as they go;
But have ye listened to the spells
My whole hath sung in rhythmic flow? Don.
Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

Answer to No. 20: received from Emma, Pawtucket, R. I., and from Coram, New York City, is—"The Coliseum, or Amphitheatre of Vespasian."
No. 21: received from Emma and Coram—"Submarine Telegraph."
No. 22: received from Emma and Coram, is—"Dictionary."
No. 23: from Emma, Coram, and Fred, is—"The Star Spangled Banner."
No. 24: from Coram, and E. of P., is—"The Little Giant—Stephen A. Douglas."
No. 25: from Coram, is—"William and Alexander Von Humboldt."
No. 26: from E. of P., Frank De F. Miner, of Laconia, and Coram, is—"True Contentment, and a self-sacrificing spirit."
No. 27: from Coram, Frank De F. Miner, and Clara L. Clingman, of Ohio, is—"Nightingale."
No. 28: from E. of P., is—"Know well thyself, presume not God to scan, The proper study of mankind is man."
No. 29: from Fred, and E. of P., is—"Still waters run deep."
ADDITIONAL.—Since publishing the answers to Nos. 16, 17 and 19, we have received them, from George E. Savage, of Watford.
The poetical enigmas in No. 8 of this paper, has been answered by Minnie F. Baker, of So. Canton, Mass., and by Miss Clara L. Clingman, of Batavia, Claremont Co., Ohio; it is—"Tomato."
"Sir," said an irascible wag to his opponent, "I believe you are either a deist or an atheist." "Wrong, sir," was the rejoinder; "I am a dentist." This was throwing the thing right into his teeth.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.
Miss M. MUNSON, Medical Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 5 Winter street, Boston. See advertisement.
Mrs. DICKINSON, Trance and Healing Medium, 88 Beach street, Boston.
Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up the flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 2 to 6, Terms 50 cents a session.
Miss M. F. EMERY, healing and developing medium, may be found at No. 20 Pleasant street, Charlestown. Terms for each sitting, 50 cents.
MR. SAMUEL UPHAM, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass.
Mrs. L. S. NICKERSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time. Address friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Address Box 315, Worcester, Mass.
Miss ROSA T. ASHBY, 32 Allen street, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. She will also attend funerals.
Mrs. DEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 30 Elliot street, hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 6, and from 7 to 9 P. M.
Miss SARAH A. MAQUON, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main street, Cambridgeport—care of George L. Cade. If Jan 23.
J. V. MANSFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.
Mrs. W. H. HAYDEN, No. 61 Lynn street, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium.
Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium. Address J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.
CHARLES H. GOWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 7:15; performances commence at 8 o'clock.
BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6:15 o'clock; performances commence at 7:15. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2:15 o'clock.
ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Night and day, Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. All evening long. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 6:30; commence at 7:15 o'clock.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thirteen times, or three months. Eight cents per line for first insertion; four cents per line for each insertion after the first, for transient advertisements.

ALEXIS J. DANDRIDGE, Healing Medium and Electropathist, No. 3 Kneeland place. Office hours from 3 to 8 o'clock P. M. Terms reasonable.

WOULD YOU READ UNDERSTANDINGLY? HAVE A TERRESTRIAL GLOBE, and your guide for reference. Franklin's Globes, No. 10, 12, 10 and 6 inches in diameter, are for sale by the principal booksellers.
MOORE & KIMS, Manufacturers, Troy, N. Y.

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING AND DEVELOPING Medium.—Rooms, No. 15 Tremont Street, (Up Stairs), opposite the Boston Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours will visit the sick at their homes. A good Rapping, Trance and Test Medium can be found at the above rooms, whom I can recommend to the public wishing for Tests.

TEST MEDIUM.—MISS E. MOORE, TEST, RAPPING, Writing and Trance Medium. Rooms, No. 15 Tremont street, (up stairs) opposite the Museum. If June 5.
HALL'S BOSTON BRASS BAND.—Rehearsal Room, No. 13 Tremont Row. D. C. Hall, Leader and Director. 4 Winter places; Rhodolph Hall, 2d Leader; 3 Gough place; Applications made as above, or at Whitte's Music Store, Tremont Temple. D. C. HALL, Agent. June 5.

ROOMS TO LET.—Two Rooms in the premises occupied by us, No. 3-12 Brattle street. They will be finished to suit occupants, and each will make a genteel office, for any one desiring it. June 22.

ROOMS.—PLEASANT PRIVATE ROOMS MAY BE obtained by respectable parties on application to No. 142 Harrison Avenue. June 22.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Parker's Sermons of Immortal Life, 5th Edition.—Price, 10 cents. Parker's Speech delivered in the Hall of the State House, on the Present Aspect of Slavery in America, and the Immediate Duty of the North. Price, 10 cents. Parker's two Sermons on Duty of the soul on False and True Theology.—Price, 8 cents each. Just published, and for sale by BELLA MAKSHI, No. 14 Bromfield street, where may be had all the various other writings of the same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale or retail prices.

MRS. YORK, HEALING MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT, No. 14 Pleasant street, entrance on Spruce Place, near Court. Y. heals the sick and reveals the Past, Present and Future. Terms for Examination, \$1; Revelation of Events, 50 cents. Hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. June 22.

MRS. M. A. LEYON, M. D., MIDWIFE AND LADIES' PHYSICIAN, No. 36 Beane street, Boston. Mrs. L. has acquired the superior Trance Medium for the examination of disease and spiritual communications, either by Writing, Rapping, Tipping, or Entranced. Persons sending hair must enclose \$1, and two stamps. Information given under other subjects by letter, \$2. Medicines for every ill, put up as the Spirits direct. Hence the real New England Dispensary. Also, healing by laying on of hands. Patients attended at their residence.
N. B.—Persons in indigent circumstances considered. June 15.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS.—Now ready, a series of SPIRITUAL TRACTS, by Jubilee Editors. No. 1, Appeal; 2, Letter to Bishop Hopkins; 3, The Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse; 4, Certainty of ditto; 5, Speaking in Tongues; 7, Intercourse with Spirits of the Living; 8, False Prophecy. Price to the trade, or for distribution, \$1.50 per hundred. Published, and for sale by S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

ORAL DISCUSSION.—Just published, an Oral Discussion on Spiritualism, between S. B. BARRETT and DORRIS D. HANSON. 8vo. pp. 143. Price, bound, 63 cts; paper, 38 cts. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

REMOVAL.—REMOVAL! R. A. L. NEWCOMB, Healing Medium, has removed from No. 2 Suffolk Place, and taken rooms at the "Union House," 25 Elliot street. Patients will continue to be treated with the same successful plan of practice hitherto pursued by Dr. N. under the direction of the higher intelligences. In addition to this, the benefits of a quiet and comfortable home may be secured to those who, with personal attention, may desire pleasant rooms and board at a moderate charge. Patients will confer a favor by giving notice in advance of their coming. If April 24.

J. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SEALED LETTERS, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good Store).

TERMS.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum. Persons who wish a guarantee, will receive an answer to their letter, or their money will be returned in thirty days from its reception. Fee to be sent in advance, \$3.00.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. Dec. 30.

A. G. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of the patient, and a cure, or no charge. For a full and strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and prescription, when the patient is present, \$2. For Psychometric Delineations of character, \$2. To insure attention, the fee and postage stamp must in all cases be advanced. Dec. 2.

MRS. L. B. COVERT, WRITING, SPEAKING AND PER-SONATING MEDIUM, No. 26 South street, will sit for Communications between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M., and 2 and 10 P. M., or if desired, will visit families. Terms for one sitting, 50 cents. Nov. 14.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—LOCAL AND TRAVELING Agents, in a business which is sure to pay from \$20 to \$25 per week. Particulars free to all who enclose a stamp or three-cent piece for return postage, and address S. B. MYNICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examination of Home and Prescriptions by an Indian Spirit. The golden time, No. 15 Montgomery Place. If Feb. 27.

DR. W. H. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL RESEARCHER, 5 Hayward Place. If May 14.

MISS M. MUNSON, Medical Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 5 Winter street, Boston. M. M. will devote Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, to giving communications, and alternate days to medical consultations.
\$1.00.—Communications in trance, or by writing, one hour; examination of patients in person, half hour, \$1.00; examination of hair in the hands of another person, \$2.00; if by mail, requiring the examination to be written out, \$3.00. Medicines, convenient put up, will be furnished if desired. 8m May 8.

DRS. GUERRE & PIKE, Eclectic Physicians, and Medical Electricians, Give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases.
Office—17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Museum), BOSTON, S. M. D. If J. C. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., May 8.

B. O. & G. C. WILSON, WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, Nos. 15 & 20 Cornhill, near Kilby st., Boston, Mass. Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Bark, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Salts, Tinctures and Contrasted Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Agents for Glass Ware; Bottles and Phials of every description; Syringes of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reformed System of Practice; Brandy, Gin, Whisky and other spirituous liquors of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such an establishment.

Orders by mail promptly attended to. 6m Jan. 16.
J. R. ORTON, M. D. G. A. REDMAN, M. D.
DRS. ORTON AND REDMAN, Office, No. 68, West Twelfth street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, New York.
Dr. Redman receives calls and gives sittings for tests, as heretofore. If April 10, 1858.

ROSS & TOUSEY, PACKERS AND FORWARDERS OF DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS, GENERAL JOBBERS OF BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, &c.
No. 121 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Feb. 27—If

OCTAVIUS KING, ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, 654 Washington Street, Boston.
Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions accurately prepared. Dec. 16—5m—If

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY, NO. 92 SUDBURY STREET, (UP STAIRS), BOSTON. Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied with reliable help at short notice. L. P. LINCOLN. Feb. 27—If

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. C. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston. Those seeking cures of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Dec. 13

DRS. BROWN, DENTAL SURGEONS, No. 24 1/2 WINTER STREET, BALLOU'S BUILDING, BOSTON. Patients psychologized, or entranced, and operations performed without pain. If Nov. 21

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. May 1.

ORTON'S REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE, FOR convenience of transportation and sending by mail, and shipping to warm climates, this remedy is put up dry. Each small package or box contains twenty-four pills—enough, usually, for one person for the season. Price, per box, \$1. Price, per dozen, \$8. Price, per gross, \$80. Quarter gross packages will hereafter be supplied to the trade, at \$24.00.

This peculiar medicine acts Homoeopathically, according to the law of "Similia similibus curantur," and is applied, furnishing a medium for the influx of healing agencies, to the benevolent spheres of the invisible world. Its success is believed to be unrivaled, equal, at least, to that of any other remedy in overcoming the disease; and superior, inasmuch as it subjects the system to no undue strain, and leaves no injurious effects behind it. Usually the paroxysms of the disease are terminated at once, by resorting to the remedy; but when the patient remains exposed to the causes which produced the disease, a return of it is not impossible, and in many cases not improbable. Under these circumstances, it should be used moderately, as a prophylactic.

As a general tonic and restorative in all cases of debility, especially where impure miasms in the system are to be suspected, and in all cases of fever or cachexia of like origin, this remedy may be resorted to with every prospect of beneficial results.

Single boxes sent free of postage to any part of the United States, within 500 miles, on the receipt of \$1.00.

Principal Depot, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York. Address, J. R. ORTON, M. D. April 3

A MOST STARTLING DISCOVERY.—The original Gospel of JESUS, translated from manuscripts in Latin, found in the Catacombs of Rome, and edited by the Rev. GIBSON SMITH. This Gospel is compiled by MATTHEW from his own records, and those of PETER, MARK, LUKE and JOHN, and lastly revised by PETER. Also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; The Last Epistle of Peter to the Churches; The Acts of Paul and the Jewish Sanhedrin, and the history of Jesus, by PETER. Hence the real New Testament, admitted by divines to have been lost in the early ages of the Christian Era, is found, and free from human interpretations, and here presented to the world. Price, 75 cents. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.; BELLA MAKSHI, 14 Bromfield street, Boston; and GIBSON SMITH, 5 Starbuck, N. Y., and A. ROBE, No. 11 Central Row, Hartford, Conn. May 15

A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED.—HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.—DR. W. T. OSBORN, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in curing the sick, treats with unprecedented success, by the laying on of hands, in connection with other new and invaluable remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption, Liver Complaint, Scrophulous Gout, Neuralgia, Paralysis and Heart Complaint. Diseases considered incurable by the Medical Faculty, readily yield to his new and powerful remedies. Persons requiring board and treatment can be accommodated. Terms for examination at the office, one dollar; by letter, two dollars. Hours from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Rooms No. 110, Cambridge street, Boston. Jan. 2

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROF. HUSEMAY may be found at his residence, No. 13 Osborn Place, leading from Beacon street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with accounts of their Past, Present and Future, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party, enclosing one dollar, and containing all the questions of a business nature. On receipt of return postage, the activity of the person writing will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence. Hours of consultation from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. If—