

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. III.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,}
{PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 11.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
CELESTIAL LORE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

From the realms of life eternal,
From the ever-blessed shore
Of the spirit's inmost seeking,
Speed I with celestial lore;
To the fervent hearts that call me,
To the prayerful ones that stand
Wrapt in dreams of joy and beauty
On the verge of spirit land;
To the few that know and seek me,
Where alone I can be found;
In the realms of life eternal,
On its consecrated ground;
Where the spirit's adoration
Bleateth faces of thought and prayer,
Wait the lofty inspirations
Of my hallowed coming there,
"Tis no crown of earthly roses,
O'er my thoughtful brow that flings
Beauty, fragrance, light and glory,
I unfurl no rainbow wings,
I endow no fleeting shadows,
With the glory of the skies;
I uplift the yearning seeker,
To the gates of Paradise.
I unbar the flowery portals,
Bid the magic scenes unroll,
All the vast and wondrous beauty,
Of that dream-land of the soul,
'Neath its skies of mellow splendor,
Circled by its breath divine,
With its sacred music pealing,
Stands my angel-girded shrine.
There, no siren voices singing,
Lull the heart to slumber rest;
But the forms of seraphs winging
At the Master's high behest;
Bless the unseal'd vision, gazing,
Wonder-stricken from the height
Of its soul-gain'd summit singing
Thence, a song of pure delight.
From the realms of life eternal,
Willingly I wend my way,
To unfold in recognition,
Some beloved child of day;
That with angel-hearts is yearning
For communion with the blest;
Oh, dear! how it gladdens
Of the higher life in quest.
From the darkness and the tumult,
From the passion and the strife;
From the human sorrow brooding
O'er the mystery of life;
Come with me, oh, earnest seeker!
To the spirit heights sublime,
In thy faith and joy triumphant,
Over change and over time.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1858.

Splendid Romance!

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS;

OR,

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Sunday morning. A warm, silvery mist lay upon the hills. Now and then a breath of air stirred the leaves of the poplar, "turning them to silver" as it passed, and taught the slender flowers to bow their heads in morning worship. The broad, bright face of the sun was fairly above Sugar Loaf Hill, and laughing behind its gauzy veil, before the curling smoke of the chimneys mounted to meet the mist overhead. Proverbially industrious as the Mapleton people were, they breakfasted late on Sunday morning. There were two reasons given for this habit—one, that the housewives found Saturday the busiest day of the week, and being more fatigued than usual, needed the rest; another, that the people were in the habit of eating but two meals on Sunday, the dinner coming at three o'clock, on the close of the afternoon service; and a late breakfast made this weekly fast more endurable.

But among the earliest risers at all times, not excepting Sunday, was Mrs. Spicer; and on this particular morning, she was earlier than usual.

Mr. Spicer had returned from Boston the evening before, bringing with him the "Asylum girl," and as his wife was impatient to see her new charge by daylight, she roused the sleepy household at early dawn. As for Mrs. Spicer herself, she was never sleepy—those sharp, black eyes of hers were always open, searching out hidden corners, and dust that vainly sought rest. As far as her own house was concerned, she seemed endowed with ubiquity; if the boys had been playing in the garret, she knew what they had put out of place; or if they had ventured to take the stapple from the molasses jug, she knew, as if in a mesmerism state, exactly where the one stray drop had fallen. She was one of a large class in New England, who give themselves, body and soul, to housekeeping, and who consider the chief end of woman to be to scrub, cook and keep a house in perfect order. The Bible, Almanac and Cook Book constituted their library—the first named reserved for Sunday.

Mrs. Spicer's breakfast was soon on the table, for she was quick in her movements—her pork and potatoes, blisnet and butter and dough-nuts, were all in order as Mr. Spicer entered the kitchen.

"Well, wife, where is Martha?"
"She has n't made her appearance yet; I shall call her this morning, and hereafter I shall make it a rule that if she is not in the kitchen by five o'clock, she shall go without her breakfast. I have laid my

plans and chalked out her path; there's nothing like beginning right."

She had scarcely finished speaking when a tall, round-shouldered girl, with a sorrowful face, and coarse black hair, entered the kitchen. Her eyes were dark and far from expressive, and a front view of her face would give the observer an idea that her head was small, but she wore a much larger bonnet than most girls of her age. Her mouth was small, the lips compressed, indicating great firmness and determination. Had Mrs. Spicer studied that face with its high-arched bones, its complexion, indicating a nervous-bilious temperament, and the dry, hard look, like the surface of a sleeping volcano, where are the scorched and desolate remains of former convulsions, she would have hesitated and sought from a Higher Power wisdom to guide the undisciplined spirit.

But Mrs. Spicer saw only the dull eyes and slow, awkward gait, and thought, as does the owner of a spiritless plough-horse, that there was a call for goad and whip.

"Come into the shed, Martha," was her first salutation, and pointing to a sink in one corner, over which hung a copper wash-basin and a brown towel, "there is a place to wash, and be sure you never fail to hang the basin and towel in their places. I see you wear the same dress in which you rode; have you no other?"

"No, madam; and the first directress, Mrs. Huse, said that she would like to have you send my clothes back as soon as possible—but it is all in the letter."

"Send your clothes back? Got but one dress?" exclaimed Mrs. Spicer.

"We Asylum children never have clothes of our own," was the reply which fell on Mrs. Spicer's ear only as a simple remark of a stupid child; but there was a bitterness in the tones of the voice that had a meaning of their own. Study tones if you wish the key to a character—they seldom deceive. It needs but few touches for the skillful artist to decide the value of a musical instrument, and he who understands that wonderful instrument, the human voice, can often tell the springs of action by its modulation.

"Of all things, Mr. Spicer! who ever heard the like? A pretty week's work I'll have of it. Well, there's one thing about it, it will be a good chance to use up some of your wife's old clothes."

Johnnie, who was studying his catechism, looked up at this remark, and glanced from Mrs. Spicer to Martha.

He remembered something about his mother's dresses, and thought he could recall even the figures on some, and he knew she always looked neat and pretty, even in the kitchen, and he was wondering how Martha would look in these same dresses, and how he should feel seeing her wear them. But he said nothing. Johnnie had learned silence in a severe school—a lesson so difficult for older people to practice.

"There is the baby crying. Martha, you may bring it here and sit down by the fire and hold it while we breakfast."

"Where is William?" said Mrs. Spicer.

"He worked so hard yesterday, I thought I would let him sleep."

"Johnnie, what is the tenth commandment?" said Mr. Spicer, as he was about to pass the cakes.

Johnnie replied correctly, but when he came to "What is required," &c., he hesitated, getting only as far as "It requirith full contentment with our condition." It was all in vain—he could go no farther, and with a longing, lingering look at the crispy cakes, so light and large, he left the table and resumed his primer.

"We shall expect you to learn the catechism, too," said Mrs. Spicer, turning to Martha, "and shall adopt the same course we do with our own children."

"Yes, ma'am," said Martha, with a look of stupidity that augured ill for her share of pie and cake.

"I hope you've not failed to bring me a new bonnet from Boston, Mr. Spicer, for I declare I never will go into the meeting-house again with that old harum-scarum thing on my head, when there's Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Shuttleworth with new drawn silk hats."

"I believe I have executed all your commissions, and I think you'll not say anything more about Mrs. Sewall's sofa, for I have given fifty dollars for one, and you can't find a better in town."

"Well, I'm glad on one account, at least; those Shuttleworths, with their auction fiery, have held their heads so high, and acted as if we were nobody, because we had n't a couch and mahogany chairs."

"I hope you'll be satisfied now, especially as I have added to the other purchases a set of furs full as nice as those Jerry bought for his mother. They seemed to be such an eyecore to you last winter, that I doubt whether you enjoyed the sermons as well as you would have done if you had carried fifty dollars' worth of fur instead of ten."

"I enjoyed it when he preached against pride, for I never saw a prouder woman than Mrs. Sewall when she showed me her furs, and said that Jerry bought them with some of his machines."

"I can say my catechism now," said Johnnie.

"Well, let me hear it," said his father.

"The tenth commandment requirith full contentment with our condition, with a right and charitable frame of spirit towards our neighbor and all that is his."

"Well, next time I hope you'll repeat it right the first time, so as not to lose your cake. The catechism is very important for you to learn and understand, so as to practice."

Martha, who had been listening to the conversation, turned now and gazed at Mrs. Spicer; but that lady was enjoying her nut cakes and coffee.

Johnnie moved thoughtfully away, dough-nuts and the tenth commandment associated for life in his mind. Martha ate her breakfast in stupid silence, but managed to slip away her own cake, which she offered to Johnnie, but he refused, saying, if his father forbid him, he would not eat it.

"You are safe," said she, "you're not a tell-tale."

"I do n't know what you mean," said Johnnie.

"Oh, only that you're a good boy."

"No, I ain't. Mother says I'm not smart, and am very stubborn."

"Is she your own mother, Johnnie?"

"No, my own mother died when I was a very little boy."

"I guessed as much; and mine died when I was only three years old; my father is dead, too."

Johnnie looked as if he felt very sorry for her.

"Have you any uncle and aunt?"

"Not that I know of—nobody to love me, and I don't love anybody."

Johnnie opened his eyes and looked at her in great astonishment.

"Why, Martha, you must be very unhappy; I love uncles, Sewall and aunt. Sophy next to my heavenly Father—sometimes I am afraid I do better."

Martha laughed a low, contemptuous laugh that made Johnnie feel very uncomfortable.

"And so you are one of the pious children that love God, and pray to Him."

There was something in the voice and manner that jarred on the sensitive nerves of Johnnie, and he made no reply. He was sitting on the step of the kitchen door, with his Sunday school book in his hand. Martha was washing dishes in a sink near by.

"And so you love God, Johnnie? Why, it was God that took your mother from you, and that gave you her, (pointing to the nursery,) to torment you. It was God that gave me a father that drank rum, killed his wife and abused his children. He made me so ugly; just see these long arms, and this short neck, and my round shoulders, and my face—I heard one of the Asylum visitors say once in a whisper to the matron—that I looked like a baboon. Don't you think I do, Johnnie?"

"Only just a little bit, Martha; but people can love you if you are not pretty—only just be good."

"Love me! Ah! that sounds droll enough, Johnnie. There never was anybody loved me but my dog Pompey, and they killed him because they couldn't afford to keep dogs at the Asylum. All my love was flung over into the water with Pompey. There was a great stone tied to his neck, and it seemed just as if there was another dropped right into my heart at the same time, and it has staid there ever since, and don't leave any room for love."

At this point in the conversation, Mrs. Spicer came out with the baby in her arms; it was dressed in white, and looked as fresh and chubby as most healthy eight months' old babies look, right from their morning's bath.

"Here, Johnnie, take the baby and keep him while I dress for meeting."

This was never a wearisome task to the boy; he loved the child, and the infant returned the affection with compound interest. Its little, fat arms were stretched out, and it gave a spring as it heard the words—"Come, take a walk with Johnnie."

"Throw that dish-water away, Martha, and take some new," said Mrs. Spicer, "and be sure you rinse every dish; there are two dish cloths, and two wiping towels. I shall examine the dishes when you have done, and if there is one not thoroughly clean, you will have the whole to rinse over."

"Yes, ma'am," said Martha, wiping with all her might upon a saucer, turning it over and over again, and taking as much time as would be required for six.

"You'll not go to meeting to-day, Martha, so you may learn the answers to the first three questions in the catechism. William will stay at home, too. Here he comes." Rather late, my boy, you must not get so tired another Saturday night."

"I was n't tired, but I wanted to sleep; have n't you got some breakfast for me?"

"Yes, here is some, all warm."

"Is that our bound girl, mother?"

"Eat your breakfast, William."

"I thought I should like to know, because I suppose I won't have to go for the cows any more."

"That do n't belong to girls."

"Why, I saw Mrs. Shuttleworth's bound girl brushing Alexander's boots one day, and she don't look as if she could do it as well as that girl."

"Hush talking, William; have you learned your catechism?"

"Yes, I guess so," he replied, snatching a doughnut and half devouring it as he spoke. The ringing of the church bell called Mrs. Spicer away, and William and Martha were left in charge of the baby and the house.

Mrs. Spicer, in her new bonnet and mantilla, sallied past the Shuttleworths' porch with a triumphant glance at their more faded attire; she only regretted that the first Sunday in August would not admit a display of her furs to the Sewalls. We will leave her at her worship and return to Martha and William.

"No, I won't be still; it is n't your place to order me about. I'll drum on the old tin pan as long as I please; it is nothing to me whether the baby goes to sleep or not as long as I have n't the care of it."

"But it is frightened, and I can't hush it, William," said Martha, as she tried in vain to escape;

but the boy followed wherever she went with his pan and stick.

"I really believe it will go into a fit if you do n't stop," said Martha, sitting down in a chair, exhausted with her fruitless efforts; and, indeed, there was some danger, for the child's eyes were wide open, and it ceased crying for an instant and gasped for breath. Martha was accustomed to children and knew the noise must cease.

She laid the baby in the cradle, seized William's arms and took the pan by force from him. Irritated at her superior strength, he doubled his fist and aimed a blow at her face; she adroitly parried it, and winding her long arms round him, put him upon the cellar stairs and fastened the door. Regardless of his kicks and screams, she went back to the nursery, and soon had the babe in a quiet sleep.

"Let me out! let me out, or I'll tell my mother, and she'll whip you till you can't walk."

"Then I shant have any work to do," was the cold reply.

"I'll tell her that you beat and scratched me till the blood run. I'm scratching now so as to show it."

"So it seems you tell lies. I thought so the first time I saw you. I know you've told lies about Johnnie, and I know the lie you are going to tell when your mother comes home."

William was silenced for a moment; he remembered that when she put him on the stairs, there was a strange look in her face, and that her eyes glared like a hyena's.

"I'll let you out if you'll promise not to wake the baby."

After some demurring, he sulkily agreed to this proposition, resolving to make as much noise as he pleased when he had his liberty. But when Martha opened the door, her look awed him.

"You called me your bound girl this morning," said she; "do you know who else I'm bound to be beside your mother?"

"No, who is it?"

"Did you ever hear of a terrible creature that has a cloven foot, and lives in burning brimstone, only when he comes to this world to make people wicked?"

"The devil, do you mean?"

"Yes; well, I am his child, his favorite child, and if ever you do anything I do n't like, he will help me pay you. I could n't begin to tell the horrible things he shows me how to do."

William was a rough boy, a bad boy, but like all children who have been religiously taught by theory, unaccompanied by a consistent example, that "living sermon" which carries conviction with it, he was, perhaps, only the worse for his creed. He had some strange and indefinite notions of the Prince of Evil. He had seen his portrait, (fancy sketch, no doubt) in an old-fashioned copy of the Pilgrim's Progress, and he fully believed in him as a living personage, walking to and fro in the earth.

He looked at Martha. Her coarse, black hair hung about her face; her shoulders looked like humps on her back, and her eyes gleamed strangely from beneath the heavy eyebrows that met upon her low forehead.

"Do n't look like a child of the Evil One, William!"

William moved away from her slowly, and said "Yes," in a much more subdued voice than he had used before.

"Well, it is true, as you'll find some day. Now, when your mother comes from meeting, you tell her all that has taken place, but be sure you tell her the whole truth, or I shall report you to him. Him," she repeated, pointing her long finger out as if she "saw a sight he could not see."

It was a strange theology to enforce truth from fear of the Father of lies, but poor Martha had little perception of the beauty of true goodness, and moreover wiser heads than hers have forgotten, in their teachings, that "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Then she readily saw that her pupil had been governed only by fear.

For want of better employment William commenced a survey of his mother's drawers, taking out the various articles and showing them to Martha, who was careful not to touch them. Finding a key, he was much delighted.

"Now for the preserves!" he exclaimed, and prepared to open a closet where cakes and sweetmeats were kept. Of the latter there was not a great variety; a large glass jar of jelly first attracted his attention. It was upon the upper shelf, and in reaching forward to take it, his hands slipped from the smooth surface, and fell upon the floor, breaking into a hundred pieces, and scattering its contents around the closet. Martha laughed a low, disagreeable laugh, that told William he would have no sympathy from her. He ran out, looked the door and said—

"Never mind, she'll think it fell down."

"Perhaps she will," said Martha, "if you tell her so."

"Now let us go up garret," said William, slipping the key which he held in his hand in his pocket. The baby had waked from a short and disturbed slumber, and thinking to amuse it, Martha followed. The old rubbish of a garret always has its charms for a boy, and while William was ransacking the old clothes and broken furniture, Martha sat down upon a piece of carpeting and took a quiet survey of the room. High upon one of the rafters appeared to be a picture-frame with its face to the wall.

"What is that?" said Martha.

"Oh, that is nothing but Johnnie's mother. It used to hang in the parlor, I believe, but mother said she would n't have it there any longer, and Johnnie took it to his room; but he used to stay there and

look at it so much that mother hung it up here, where he could n't get at it. She said he was obstinate and did it only to plague her."

Martha laid the baby down, and climbing up with the agility of a cat, took the picture and examined it. It was a fair but sad face, as of one early acquainted with sorrow. Martha looked at it long and earnestly and her own face wore a gentle expression, as she gazed. Wiping the dust carefully from the frame, she wrapped a cloth around the picture and restored it to its place.

"Can't Johnnie climb up here and get it?"

"Not he," said William, "did n't you know he was weak in his legs, and can't run and climb like other boys? Gosh! you'd have laughed if you had seen him cry when this was taken from him. He begged and begged mother to let him have it, but she's a stiff one I can tell you; when she says 'no' you might as well try to move Sugar Loaf mountain. There can't anybody get round her but me."

"How do you do it?"

"Oh, I runnag," said William, with a twinkle of the eye. "Now, you see, I want some of that cherry cordial on the top shelf of the cupboard in the dining room, and I'll have it to-day, you see if I do n't."

There are the folks coming from meeting—let us hurry down."

But Martha was in no haste and followed slowly. William improved the time by running into the little room where Martha slept, and slipping the key of the preserve-closet into the drawer of a ostendward wash-stand that stood in the room. Chuckling at the success of his trick he ran down stairs, and threw himself on the settee, where he appeared to be writhing in pain when his mother entered.

"Oh, Billy, what's the matter?"

"Why, I've got such a stomach-ache," holding his hand upon his bowels, (the usual seat of that cherry cordial to a child), and twisting himself into various fanciful shapes, the muscles of the mouth keeping the rest of the body company.

"What shall I do for him, Mr. Spicer? I am afraid he is going to have the dysentery. I heard to-day that Mrs. Jim Smith's child was n't expected to live with it."

"Rhubarb and soda is good," said Mr. Spicer.

"Oh, dear! how it does ache!" said William, making a very touching grimace, and twisting his legs very forcibly. "Give me some of your cordial, mother."

"Well, now I think of it, it is good," said Mrs. Spicer. "Miss Polly says she always keeps it in the house for that purpose," and she poured him out a wine glass full. As he took it he cast a triumphant glance at Martha, who sat feeding the baby. But she wore the same stupid look that she had in the early part of the day, and did not appear to heed anything that took place.

"Johnnie, you must do William's chores to-day," said Mrs. Spicer; "he's too sick."

With a patient look, but a feeble step, Johnnie brought in the wood, and drove the cow from pasture; task, which, light as they are to most boys, often taxed his delicate frame too heavily. He was sitting in his room, after his work was done, watching the golden clouds in the west, and wondering, as children often do, if angels did n't come and play among them. It was one of those delicious August twilights, when the sunlight lingers so lovingly on the hill-tops, and moved the quiet child to song. Cousin Hannah had taught him the words and music, and as he sat leaning upon the window seat, thus he sung—

"There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear, but heaven.

There faith lifts up the careless eye,
The heart with anguish driven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven."

Johnnie thought himself out of sight and hearing of any one, but crouched on the top stair, near the half-open door, was the uncouth form of Martha; her elbows on her knees, and her chin resting on the open palms of her hands. She listened, but those soothing words of hope carried no balm to her heart, but she was motionless till they ceased; then rising, she opened the door a little wider, and motioned Johnnie to follow her. Leading the way, she mounted to the garret, and bidding Johnnie seat himself, she climbed the rough rafters again, and placing the portrait in a favorable position, said—

"Stay and look at it as long as you please, and I'll put it back for you."

Johnnie looked at her, a second as if in doubt whether she were flesh and blood, or a spirit; but one glance at the dear, familiar face on the canvas, and he forgot everything else. With his feet crossed upon the floor, and his hands clasped, he gazed as if his whole soul were absorbed in the object before him. At first a flush of joy—that passed, and his face was pale again, and the tears ran down his cheeks. These were wiped away, and then he sat, happy and quiet till the shadows of night concealed the picture from view, and then, creeping quietly to his room, he soon fell asleep.

We leave this family to the toils of the coming week, to their life of labor for the things which perish—a life uncheered by the innocent pleasures which make life happier. Flowers and music had no charms for Mrs. Spicer, and books were not allowed to be "scattered about," but were all carefully put away in some dark closet up stairs. The parlor was carefully excluded from the family, and opened only on very important occasions. The kitchen bore marks of constant and daily scrubbing; grey tin shone like a mirror, and even the cooking-stove

rivalled in its brightness Alexander Shuttleworth's boots. No playthings lay about the house. "It was all nonsense for the boys to have so much trumpery as the Sewalls," Mrs. Spicer said; "what with their puzzles, Noah's arks, sets of blocks, dissected maps, &c., there was hardly any spare room in the house; for her part, she would not have the house so cluttered up, just to amuse the young ones."

All the village housewives who did not come up to her standard, received a full measure of reproach from her tongue, which could move as nimbly as her feet. She intended to train Martha to her ways, as she expressed it, and as we are somewhat interested in her experiment, we will give her a call at some future time.

CHAPTER V.

"If you please, Mrs. Shuttleworth, I should like those letters very much," said Alice, very gently, one morning, as she was helping that lady in the kitchen.

"Lawful sakes! child, don't make such a fuss about a parcel of old letters; one would think it was a gold chain, or a new dress you were talking about."

"I would rather have the letters than either," said Alice, "and I will promise never to read them in my room by candle-light again, if you will let me take them."

"You had better promise that, for I should certainly take them away, if I found you wasting candles in that fashion. But I'm sure I don't know what has become of them—burned up, I suppose, long ago."

Poor Alice stopped her work, her hands dropped at her side, and her whole appearance was of one who had met with a great loss. Large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, but she uttered no complaint.

"Well, now, if you aint a baby to cry over the loss of some old, worn-out letters!"

"They were my mother's," said Alice, in such a weak, sad tone, that even Mrs. Shuttleworth was touched.

"Well, well, child, I do n't know as they are lost; Shuttleworth is such a queer creature about 'documents,' as he calls everything that is written upon; that like as not he has them locked in his secretary; it seems to me as if I had some remembrance of his taking them."

A gleam of hope cheered Alice's heart, and she resolved to apply to that source.

"I wonder you don't enquire over that jewel-box, which the Doctor took from you when you left the hospital."

Alice looked up in astonishment.

"I never heard of it before."

Mrs. Shuttleworth now looked surprised. Alice was present at the time of the transaction, and, it was supposed, remembered the circumstance.

"It was nothing very valuable, only some queer-looking, old-fashioned jewelry, which your mother asked the Doctor to keep for you. But it is not likely you will ever see it again, for Dr. Wardwell went to Europe just afterwards, to stay five years."

"What was his name?" said Alice.

"Wardwell, Dr. Wardwell, I believe; but come, you've talked enough. I am going out this afternoon, and after you have washed the dishes, I wish you would sit down and sew upon the shirts that I have cut out."

It was Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Shuttleworth and her daughters were out making calls, and Alice supposed herself alone in the house. But she heard a step in the sitting-room, and, going there, found Mr. Shuttleworth seated at his writing-desk, looking very moody and thoughtful. Alice approached timidly, and asked if he had an old package of letters, which belonged to her.

"What did you want?" said he, almost fiercely.

Alice repeated her request.

"Oh, letters, letters! old letters, did you say? Your mother's letters? How came you to ask for them now? Did you think you'd never have a chance again? Well, may be you would n't. I'll look," and he began searching his desk, with a confused and troubled look.

Alice was in painful suspense. There were piles of yellow-looking papers, all labelled, but it would seem that there were none for her. But at last, from the very bottom, was brought forth a worn and stained bundle, marked, "For Alice,"—stained they were with a mother's tears. Alice's eyes glistened as her hands grasped the package. Shuttleworth looked at her for a moment; his dress was old, and too short, being a cast-off odd of Ada Grace's. A pair of shoes from the same source, too large for the little feet that now sought shelter in them, were confined by narrow black strings about the slender ankles. Meagre and scant enough was her apparel, but the face, with its beautifully moulded features, was fair to look upon, and now it was radiant with joy.

"Alice," said Mr. Shuttleworth, "do n't you have a very hard time of it in this house? It seems to me you are working from morning till night, and, as for your fare, it is poor enough. The girls fret at you, your mistress is severe; how in the world do you manage to bear it so patiently?"

Alice blushed and trembled. This was new language for her to hear; but seeing he looked at her as if waiting for an answer, said,—"My mother used to tell me to return good for evil—she learned it in her Bible."

"Oh, then you find consolation in religion. I wish I could. The Lord knows I am heart-sick and weary enough. My children treat me with scorn—my home is a hell, (I hope there is no worse)—and—and I go only to trouble about."

He stopped short, as if surprised himself at his own words.

Alice's heart was full of pity. She had noticed, for some days, that he had appeared strangely—had eaten little, and walked the house late at night. Sympathy gave her courage.

"May I repeat my verse to you—the one that rests me when I am tired?"

"You may repeat as much Bible as you like, but it will be rain upon the rock."

"It is this, sir—come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

"Weary and heavy-laden,"—that applies to me, certainly; "weary and heavy-laden." Yes, yes, I can carry my burden no longer. I wish I could find rest. Then that is where you find it. Poor little thing! I wish you might have more of it than you can find in this house. By the way, looking at you reminds me of a note I received from Dr. Wardwell, just as my wife brought you home to live with us."

"Can take it, if you wish," and, searching her coat again, he found the following, which, like the one Alice read eagerly, and grasped as a precious treasure—

Mr. Shuttleworth—Sir,—I learn from the officers of the hospital that you have taken a little girl by the name of Alice Hoffman. I have reason to think that she has relations in England, who will gladly claim her. Her mother, though destitute at the time of her death, was evidently an educated and well-bred lady. I have reason to think that she intended making some disclosures to me, and requesting my aid in restoring her child to her relations. I have some clue, which I shall follow up—perhaps while I am absent. In the meantime, if you should change your residence, or if any misfortune occurs to the little girl, please give notice to my partner, Dr. Henry Gray, Summer street, Boston.

Respectfully yours, LEWIS WARDWELL.

"You may keep that, child—you are old enough, and it may be of use to you. Now run and borrow the last paper of Mr. Sewall."

Alice obeyed this order, and then hastened to her own room, to finish her sewing as quickly as possible, that she might gain time for reading the letters. How happy she was! happier than any queen in Christendom, though her dominion was a little, low, unfurnished kitchen chamber. It boasted of but one window, and that very small, but it was bright and clear, and on its sill two little pots of mignonette and pink, (Hannah's gifts.) The unpainted floor was well swept, and white; no rolls of dust played hide and seek under the low, narrow bed, nor could the daintiest finger have traced a letter upon the old, rheumatic table, or on the polished surface of the black, leather trunk, which article seemed rather out of place there, with its boast of London and antiquity.

Around the broken looking-glass, Alice had twined a wreath of the flowering arbutus, gathered from the woods, and beneath were some fresh flowers, given her by the Sewalls. Altogether, this kitchen chamber was a pleasant spot on that quiet August afternoon.

Alice seated herself by the window, and the needle seemed to go as if the tiny fingers were a patent sewing-machine, so eager was she to gain time for the letters, which she laid before her, that she might look at them. Stitch, stitch, stitch, but not with aching heart, or weary hands, for suddenly a fresh hope had sprung up in Alice's heart, and she had courage now for labor and suffering. She did not even stop to gaze upon the pleasant scene before her: the corn with its silvery tassels whispering to each other in the gentle breeze—the orchard bright with its ripened fruit—the yellow grain glowing in the soft sunlight, while in the back ground the woods in their rich green livery welcomed to shade and quiet. But beyond these, and towering above all, was "Sugar Loaf," with its bare, rocky summit and its tree-clad sides.

But if Alice was not looking with bodily eyes at the fair picture before her, the spirit of the scene stole into her heart, and she broke forth in song:

"High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love."

The door opened, and a bright face peeped in.

"I have come to sit with you, Aly; I knew you must be happy to have those letters again, and I hurried my work, after you came for the paper, so as to come in and see for you while you read."

"Oh, Hannah! how good you are; and would n't you like to have me read them aloud? I think you may like to hear more of my father and mother."

"That is just what I was wishing you would offer to do, Aly—but first I must say a word about Mr. Shuttleworth. Dreadful news, is it not?"

"What news?" said Alice, alarmed, for she remembered his strange looks and manner.

"Why, Mr. Shuttleworth's son! You don't take the papers here. It was in the one you first brought over. He has committed a forgery, and is condemned to the State Prison for life. Father thinks the family know nothing about it yet, unless Mr. Shuttleworth suspects it, from some hints which have been thrown out in his presence."

"Mr. Shuttleworth has appeared strangely for some days," said Alice, "and I was afraid he was in trouble."

"He has trouble enough of his own. Father says that his one year of agency has almost ruined the factory. They are trying to settle with him."

Alice was sad at heart—wretched as her home was, it was still her home—all she had, and she would gladly avert sorrow from it.

"Come, Aly, open your letters; I do not know as we can make matters better. Come, don't you see how I am making my fingers fly over your sewing? But what is that precious little letter you just took from your bosom?"

"I want you to read it, Hannah, and tell me if you do not think there is hope that I may at some time find my relations."

Hannah read and re-read, without making any comment. At last she burst forth with great vehemence:—

"Lewis Wardwell! Well, you say he's a doctor, and a good man, and a great man. Now it is over four years since this note was written, and you have heard nothing from him. I wonder if he thinks little orphan girls have more patience than other folks. Would n't I like to speak my mind to him? I'd dose him with a whole box of pills, put a blister on his back, take some ounces of blood from both arms, and keep him on a sick bed till he repented of his negligence. I have always had a high opinion of the profession; but I'm altering my mind."

Alice laughed to see Hannah's indignation. "You forget, Hannah, that he was to stay five years in England, and then I suppose he has something else to do besides looking up my relations."

"I suppose they do send letters across the ocean, Aly, and we have proof that he can write."

"Oh, Hannah, I was so hopeful just before you came in," said Alice, sadly.

"Hopeful and so you must be now; it will all come right at last. Jerry always said that you had good blood in you, and that some day you would be somewhere else than in the old kitchen—but then Jerry is just like mother, he likes to help those that are in trouble. Do not you like our Jerry, Aly?"

"Yes, I do Hannah, next to Dr. Wardwell, I like him best of any man in this wide world."

"Next to Dr. Wardwell for shame, Aly. Would Jerry have been four years finding out your relations? Now if I could put some quicksilver in that doctor's boots! I'll tell you what—I have it, Aly."

As she spoke, the report of a pistol in the house startled the girls, and they both sprang to their feet.

"What is it? What can it be?" said Hannah, who was the first to speak. Alice, pale and trembling, stood speechless. A suspicion of the truth—a horrible fear curdled her blood, but she dared not give utterance to her fears.

"Alice, you are faint," said Hannah, throwing her arms round her.

"No, no; but, Hannah, I am afraid he has—no, no, it can't be," Hannah, you must go down with me to the sitting-room."

"Yes, yes," said Hannah, "it may be nothing after all. I am sure I do n't know why I am so frightened."

They went together to the sitting-room, and there a sight presented itself which made them start back in terror. Upon the floor lay stretched the lifeless body of Mr. Shuttleworth; by his side was the pistol which had just dropped from his grasp. The head had fallen back, and the ghastly countenance, with the eyes wide open, seemed to gaze fearfully upon the trembling Alice, who was now the first to regain courage, and, springing forward, stooped and raised the head that might rest more easily, calling upon Hannah to bring some pillows. As she did this, she thought she perceived a slight motion of the eyes, and a shuddering movement of the whole body; then the eyelids closed slowly, and the head fell back heavily upon the arm which sustained it.

"Hannah, run and call your father—pray be quick."

It was an awful moment for Alice—alone with the dead, the body yet warm, resting upon her. A prayer sprang to her lips, and in whispered accents came the words—

"Our Father in heaven, forgive—take the weary and heavy laden!"

It seemed as if the dead were consoling, for there was a slight movement of the hand. Paler even than the corpse was the face of Alice, but again she murmured—

"Our Father in heaven, forgive—take the weary and heavy laden home to rest."

So absorbed was she that she was unconscious that any one had entered, till a strong arm was around her, and she felt herself gently lifted and laid on the couch.

"This is too much for you, my poor child," said a voice she knew to be Jerry's—that voice that seemed to come to her ways in her greatest trouble.

We will pass lightly over the confusion, bustle, hysterics and groans that succeeded the return of the family, and their gathering by the side of the corpse. Mrs. Shuttleworth seemed to discover, for the first time, that her husband had possessed any amiable trait of character. Seated in her rocking-chair, with her cologne bottle and handkerchief in her hands, she descended largely upon the wonderful virtues of the deceased, and by the directions which she gave for mourning—the length of veils, depth of hems, and quantity of orpals for trimming, it was evident that she meant grief should have its outward show. But the next day, when her daughters revealed to her the situation of her son in New York, the cologne bottle was thrown aside, her tongue was silent, and her own darkened room witnessed the agony and shame of the poor mother, whose mistaken ideas of education had led him to this sad result. She said no more about outward mourning. Alas! the heart in its deepest sorrow hangs out no badge of grief to catch the world's eye.

Upon Mr. Shuttleworth's desk was found a letter from the agent of the Mapleton Factory in Boston, giving an account of sales. Cloths had fallen, but following directions of Mr. S., he had forced them into market. Beside this, Shuttleworth had bought wool at high prices, without informing himself of the sudden fall in the market. The money which he had on hand he had loaned to his son, who had urged a loan, promising to return in a few weeks. The owners of the Factory became restless, and insisted upon an explanation. Shuttleworth felt that he was a ruined man—that the moment his affairs became known, his reputation was gone. It was the dread of this exposure which troubled him at the time Alice called for her letters. The paper which she brought no doubt added the last drop of bitterness to the already full cup. It was too much for the miserable man to bear. This son had been his only hope; the other was destitute of energy and tact for business, and his habits were becoming so bad that his mother and sisters suffered much mortification on his account. Poor man! his money gone, his reputation ruined, his son in prison, and his daughters vain and idle, while his wife was continually reproaching him as the cause of all their trouble. A loaded pistol was in the room—the frenzy of the moment, and a coward heart tempted, and the deed was done.

Alice had a hard time for a few days, for not a member of the family seemed to have presence of mind or inclination for household duties. But country neighbors are proverbially kind at such times, and had it not been for their thoughtfulness, the child would have sunk under her burden. The funeral ceremonies were all properly cared for, the daily wants of the family supplied, and suitable mourning borrowed for the occasion.

"Borrowed mourning!" a very singular and somewhat ludicrous custom, but so common that we do not see its absurdity, and one which would be "much better in the breach than the observance." Indeed we believe the fashion of decking ourselves in black, dwelling in shadows at the death of relatives, is a mere relic of heathen superstition, and has no sympathy with the pure faith and bright hope of true Christianity.

Mr. Shuttleworth's death produced a great commotion in Mapleton. The day after the funeral, all the owners of Factory stock were seen running to the counting-room. Among them Misses Polly and Betty Wood. Their old square-topped chaise was drawn by white Dolly, a venerable horse, whose age few knew, but whose motions corresponded very well with the rickety and rheumatic chaise. This morning Polly held the reins, one line in each hand, bending her body forward, and every now and then giving a jerk of the reins and a slap with them upon the gray back of Dolly, whose gravity and thick hide were in no way disturbed by this manoeuvre, but as if to please the old ladies, and cheat them into a belief that she was really going faster, would give a slight spring forward, and then relax into her usual jog trot.

"Isay, Betty, if we had taken Spicer's advice and sold out that day, we should have saved something; now it's all gone."

"Yes, but we could n't have sold it as good property after what he told us about it."

"That's true, but then men do such things, and I suppose they call it right in business. Spicer did it, and he is a professor."

"I am sorry, sister, that we ever meddled with Factory stock; we women don't understand such things."

"Well, we'll see what can be done; perhaps it is not so bad after all."

But it was worse even than the old ladies feared.

The company were so embarrassed that the Factory was shut up, the laborers thrown out of employment, and the stockholders liable for a heavy debt.

Spicer chuckled inwardly; he had foreseen the storm, and saddled his burden upon old Deacon Bean's shoulders. The poor man was obliged to mortgage half his farm. Spicer was one of those so-called shrewd men to be found in almost every thriving village. He was a member of the church, and furnished oil, wood, wine, &c., for the sanctuary; because he was "so good at a bargain," the deacons said; but whether the bargain was favorable to the furnished or furnisher was not decided for some years.

The Shuttleworths were treated with great kindness by the neighbors in their misfortune, but the poor mother was inconsolable, at what was truly her greatest misfortune—the imprisonment of her son. A knowledge of their poverty alone aroused her to any exertion.

"We must go back to Boston and take boarders," she said.

"Anything that will take us back to the city," her daughters replied.

Poor Alice heard the announcement with a heavy heart.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

WHAT WE LOVE.

We love religion, not the priest—
We love our country and our God;

We love the man who governs least,
Not one who rules with iron rod.

Each family should be a State,
Where all domestic virtues grow;

The heart an empire—then let fate
Attempt in vain its overthrow.

We love the farmer and his toil—
The hand-mill of life are there;

We treasure God's great gift of soil,
And His creation fair.

We love bright gold, that it may atone
Contentment in the path of care;

We hate the man who never knew
That he could have too large a share.

We love both wit and merit none,
Though poverty their grace unfold;

The diamonds in the dirty mine
Shine just as bright as set in gold.

We love the beautiful—the good—
The finished work of Nature's plan;

For, when they're fully understood,
They constitute the perfect man.

We love, in woman, virtue, truth—
And know such gems would be less rare,

If pity for her tender youth
Exposed the tempter's ready snare.

Her life is often overcast,
And darkness clouds the future way;

But heed the lesson of the past—
"Is darkness tells us what is day."

Take off thy sandals, weary wife,
And lay it at thy gate—go in;

Search for some new and radiant clime,
Unstained by the blight of sin.

We wish thy realm as free and wide
As makes God's universe our home;

That what we love might there abide,
And what is hateful never come.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MAID OF ZANTE.

OR,
THE BROKEN VOW.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

The fairest of the Ionian Isles is Zante. It was the season of vintage—the Carnival of the Grecian maidens—when the light labor of the day concluded, the peasantry assembled beneath the wide-spreading foliage for their customary dance.

The scene was an unusually brilliant and festive one, for an English regiment had recently taken up their quarters upon the island, and being from the nature of their adventurous life, a jovial set of fellows, they at once entered upon the pleasures so lavishly spread for them with all the jest of true soldiers. Their scarlet uniforms glittering through the dark green shrubbery, only served to enhance and brighten the fair picture, of which the beautiful Zanteite maidens, habited in their graceful and picturesque costume, formed the exquisite foreground. Little children, their hands garlanded with flowers, were scattered here and there upon the green sward, some engaged in their innocent sports, others stretched at the feet of their parents, who sat quietly enjoying the gay scene before them, without actually participating in it.

Apart from the merry throng stood Colonel Stanton, his arms folded complacently across his broad chest, and his calm, grey eye, intently fixed upon the queen of the dance.

Zule, the Greek girl, was lovely as a poet's dream. Her face, in its classic beauty, would have served as a model for even the most fastidious sculptor. Her crimson turban was now thrown aside, and in its place glistened a coronal of currant leaves among the folds of her dark hair, which, floating unrestrained over a pair of white and polished shoulders, swept nearly to her delicately sandaled feet. The piercing black eye of Giovanni, the acknowledged lover of the fair Zule, did not fail to detect the look of deep admiration which the Colonel bent upon his companion, as hand in hand they passed him at the close of the dance. It is said that true love cannot exist without jealousy; if this be the case, it may account in a measure for the troubled look which swept across the brow of the Greek boy, as he hurried his beautiful partner away from the gay crowd to a spot of land overlooking the bright blue sea.

"You are sad to-night, dearest," said Zule, as she twined her slender fingers amid the clustering curls of Giovanni, who lay at her feet, with his eyes steadfastly fastened upon the snowy-wreathed waves, as they dashed gently against the shore.

At first the youth addressed made no reply. At length, turning his dark orbs full upon the face of Zule, he inquired, "If Colonel Stanton had ever spoken with her?"

To Giovanni's question, she answered in the negative; adding, also, that she entertained not the slightest desire to make the acquaintance of the stern Englishman.

"Indeed, I thought maidens' heads were always turned at the sight of a red-coat," said the youth, teasingly.

"Turned away from them, perhaps," was Zule's prompt reply. "But why do you question me so curiously upon the subject?" she asked, perceiving Giovanni's glance of suspicion still resting upon her.

"I will tell you. I am convinced that Colonel Stanton regards you with no common degree of interest. Did you not notice the look of intense love that lighted up his cold, grey eye, as we passed him at the conclusion of the dance?"

"Love! What are you saying," cried Zule, springing to her feet, and confronting her lover. "If you were not the kindest of brothers to me, I should say that you had seriously offended me; by entertaining for a moment such unjust suspicions."

The flashing eye and burning cheek indicated that the pride, if not the heart, of the Grecian girl was deeply wounded. Giovanni had been too long acquainted with the varying emotions of that countenance, not to perceive this—so drawing the arm of Zule within that of his own, they sauntered slowly homeward, conversing in low, earnest tones, until both were reconciled and reassured of each other's constancy.

The parents of Giovanni Arnetto were fishermen. They were poor but honest people, concentrating all their hopes in the single old Providence, had bestowed upon them. Ten years previous to the opening of our story, the widowed mother of Zule had died, leaving the little girl of six summers to the mercy and guardianship of strangers.

Ruvin, the kind-hearted mother of Giovanni, had immediately taken charge of the orphan, installing her as a member of her family, in her own humble home, and cherishing the same feeling of affection for the girl Zule, as if she had been bound to her by the closest ties of relationship.

From earliest childhood Giovanni and Zule had been betrothed. The former was two years the senior of his adopted sister, and her constant cavalier on all occasions.

There was not a maiden upon the island who would not have gladly accepted the love of Giovanni; while the latter, upon the other hand, was the envy and admiration of his sex.

Previous to the quartering of the 59th regiment at Zante, the lives of Giovanni and Zule had glided calmly and happily by. The old people looked forward with delight to the time when their son, having completed his twentieth year, should lead to the nuptial altar the blushing and beautiful Zule. The latter had now reached her sixteenth year, and although the humble means of her parents had prevented her from obtaining a fine education, she was unusually intelligent and witty for one of her age, besides being the possessor of a rich and musical voice, which, with cultivation and proper training, would have graced many a saloon in Europe.

The jealousy of Giovanni, although a source of surprise to Zule, was by no means without cause, as will be seen by the incidents I am about to relate.

About midnight the Grecian maiden was awakened from her slumbers by loud strains of martial music. Springing from her couch, she crept to her chamber, and peering out into the pale moonlight, beheld the band of the 59th regiment beneath her window, with Colonel Stanton at their head.

Zule's heart beat quickly at sight of the English soldier, who had been the subject of so much discussion during the evening. The parents of her lover were old people, who being fatigued by their day's labor, had fallen into a deep and heavy slumber. Giovanni, upon the contrary, was a light sleeper, and it was his arousal Zule most feared, knowing, as she did, the nature of his feelings towards the Colonel.

The serenade ceased, and the Greek girl, leaning from the casement, saw all depart with their several instruments under their arms, with the exception of Colonel Stanton. A secret thrill of joy shot through the heart of the Grecian maiden, when she felt herself alone in the presence of the distinguished soldier.

A voice, low and calm, pronounced the name of Zule. He requested the young girl to grant him but an interview of a few moments. Flattered by the signal and marked attention Colonel Stanton had shown her, she yielded a reluctant consent.

To pass out of the cottage by means of the porch door, might startle the inmates of the dwelling, who, if they had been awakened by the music, at least made no demonstration to that effect. Carefully stepping forth from her latticed window, Colonel Stanton's arms received the trembling girl.

Towards a vine-clad arbor, the adroit soldier led his fair companion. Placing himself beside her upon a low, rustic seat, he talked to her of his martial exploits, his numerous adventures, and narrow escapes from death, which the interested girl drank in, like another Desdemona. Zule's answers to his various questions, uttered as they were in her natural and child-like manner, quite charmed the hitherto unimpressible heart of the daring officer.

From her lips he learned her entire history. She told him of the tender care which she had received from the hands of old Ruvin, the mother of Giovanni, to whom she was betrothed.

A despatch had been received that day from the queen, ordering his return to England. The English sloop-of-war was already on its way to Zante, bringing in it a brother officer, who was to take command of the troops stationed upon the island at that time, under the charge of Colonel Stanton.

By his animated and brilliant conversation, he succeeded in awakening in the mind of the Greek girl a desire for knowledge, a thirst for travel. When, therefore, he kindly proposed her returning to England with him, for the purpose of availing herself of his vast educational resources, the eager and impulsive child at once yielded a ready assent.

A low voice at her side whispered in her ear, "Zule, remember your vow, never to wed other than Giovanni!"

Both Colonel Stanton and his companion were momentarily paralyzed by the words of the unknown speaker. At length the former gathered courage to ask the affrighted girl if she would not like to return home. As they emerged from the shadow of the arbor, a tall figure, enveloped in a loose traveling cloak, his face partially concealed by the broad vizor of his cap, strode up to them, and, drawing a knife from his belt, aimed it at the heart of the Colonel, crying out in a hoarse voice, "Villain, thou wouldst rob me of her, that is dearer to me than even life itself! Know, then, that this is Giovanni Arnetto's revenge!"

The glittering steel flashed momentarily in the clear moonlight, but ere it had reached its intended resting-place, the young girl sprang forward, and, throwing herself between the two rivals, received the ponderous thrust intended for the breast of the Englishman. A sharp, quick cry rang out upon the air, and Zule

of the Grecian maiden, and the dark orbs of sight were lifted to the face of the sorrowing and grief-stricken officer.

"Thank God she lives!" were the words that burst from his pale lips, as he pressed her closely to his heart. A few moments later, and Zule lay upon the couch in her own chamber. Returning to a sense of consciousness, she inquired anxiously for Giovanni.

"Alas! he's gone!" was the faint response of the heart-broken Ruvina, as she raised a goblet of wine to the purple lips of the injured Zule.

On examination, the wound received by the innocent girl proved to be but a slight one; merely grazing her left side considerably below the region of the heart. A few days' careful dressing and nursing by the devoted Ruvina, and Zule was restored to health once more.

Colonel Stanton was now a constant visitor at the cottage. By his solitude and attentions to the convalescent maiden, he soon ingratiated himself into the favor of the old couple, who were too deeply absorbed with grief at the loss of their child, to inquire particularly into the Englishman's motives.

Three weeks from the time of Giovanni's supposed murder of Zule, and subsequent flight from the home of his childhood, Zule stood upon the dock of the English sloop-of-war, the St. Joseph, now preparing for her return to England. By her side stood Colonel Stanton, in all the pride of manly dignity. With his plumed cap, he waved a graceful adieu to the loyal soldiers of his regiment, who were now assembled upon the shore to take a last farewell of their beloved commander.

The band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and the barge, with its snowy spread sails, moved slowly off. With tears in her eyes, Zule watched the fluttering kerchief of Ruvina, and the upraised cap of old Arnetto, whose hearts were now made doubly dreary at parting with the loved child of their adoption.

Had Giovanni gone to his home, after the night of his intended tragedy, Zule's old love would have returned, and forgiveness, woman's noblest attribute, reinstated the impetuous lover once more in the affections of his betrothed.

No intelligence having been received of the absent one, Colonel Stanton implored the hand of Zule in marriage. At first, the Grecian maiden refused to listen to his entreaties, and to break the holy vow of betrothal which for long years had existed between Giovanni and herself. In vain she represented to him the great difference in their social positions, her lack of education, and the numerous accomplishments that constitute the polished lady.

With his cunning and tact, the importunate suitor succeeded at last in conquering every objection which the unsuspecting heart of Zule had raised. A private marriage followed, to which Arnetto and his wife, at last reluctantly gave their sanction. With Zule's departure from Zante, fled also her bright dream of happiness! Clouds were thickly gathering about the horizon, and the gloom of night was fast settling upon her once radiant soul!

It was the winter of the year 1890. London was unusually brilliant and gay. Col. Stanton was admitted to high favor in the presence of his Queen. For some slight service done Her Majesty, Elizabeth had extended to him proofs of warmest friendship.

He whom royal honors need not mourn for lack of friends in England's great metropolis. Lionized on every side by the great and influential, the proud-spirited Englishman was now in the zenith of his glory.

It was the close of the year, and a grand court ball was given by Elizabeth to her subjects, in honor of the occasion. For a time, England was comparatively at peace, while the encouragement given to the arts and sciences made her the seat of learning, and the admiration of Europe. The palace of St. James was one blaze of splendor. The vast halls were crowded with gay masqueraders, while the air was freighted with the fragrance of flowers. Merry feasts kept time to joyous music, while sad and happy hearts were alike concealed by the external adornments of wealth and fashion.

Upon her stately, canopied throne sat Elizabeth, her plain person robed in a magnificent ball dress of white velvet, heavily embroidered with gold. By her side sat the young Grecian Ambassador, his mask lightly thrown aside, revealing a face of rare beauty, while the dark kindling eye and expressive mouth bespoke a mind of no inferior order.

The new candidate to royal favor had but recently arrived in England with his extensive suite. A few days after his presentation at court, his fame had spread throughout London. Ladies raved over his singular beauty and elegant figure, while many an ambitious cavalier envied the graceful Greek his brilliant conversational powers and general ease of manner.

That the Queen was strongly impressed with the new comer was evident, from the length of time that she had been engaged in earnest conversation with him.

Amidst the dense crowd there assembled, the attention of the Ambassador had been attracted toward one in particular, whose grey eyes gleamed fearfully out from beneath his fringed mask, as he constantly passed and repassed the throne of his sovereign. Whether his piercing glances were directed toward the Queen or himself, he was unable to determine. Upon his arm hung a fair lady, clad in the beautiful costume of an Eastern Princess, whose lively prattle and coquettish manner were apparently little heeded by her attendant cavalier.

There was something in the martial bearing and proud carriage of the man, that reminded him of a form he had met in previous years. He was just on the point of inquiring his name of Her Majesty, when the various clocks of the city chimed out the hour of midnight. The dancers paused in the midst of their revelry, to give a momentary thought to the death of the Old Year, before entering upon the uncertain scenes and festivities of the New.

The last stroke of twelve had hardly died away, when a female figure, dressed in spotless white, forced her way into the brilliantly-illuminated hall, unheralded and unaccompanied. Her air was that of a person bewildered. She seemed more like an inhabitant of the grave than a living mortal, as she stood there in the presence of that gay company, her dark eyes emitting an unearthly light, and her disordered raven hair falling in heavy masses to her feet. There was a classic beauty about the finely-cut features of that marble face, although grief, rather than years, had left its traces upon the fair, low brow.

One moment she stopped and gazed wildly about her, as if by instinct, rushed furiously toward the strange mask who had so excited the Ambassador's attention during the evening. Casting a fery glance at his shrinking companion, she boldly ad-

vanced, and, with a quick movement, tore the mask from the face of the richly-dressed cavalier, exclaiming in a loud tone—

"Before Heaven and man, I now expose thy crimes!"

The velvet mask dropped to the floor, disclosing the stern features of—Colonel Stanton.

The entire assembly looked on with breathless silence; even Elizabeth seemed spell-bound by the strange presence of the intruder. At length, recovering her usual composure and wonted dignity, she demanded the woman to explain the cause of such singular and unlooked-for conduct. With a slow step she moved towards the throne, and kneeling at the feet of Elizabeth, uplifted those eyes, from which the light of reason seemed forever to have fled, and turned them toward the cold face of the Queen, when suddenly her gaze fell upon the countenance of the handsome Ambassador.

"Giovanni!"

"Zule!"

These were the words pronounced by both, as the latter rushed forward to catch the body of his early love, and, with a wild scream, she fell to the marble pavement.

A low murmur of surprise ran through the multitude there assembled, while a look of extreme wonder overspread the face of Elizabeth, and she looked towards the Greeks for a solution of the mystery.

The cry that burst from the lips of the injured wife was the sign of returning consciousness. Her story was soon told. Persuaded to leave her island home by the artful Englishman, she had gone through the ceremony of a mock-marriage, secretly planned by him who so cruelly had deceived her. Upon landing in England, Colonel Stanton had engaged apartments in the suburbs of London for the unsuspecting Zule. Here she lived for years in perfect seclusion, visited only occasionally by him whom she truly believed to be her husband.

Ashamed to present the uneducated yet beautiful Greek girl at court as his wife, he cruelly abandoned her, after revealing to her the base forgery of her marriage. The suddenness of this terrible intelligence, together with the birth of a son, deprived the mother of her reason, which the sight of Giovanni had restored.

Some feeble attempts were made, upon the part of the base-hearted Stanton, to vindicate his own course, but they were useless. Elizabeth, with her love for justice, would have imprisoned him for life; but, owing to Zule's entreaties, she changed his sentence, and, depriving him of his commission, exiled him forevermore from England.

Once again the brows of the Zante maidens were wreathed with coronets of current-leaves, on the occasion of the nuptials of Giovanni and Zule. The parents of Arnetto having long lain in their graves, the happy pair, together with the youthful Giovanni (the child of Colonel Stanton), removed to the city of Athens, which had, five years previous, afforded an asylum to the self-banished Arnetto. Long years of uninterrupted prosperity and domestic joy were granted them, until time had nearly obliterated from the minds of both, the memory of "The Broken Vow."

Written for the Banner of Light.

MAMMON.

BY C. TABLAU.

When Moses saw his people bending down
To worship Mammon in the golden calf,
He trembled from his sandals to his crown,
And felt the keenest pang in his behalf;
For his great aim it was to teach his kind
To worship the invisible I AM,
And lead them from a faith, both rude and blind,
To true perception of the human mind.
Hundreds of centuries have passed away,
And still the people have not found their God;
But still they sacrifice, and humbly pray
At Mammon's garish shrine, and at his nod
Humanity will tremble or rejoice,
As if the universe were his own,
And his the mighty sceptre of the skies—
The deep immensity his wondrous throne.
The thirst for gold makes man a slave to sin,
And nips his aspirations in the bud;
It petrifies his tender heart, and when
His spirit leaves the form, it is a dead
Not fit to soar to heaven, but must return
To where it finds affinity—alas,
His lot is melancholy and forlorn,
Who worships Mammon to the last.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A SINGULAR STORY OF SECOND-SIGHT IN SWEDEN.

The narrative about to be related is more than usually well authenticated, and deserves an attentive perusal, says the New York Spirit of the Times. It is extracted from an old German manuscript, included among a number of other documents left by Count Horn, a celebrated Swedish minister, towards the close of the last century, to the University of Gottenburgh, in the archives of which it has been found by the Chevalier Engstrom, who, a few years ago, was British Consul there. The paper in question is written in Latin, and is evidently the production of no commonly accomplished person. The results, with only a few of the reflections, are given in the strange narrative that ensues, which certainly is one of the most startling that has ever been met with in modern times; for to the formal document, on which it is founded, the names of six witnesses of high family and character were annexed. It may be added, also, that the tale was current for a century in Sweden, and cited as ominous, long long before the events received their accomplishment. But to the point.

Charles the Eleventh, of Sweden, who—as all the world knows—was the father of the great Charles XII., that long proved a successful rival to Peter the Great, was a downright despot, and yet as wily and as sage a sovereign as ever presided over the Court of Stockholm. Oligarchical before, the country, hitherto ruled by nobles and wealthy burghers, yielded at once to its sovereign, who forced the States-General to confide the entire power to himself, who, though enlightened beyond his age, noble-spirited, and sincerely attached to the Lutheran religion, was, on the other hand, cold, dogged, inflexible, and simply a man of facts, without judgment or imagination.

At the time of which we speak, he had just lost his unhappy consort, Eleanor Ulrica; and although her report said that his own harshness and cruelty towards that lady had hastened her end, he showed his esteem for her memory by a grief more touching than could have been expected from a nature made of stuff so stern as his. He ordered it, too, in his peculiar way—that most accorded with the nature of a stern and positive man; he became, in short, more stern and taciturn than ever; and, as his nature led

him to state and military occupations, these were only the more increased, in order to distract his attention from the domestic calamities that had befallen him.

The early gloaming of a late autumn, when the wind and sleet gave dreary presage of a quickly approaching winter, found this gloomy monarch in his cabinet at Stockholm, seated, in his dressing-robe and slippers, before a huge fire, such as (before the days of artificial warming) was indispensable in so cold a climate. Seated in his huge arm-chair, and thoughtfully leaning his head upon his upraised arms, he scarce perceived the presence of his chamberlain—the celebrated astronomer, Tycho-Brahe, who was the depository of all his secrets—and paid even less attention to his physician, Dr. Baumgarten, who, though he doubted of everything else, had the most implicit faith in medicine, and had so well succeeded in convincing the King of his ability, that on that very evening, he had been summoned to give him advice, and provide a cure for some real or imaginary disease.

As courtiers should do, they patiently awaited the royal pleasure; but though the night drew on apace, the King, contrary to his custom, failed to wave his hand as a signal for their departure, for he was vacantly gazing on the fire, and though weary of his attendants, yet feared, from some cause that he could not explain, to be left alone.

The Count saw that his presence was far from agreeable, and had more than once hinted his fears that his Majesty required repose; but a silent gesture kept him in his place beside the monarch's chair. So likewise with Baumgarten; his profession seemed to give him the liberty of saying how injurious late hours might be to the King's health; but his only answer was, scarcely audible through the teeth: "The King will mind himself; stay there, man—I am not sleepy yet."

Such words from so absolute a monarch were conclusive, and the courtiers were compelled to try different subjects of conversation successively to keep their master's spirits up; but they all failed. The King, in short, was in one of his darkest and most revolting tempers; and this made the courtiers' position not a little painful. As for Baumgarten, he remained silent; but the Count Brahe, believing that the King's sadness proceeded from grief at the loss of his Queen, gazed for a while on a portrait of her hung near the fire-place: "How striking the likeness—the expression, too, uniting so much gentleness with true quietly dignity."

Charles heard his mumbled words, and supposing them intended as a sidelong reproach, such as he was wont to hear from many others, for his cold unfeeling conduct towards his Queen, just raised his head from his elbow and said: "Pshaw! man, thou art a fool!" and sneering, as he rose from his chair, and pointed to the picture: "Fool! fool! thou knowest your portrait is but flattery; she was ugly as —" And then in a paroxysm of excitement and passion, he stamped his foot and walked about the room, as if to hide an agitation for which he might well have blushed, had it been his nature. He stopped, however, before a window looking out upon the court, and gazed on the moonlit scene around.

The palace, now occupied by the Kings of Sweden, was not yet completed; and Charles XI., who planned and began it, was still residing in the old palace, situated just at the angle of Rittenholm, that looks upon the Lake Moele. "It was a large prison-like edifice. The King's private cabinet was in one of its wings; and nearly facing it was the great saloon, where the States assembled when summoned to receive any message from the crown."

In this chamber it was that the King more particularly gazed; and, strange to say, its windows appeared to be brilliantly illuminated. He at first thought that this unusual light might proceed from the torches of some passing servants; but then what could they want at such an hour in a chamber that had not been opened for so long a time? Besides, the light was too bright, far too bright, to proceed from a few passing torches. Neither could it be a fire; for there was no smoke, no appearance of destruction from the fiery element, no noise of alarm or crashing rafters; it could be nothing, then, but an illumination. The King gazed upon the windows for some minutes in silent astonishment; and his minister, Count Brahe, who saw the strange phenomenon as well as himself, was about to ring a bell upon the table for a page, who might be sent to inquire the cause of so singular a light. The King, however, stopped him. "No," said he, "I care for neither man nor spirits; I will go myself." At the same time, however, the Count noticed that the monarch turned pale, as if from a sort of religious awe. Nevertheless, his mind was fully bent to its purpose; and he went forth firmly, followed by his chamberlain and physician, who each bore a lighted candle, as they ushered him across the court.

The porter who had the keys, had been long in bed; but the Baumgartens awoke him, and bade him in the King's name to open forthwith the doors of the Chamber of the States. The poor man, only half awake, was astonished at so unexpected a request; but he instantly dressed himself, and joined the King with his bunch of keys. They first opened a door leading to a gallery which served as a sort of ante-chamber to the grand saloon; and when the moody King entered it, great was his surprise to find the walls were hung with black!

"Who has dared," said he, looking round with anger, "to order this chamber to be hung like this?" The porter trembled beneath his angry gaze, and was unable to answer; for all he knew was, that the last time he swept the apartments, they were lined with oaken panels, as usual, and he was not aware of any materials in his Majesty's wardrobe that could have been used to produce such a change.

Charles went forward with nervous rapidity, crossing more than two-thirds of the long gallery, followed by the chamberlain and porter; for the doctor hung behind, having no relish for the possible consequences of an adventure so unquestionably strange, and which might be disastrous, too.

The porter was the first to speak, and his accents were those of terror—

"Advance no further, Sir; depend on it, there's witness here. This is the hour at which, ever since the death of Her Majesty—whose memory Heaven bless!—a ghost, her spectre, walks the gallery!"

The Count, too, heard a noise, as if coming from the state-saloon beyond, while Baumgarten, whose candle a puff of wind had extinguished, proposed to fetch a body of the palace guard.

"Towards!" said the King, indignantly, "what fear ye? I will enter; open instantly these doors, I say!" and therewith he kicked against them with his foot, causing a sound which echoed like thunder through the empty apartments.

The unhappy porter now trembled to such an ex-

tent, that the keys rattled, and all his strength could not make the key enter the lock.

"Pshaw!" said the King, "an old veteran tremble as a child—shame on you!" and then turning to the Count, he bade him open the door.

"Sir," said the chamberlain, retiring a step, "were your Majesty to bid me face a fire of Danish or Russian cannon, I would obey your orders instantly; but I cannot, I dare not, face the powers of heaven or hell."

Charles, thus balked in his purpose, rudely snatched the keys from the porter. "Dastards!" said he, with a tone of contempt, "what fear ye? This must, I see, be my affair alone;" and before his attendants could advance to aid him, he had opened the thick oaken door of the saloon and entered it, invoking Heaven, with reverence, to aid him in his work. Curiosity was now stronger than fear with his attendants, and all three followed him, as if ashamed of the terror they had shown.

How great was the surprise of all! The chamber of state appeared to be illuminated by a countless number of waxen lights; and the walls, which hitherto had been lined with antique tapestry, representing events of Swedish history, were now hung with black. Along the walls, too, were hung in order numerous flags that had been taken as trophies by the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus from the Germans, Danes, and Russians; but, what was yet more strange, several Swedish banners might be perceived covered with funeral orape. On the benches that lined the chamber on either side sat an immense assembly—nobles, clergy, citizens, farmers—in short, the representatives of the four great Orders of the State; and they were all clad in the deepest black. Their countenances, too, shone so brightly amid the sombre hues by which they were surrounded, that the eyes of the King and his four attendants were fairly dazzled as they looked, though none were able to recognize one single individual in the whole assembly; for all appeared like that undistinguished mass of human faces that an actor sees before him on the stage.

At the further end was the throne, from which the King was used to address the States; and on it they beheld a bleeding corpse attired in the insignia of royalty. To the right stood a boy with the crown on his head, and holding a sceptre in his hand; while on the other side was an aged man, or rather a spectre, who leaned against the throne, and was clothed in the ceremonial dress worn by the state ministers of the court of Sweden before Vasa erected the republic into a kingdom. Fronting the throne, again were several grave, austere-looking persons, clad in long black robes, and seemed to be the judicial officers, for they were seated at a table whereon there were numerous ancient-looking folios and parchment documents. In front of the table, on the floor between the benches, was an execution-block covered with orape, and on it rested a headsman's ax.

The spectacle was awfully strange; and what was stranger still, no one in this ghastly assemblage appeared to recognize the presence of either Charles or his attendants. The only audible sound, indeed, which reached the ears of the latter was a confused murmur, but not an articulate word ever reached the ears of the astonished spectators. Presently, however, the oldest and gravest of the black-robed judges, who seemed to act as President of the assembly, solemnly rose and struck with his hand three times upon the folio before him. Instantly all was silence. Then several handsome youths in rich attire, but with their hands confined by ropes behind their backs, entered from the door opposite to that by which the King had just entered. They walked proudly, and with a bold, courageous step. But who was the strange being that followed them? He was a stalwart, muscular person, clad in a brown leather jerkin, that closely fitted his person, and in his hand he held the end of the ropes by which the youths who walked before him were secured. When the prisoner who entered first and seemed to be the chief, had reached the middle of the hall, he suddenly stopped before the block, on which he looked with infinite disdain. Meanwhile, the corpse upon the throne appeared to palpitate and tremble with a convulsive movement, and fresh red blood flowed from a wound in its side. The youth then, bidden by the headsman, knelt before the block, and placed his head thereon. The axe suddenly rose, glittering in its course, and fell with a noise that echoed through the building. A stream of blood flowed upon the floor, and reached even the corpse upon the throne, while the head, rolling along the centre of the hall, reached even the feet of Charles, and bathed them with gore.

The stern King had, until now, been silent with surprise, but the horror of the spectacle had just witnessed gave utterance to his tongue. Advancing, therefore, up the hall, he addressed the principal of the spectral Ministers of State:

"If thou be spirit sent from Heaven, oh, speak to me; if goblin damned, depart in peace!"

The spectre, lifting his hands, solemnly and slowly replied:

"Thou art Charles the Eleventh. Now mark; this blood shall not be split while thou art King—but five reigns afterwards. But woe betide the blood of Vasa!"

From that instant the shapes of the numerous personages in the ghastly assembly began to be less vivid and distinct, disappearing altogether in a few brief minutes. The supernatural lights, too, around the chamber burned dim, and soon became extinguished; and when the chamber was lighted only by the flambeaux borne by the King's attendants, they only dimly showed the tapestry with which the wall was hung. Still there was a murmuring sound, as of the wind meaning through the leaves of the forest, or of an Aeolian harp; and the King looked round with awe, when he found the spectral scene had closed.

There was no doubt, however, that the appearance was supernatural, for when the Count and Baumgarten lifted on high their flambeaux to examine the chamber, the sable hangings, the block, the axe, the disordered head, and the streams of blood which seemed to have deluged the floor, had all disappeared with the rest; and the only proof of the reality of the scene was a deep stain of blood that marked the slither of the King, who never forgot the events of that awful night.

On re-entering his cabinet, Charles caused a statement of the facts to be drawn up, and it was signed by himself and the three attendants who had witnessed them. No little care was taken to hide the matter from the knowledge of the public; but the event had become generally known, even before the death of Charles the Eleventh; and the words which he dictated at the close of the document are very remarkable: "If the narrative just given is not the real and unvarnished truth, I give up every hope of

enjoying that better life which some of my deeds may have deserved, and especially my zeal for the public good and my solicitude for the interests of that religion which has so long been professed by my ancestors."

It only remains for us to add that this strange and supernatural prophecy received its fulfilment when Gustavus III., towards the close of the last century, five reigns afterwards, received his death at a masked ball from the pistol of the assassin Ankaström. He was tried and condemned; and the youth who was beheaded before the spectral States-General, in this singular vision, was no other than the murderer of Sweden's anointed King. The crowned corpse upon the throne was therefore Gustavus III.; the boy on his right was his son and successor; and, lastly, the old man on his left must have been the Duke of Sudermama, the uncle of the last, who was first regent of the kingdom, and then its sovereign, after his nephew's deposition.

We believe there is no instance in the history of any country of so extraordinary and so well authenticated a case of second-sight; for it is so dom indicated that any second witness, and much less four, can be found to guarantee the truth of so strange a phenomenon as that just recorded.

N. B. This strange story has already been given by French, German, Danish, Swedish, and Russian writers, but the above is the only true version that has ever been offered to the American public.—W. R. S. Markwell.

ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER.

NO. VIII.

I wish to tell you what part of that excellent paper excites my interest most. It is the "Messenger" portion, and I look over the columns devoted to that source with great interest. I have not yet seen anything among the communications, or messages, that identifies any person I ever know, who is now in the invisible world; but should anything appear that I can verify to you, I will try not to neglect that duty—and I see no reason why something of this kind may not occur at some future time.

Since I wrote to you last, I have had presented to my mind a very forcible and striking illustration of the position Spiritualism must be in, in relation to a very great many minds.

I have only to present the matter for your consideration, and I am sure, when you have glanced it over, you will be as forcibly struck as I was with the illustration.

Suppose, for instance, while yet Chicago was somewhat a commercial city, but the telegraph wire had not yet been realized—and that you had a friend residing there, with numerous connections surrounding him. His health, for some reason, requires the invigorating influences of the sea air—a change of climate. He comes to Boston, and, at your suggestion, he takes a passage on some vessel, bound to the Mediterranean; and on the voyage the vessel meets with one of the numerous casualties that have so often consigned the voyager to the deep, and he is one of the few on board the vessel who are saved—picked up—by an outward bound East Indian, and by a succession of reverses and misfortunes that protract his stay away from his own country for years, he is prevented from even communicating his condition or position, or learning anything that is transpiring at home. At length fortune favors him, and you are one day astonished at beholding your long lost friend, who narrates his mishaps to you, and expresses his desire to communicate with his friends at the earliest possible moment. You tell him of the magnetic telegraph, by which he may send his thoughts thousands of miles in an instant of time, and you go to the telegraphic office with him. His message is sent, and, by a strange coincidence, perhaps one of his sons may be in the office at the other end of the line. Now imagine what must be the perplexity of mind a person would be in at such a moment. The telegraph would be as great a mystery to him, as ever Spiritualism could be to any one. Could he realize fully and truly the fact that he was holding converse with a dear relation, thousands of miles distant, through a little bit of clock-work, with a slip of paper running through it, and only a little wire connected with the clock-work, as a medium of communication over such a vast distance? Do you not see that a person placed in such circumstances would feel as if he was the victim of some delusion, that even you were willing to lend him into? And, more especially, would not this be true, if your friend was unacquainted with these phenomena of electricity and magnetism, which, when arranged by a master-mind, produced the telegraph?

I have merely laid out an outline of this idea, that suggested itself to my mind, leaving to your imagination the astonishment your supposed friend might feel, his impatient curiosity to learn how such a thing could be done, and his admiration of the perfection of the telegraph, when its simplicity of construction and operation was fully explained to him.

In such a case as this, a man could easily be convinced, for he could be shown the operation of all the elements of the telegraph, and be made to comprehend their relations to each other, far enough to understand the use and application of it, as now used.

But spiritual matters differ from the telegraph, in this one thing—all the machinery is invisible and intangible. We can neither see it nor feel it, in the ordinary sense of the word "feel." Although in the "manifestations" there may be something that corresponds with or is analogous to the electric and magnetic forces of the telegraph—we may not be able to understand the relation of the several parts or elements required for spiritual "telegraphs," as we do in the magnetic telegraph. We can only see some of the results—one can read the messages—or receive the communications, and the best evidence we can have of this character, is in the identities announced or proved by the communications.

The above communication relative to the telegraph, that I send you herewith, was suggested, or presented to my mind at one time, not long since, when I was thinking of you, and of something which I had written to you relative to spiritual matters.

I have some curious ideas about this matter that I have just written to you. I am almost of the opinion that the ideas therein contained were impressed upon my mind for some purpose in connection with yourself, or with the extension and dissemination of useful thoughts on this subject.

I wish to say, that I do not reflect upon what I shall write on this subject nor take any care to seek for ideas, nor to take any particular time for writing what I do write. I sit down to write when the "fit takes me," with only the prompting idea before me, and take no heed beyond that—I believe I am becoming a little more sensitive (or conscious)

of the presence of impressions, than I have been. I notice some things of late, which seem to indicate that I am influenced by invisible identities, and am generally made conscious of their having been present by their sudden departure. The manner in which I have found this exhibited, may be best exemplified by allusion to the ordinary matter. I am very fond of music, yet have never cultivated my taste in a practical way to any extent, so as to become proficient. But, I have an old-fashioned harmonicon which I worry once in a while, when I can think of nothing else to do—and oftentimes I find my fingers moving glibly over the keys, bringing out harmonies, which sometimes astonish me, and almost invariably when this is the case, I find myself brought to a sudden halt, my fingers get on the wrong keys, and I am almost wholly confused. I then become conscious that something has gone from me. It is frequently the case that I experience some such confusion, and an utter indifference to my pursuits, when I am engaged in some nice and difficult piece of work, upon which I am engaged, *con amore*, not exactly of a professional character.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

The following firms will supply country dealers South and West:
 BOSTON & TOWN, 121 Nassau street, New York.
 S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, New York.
 F. A. DAVIS, 107 South Third street (below Chestnut) Philadelphia.
 BARRY & CO., 302 Race street, Philadelphia.
 BARRY & CO., 302 Race street, Philadelphia.
 R. W. PEARCE & CO., No. 28 West 6th street, Cincinnati.
 R. W. WOODWARD & CO., St. Louis.
 A. DAPPELMOY, New Orleans.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

LUTHER COLBY, THOS. GALES FORSTER,
 WILLIAM HENRY, J. ROLIN M. SQUIRE,
 EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Office of Publication No. 3-12 Brattle Street.

TERMS.

Single copies per year, \$2 00
 " six months, " 1 00
 " three months, " 50

CLUB RATES.—Clubs of four and upwards, One Dollar and a half each copy per year. Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies will receive one copy in addition. Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS, are requested to procure subscriptions at the above rates. Sample copies sent free.

Address "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.
 Colby, Forster & Co.

OUR OWN AND OTHERS' OPINIONS.

If we ever stopped to think of it, it is just the grandest arrangement in the world that no two of us think alike. The dead level of such a conformity would be a more wearisome sight for the mortal world than miles of flat prairie-land are on the surface of that world which is described in geographies. Some ill-informed people may imagine that nothing could be finer than for all mankind to be of the same mind; but we honestly believe that, even conceding there would then be less wrangling, there would likewise be ten thousand fold less of what we now call Life.

Partisans, hot-headed fanatics, and intemperate reformers become imbued with an idea—generally from dwelling upon it to the exclusion of all others,—that their system, and their set of theories, is about the only one that will work; and the next step in their logic is a very easy one for them to take,—that all who do not fall in with their views and notions must be either infidels or enemies. And so Reform has come to signify something that is antagonistic to almost all those qualities of human nature that, after all, are chiefly desirable either as original endowments or acquisitions.

Others, on the other hand, have quite as good a right to set up their theories, and their dogmas, and to insist that the rest of the world shall subscribe unconditionally to their arrangement; and on finding that they do not catch the ear of the world as they expected, they have further just as good a right to declare war and to carry on the battle. So that out of these needless clashing and conflicts, engendered only by impatience, half views, selfishness, and a mixing in of ambitious desires,—nothing is likely to come at last but bad temper, heated blood, and an impaired digestion.

It need not be so, by any means. If the desire is only to investigate truth, that is to be come at by another way. Battling with shallow sophistries and sharp-cornered arguments, contesting ground as enemies contest it—foot by foot, and striving with shouts and outcries to obtain a victory—this is in no sense an inquiry after truth, but merely a sally out of camp for the purpose of taking an enemy by surprise, and so gaining an easier victory. Not in this spirit or temper does truth allow herself to be approached. She dwells within an inner court, and the presence that perpetually guards her is the sweet and silent presence of angels.

In argument, men rarely take hold of the truth by the handle; and for this reason, that they are trying to wield it as a weapon for their own victory or advancement, rather than to grasp it as a staff and stay on which they may lean for perpetual support. It would be well to think of this matter oftener, for many and many a mistake might thus be saved, and many a tongue would be silent where now it is only goaded on by pride and a desire of victory to utter rash, harsh, and one-sided things.

But we have traveled a little away from the straight line laid down by our topic. It is more and more our fixed opinion, the longer we live and study mankind, that this disposition which every age has to look at matters differently from every one else, is, after all, the greatest stimulant to individuality that exists in the make-up of the human mind. Were we all smooth-faced conformists, made in a single mould, and parrotizing our opinions after some particular man, or set of men, who had somehow acquired authority—all character would very soon be at a ruinous discount, and to live could scarcely be esteemed a better thing than to die, and then:

"To lie is cold abstraction, and to rot."

When we bring ourselves to look at this matter in this way, studying with care the manifest design of the good All-Father in thus endowing His children in this cradle-stage of their existence, we shall reverse all our stale old prejudices, and find cause to be grateful that it is ordained of Heaven just as it has been ordained. For otherwise, there would be no object worthy of our aspirations or efforts. If one person did not see what another person does not, they would both of them come by-and-by to see nothing at all. Total blindness would very soon drop like scales, before the eyes of their now awakened souls. Hence there is a great demand for clarity, in con-

struing other persons' views. They do not see just as we do, and it is a part of their character that they should not; we have no need to get angry about it, but rather all the more need to consider their peculiar views all the more when making up opinions for ourselves.

It is the oversight of so simple a matter as this, that has made such wide-spread trouble in society. We should all get on faster, and with a vast deal more unanimity, if we could but agree to differ. It is this attempt at uniformity that begins the trouble, and will keep it up till the attempt is finally abandoned. We cannot make men all of one mind, any more than we can make them all of one color. Neither is it desirable, if we could. Nature has done her own work in her own way; and God has pronounced it all "very good."

We cannot but feel, when we see one of these one-sided and straight-lined individuals, who cannot for his life see any good in any Nazareth but that out of which he came himself—that he would live a hundred lives where now he lives but one poor and mean life, and perform a hundred times as much service as he does now in the world, if he were to try to find what good there is in everybody and everything around him, and to thank God daily that his soul was large and free enough to be healthy.

JUNE.

The month of roses has dawned. Its soft footsteps can be traced through the valleys and up the rugged hillside. The smile of Nature gladdens the earth. Birds which have lingered longest among groves of orange and banana are at length making their appearance in the Northern woodlands. Up from the bountiful earth upon which the husbandman has labored, the green blades of corn leap to meet the warm rays of the sun. All the teeming land glows with promise to the farmer, giving assurance of a plentiful harvest. The earth seems young again. Rambling among the undisturbed domains of Nature, it is difficult to reconcile its perfection and Millennial beauty with the ceaseless strife of contending passions, the eager struggle for the throne of Mammon, which flood, like some dark, dismal sea, the cities of the world. Out where the forest trees bow their graceful heads in adoration of their Maker, while their boughs resound with the thanksgivings of the songsters of the air, Peace and Freedom walk lovingly hand in hand. The turf glitters with starry flowers, and from out the crevices of the rock the honey-suckle and the hare-bell spring in profusion. The earliest ray of the coming sun is greeted with a joyous outburst of music, and bright winged birds, rejoicing in the new opening day, circle in joyous flights through the fragrant air. The world of Nature awakes with a smile.

Within the precincts of the town, the toil worn seer is awakened by the clang of the bell, which calls him to his ill-requited labor. He turns wearily on his couch, and longs to sleep again, but upon him is the doom, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," and weary, and it may be, hungry, he plods to his toil. At the same hour, from the damask curtains which shut out the early rays of light, perchance the head of Dives looks out. With a yawn he mutters something about the earliness of the hour, and relapses again into slumber. Long after the sound of the laborer's axe or hammer has echoed through the yard or shop, the rich man sleeps, and his dreams are of heaped-up gold and superabundant luxury. At last he wends his way to the mart of trade, and with honeyed words and hypocritical professions, swindles the poor man of his substance. Perchance swindles is a hard word for delicate ears—Truth is often harsh—but "drives a shrewd bargain," may not offend. While he is enjoying his afternoon siesta, careless of the sorrows and the burdens of his fellows, the laborer still toils on in weariness and despondency. Such are the extremes of life; such the devious and winding currents of our mysterious existence.

Yet not for long will the wintry seasons of the heart last. Eternity circles onward, and new hope pours in upon the struggling soul. The gloom and the sorrow will soon end—the chilly winds of adversity cease to blow. The Eden-gardens of the future are bursting into bud and blossom, and soon the over-burdened toiler will rest from his weary task. Peace, Hope and Charity shall fan the world with life-giving wings, and the universe shall rejoice in beautiful, fragrant, joyous and eternal June.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

We have been looking for some days for a second edition of the "Battle of New Orleans." There were barricades of cotton-bales erected in the streets, as in former times, and cannon have been planted where they might execute the most destruction; hostile parties are perambulating the city, intent on bloody war; and yet out of it all, nothing of consequence—unless proclamations and pronouncements are of consequence—has come, nor is likely to come.

The causes—so far as they can be reached intelligently at this distance—of this present state of things the reader will find in another column; but let them be what they may, they do not as yet excuse the rash step which has been taken by the citizens. This business of organizing Vigilance Committees whenever one set of men or another deem they can thus compass their own ends the easier, is the most dangerous of any into which the people of this country can run. This very assumption of authority on the part of the populace, and compelling the mayor and magistrates to relinquish their own, is open Revolution; and no government that is revolutionary in its character, depending, as it must, for existence upon force alone, can in any sense be called Republican. When the former usurps the field, the latter has no foothold left anywhere.

Our people ought to think of these things more seriously. Because such a movement is organized on a grand scale, and sustained by the "respectable" portion of the inhabitants, it argues nothing in favor of such a violent and lawless system; it is dangerous in itself to the last degree, and especially destructive, by the force of its example, to the principles and cause of rational liberty. What may be started in this way on a large scale, may be initiated on a small scale, also; and the false and ruinous practice may be run through all the forms and possibilities of our society.

No doubt those who are engaged in this sudden rising of a respectable mob, excuse it to themselves and their countrymen by saying that the great urgency of the case demands radical and sweeping measures; they are responsible for it, if the attempt to correct one evil in this most questionable way, only creates another from which relief will not be so easy. The taking up of properly delegated authority again by the people, especially before the time has expired for which it was delegated, and at the same

time of every one of these protections and guards with which we have surrounded power, to guard against just such exigencies—is a practice that cannot be contemplated in this country without a shudder for the consequences. This summary and lawless style of "abating nuisances," that seems to be coming in vogue, is but sowing a crop of stones, to spring up finally a harvest of armed men against our liberties.

MISS DOTEN'S RENUNCIATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

A correspondent from Troy, N. Y., alludes to the statement which has been made, that Miss Lizzie Doten, of Plymouth, who has been somewhat celebrated in that town as a medium, has renounced Spiritualism, in consequence of new light received from Professor Grimes. The paragraph which made this announcement, says that she had been laboring under a delusion, that she had been laboring under a delusion, and was no longer willing to be used as a medium, winking up with this remarkable speech:

If the angel Gabriel should stand by my side and ask me to deliver a message to you from him, I should reply, "Gabriel, speak for yourself!" Hereafter I shall only address you in my own natural and conscious state.

Our correspondent remarks, upon this, as follows: I feel interested in knowing what this wonderful light is which is dawning upon the inhabitants of Plymouth, through the instrumentality of this self-styled Professor of Neurology. Claiming, as I do with thousands of others, to be a trance medium, it certainly must be an act of kindness to inform us more specifically as to what constitutes the delusion in the case. The bare assertion of Prof. Grimes, that we are deluded, is not enough to convince me of it, and I hardly think would be sufficient to cause the many of my brethren and sisters to say amen to his conclusions.

The conclusions which Miss Doten has arrived at in regard to her relationship with the spirits, seem to me to be uncharitable, for this reason: She presumes a fact, and then tells what she would not do to carry out the object for which the fact appeared. Hear her own language, and then judge whether I am correct when I say she is uncharitable. "If," said she, "the Angel Gabriel should stand by my side, and ask me to deliver a message to you from him, I should reply, 'Gabriel, speak for yourself.'" Now it is quite evident that Gabriel or any other spirit would not ask her or any other medium to communicate to others what could be done by themselves without aid; therefore, in the case which Miss Doten has presumed, necessity appears to exist which would require her aid to accomplish the result; and yet knowing this, she says, "I should reply, speak for yourself." Perhaps if a dumb person should meet her, whose signs she was familiar with, and requested her by such signs to convey the message to one who did not understand them, she might with equal propriety say, "Dumb man, speak for yourself!" Please let the light shine, sister Doten.

ONE WHO WANTS LIGHT.

The following letter to the Boston Courier throws a little light upon the subject, and if the lady who thus appears before the public sees fit to grant our friend "more light," we shall be happy to hear from her. We want to hear everything which tends to show that we are deluded, and so, we presume, does every Spiritualist, even though in working the fall of our faith in Immortality, it would leave us without a shelter from the storms of this life and with no hope of an Hereafter:

Editors of Courier:—As it has gone out through your columns that I have renounced Spiritualism, will you do me the favor to insert this correction? After giving Prof. Grimes the attention due to a scholar, and a man of great industry and scientific research, I felt myself obliged to modify certain points of belief, which I had previously held concerning the phenomena of Spiritualism. There is, however, much remaining which has received no satisfactory explanation from science, and from that I cannot recede until I have substantial reasons for so doing. Therefore, I have not, and do not, renounce Spiritualism.

Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH DOTEN.

PLYMOUTH, JUNE 1st, 1858.

SILENCE.

BY OUR JUNIOR.

The power of Silence none may know nor tell,—
 Its mighty hand the mightiest works perform,—
 It tells in day and night, and like the life it le
 Away at early eve, revealing
 Worlds on worlds in silence wrought, which comprehend
 The wondrous universe.

Truth silently
 Began its march, and every century
 Sees its Temple still more vast, its turrets
 Stronger grown, its dome nearer to the skies.
 And Science, heaven-born, found her way to earth,
 And brooded silently o'er yale and hill,
 And trod the unseen substances in air—
 Walked earth's caves—stood upon its highest peak,
 Till earth and air had little mystery
 But what she knew.

Men win Fame in silence;
 They take advantage of the silent hour
 In which she transmits to the human soul
 The vast impressions born within heretofore
 And write them down as future slaves to Fame;
 While Silence softly glides in peace away,
 And leaves the scribbles to reap the author's due.

The soul, as one by one the fleeting years
 Go by, and seek Oblivion's pallid shores,
 And move as dim phantoms of Memory,
 Known only by the acts which marked their time,
 Builds silently its citadel of Faith,
 And grows strong with an unseen influence
 From the yet unknown country of the dead.
 And "Old Time," to God and Eternity
 Only second, wields his sceptre silently,
 And holds a sway so powerful o'er earth,
 That all of finiteness lives or ceases
 At his command. Earth he fills in silence,
 And silently he populates the spheres;
 He tears down thrones and empires, systems fall,
 And nations pass away before his hand—
 Yet every people owe to him their glory.
 From wilderness and dreary solitude
 Proud cities rise and glitter for a while,
 And give their place again to Time and Silence.
 Silence comes with Winter, and wraps in chains
 The earth, and everything the earth brings forth—
 The tree and flower, rivulet and river;
 In Silence comes the sun, and sets them free.
 All things change silently, inanimate
 And animated life; both day and night
 In Silence turn the unseen wheels of Time,
 And Silence drops her veil o'er by-gone days,
 And leads the van of all the coming years.

THOUGHT, AGAINST THE DEVIL.

Carlyle says: "Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have."

Thought is prayer; it is the exercise of the soul, and the deeper it is, the truer. The soul is ever where the thoughts are, and the work of the soul is the action of thought. If the thoughts are above, the soul is above; if below, the soul is there also. If the thoughts are free, expansive, buoyant and aspiring, so the soul is. A thinking man is a growing, progressive man, and as he grows the devil is annihilated—for in the light of truth the devil disappears, like the darkness of night, that vanishes in the daylight.

Judge Thomas says one sermon a week is as much as the strongest man can write—and do it well.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Cornelius Winne's Bones—Astonishing Manifestation through C. A. Redman—Harris' New Book—Munson's Library and Reading-room—Circles at 5 Great Jones street, &c.

New York, June 5, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Our friend Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, has at length got his fine library and reading-room fitted up, and ready for visitors. It is on the same floor, and entered from his book-store; and is well lighted, and in all respects convenient and in good taste. Here residents, and strangers visiting the city, will find all modern works on Spiritualism, with such ancient ones as research has, or may hereafter exhumed from the past; and the spiritual newspapers and periodicals of the day; together with such books, ancient or modern, as are remarkable for honest, vigorous thought, or deal with questions of reform. To these, a choice selection of standard, classical and current works, both light and grave, have been added; making altogether a collection, though not large, well fitted to delight the eye of the philosopher, and inquirer into man's capacities and the nature of his mission in this sublunary world, and answering to the public want, which has long been seriously felt, but which no one has hitherto had the courage to attempt to supply. It is sincerely to be hoped that the experiment may meet with sufficient favor to secure its growth till it becomes a respectable, as it certainly will be a most valuable, institution of the city.

In addition to his library and reading-room, Mr. Munson has made arrangements to accommodate the public with an indefinite series of "Circles." His plan is to employ the best mediums he can find, and alternate them according to their gifts, and in this way secure a variety of manifestation not otherwise attainable. Dr. Redman, I see, is advertised as engaged for Tuesday and Friday evenings.

Speaking of Dr. Redman, reminds me of Cornelius Winne's bones, the drama connected with which, is possibly not even yet ended. The paragraphs in my former letter giving an account of these bones, were written at the office of Drs. Orton and Redman; and on referring to the printed letter you will see that, very near its close, I speak of the bones as having been brought from Hartford by "Cornelius' Express." A very few minutes after this expression was written, as I was folding the letter, two or three persons, strangers, who had been busy with Dr. R., left the office; and as they opened the door and passed out, another vertebral shot into the room. It flew swiftly by my face from the direction of the top of the door, as though thrown in over the heads of the retiring party; and on taking it up I perceived marked on it with a pencil, "C. W.'s Express." Cornelius at once announced his presence by raps, and I asked him where he got his pencil, to which he replied—

"Don't you think I've got a pocket? I did n't calculate you'd get the start of me, and give me an Express, without I really had one."

Question.—How do you bring the bones?

Answer.—Now you look here. We're getting things in this country so we are sort of independent. I know I'm a green 'un, but the folks up here show me how to do it, and so I goes ahead, hey! Can't get the start of me! I heard to-day that one of my babies was sick, and near to die, or to come here—so I've been making arrangements to go and see the darling, and I'm going soon.

We assured Cornelius we sympathized with him in his affliction, to which he replied—

"I'm glad ye does, for I like that thing."

After this the bones continued to come, some in the street and some in the office, until nine of the vertebral, and one scapula or shoulder blade, have arrived in all. On the day following the conversation reported above, the dentata or second vertebral of the neck—that on which the head turns—was brought; and the nice mechanical adaptation of this bone to its uses, became a subject of some remark. Cornelius announced himself, and asked if we did not think it "a pretty bone." The following conversation then occurred—

Q.—Is your child still living?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What is the matter with it?

A.—Doctor says it's got the scarlet fever.

Q.—Will it probably recover?

A.—No, I know. It's in a "barious condition."

Q.—How many children have you?

A.—Nine.

Q.—They must be a great comfort to you?

A.—They're real good watoes to me; every one a hunter, chock full of diamonds.

Q.—As you are now in a better situation, we hope you will tell all you can to improve?

A.—I'd do all the Lord says, if I could only get one hour a day. I'd work—my goll! I'd—who's that hollering? (We informed him it was some one crying vegetables in the street.) Well, I'd—do everything.

A day or two later I inquired of him as to the fate of his child. He replied: "I is just told that our poor little Minnie is left; and I is going to see her soon as she be organized."

I confess, Messrs. Editors, that I am becoming interested in Cornelius Winne. On the 3d inst., I had further conversation with him. He requested medicine to be sent to his wife, and gave her street and number, but did not wish it "told to the papers." He accused me of doubting whether he really brought the bones. I replied, that in my position I felt bound to avail myself of every means in my power to test the truth of the phenomenon; and to this end had questioned Dr. Hare, who pronounced it real. With this he seemed satisfied. I asked him what I should tell the public from him.

A.—Well, tell the folks I'm not yet begun. I'll make my mark before I get through.

Q.—Where do you stay?

A.—With the old woman.

Q.—Your wife?

A.—No; she's sparking another colored gem'an.

Q.—Does not that make you feel bad?

A.—No; I've got one. The fun of it is, I've all bleached out.

Q.—What, become white?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Do you like your present companion as well as your old one?

A.—Yes; got yes—more so.

Q.—Do you have to work now?

A.—Not hardly; but we have to keep up a devil of a thinking; and then we have to work hard to keep the gardens pretty.

Q.—Is it not necessary to raise your food?

A.—Not 'fraid each of us has his reg'lar beat

to travel on. Well, I was mad when the doctor tied all the bones together, and I fang a shoe at him.

This last remark was in reference to a little circumstance which occurred at Hartford last Sunday. Dr. Redman was there, and, in company with another individual, visited the attic where the bones are deposited, to see if the missing ones corresponded with those which had arrived in New York. The correspondence was found exact. Dr. R. then tied the remaining bones together. Displeasure was manifested at this, and a rib-bone, which lay quite under the eaves, flew out a distance of five or six feet, and gave him a blow. As the two passed down stairs, a heavy pair of men's shoes, one being partly within the other, were thrown violently after them, passed over their heads, and struck against the wall.

Q.—Can't you untie them?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How far from here should you think it was where you stay?

A.—Well, it took me twenty minutes to come here this morning. Well, that's because I don't know how to travel; but it takes some only the snap of your finger. I 'spects it's 'bout one hundred miles.

Q.—Is it above the earth, or below it, or where?

A.—Well, now ye got me. We always come down, and do n't know any other way to get here.

Q.—Do you live as man and wife with your present companion?

A.—Well, I guess I live as happy as a young kitten, for the old woman used to scold like new bear; but now I am with the one I first loved. Ah, Doctor, she's just like a honeysuckle, all full, and dropping out.

Q.—Do you have flowers, trees, ground, rivers and birds where you are, and other things such as you used to have here?

A.—Well, I 'spects they don't have 'em way up yonder, but we have 'em; and I tell you it's just like the place we read of, where all was very good. But, Doctor, I'm awful unhappy, for I did so many sinful things on earth.

I have slightly improved Cornelius' orthography; in other respects the answers are as he gave them. To me they are of interest, far more than would be the replies of a spirit-philosopher to the same questions, who would probably enlighten his answers by saying that spiritual scenes are real appearances, and that time and space are unknown in the spirit-world.

Dr. Redman, the medium, will hereafter be found at No. 82 Fourth Avenue, a more central location,—and of course the medical office of Orton and Redman goes with him.—The issue of Harris' great work is now promised for the 20th, a considerable amount of new matter having been furnished from the spheres, rendering the delay unavoidable.—Prof. Brittan returns to-day to your State, as his present field of labor. His first point, I believe, is Springfield.—Mrs. Willour—late Miss Beebe—occupies the desk at Dodworth's, to-morrow. Mr. Partridge spoke at Philadelphia last Sunday, and is to be followed by Miss Harbridge, to-morrow.

I am glad you have had Mr. Tiffany among you. He is a man to be heard with profit; clear and logical; perhaps a little too hard-tempered, as we say of steel, or lacking somewhat in elasticity; but certainly a good, and, in many respects, a great man. Spiritualists need to hear him, and such as he.

Yours,

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS THOROUGHLY TESTED.

PARIS, ME., June 1st, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—If you find this worthy of room in your columns, please lay it before your readers, that all may know the truth—for "truth is stranger than fiction," and "facts are stubborn things."

A circle for spiritual manifestations is now being held in this town, by Messrs. Henry W. and George W. Ripley, to which Spiritualists are invited (and especially seances) to investigate the matter for themselves. The manifestations consist in part of music and spirit-lights, and often the spirit-hand is seen in a body of light, and even the face and shoulders are observed by all in the room, so plainly and clearly visible, that there can be no mistake but the features presented are those of one who has passed from earth-life.

Much has been said about "jugglery" and "hoax-poons;" but there can be none of this here, for while the music is being played—which is upon a bass-viol, bass-drum, tenor-drum, triangle and tamborine—the mediums are held by their arms and legs so as to avoid all chance of deception; and, if any prefer, they may choose their own room—if a convenient one—and their own instruments (of the kinds named above), and similar music will be produced.

If testimony is required, I will copy what I term the "Seopios' Death-warrant":

"We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have attended the Spiritual circles conducted by Messrs. Henry W. and George W. Ripley, and have received tests at the same, and do hereby declare those tests amply sufficient, and do know and believe the music there produced to be without the aid of physical hands."

DEXTER GRAY, Paris.
 WILLIAM CURTIS, Paris.
 WILLARD DOBLE, Sumner.
 HANNIBAL S. WARREN, Paris.
 SYLVANUS PORTER, Paris.
 ELIZABETH GRAY, Paris.
 A. H. THAYER, Paris.
 A. S. THAYER, Paris.
 R. M. LAPHAM, Bethel.
 R. W. GRAY, South Paris.
 JOHN C. WARREN, North Paris.

If any more testimony is wanted, I would refer you to Joshua Perham, Woodstock; Dr. Wm. P. Shattuck, Watford; Ezekiel Treat, Livermore Falls, and a host of others.

Yours, truly,
 HENRY W. RIPLEY.

BOSTON, June 3, 1858.

To the Editors of the Banner:—

Sirs.—Seeing a statement in the history of my mediumship, published in the last issue of the Banner, that might give a wrong impression to its numerous readers, with your permission I will improve the earliest opportunity to correct it.

The statement is this:—"Mrs. Henderson demands for her lectures neither money or price, though compensation is generally given her." It is true, during the first year of my labors, when I was engaged in lecturing mostly in country villages, I made no demand—that is, I had no set price—and many times left my home with barely enough of the needful to bear me to my place of destination, leaving it altogether to my guardians, and the good friends that I visited, to furnish means for my return home. My experience has taught me that it costs a medium just as much to ride in a railroad car as it does any other person, and while I was giving my labors, the word

I can state many instances where I have gone to different places, and that, too, in answer to urgent invitations from friends residing in those places, and in return sometimes I would receive a dollar—many a time not as much—and if it was my good fortune to receive four or five dollars, I felt greatly encouraged.

Sometimes I have had calls after this form: "Come and speak to us; we are poor and cannot promise you remuneration, but will give you board while with us."

Others would say, "We do not believe in paying mediums; this is a free gospel, and we must not turn it into merchandise." And so I went, from time to time; but I found this would not feed and clothe me and mine, or pay for the wear and tear of body and soul; and I find mediums, as well as others, are generally too tangible and material to live on faith, or by absorption. And now I find that if my organism can be used by those who have passed to a higher condition, to give spiritual food to my fellow men, and my time is occupied, and my nervous system taxed, then every reasonable person will justify me in demanding an equivalent. I would not rob others, but I am giving my life and strength to this work, and I only ask the necessities of life in return; and these I do ask, for I cannot live without them. I have been here, and hope I ever shall be, able and willing to give free lectures to those persons, and in those places, where the soil is prepared, and only waiting for the seed, or to those lowly ones who cannot be reached by the spirit of popular theology. What can reach the weak and degraded ones of earth like the mild and gentle teachings of angel friends? I find nothing so stimulating to the higher qualities of the soul, and in laboring with this class my time is never lost, for I am receiving a richer reward than can be bestowed upon me by the more elevated.

And now, having corrected the mistake, and stated my motives for demanding compensation for my labors, I trust I shall be understood, at least by the friends of Spiritualism.

With a heart warm and willing to aid in this great work, in my humble way, for the good of humanity, I am, very cordially yours,

ANNA M. HENDERSON.

Meetings in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT THE MUSIC HALL LAST SUNDAY.

The exercises commenced by singing the beautiful hymn, beginning with the verse,

"While Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled."

Abstract of Mr. Parker's prayer:—

May we become more conscious of the infinite perfection of our Father, and of His presence in us, and around us; that we are cradled in the embrace of Him whose eye never slumbers or sleeps. We thank Thee, oh God, for life, and for the world of life and matter around us. We thank Thee for the genial breath of summer that now fans us; for the flowers that adorn the green grass and hang from the trees in fragrant beauty, these greater or lesser prophets that foretell the coming harvest. We thank Thee for the rain that revives and refreshes the vegetable world of matter. We thank Thee for all life that fills the world—the air, the earth, the sea. We thank Thee that Thou hast spread a table of provision for every thing that has life, small and great. We thank Thee for the great world of human life with which Thou hast crowned the material world; for thought, intelligence, consciousness, duty and love; for the blessed power of affection that shall join all in bonds of gladness and joy. We thank Thee for these uplifted and uplifting souls of ours whereby we know and recognize Thee. We thank Thee for that transcendent world of spirits near us, and around us where Thou dwellest. We thank Thee for all Thy tender mercies, Thy watchfulness and care over us, Thy unbounded provision in supplying all our wants. We thank Thee for Thy unceasing goodness to us, the same when we sleep as when we wake, the same in darkness and in sunshine. We thank Thee that we are made better by Thy chastening hand of love; and may there be in us a soul of piety to love and admire Thy continued goodness, and to obey Thy commands written everywhere where life and matter is; continue ever to serve Thee in beauty and usefulness. May our lives, like all nature now before us, spring forth, bud and blossom in new life and beauty. May we grow to be noble men and women; may our souls grow to the stature of the holy and perfect spirit, and may Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, Amen.

Mr. Parker said that last Sunday he spoke to the Society of Progressive friends in Pennsylvania—a body of men that came out from the Quakers, which society bears the same relation to the society of Quakers in that State that this society does to the Ecclesiastical Churches in this State. That society is composed of able, stout men and women, strong bodies and strong minds; men interested in all the great humanitarian movements of the day; they take good wherever they find it; and evil, from whatever source it comes, they reject. They accept the Bible not as infallible, nor as a finality.

He said the meeting-house in which he spoke last Sunday contained about two thousand persons which was not above one-third of the congregation assembled.

[The following report of Mr. P.'s sermon is necessarily condensed.]

Mr. Parker said—in six sermons recently delivered before this congregation I have treated mainly of the history of religion in the past and present—presented it as it was, and as it is. Today, and next Sunday, I wish to ask your attention to its practical effects.

Christ in his life awakened a new religious light; but the present institution of religion called Christianity, is very little indebted to him; the Christ of the Christian church is a fiction—in it the Jesus of fact is stoned. The Jesus of Nazareth was a fact, but the Christ of the Christian church is a fiction. The Christianity of the church, and that taught by the Nazarene, are different.

Jesus started a humane work—a work to move all men, and that work moves outside the church as well as in; that work has never ceased to move men through the centuries that have since passed. In the outward acceptance of Christianity there is nothing. The work that Christ began is a work of silence; it grows in the hearts of men, and is known by deed without profession. Those who are called Christians are as unjust as those who are not. The Mahometan is as devoted, as pious, and as good as the Christian, yet the Christian is far from the acceptance of this truth.

The Turkish Admiral, on a visit to Boston, will learn many things from our improvement in the arts, and in civilization, but he will learn and adopt no religion; did he he would take a step backward.

What is called the Christian church teaches that by belief and by grace we are saved—not by yourself; while there is not a word in Christ's teachings that justifies this monstrous doctrine. Bigots, hypocrites, ranters, men of pretended holiness, thanking God that they are not as other men, are born of, and spring forth from, this doctrine.

Christianity teaches that no personal merits can carry you to heaven, without faith in Christ, professed; fifty years of piety and hard labor in deeds of goodness and love will avail nothing if you say you do not believe in Christ, and are not worthy to

much as five minutes' professed faith. A nation's religion and government are the product of the forces and character that exist there. From the forces and character that exist in this nation, in the great activity of intellect, the men of a congregation are carried ahead of their religious teachers, who cling to the ecclesiastical conceptions of God that holds them back. This conception of God makes men liars, unjust, and deceptive. Take the Christian creed for the standard of salvation, and who can be saved? It is vanity to seek salvation, if this creed be true. Not more than one out of a million will go to heaven—or one out of a thousand, at most. Thus the God of the Christian creed is nine hundred and ninety-nine parts damnable, and one thousandth part love. To use the language of business men, one-tenth of ten per cent. of God's nature is a saviour for His children, and ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. is hostile to us, and damnable. All the wickedness of wicked men of the past—of kidnappers, pirates, and murderers—bears no comparison to the wickedness that Christian Churches attribute to God. They do not acknowledge this, but speak it in practice.

A thoughtful man never was, and never can be, an atheist. While he outwardly pushes away the recognition of God, the great spirit work is going on within him. In what is called the Christian religion, there are more atheists than anywhere else, for the conception of God is so disparaging, it turns men to atheists.

Turn to nature, and the fact of God's existence is so plainly written there that men cannot deny Him. Thoughtful men will not believe the terrible falsehoods told of God, that contradict the voice of all nature. He that sits in the seats of churches is sorrowful and sad—the fear of God makes a wailing in his soul; the music of all nature to him is mournful, conceived in sin, shapen in misery for endless woe. The garment of mourning is put on by the priest, and all are marked with the sign of the cross, teaching that human nature must be crucified. Death is pictured in gloomy darkness, and clothed in language of sorrow, the gateway to the shades of endless misery. All these dismal pictures are brought up by the church to scare mankind. It is with lamentation I look on all the churches of Christendom, and see their darkness, and a want of conscientious truthfulness. The sight is ghastly. They represent God as having but little love, and have for Him a distrust, that creates insecurity and unhappiness. Their God is liable to become angry at any time; is capricious, and liable to break out suddenly, and drive them to utter darkness; they are afraid of such a God, and tremble.

To the true child of nature, death is that welcome messenger that shall bear the soul to the beauties of an opening spring, budding to bloom forever. No incident of daily life is unpleasant that is lit up by the light of nature's religion.

Sin is a theologic dream, made sacred in the bosoms of priests. Go to the prayer meetings, and see how sad the faces are. Go to a funeral, what mournful silence pervades the scene, when there is no cause for mourning; only a soul has been born into the beauty of eternal love. Read the sermons of Taylor and Edwards—what walls of woe run through them all. The church is not a psalm of joy and thanksgiving, but of wailing and mourning. She listens not to the sweet, harmonious sounds of all nature in which to hear and recognize the voice of a loving Father.

The Christian church does not think that God loves the heathen, the oppressed sinner, the prostitute and the criminal. The criminal is not admitted to Christian society—he comes into it only by stealth, to rob, kill and plunder; and the prostitute only as a common sewer of men's passions. What does the Christian church do for these unfortunate children of our Father? Nothing. There is not given in the name of Christ what he commands. The church is as revengeful as the gallows, and as venal as a huckster's shop. Would you reform the criminal, elevate and restore degraded women, and give freedom to those in bondage? Then you will come forth from the church, for this church does not do—but it tries to bleed nature out of man, and then stamp him with the signet of some sect.

When humanity shall be elevated, it shall come forth from churches to see and worship God in all nature—in the tempest and in the thunder, in the rainbow tints of beauty, in the little flowers, and in the twinkling stars.

LECTURES LAST SUNDAY AT THE MELODEON.

Mr. A. B. Whiting, after an absence of about six months, has again returned to Boston, and occupied the desk at the Melodeon last Sunday.

His subject was "Aspiration." He said—Man is an aspirant. His soul is ever turned upward for something better than he has yet possessed. He is so constituted by nature. This is proved by experience, both in the lives of men, and of nations; and always in the past, his aspirations have met with a response: When he comes to see knowledge as eternal, and that all the demands of the soul will be answered, he is far advanced up the great winding staircase of progress. There are many, on earth, who do not see that the highest aspiration of man should be gratified.

The lowest minds that exist on earth, have aspirations; some aspire for riches, some for the gratification of the senses; while the higher-developed aspire for love, peace, harmony, and righteous lives. The Hindoo, the African, have their aspirations, which tend to elevate them; and the more advanced the man, the more and deeper his aspirations. One little drop from the ocean of Heaven's truth—one single star of thought, planted in the human mind, makes room for larger. When man's aspirations are gratified, he is led to look abroad, and study the universe of beings around him—to know by what aspirations they are controlled, and so better understand himself.

What is that power which actuated all the prophets, bards, and philosophers in the past? It was aspiration for something better than the world had known. But for this aspiration, the great truths Jesus taught would have rested in darkness forever. Had it not been for this aspiration for knowledge, Galileo would never have made or unfolded his discoveries to the world. You see this power of aspiration in the resistance to tyranny, of Rensselaer, the Roman; and, though he fell a martyr to the cause he espoused, his aspiration was gratified, and lives on, in every heart. And, as we come down to more modern times, when the people of our own country struck for freedom—something better than had been their lot—the country finally stood out, the child of that aspiration. So in the religious world. If Calvin and Luther had not aspired for something better than the Church of Rome could give, they would not have broken the fetters of thought, and led the soul up to a higher plane. And so it is today. You aspire for something higher and better than all; and ask the angels of the departed—"Come back to us, and teach us of eternity;—your aspiration is complied with. Knowledge replied to the aspiration of Galileo, and the world recognizes the ever-rolling magnificence of the solar system; it answered the aspiration of Fulton, and the steamboat plows the wave; it replied to the aspiration of Morse, and thought humbly along the telegraphic wire; and knowledge will answer to the aspiration of today. But we find in the history of the past, that time has always been required to mature the aspiration; and to some enthusiastic persons, whose aspirations are extensive, because an immediate answer does not

come to their demands, go back and say that humanity is a failure.

Every aspiration is answered in its appropriate time. The steam engine, the telegraph, and all the inventions of to-day, would have been useless in the classic days of the world—there would be no use for them. But for the Crusades, whence would have sprung all the love of poetry and art which graces the history of the past? How far advanced the world is, since those days! but, as we look about, we find quite as much room for aspiration as there ever was. It is this aspiration which separates man from the brute, and keeps him from sinking in the oblivious waters of time. Then, we say to men, exert this faculty, and be sure to keep it as true as possible to the highest interests of your nature—then your aspirations shall be gratified as soon as mankind become accustomed to understand these things. Time, however brief, is the means by which the soul is brought to the understanding of truth—so be not hasty. Many shrink because in a moment, and through any medium, their demands are not satisfied, or their questions answered.

All are pupils, and all are teachers. Others are brought under the influence of the desires of one. Prayer—which is another name for desire—has likewise an influence on the minds of others, leading them to a love of truth and purity. So let every individual, so far as it is possible with him, stand forth to aid the truth, and teach the world to look up with humility, and say—"Father, give us more than we have!"

The Jews would not receive Jesus as the Messiah, because he did not come as they calculated he would come. Man must learn to receive good, come from whence it will. Knowledge from earth is as good as knowledge from the spirit-life, if its teachings are as pure and holy. Receive truth, whether it comes from the archives of by-gone years, or is whispered by spirit-voices to-day. The prejudiced mind must have its prejudices swept away, till pure aspirations are unfolded, and his mind led to holy and unselfish thoughts. Do not feel that you know all that is to be known, and can know no more. Knowledge writes upon the soul a creed that no hand of earth can tear away. The great foundation of life is to know that life is to be eternal, and the greatest joy is that that joy shall last forever.

At the close of Mr. W.'s discourse, the Committee chosen by the audience to select a subject for an improvisation, reported the quotation—"Seek things own welfare," which Mr. W. turned into verses of a high order, and without a moment's forethought—catching the subject as it dropped from the Committee's lips, and not hesitating till he had reached his last period. The poem occupied about ten minutes in its composition and delivery.

The evening lecture was on the subject of "The Consolation of Spiritual Intercourse," of which we shall give a synopsis next week. Mr. Whiting is the medium whom Prof. Felton compared to Socrates, at the Melodeon on his former visit. He speaks every Sabbath this month at the Melodeon.

JUDGE EDMONDS' SPIRITUAL TRAITS.

We have received from S. T. Munson, publisher, N. Y., a series of eight tracts on the subject of Spiritualism, written by Hon. J. W. Edmonds, No. 1 is "An appeal to the public on Spiritualism," which contains chiefly an account of his investigation of the new Truth, and the conclusions at which he arrived. No. 2 is in reply to a lecture by Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, and shows "what Spiritualism is, and what it teaches," in opposition to the mistaken hypotheses of those who know nothing about it—of which class Mr. Hopkins seems to be a prominent member. No. 3 is the interesting history of Tim Peters, a New York newsboy, given in his own phraseology through the mediumship of the Judge's daughter. No. 4 is entitled, "The uncertainty of Spiritual intercourse," and is a correspondence between the Judge and a distinguished legal gentleman, on the discrepancies which exist in communications through different mediums from different spirits, and the reason therefor. No. 5 is a continuation of the same correspondence, but entitled, "The certainty of Spiritual intercourse." No. 6 gives many instances of mediums speaking in languages unknown to them, and often giving long communications in dialects with which no one present was conversant. No. 7 is entitled "Intercourse with spirits of the living," and is a letter from the Judge to Dr. Charles Robbins, of Charlestown—which was originally printed in this paper. No. 8 is entitled "False Prophecy," and relates chiefly to the damage done to the cause by unreliable mediums. Mr. Munson offers these tracts for sale at \$1.50 per hundred.

We have also received from the same publisher a copy of George W. Curtis's address at the Women's Rights Convention in New York, May 14, in which he vindicates the right of women to the elective franchise. This is an eloquent and forcible production, though by no means in Mr. Curtis's best humor.

FREE CONVENTION AT RUTLAND.

Persons attending this Convention—to be held on the 26th, 27th, and 28th insts.—will be carried over the Rutland and Burlington, Western Vermont, and Rutland and Washington Railroads, for fare one way. Delegates from Boston will take the Fitchburg cars, and pay fare only to Fitchburg; the fare from Fitchburg to Rutland will be one way only. Among the speakers who are expected to be present are A. J. Davis, Mary F. Davis, Joel Tiffany, A. E. Newton, Miss A. W. Sprague, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, &c.

MUSIC.

We have received from Dison & Co., No. 277 Washington street, the following pieces of music, which are welcome guests to us, and we doubt not will find the same cordial greeting in many a home:—

"Sister, I miss thee," by F. W. Smith.
"I've often been very near thee," by L. B. Wetherbee.
"Faded Flowers," by Prof. W. Willing.
"Fly Bird of Hope," by Kucken.
"The Birds and the Angels," by John J. Blockley.
"Bishop's Serenade," by Bishop.
Also, "The Hymenal March," by Geo. D. Smith.

PERSONAL.

A. B. WHITING, trance speaker, is at present located at the Fountain House. He will officiate at the Melodeon every Sunday this month.

His services may be engaged by the friends in the vicinity of Boston, on week evenings, until the first of July. He may be addressed at Dr. Gardner's.

MISS ROSA T. AMERY lectures in Portland, Me., and Augusta, Me., the last week of the present month. She is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Political Items.

The cause of the latest excitement is located in New Orleans. The city has been in a state of war for several days. Matters were at last arranged by the Mayor's surrendering his authority to the Vigilance Committee. Those of the citizens who have inaugurated this San Francisco style of law and order, have done so for the purpose of protecting the ballot boxes at the approaching city election.

The present state of things has arisen, it is said from the nomination of an independent candidate for Mayor, against the nominee of the American party. The call for the meeting at which the independent candidate was nominated, was signed by six hundred citizens, many of them old line Whigs and Democrats. They charge that the elections of last year and the year previous were carried by the Americans by intimidating their opponents from approaching the polls. This violence and intimidation they allege has been carried to such an extent, that last year only 4000 votes were given, though there are 12,000 registered and entitled to vote. They say that the dominant party have organized a band of bullies, called Thugs, to drive away their opponents from the polls, and that last year it was at the peril of a brutal beating or loss of life, that the polls were approached by the opponents of the dominant party.

Inflammatory placards have just been issued by the so-called American party, calling upon the Americans to resist the authority of the Vigilance Committee, so says a later despatch.

More than one-half of the American party are on the Vigilance Committee, and many of the leaders of the Committee are well-known New Nothing.

One man has been killed, and another wounded, accidentally, in the Vigilance camp.

Inflammatory speeches have been made to the mob by Col. Christy, one of the candidates for Mayor, and Col. Henry of the Nicaraguan Army. They call the Americans to arms, and offer to head a charge against the Vigilance Committee to-day.

T. P. White, a money broker, was shot at and very dangerously wounded in front of the City Hotel. He was a white man, and is said to have furnished the cotton for the barricades of the Vigilance Committee.

Over 1600 names have been enrolled by the Vigilance Committee.

Congress has revised its former determination, and will adjourn on the 10th, instead of the 7th. It is said that the President declared that if they adjourned on the latter day, he should call an extra session.

Senator Houston has at length brought the Senate to a vote on his Mexican Protectorate scheme. It was against it—Ayes 16, Nays 30. He gave out, in the course of his remarks, that if the government failed to take the matter in hand, citizens of this country would do it, and signified that he was ready himself, at the age of sixty-five, to take part in an expedition against Mexico which should not be chargeable with a design to filibuster, nor amenable to the reproach of marauding.

President Buchanan has given out that he will finally veto all the bills for river and harbor improvements that may pass Congress at the present session.

The Fort Snelling investigation has been before Congress again. The committee appointed to investigate have reported that the Secretary of War was entirely clear from fault in the transaction.

The British outrages in the Gulf have chiefly attracted the attention of Congress and the public for the past week. Senator Douglas has introduced a bill into the Senate, to revive and put in force the Act of March 3, 1839, with verbal modifications, making it applicable to the Visitation and Search Outrages, instead of the Maine Boundary difficulties. That act conferred on President Van Buren power to use, at his discretion, the Navy and the Army and the Militia of the States; also, to borrow ten millions of dollars; also to send a special Ambassador to England—the act to continue in force until sixty days after the commencement of the next session.

The Dacotah aspirants for a place on the floor of Congress, have had leave granted them to pay their hotel bills, and go home. The House has got so many members now, it seems not to be over-anxious to multiply the number unnecessarily.

Advices from Camp Scott have been received at Leavenworth to the 6th of May, and the expressman reports, on the strength of information received at Fort Kearney, that Governor Cumming had been expelled from Salt Lake City, and that the Mormons were in arms, prepared and determined to resist to the last. This may be true; but if it is, it convicts Brigham Young of a stronger and more wilful inconsistency than ever before; for he had but just invited Governor Cumming to come to Salt Lake City. The steamship Cahawba, from New Orleans and Havana, brings news from the latter place that the English Naval officer who has recently rendered himself so conspicuous in boarding vessels in the harbor of Sagua-le-Grande, has been arrested. No particulars are given, but it is stated that his arrest gave great satisfaction.

The French Minister, M. Felix Dolly, has been industriously engaged in Central America in exciting those "sloppy States" against this Government. It is supposed that in consequence of his intriguing, the Cass treaty has not yet received its signature. Martinez, of Nicaragua, has invited the five States to a conference, for the purpose of forming what is styled an American-European alliance; the main object of which is to keep us off the Isthmus altogether. Inasmuch as our interests in that quarter are paramount to those of any other nation on the face of the earth, it is not at all likely that our Government will submit to any such folly.

A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, states that the steamer Diak Warrior, from Havana, brings no confirmation of the report that the British officers were arrested for boarding vessels at Sagua le Grande.

The New Hampshire Legislature met on Wednesday, the 2d inst. The message of Gov. Haile is a very long document. The chief business to come before this body is the election of a United States Senator, the term of John P. Hale expiring on the 4th of March, 1859.

We learn from Yucatan that a Convention, ratified by the Governor, subject to the approval of the Supreme Government, has been entered into for the division of this Mexican State. This plan, it is supposed, will terminate the civil war that has for so long raged in Yucatan. The two new States will be called Campeche and Yucatan.

The President has signed the bill declaring the title to land warrants to vest in the widow and heirs of legatees; in all cases where proof is filed, but the

warrants not issued during the life-time of the claimant, and making them personal chattels. Warrants issued under the act of March, 1855, are assignable.

Senator Henderson's funeral took place Sunday afternoon from the Capitol. The President and Cabinet, foreign Ministers, and Members of Congress were in attendance.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—On the First Page—Original Poetry; continuation of the splendid romance, by Mrs. Porter, "Country Neighbors." Second Page—Country Neighbors; Poetry; "The Maid of Zante, or the Broken Vow," an original story, by Ophelia M. Cloutman. Third Page—Poetry; A Singular Story of Second-Sight in Sweden; Answers to an Inquirer. Fourth and Fifth Pages—Spicy editorials, interesting correspondence, reports of lectures, news, &c. Sixth Page—Curious, diversified and interesting spirit messages. Seventh Page—Correspondence; The Written Word; Letters from Providence, Saratoga Springs, Augusta, Me., North Leeds, do., Manchester, Lynn, East Cambridge, Ill., St. Louis, Mo.; Spiritual Communications. Eighth Page—Life Eternal, (part fourth,) through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. We call particular attention to these holy messages from the spirit world. Every person of reflection, who reads them, will fully appreciate the exalted ideas contained therein.

The schooner Citizen, of Camden, from St. Domingo, which arrived at this port on Saturday last, reports having been boarded by a British man-of-war steamer. The British officer was civil, and supplied the schooner with a cask of water. The brig Helen Jane, which arrived on Sunday from Truxillo, was boarded on the 20th ult. off Havana, by an English war steamer. The officer, in this instance, also, was very polite, and did not detain the vessel. The bark San Jacinto, at this port Sunday afternoon, from Galveston, saw a British man-of-war steamer, bark rigged, board several vessels on May 20, off Double Headed Shot Keys. The San Jacinto was not boarded.

"LE SPIRITUALISTE," a French monthly magazine, printed in New Orleans—price \$2 per annum—we recommend our French fellow-citizens to patronize. The number before us contains a notice of Bro. Mansfield, of No. 3 Winter street, in regard to the New Orleans test, which we recently copied from the Sunday Delta. We also find communications from Mirabeau, Voltaire, and Stovall, and much other interesting matter relating to the phenomena of Spiritualism.

There has been a terrific tornado in Illinois. The village of Ellison has been nearly destroyed by the whirlwind, fourteen persons killed, and ten more, it is supposed, are mortally wounded.

Overcoats this week are at a discount; ice and thin clothing in demand.

THE CONCERT OF HALL'S BRASS BAND, on Wednesday evening last week, was well attended, and gave general satisfaction,—the solos, in particular, by Messrs. D. C. Hall, on the gold bugle, by R. Hall, on the clarinet, by S. K. Conant, on the violin, and J. J. Fontarive, on the flageolet, were finely executed, and elicited much applause. Miss Jenny Twitchell, the vocalist, did remarkably well on this occasion. We are of opinion that if this Band would advertise to give cheap concerts in this city, once a week, in some airy location, during the summer season, it would prove remunerative.

FLOWERS.

It is characteristic of all Spiritualists to be extravagantly in love with flowers. Of all material things, there are perhaps none that are so nearly allied to the spiritual as the delicate petals of the unfolded flower, sending off its sweet fragrance and its emanations of beauty. When flowers are wanted, let our green-house gardener, Mr. Theller, of Medford, be remembered.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. LANG, WELLINGTON, ONT.—You can add to this list at club rates, if you wish, in this or other places.
"LOUISIANA."—Your communication, "What is Eternity?" is on file for publication, and will appear in our next issue. We should be happy to hear from you often.
D. C. COLOMBIA, PA.—We are correct on the point at issue.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY MEETINGS AT THE MELODEON.—Mr. A. B. Whiting, of Michigan, will speak on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 o'clock P. M.

THE LADIES' HARMONIAL BAND will hold a special meeting for the choice of officers, on Friday, 11th inst., at 2-1/2 o'clock P. M., at the Hall of the Sons of Temperance, No. 2 Province street, corner of Broadfield street. All members are requested to be present.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Broadfield Street. Speaker, Rev. J. P. Goddard. Admission free.

LOUIS MOORE will lecture as follows:—In 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; Portsmouth, N. H., June 21st; Portland, Me., Sunday, July 4th. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moore will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

DR. JOHN H. CUMMINS, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Orange, Mass., 13th inst.; Newburyport, Sunday, 20th; Milford, N. H., Sunday, 27th; Lawrence, Sunday, July 4th; Franklin, N. H., Sunday, July 11th.

MISS ROSA T. AMERY, trance-speaking medium, will lecture at East Bridgewater, Tuesday, 8th; Cor. Bowdoin street, Portland, 10th, and Cambridgeport, Sunday, 18th inst.

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

MEETINGS IN CHILMARK, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Gould Hall, Whilmet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock.

NEWBURYPORT.—Spiritual meetings at Concert Hall, entrance, No. 14 State street. Trance-speaking every Sunday, afternoon and evening; public circles for development in the morning. All are invited. Admission, 5 cents.

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

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings at Sunday forenoon, afternoon, in Wells' Hall. Speaking, by mediums and others.

Special Notice.

EVENING CIRCLES IN NEW YORK.

Doctor G. A. REDMAN will hold public circles at Munson's Rooms, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, commencing at 8 o'clock P. M., until further notice. Admission 50 cents.

The subscriber is in negotiation, and will soon be able to announce his arrangements with, other distinguished mediums, so that the friends from abroad, as well as in the city, may be accommodated at a central point, day and evening. Applications of parties for private interviews with mediums, will be attended to.

J. S. MCKEE, New York.

The Messenger.

HINTS TO THE READERS.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mrs. J. H. Cowart, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken while she is in what is usually denominated "the Trance State," the exact language being written down by us.

They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion, to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and to show that the erroneous notion that they are anything more than "happy beings" is a delusion.

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

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

The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to have truth come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the friends of Spiritualism, when they read a message which they can verify, to write us to that effect. We desire simply to state, as soon after publication as practicable, that we have received assurance of its truth, without mentioning the name of the party who has written us. Do not wait for some one else to write us, but take the labor upon your own shoulders. Thus you will enable us to place additional proof before the public.

Dr. John Roberts (N. Y.), Charles Walworth, George to Dr. Walworth, Washington, D. C., Dr. Dwight, Lafayette and Charles Howard, in answer to "C.," Hattie Stevens, Rev. Dr. Sharpe, Washington.

John King, John Howe, Isaac, a slave, David Hooton, Harris Owens, John Harvey, Charles Edwin Green, Albert Kneeland, Rev. Dr. Edmund, Samuel Joy, Margaret, Wilmet, Elizabeth Shaw, Caleb Reed, Rev. Dr. Kent, John Campbell, John Searles, John Carr, John Barron, James Tykendi, Mary Gardner, George Corbett, James Ferguson, Hestey Davis.

John H. Crawford, Patrick Murphy, (of Kearney, county of Glamorgan, Ireland, died in Dover), Harvey S. Paige, Caroline Holmes, Charles H. Saunders, Charles Hill, John Moore, Oliver Bacon, Susan Brown, Benjamin Linsley, Commodore M. Perry, Mary, Charles Frohly, Henry Clark, Charles Hall, Francis Wood, Emanuel Swenborg, Matty, G. W. Carver, John Jameson, Cordelia, Fletcher Leroy, General Gates, Robert King, Sally Parker, Sam'l MacIntyre, Dr. John Williams, Abraham Fols, George Brown, Louisa Curtis, Mary Paul, Geo. Robbins, Mary Slater, John Edgewood, Henry Barker, James Richardson, John Carlington, S. Bowditch, Thomas Pease, Thomas Hobart, (Eng.), Benj. Fry, Elizabeth Bond, —Williams, of Warren, I. L., Jas. P. Casey, James, of N. Y., William Balch, Eliza Smith, John Goodwin, James Livingston, Don Ricardo Galtieri, William Westland, William Goodland, James Pogue, Jacob Gillett, Lizzie Case, T. Saline, Robert Gray.

Thomas Gillett, William Harris (N. H.), William Sanborn, Jonathan Bell, W. E. Channing, A Father to his Daughter's Guardian, (Brooklyn, N. Y.), Elizabeth Pettigrew, Hestey Hilton, Joe Anderson, Joseph Walker, Pauline, (of N. Y.), William Alsworth, Samuel Curtis, John Leathers, Elizabeth Downes, Charles Kemmy, John Jackson, George Steadon, Miles Grant, Capt. Earle, Lucretia Becker, James Flynn, William Hardy, Elizabeth Caldwell, John Carroll, George W. Webster.

James Finlayser.

I am neither happy nor unhappy. But my present situation and condition in spirit life demands that I return to commune with my friends. About one year ago I was on earth, and my friends ask why I entered the spirit life as I did. I can only answer: I am sure I cannot tell. Gentlemen, about one year since I committed suicide in London. For many days I had been laboring under great depression of spirits on account of my business, and as high as I can determine, the pressure of financial affairs caused temporary insanity. I had no recollection of committing that act; none at all, until some ten days after I left my mortal body. I then inquired if I was a spirit, how I came there.

My friends told me it was my own hand sent me there. What, said I, am I a suicide? This caused me great unhappiness for a time, but when I learned the true state of affairs and how I should progress, that my wife and family would be provided for, I felt happier. I saw that the weight that had crushed me was not the mountain that imagination had made it. I sometimes think I was destined to commit suicide, but I cannot believe it. For I believe that God destined all to live till their forms die from old age, and then we should enter spirit life when all was ready to receive us.

I am told that the instrument I used in committing suicide, was a razor, and the time of my departure was morning. I have a wife and two children—a son and daughter. Oh, if I could go across the water and speak to them, how happy I should be, but I cannot. I was brought here to-day, and can conceive of no other reason why I was brought here, than to seek my own happiness, which I should find by telling my people that I can communicate to them if they find me a channel. My friends think, I am told, that I contemplated the act, but it is not the case—such a thought never entered my soul. To be sure I was terrible melancholy, and I wished I might die; but I had no idea of making a final myself. I have met many in the spirit life who are suicides; some are suffering all the agonies of a hell; others are comparatively happy. If they contemplated suicide, and did not resist the tempter when he came, they are terrible unhappy; but where they broke down in consequence of a press of natural or physical weakness, they are comparatively happy. When I look around me and see others who come here by their own hands prematurely, suffering all the miseries of hell, I can but be thankful of my situation. Therefore I say I am comparatively happy; and if the channel were open so that I could communicate with my friends, I should be supremely happy. I want you to prove me true, and thus I give you for reference the editor of the London Journal. I want you to keep this on file until you hear from him for particular reasons. My name is James Finlayser—sometimes my friends would spell my name Flitater. There are a variety of ways to get at the same thing. I was a merchant in London—dealer in clothes. I prefer you would consult the one I refer you to.

Friday, Jan. 22.

You will pardon my trespassing again upon your time, but I came to you something like two months ago. Have you heard from the reference I gave you? I have a son in New York—and if you do not hear from that, send to him; James Finlayser, is his name.

I wish to convince him that I live still, and that I was not insane when I committed the act which sent me here. Strange conditions and circumstances brought me to you. I seem to be a bubble on the sea of condition, and I seem to have been thrown upon your shore; and when I look back, and see what trouble I have brought upon my people, I feel as if I should draw upon me the vengeance of an angry God. But when I look upon the majesty of that God, I believe He will forgive kindly in His own time and in His own way.

March 7.

I called to-day to see if you have written to my son. Yes, he is a merchant, just entering into mercantile life, as I see him. I have two children—a son and daughter—the son is in New York, and the daughter at home. I was a little anxious, and therefore called upon you. I do not want you to publish anything as coming from me until you have positive proof of its truth.

We remarked he was different from most spirits in this respect, as we never asked such proof prior to putting in print the message. He answered:—I was different from most men, and shall probably identify myself more in this way than any other.

March 24.

Neither of the references alluded to have answered our inquiries; but as the message has been so long upon our list, we venture to publish it.

Hon. Samuel Woodbridge.

T is nearly one hundred years since I existed in body. And I can really not account for my being called here to-day. It would have seemed, I might have been called for long years ago—that, if I had a work to do, I might have commenced it long years ago. But I cannot measure Deity, or comprehend Him. I find, therefore, I am one that may take a step nearer wisdom. I am curious to know why I am called for. I perfectly understand myself, and I

perfectly understand the conditions that govern the spiritual phenomena. But I cannot really understand why I am to come. I have kindred on earth, but none that I ever saw in my earthly life. There seems to be something for me to do, and I must understand what that something is that I return to earth for. I lived many years on earth; I saw much of the evil elements therein, and much of goodness, and as I passed out of my earthly existence, I prayed that my children might understand only the good. But I found that error caused them to wander, and like all the sons of God, they have gone astray. But they are all in spirit life, have atoned for their sins, and will soon be with me. They will probably be ready soon to commune with their friends. With regard to their errors, they are no work of mine; they must come back and clear them up if their work was bad. I am mystified—cannot see why I am called for, if my friends will explain why they have called for me, I shall be very happy to return and do them good if I can.

My name was Samuel Woodbridge, of Massachusetts. In the earth life they used to give me the title of Honorable—however it is no matter about that.

April 21.

Waunondaga.

Pale faces, the Great Spirit smiles upon His children, and as He fashions them after Himself, He would have them walk in His path. Many moons have come and gone since the Indian moved as you now move—since he held control of a living, mortal form. And as he then paddled the tiny canoe over the waters the Great Spirit gave him, he read there in that "mighty people" than his, would in time tread his shores, and sail over his waters. The Great Spirit taught him in the leaf, the sun, the moon, the waters, that in after time the inhabitants of earth should understand Him better—should comprehend His mighty works. The Great Spirit was pleased to bestow much intellect upon the Indian who controls the medium to-day, and as he would wander beneath the pale moon, under the green forest leaves, he would hear voices saying, "Waunondaga, bless the time to-day, and pray for the time to come when the Indian shall go home!" Waunondaga saw the Great Spirit in the moon, the sun, the river, and in all things, and he knew that He loved the Indian; but soon Waunondaga stood beside the mound where he lay his parents; he betrayed no fear, but he took up his spear and wandered to other lands, for he heard the big intellects were come—that pale faces had sailed over the big waters to people his land with mightier braves. And at this time the Great Spirit sends the Indian to give strength to your medium, and to restore what the Great Intellect has drawn away, that in after time others may come and find easy access—may build a fire here, and send the smoke up to the Great Spirit.

Pale faces, the accents which come from your tiny counsels may penetrate all souls; and when they find an abiding place down in the soul, then shall error die away, and the light of the great hunting-ground shall shine on earth, and there shall be no war. Years ago, their arms were arms of hate, and when they struck there was death found; and in the faces of the multitude you might read folly, where now you read wisdom, for the Great Spirit is bringing his children nearer Himself.

Ah, the tomahawks of by-gone days lay buried beneath the earth, and the canoes are no more. Mighty intellects have reared mighty wigwams, and have covered the waters with their fine canoes.

Farwell, pale faces. Waunondaga's mission is performed, and he goes hence. He meets you again.

April 21.

The manner in which Thomas H. Benton—whose communication was published in No. 5 of this Vol.—influenced the medium seemed to exhaust her much; there were violent gaspings for breath, and much agitation. The medium, in describing the sensation experienced, said that it seemed as if she were filled to bursting—the uneasy sensation in the head, of a power within, much too large for it, which was almost ready to burst the limits nature had assigned the brain, was distressing. Hence the visit of the Indian, who knew better how to control those mysterious elements which spirits must govern, in order to possess or tenant a human form and brain not their own, and much less extensive—a house not large enough for the furniture, to use a homely phrase. These souls of the forest seem to have a peculiar mission with mediums—giving strength to them when "big intellects" have exhausted them—restoring vitality to the machine from which it has been taken by an unskillful engineer; for the body of man is, after all, but an engine through which his spirit manifests, and mediums are but machines which the owning engineer can leave for a time, and loan to a brother to run.

Robert Williams.

I don't know much about this thing, but I feel certain of one thing and that is that all spirits have something to do when they approach these forms. They have much to take into consideration. Let them consider how they will be received. 2d. In what manner they had best approach their friends.

Now I have a very strong desire to approach my friends in near communion, but I allow my better judgment to rule, and keep at a distance until I can bring them to know me as a spirit. Now I am conscious of no change except that I have lost my body. They will expect something very high and pure from a spirit, while I can give them nothing different from what I could in earth life. I do not like to see those I love so well remaining bound to that which will never elevate them, either spiritually or morally. I sometimes feel as though I would sever the bands which separate them from me, but wisdom says wait—in time it shall be done, and judgment bids me bide the event.

I lived a good moral life on earth and had much joy, and experienced some of the sorrows of life. I was not exempt from trouble, but I probably lived as much without real suffering as did any one, for which I have every reason to thank the Supreme Power. Now I should be very happy to receive a call from my dear friends; but I have never had one. I know my friends have said they should like to hear from me if Spiritualism be true. Now I do not feel competent to prove Spiritualism true, but I do feel competent to prove myself, and my power to commune with them, if they will allow me to do so. I have some very dear friends on earth, and I should like to have them all happy; but I know while they are on earth they must be subject to the inconveniences of earth life. Yet I know if they break from the bands they have thrown about them, they will be more happy, for I know that what they enjoy as a belief in an hereafter will give place to a knowledge; for if they come in close communion with their spirit friends they will be taught of life hereafter by those who have experienced it, and will not be disappointed with it when they come to us. I am sure they will then be thankful that the light was offered, and they did not refuse.

I have had great reason to regret some steps I took in earth life, although I did not have this light which you have. I think it well that I passed on as I did, for had I lived longer and been offered this light, my belief and the tenacity with which I clung to it, would have led me to have refused it, and then I should have added the sin of refusing light offered. I find that every sin receives its own punishment, and every good, its reward. Punishment is as sure to follow sin as a pain is to follow the putting your finger into fire.

Some of my friends are taking an active part in some of the duties of an earthly life; I feel very anxious for them, for I know the influence they exert is vast, and the seed they sow will bring forth wheat or tares according to its quality. I am anxious that what they sow should come forth in purity.

I do not feel authorized to give you the names of my friends without their permission; but mine own name belongs to me, and I have a right to give it.

I have almost forgotten that old earthly sound, but I can recall it in memory by coming in contact with materialism. The name I bore was Robert Williams. I lived in Boston and died in Boston. Now if any of my good friends will answer my message, and give me a call, I will return and endeavor to do better the next time.

April 22.

Henry Woods.

Will you publish a communication from me, Henry Woods? You don't talk right. You don't appear to me right. Tell my brothers and sisters that I want to come. I can't talk slow enough for you.

April 22.

This was from a dumb person, who wished to converse by the dumb alphabet, and did, so far as the above was given; but we could not read his alphabet fast enough to suit him, so he only gave the above.

Henry Elliot.

The soul that once lived and moved on earth, knows well how to return to earth. Although he may not observe the landmarks as he passed on to his spirit home, yet there is something in earth life that will draw the spirit home again. How! yes, home on earth. We are like wanderers who have taken up their abode in a new country; therefore, we may be said to enjoy two homes—one in earth life, and one in spirit life. The church will tell you that the Christian goes far from earth and returns no more to the place that once knew him. They speak of our going, as though we were to be far from them—as though we passed hence, no more to be found in earth-life. All who pass from the earthly life go forth with some degree of fear—they have a dread to enter into an uncertain state; but all who return from spirit to earth life, know where they are coming to, for everything looks familiar they were once pleased with.

It is now but a short time since I left my earth home and found one that I must say is far better than that I enjoyed on earth; although I was much disappointed, yet I rejoice in it, for it placed me far higher than I ever expected to be. Now I return to earth because I still love the friends I have on earth—because I am anxious about them, and because I cannot be happy unless I come and speak to those I love.

Love is a flower that never dies—wherever it blooms, there it will remain throughout eternity. Yes, if we love an earthly home, and if that lower never dies, surely we will always love to return to our former home.

Nearly all my friends believe that the spirit, after it leaves the mortal form, goes to God, or down, down to hell. I know I have something to do in returning to earth—I know I am to pull down a wall that has reached almost to the skies. But the Power which aids me to come, will aid me in demolishing this vile fabric. I have no disposition to return to earth to speak ill of those who hold communion with the church, but I do wish to set their feet upon a firm foundation, and make them realize their position as regards the spirit life. The veil is not of lead, steel, brass or iron, that divides us from those we love—no, but simply a gauze fabric, which all may see through, if they will—all may raise, if they will use the means. I have reason to thank God for what little light I found on earth. I was not blessed with what you are, yet I found sufficient to light me to my spirit home.

If some one of my dear earth friends will permit me to come and commune with them, I shall be happy to do so. I will place no beam in the way—no, I will endeavor to clear the path of all rubbish, and I will try to teach them of that God I have known better since I left earth. He is a God of love, not willing that any of His children should perish—and if He is not willing and possesses power, they will not perish, but all will be saved. I loved to read the Bible, that record of past events when on earth; but there were many passages I could not understand, and however hard I tried, there was a mystery hanging above, and I could not make myself acquainted with that book of books; but now I have cast off the scales of mortal life, I can understand it, and thank the God of Nature for part of it, and poor mortal man for a part; for I must acknowledge that I do not look upon that blessed book in the same light I once did.

I am well aware that some of my dear friends will say I do not talk as I used to. Well, I have changed in regard to many things. I see now as I could not see then, and if I have found out and see and know that a portion of that revered book is false, I must say so. I now accept only that part which will help man to heaven and happiness. All that transpired under the new dispensation you may learn to love—you may find something to benefit in a word; that book is only a history of past events, and oh, if mortals in the past had been blessed with the light you have, you might have had a perfect book.

I regret very much to see so many of my dear friends so closely hugging old creeds, which will serve them only for a moment, and will soon wear into disuse, and leave them looking for something to rely upon, which they have not had. Oh, the children of God need something of knowledge, and where can they find it, except they go to the fountain head? The past can furnish you a little, the present much, and the future, oh, the future! Oh, man! reach out your arms, and the Giver of all Gifts will fill them with blessings from the spirit life.

If I were better accustomed to controlling your medium, I would tarry with you longer, but as there is a first trial, I will pass from you and let others come, hoping that what I have given you, may reach my friends, and prove garlands of choicest blessings while they walk through earth.

My name was Henry Elliot—my residence, when I passed from earth, was Cincinnati. I have relatives in Massachusetts, and in most all the States.

April 26.

Dea. Benjamin Reed.

Our good brother, who has just spoken with you, has advanced ideas which I cannot endorse. Whether my early education and after life has something to do with it, I know not, but I think not. Truth is Truth, whether it be found in the spirit land or on earth.

He distinctly tells you that a part of your Bible is totally false. Well, I am very anxious to enlighten some of my friends in regard to spirit communion, but I do not want to enlighten them in that way. I want to hold up to them something that is inviting. I don't mean to say that the Old Testament is all true. There are some passages I could not rely upon, but the New Testament I hold to be the word of God, and I have no choice in that respect. I have been to earth a number of times, but I have never come here. Some of my friends have rather indirectly asked me to come here, and as I have opportunity, I come to-day. I see there is a diversity of opinion in spirit life, as on earth, and I suppose every spirit coming here has a right to promulgate his own ideas. But the doctrine of my brother is hard doctrine to me. The good brother said he had a perfect right to come here and give his opinion, and if he had, I have the same. I want my friends to read the Bible, and if they read it aright, they will understand it, and if they will read it in prayer, light will shine on the word, and they will bless God for it.

Now I told you I did not like to have my friends discard the Bible; there are some parts of it I would not have them believe, although I would not have said such much on earth. There is a little different now, and therefore I wish to have my friends have the same right.

I should like to approach my own family, and give them some of my ideas since I have been a spirit. I should like to identify myself, and prove to them that I am Deacon Reed and nobody else. I have been striving for some time to make them believe that I really did come to earth, and that I had the power to talk with them; and if they will only designate the time, and name the place, I will be sure to meet them; and if I don't give them some

light, I will never come again. I shan't tell them not to go to church. I don't believe that all the ministers are right, but I do think it is a good thing to join the church; it keeps them from temptation, and when a better light is offered, they can accept it.

Well, my time has expired, and I cannot say any more, except that I was a Deacon of a Baptist Church, and my name was Benjamin Reed; and I have been in the spirit world between seven and eight years. I was in a church not a great way from where you are now sitting. There are a good many will know me, if you do not.

April 26.

Robert Bisbee.

When the gates of heaven are opened, I suppose anybody has a chance to go in, if they want to. It seems to me everybody finds heaven when they find happiness, and I find it by coming here to-day.

I lived fast and I died in a hurry, but it took a long while for me to get back to earth. I have some friends here I would like to talk to. I have written some, but I don't see why some can reach their friends so well while others have hard work to do it. I am not a stranger in these parts, but I do not feel well here. A fellow does not feel so well in a borrowed coat as he does in his own. That puts me in mind of one thing; I had on a borrowed coat when I died. I was fond of riding, and I came to my death by accident. It seems to me you have a great crowd of spirits here to-day—all looking at a fellow. I was not educated as some of them were. But no matter, they tell me to talk just as I feel like talking, so never mind me.

I want to come to my friends. I can do them good if I come. I will promise to perfectly identify myself to every one. Then after that I will do all the good I can. Nobody seems to be idle here. I have had enough reason to regret the course of life I walked on earth. I would not advise anybody to pursue the same course, but go the opposite path. I suppose everybody will be happy at last, but I had rather go the straight path than go have so many crooks and turns in it. If you go straight you will be pretty sure to be happy; but if you go the roundabout way I did, you must have much sorrow first.

Your two visitors seem to have a good deal to say about the Bible; I never did think much of it on earth, and I don't think much of it now. Perhaps they will say I am worse off—well they need not cast me off because I can't believe in the Bible. I am sorry enough for my evil deeds, and I have suffered for them also. I expected to—and when I have suffered enough I shall be happy. Some of my friends supposed I was going to hell, but they were happily disappointed, and I was very much mistaken. I want to tell them I have not seen much hell nor much heaven, and expect to see more of hell and more of happiness when I am prepared for it. All the creeds of earth will not save them, but if they do the best they can they will get along well enough here. But if they preach and pray one day in the week, and serve the devil the rest, it won't save them.

If I was talking to my friends in private, I should know what to say to them, but as I am talking in public I must say what comes into my head. Well if my friends will only call for me again, or go where I can talk to them, I will come again; if they don't perhaps I will come here.

My name was Robert Bisbee—this is Boston, is it? Well, you might as well say I lived here. I was not twenty-one—pretty near it, though. Good-bye.

April 26.

Charles Cheever, M. D.

With your permission, I will answer a few questions that have been propounded to me. One of my friends wishes to know if my faculties are just as good for making myself acquainted with the human form as when on earth. I shall answer it in this wise—Yes, my friend, and much better.

The next is put to me in an indirect manner, but it comes to me much like this: Do you have any regrets for what you did in your past life? Yes, many regrets, many bitter ones. The next is this: Would you return to earth and fulfill your mission, if you could do so? Now that is a hard question to answer, very hard. If it was God's will I should come to earth, I should fulfill my mission in an earthly state; but as He did not design for me to return and animate my own organism, I shall not do it—but as He has given me opportunity and power to return through others, I shall do so, and do all the good I find possible.

I do not have so good a chance as many here, but my chances will increase as mediums increase. Now I hope that dear friend will put any further questions to me in a more direct manner, and I will endeavor to answer them.

And again, when that dear friend recognizes fully this spiritual theory, I shall be able to understand him, and he me. Now he asks, and I answer through a cloud of unbelief—and if he has smart and sharp eyes enough to pick it up through this darkness, I shall be happy. I will give my name as Charles Cheever, of Portsmouth, Va., I might add M. D., but as we have no titles here, I had liked to forget it. Good day.

April 26.

Ruth.

I don't believe but you'll get tired of my coming, sometime, but I never come unless I have something to come for.

Now, do you believe, that the talk you printed for me some time ago was read by some people who used to know me, and they want me to come again. I had lost her for more than twenty-five years, and she did not know where I was. She wants me to tell her what she last gave me. Now I can tell that as easy as possible. She gave me a pair of glasses and a bag. She was a wealthy woman, and I got poor, and she got richer, so we got parted. I want to tell her I saw a sight of trouble since I left her. No wonder. I was put in the poor-house as a poor lunatic. Tell her I am very glad she has asked me to come. Good soul! always ready to see anything. I don't believe if I was on earth I should have found a home. She regrets so much I was in the poor-house, but it is just as well for me, perhaps. The folks up there have not said anything more. If they do, I'll tell you of it.

Where do you suppose this good friend of mine lives? Now, she lives in Philadelphia, and she thought so hard she drew me right to her, and I saw what she was thinking of; and she wanted me to come, and if I was really the Ruth she knew, to tell her what I have. Now, if she wants me to come again, I shall—may I not? Good day, all.

April 26.

Mary Wells.

Beneath a marble slab, in a place called Indian Old Town, there my body reposes. On that marble slab you will find the words—"Seek me not here for I have gone to my Father." Directly beneath it you will find something like this:

Sacred to the memory of

MARY WELLS

Born in 1811,

Died 1891.

I have dear friends in earth life, and although the marble tells them I have gone to my Father, yet my Father is here, here to bless them, and to bless me—here to open their souls, here to permit me to enter and dwell with them. Oh, I have long wanted to come to earth, and have anxiously watched for my time; and I pray my dear friends to extend the welcome hand, that I may not come in vain. For oh, the grave will not hold the spirit; the grave holds but the dust—all that is mortal reposes beneath it, but I return to tell them of better things, of a life beyond, that they may understand ere they enter its portals. Everything made by the Father, is made to be comprehended by His children, and if the spirit world is under the guidance of the Father, they may understand it, and be happy while here they dwell.

Those dear friends are prejudiced against this new light, and I pray them to aid me in lifting this veil, that they may no longer sit in darkness, and that the loving kindness that rules in the spheres may rule in their hearts. These dear friends sometimes think

of me, though it is a long time since I lived on earth. The youth have grown grey, and the old men have passed to other worlds, yet I still retain that place in memory, and I hope I shall not come in vain. Peace, like a white-winged messenger, will guide me within the hearts I love. Peace be to those friends and blessings to all I know. Farewell, strangers.

April 26.

Charles Holmes.

My dear Father and Mother—I should have come in this way before, but I could not until now. Oh, my dear mother, I wish you were constantly happy as I am. You have nothing to make you so unhappy, so, mother dear, do try and look at everything as though it were beautiful, and then you will learn to be truly happy before you come to me.

Oh, my dear father! He, too, must learn to enjoy the love of Him who so often sends the good to make his earth-life pleasant. Now, dear mother and father, and all, good bye until I hear from you again.

April 26.

Stephen Bigelow.

A spirit, giving this name, wrote that he died at the Somerville Insane Asylum, about a year since, or while Dr. Booth was Superintendent. He was not allowed full control, probably on account of the effect he would have in again coming in contact with a material form. He was anxious to know if he wrote like a sane man, as he was not capable of judging to suit himself. He wrote that he had friends in Boston, one of whom kept on Washington street.

April 27.

William Brown.

Do you know where Harrytown is? There's where my folks live. My name is William Brown—I am fourteen years old. I want to go there and talk; I want to see about some things I left. I was not sick at all—I fell and killed myself, I guess; I don't know, for I don't remember much after I fell. They did not have a doctor within four miles of where I lived. I guess I must have died before he got there. I want to know who does the work now, and how they get along without me. I used to chop wood. I want to know what they are going to do about the things I left, and who is going to be there instead of me, and why they don't put a grave-stone up. Perhaps it is n't time yet. I died in September, 1897. Are you a schoolmaster? I never went to school much—never liked it; I didn't see any sense in it—I didn't get anything by going there. What paper you going to print this in? I know the paper they used to take, it was the Times; I had to go to the office after it—ride four miles, storm or pleasant, after it; the old man used to like to read it—his name was Peck—ask him who goes his errands. Was he an old back? Now I don't know what you mean. Oh, yes, he was married once, but he didn't have anybody to walk after him but me and the dog. Poor Dick, he mourns for me, I know he does; he's my dog, and I always want him to keep him for my sake. I guess he will. I'd like to know how it was I came to die; oh, I know I fell, but why did they not save me? I was thinking of going to California when the old man died. He owned sixty acres of land, four cows, two horses, and had money, too. He promised to give it to me. He had more than I knew of. He always said he had n't any when I wanted any, but when he wanted any it was sure to come. I always thought I was his nephew, but I don't know; there's something strange about me, and I never knew what it was. I used to think I could never die good till I knew what it was, and I want to know about it now. How will I get this to the old man? Well, if I don't succeed I'll come back, and you will send it, if I tell you where. The old man was clever; he used to sit for hours thinking of something—there was one day he never ate a thing—he'd walk around the house, and then come in and groan. I knew something plagued him, but he was good to me. He never would let me make any noise in the house, but used to tell me to go out doors and make it. I went traveling with the old man once—to Portland and all around. I tell you he had money enough—we never done a thing all the time we were gone. Well, I'll go now.

April 27.

Willie Eaton.

As your sight is not quite clear enough for you to recognize me, I

will say anything that I ought not to—I've got wit enough left for that.

I think if the old Spaniard was here who shot me, I could shake hands with him. I was young, and a saucy, independent individual I was, on board ship. My father sent me off because he could not do anything for me here. I had some words with the man who shot me, and went ashore. I saw him again, and had more, and he shot me.

The circumstances detailed as having occurred in our office, are correct. At the time, we had not received any communication from this spirit. He had sent his people word that he was going to give one, but it was some weeks afterwards that this was given.

Correspondence.

THE WRITTEN WORD.

Messrs. Editors—I am one of the many who were favored with the privilege of listening to the brilliant discourse delivered through the organism of Miss Harding, at the Melodeon, on Sunday, the 30th ult. I must acknowledge, however, that my pleasure and satisfaction was not wholly unmixed with sadness and grief. This feeling, I learn, was shared by many others who were present.

I have the fortune, or misfortune, according to the various opinions prevailing in the community, of belonging to that class of Spiritualists who acknowledge the Sacred Scriptures in their interior significance—that is to say, in their Divine, Celestial, Spiritual and Natural senses; and who have been favored by the mercy of our common Father, who is no respecter of persons, of comprehending, in some measure, His Word in all these various senses. We also acknowledge a false signification, as pertaining to the Word, corresponding with the gross and evil states of the race or races to whom it was given. This, every candid and intelligent man will perceive, as a necessity. Given, as it was, and must needs be, through the organisms of individuals suited to the times and circumstances of the race, it must, of necessity, in its ultimate character, partake of the nature of the medium through whom it came.

This law is acknowledged on all hands to hold good at the present day. Thus we find that the Divine Word is clothed with a false covering; and this rule prevails throughout the whole of the Word of the Sacred Scriptures. Now, if we can only break the shell of this hard nut—if we can but penetrate in some slight degree through these false coverings, which have grown hard and almost impenetrable through the darkness and obscurity of past ages, we shall possibly see something worthy of our attention; and which may incline us to love this same rejected Word, and to take it to our hearts with the fondness of little children. There are some who listened to the speaker, who perceive that she is almost wholly in this false covering, and was inclined to break the shell, and scatter the fragments about most profusely, but was unable to give us any of the meat—the real substance of the nut.

I will, with your permission, attempt to give you a very brief exposition of the interior significance of one portion of the Word, which was held up by the speaker in a spirit of derision and contempt. I refer to the passage concerning the man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day.

It has already been stated through this same medium, or previous occasions, that the Sabbath day should be regarded as sacred and holy above all other days, on account of its correspondence as involved in numbers. This science of correspondence, as was stated by the medium, has been lost to the world, but of which, in these later days, there are some faint glimmerings, foreshadowing the future glory of the second coming of the Lord in His Divine Humanity, as revealed in the hearts of His loving children, who have followed Him in the regeneration.

On account of its Divine correspondence, the Sabbath was regarded as most holy, to distinguish it from the other days of the week, as having relation to human nature only, or to the creature; the number seven having a Divine significance, indicating the beginning and the end of all things, in contradistinction to the previous six days, which represent the intermediate steps, the preparatory work. And as the whole of the Word of God has relation to the work of the regeneration of the human race, the six days of creation, in its spiritual significance, has relation to the regenerative process carried on with man in the progress of his development to his celestial state, or state of rest, signified by the seventh day. "And God rested on the seventh day from all His labors." It is said that God rested on the seventh day, because it is God who regenerates man, by means of man's co-operation in the uses of life.

Where is the man who loves his Divine Father with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, who, after having struggled through the trials and conflicts involved in the labors of the six working days of the week, does not rejoice in the enjoyment of the delightful rest afforded him on the seventh day, or Sabbath? This, then, is the spiritual significance of the Sabbath; and is holy only as having relation to the seventh state of regeneration; which is a heavenly state, in contradistinction to the merely earthly or unregenerate state; and as having relation to the Lord Himself, who is order, rest, and harmony itself, in contradistinction to man and his work, who is the very personification of disorder, inharmonious and unrest.

Now, the Jews were of such an external nature, that they could not worship God as a spirit, in spirit and in truth, but they must have something tangible to their senses—something they could see, hear and touch. They could not see Him as a Divine Spirit pervading all nature, as we do at the present day; much less could they look within and see Him transfigured within their own souls in His glorified Humanity; hence they were idolaters, and worshiped blocks of wood and stone images, which their own hands had made; and hence the necessity of a merely representative form of a church with them. They could be inclined to worship the Lord, Jehovah, the only true God, by means of correspondences suited to their conditions, and thus a true church in some degree could be preserved on the earth, by which means the true God could dwell in the hearts of His children, and the human race be preserved from utter destruction.

From this we see the necessity, in order to hold His creatures in conjunction with Himself, and to preserve a true spirit of worship in the hearts of His children, for God, by means of the prophets or His chosen mediums, to institute a representative church; or to institute a representative form of worship, in which all things, even to the least particular, should be regarded as sacred and holy, simply and only on account of its correspondence and its representative character. Hence we have seen why the Sabbath

was regarded as holy above all other days in the week.

But we will now take a brief view of some of the particulars of this wonderful science of correspondence. The gathering of sticks, in itself considered, must certainly be regarded as a very harmless occupation. But when we consider the act in its connection with the circumstances of the case, as stated above, regarding the violation of the Sabbath, as we must when we consider it the most holy of all religious institutions, instituted by God himself, and being the highest and most perfect representation of Him on the earth, in this respect, I say, when we remember that by violating this law, we do violence to the Divine nature within us, by profaning what is holy there; then the case appears in a somewhat different light.

The science of correspondence teaches us that everything in the natural world corresponds with something in the spiritual world. In other words, that there is nothing existing in the natural world, but which previously has an existence in the spiritual world, and which is but an outbirth from the spiritual world. Consequently sticks, and the gathering of sticks, has a spiritual correspondence. Hence we find that sticks, as being little bits of wood, in their good sense, correspond to spiritual truths—and in their opposite sense, to falsities in the same degree. Almost every word which composes the Word of the sacred Scriptures, has its opposite signification. Here lies the grand mystery of the misapprehension of the true nature of the word of God. Now this man falsified the spiritual truths which flowed into his interior being, and the ultimate act of that falsification—the expression of it on the natural plane, was the gathering of sticks on the holy Sabbath day—thus perverting divine truth in himself by violating the law of God. Hence the command that he should be stoned to death, does not properly pertain to God, but the meaning is simply this:—That he had already destroyed the truth in himself; he had actually committed murder, in relation to divine truth in himself; and now, in order to preserve the correspondence, suited to the conditions of that false state of the race, it was permitted by God, (not ordered,) that the man should be stoned to death by his neighbors. In other words, that natural truths, which are represented by stones, would of necessity be perverted, and would rise up in opposition and conflict, in consequence of inversions in the spiritual degree of the mind.

We should always remember that the shell—the false covering—which envelops the whole of humanity, from the beginning to the present time, is in no proper sense the word of God, either in what purports to be His written or spoken word.

It will be well for Spiritualists at the present day to consider well this distinction, lest we, notwithstanding the flood of light which is illuminating the whole world, at last find ourselves in the same condition with the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath day.

There are those who are waiting with fond and trusting hearts for the time to come when the Lord shall send His angels and instruct men in the science of correspondences; when His sacred word shall be vindicated from the false imputations which now rest upon it; and lifted out of the dust, where men and spirits are now endeavoring to tread it under their feet. It will then be respected, not only as a book containing within its bosom a true history of past events, but will become a medium through and by which our Father will reveal Himself in the hearts of His loving children, in His glorified humanity.

[The views taken by the correspondent are held by a large number of people, whose reverence for the Bible is large. Whatever correspondences our friend may trace, in the matter of the law which, backed by "thus saith the Lord," made it a duty to stone to death a man who had picked up sticks on the Sabbath, it will hardly do to believe that God ever commanded such a penalty to be attached thereto—we cannot respect such a God. The correspondence our friend draws is very pleasant, and if God had made it a natural consequence for the stones to fly up and kill a man who stooped to pick up sticks on the Sabbath, it would not be so faulty; but the difficulty is, that man should be commanded to take life. We think the ground taken by the spirit through Miss Harding, that the Word of God has always been, and always will be, colored by the channel through which inspiration comes, is the better one—the most common sense and reasonable—and one which at once settles all the acknowledged inconsistencies and crudities of the Written Word.—Ed.]

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 24, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—I note that the principles of Spiritualism are gaining ground here, even among unbelievers, and as one or two cases, in point, have occurred, I send you the facts, letting the stubborn-minded do what they can with them.

Within one week, as I have from good authority, has died in the southwest part of the city, a gentleman by the name of David Hicks. A few hours before dissolution took place, he suddenly caught hold of a lady who was standing by his bedside, and twining both arms about her neck, cried out, "Don't let her have me; she has come for me." "Who is it?" inquired his friends, who appeared to think him perfectly sane at the time. "It is my sister," he replied; "she has come for me, and I am not ready to go. I will go at half-past six," and, strange to say, his spirit lingered until just that time, when it peacefully took its flight. This phenomenon is not disputed, and yet his friends do not call themselves among the adherents to our doctrine.

Another case is that of a maiden lady, who departed about a week ago, and who had, through a well-spent life, endeared herself to the hearts of her friends. She was brought low, by that fell destroyer, Consumption, which, while it wasted her frame, only rendered more intensely luminous the fires of the soul, and calmly and smilingly she glided down the vale of shadows. Neither was she very favorably inclined toward Spiritualism, though some of her friends rejoice in its truth. Her name was Miss Allen, and at the time of her death, she was about ten miles from the city, although she has friends here and has resided here a part of the time. About four weeks before she died, as she was alone on day in her room, she saw a vision of such brightness as far to transcend her powers of description, and which filled the whole room with a flood of light. She seemed to know that there was a spirit manifesting itself, but could not see its face. She felt no fear, but a holy calm settled upon her whole being, and she was willing to depart, whenever it was the will of the Father. Her body is mouldering beneath the

soil, but the pure spirit, that once filled it, now sees "eye to eye," what it only "dimly, as through a glass," discovered while here.

Yours truly, in the annihilation of error and the upbuilding of truth,

L. H. B.

THE ASSOCIATED COLONY.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, May 27, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—I saw in the Banner a plan for an ASSOCIATED COLONY, which, to me, seems like a movement in the right direction. Anything that has for its object the improvement of the conditions of human society, is important, and, although many failures may attend these associated efforts, it is well known that through these mankind have learned the essential elements of success in any very important undertaking. I would like to make a few suggestions, in connection with this enterprise, that may, perhaps, induce some to co-operate with their means, who could not in any other way. We all know that many of the most worthy members of society, cannot avail themselves of any of the advantages that our rich and extensive unoccupied country affords, or of the additional facilities that a combined enterprise like the one above mentioned, in consequence of a lack of means. If we have to give in charity, it is better to do so to enable others to help themselves, than simply to relieve their necessities. Any number of families so uniting and occupying a township, would of course enhance the value of this and on which they settle, and would, therefore, be good security for money advanced, to enable them to get there and get a start. The individual ownership of property in the present state of society is far better than the communitary principle, because it is more in harmony with the age, and our material surroundings.

The idea that I wished to suggest is, that those who have money, should contribute to a general fund, to be used in the purchase of the land, and transporting these families and their goods to the designated localities, and securing the payment of the same, and interest, by mortgage on the land thus occupied. There are many within my own circle of acquaintances, who would most gladly join in an enterprise such as is laid down in the circular of Mr. GATES, but have not the means to do so. "If these individuals could draw from a fund an amount sufficient to enable them to pay for the land, perhaps, or a certain amount—some more, some less—they would willingly secure the same, as above; and, by their known industry, and honesty of purpose, could make for themselves a home, and be able to repay with interest what they had received.

Men die, and leave large sums in such a way by their wills, that when they learn in spirit life the true philosophy of being, must be pained and tortured by its use by those who have it, and no doubt wish they had died as paupers die, and been buried by the roadside; while others live to be made more happy by the material wealth they left behind.

It may be interesting to you and others perhaps, to know that the Spiritualists and other friends of free discussion, have hired the Metropolitan, a large and elegant hall, in which to hold their meetings every Sunday for the ensuing summer. Their purpose is to have it free to the public, and invite any who hold different views from ours, to meet us in free and honest inquiry, and trust to the power of truth over error, whether it is for us or against us. We feel that we are better prepared than we have been to receive able lecturers, and render their stay with us more useful, and perhaps more remunerative.

We expect Miss Davis, of Lansingburgh, a young but highly gifted trance-speaker, to spend a few weeks with us after the first Sunday in June. Among the many visitors who flock to our beautiful village to be benefited by its many healing waters, there are not a few who also seek the healing and unfolding influences of the spiritual philosophy, and love to attend these lectures when they have opportunity. Should this meet the eyes of any of our first-class lecturers, they will be assured that should they come this way, our hall is free to their use, and we will do all in our power to remunerate them and make their visit a pleasant one.

Yours truly, P. T.

MISS ELLA E. GIBSON AT AUGUSTA, ME.
AUGUSTA, ME., May 16, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Many persons who listened to the six admirable discourses recently delivered here by Miss Ella E. Gibson, a speaking medium, are desirous of expressing their gratification through the columns of the Banner. Concert Hall was filled every evening by a surprised and delighted audience, a third part of whom only were Spiritualists, yet the doctrines advanced were received with general approbation. In fact, the speaker labored more to disseminate liberal ideas, than to establish the truth of Spiritualism. She claimed that every human being had the right to select his own religion, unswayed by interest, and unwarmed by fear; that religion is a principle of action, needed for this world—not merely to die by, but to live by; not to simply believe in, but to act up to. The Almighty has implanted in the breast of every man a principle, which tells him what is right and what is wrong. Its softest whisper may become like the voice of many waters—its calm approval lull to sleep on the martyr's fiery pillow; and just so far as he emerges from ignorance and superstition, just so far does he perceive that he can place confidence in its motions. The reason man's progress has been so low heretofore, is, that priests and rulers, believing it to be for their interest, have discouraged speculation in regard to civil government, and positively interdicted it in regard to religion; because priests and rulers have opposed every step forward which science has taken, and anathematized those who believed not in their intervention.

If God ever spoke by the mouth of prophets, why may he not now? If man ever needed the assurance of the presence of angels, why does he not now? Has man's nature changed? Is he not the same being today that he was eighteen hundred years ago? If Paul saw a light, and heard a voice, when he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter why may not the persecutors of the present day expect to do the same thing?"

SECOND SIGHT.

Messrs. Editors—Under this heading I recorded in your paper, in August, 1857, a prediction of a Scotchman, concerning the death of Tom Tallis, in eighteen months from October 9, 1856. The time is now passed, and more, and yet Tom Tallis is in the body. I wrote to record the result, whatever it was, and I promise in fulfillment of that promise. From this we can see that "Scotch second sight" is no more infallible than clairvoyant prediction.

St. Louis, May 18, 1858. A. MURPHY.

NORTH LEEDS, MAINE.

We subjoin a few extracts from a long letter received by us from Bro. S. R. Deane, of North Leeds, the crowded state of our columns alone preventing us printing it entire:

DEAR BANNER—I am reminded by the gentle footfalls of returning Flora's smiling train, that the year for which I subscribed for the Banner of Light will soon have expired, and, fearing that its visits might cease, I now renew the "invitation" for its continuance, by enclosing the requisite amount:

For thou art welcome to my home—
A year has now endeared thee;
For often when quiet sad and lone,
Thou, faithful friend, hast cheered me.
Then do not cease thy visits here—
I cannot live without thee,
For, oh, the flowers are sweet and dear,
That thou dost plant about me.

The pleading, bright "Forget-me-not,"
Is one of thy consoling,
And blooming near the same sweet spot
Eternal flowers are shining.
And so thy folds, "mid fragrant air,
Are floating round me over,
And o'er the cry of dark despair
Thou sing'st of Hope forever.

Then, friend of eighteen fifty-seven
And fifty-eight's beginning,
Still come with messages from HEAVEN,
In truth and love all winning.

At North Turner Bridge, where within a few months some copies of the Banner have found their way, there is a little band of hopeful hearts, calling themselves Spiritualists, struggling on, not anxiously, but patiently and expectantly, for the dissemination of the glad tidings, which shall, in time, be to all people the same in essence that eighteen hundred years ago were proclaimed to those humble rustics, the shepherds, watching over their flocks beneath the star-gemmed sky of night—the dome of Nature's temple grand, that hung o'er Bethlehem's fields, of hills and valleys green. And ever since, the echoes of the voice that said, "Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy," and mingling with that voice the echoes of the song sung by that heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men," have never ceased.

Bro. W. K. Ripley, of Canton, Me., a trance medium through whom the Spiritualists at this place have been favored with frequent lectures from a high order of Intelligences, has been the cherished instrument of doing much to awaken, enlighten, encourage and confirm the understandings and affections of many yearning hearts; and by and through him, many to whom Spiritualism one year ago was a dreaded thing, have received the glad tidings, and profited thereby.

Wishing you and your co-workers abundant success in the worthy enterprise in which you are engaged, and hoping that those for whom you labor may look to the BANNER, and rally around the standard of truth, that promises a glorious immortality and a heavenly communion, I subscribe myself,

Yours truly, S. R. DEANE.

Bro. Ripley, in a note to us, dated North Turner Bridge, May 28, says:

"We are going to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17, with a grove meeting at this place, and all trance-speakers and Spiritualists are cordially invited to be present and take part in the exercises. Mrs. Marsh and the singing sisters—nine and twelve years of age—of Boston, have been engaged for the occasion. The Canton Brass Band is also expected.

The friends of the cause in this vicinity are awakening with new life, and coming forth, Lazarus-like from the tombs of the past, to sit clothed in their right minds in the present, freed from all sectarian imbecility, under the teachings of the rational philosophy now being presented to them."

THE CAUSE SPREADING.

MANCHESTER, May 29, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—I really wish those who think that "Spiritualism is dying out," could travel a while with me. They would soon change their opinions. They would learn that one great natural law governs all reproductive processes—that, as in the outer, visible world, the old is disposed to furnish nutrient material for the new. So in the spiritual world, or the world of thought and emotion, old faiths, creeds, dogmas, and rituals are fast going to that heap of comfort, which shall furnish fresher life, vigor, and expansion to the new buds of thought which are now

"Bursting full blossomed on the thorny stem of time."

The "revival" has nowhere, that I can learn, lessened the interest in Spiritualism. I think, on the contrary, it will tend to increase it. Those whose attention has been called to religious subjects by it, will go to the church for ideas suited to the needs of spiritual manhood, and learn that she has nothing for them but "baby clothes," which will be altogether too "tight," and if they succeed in getting them on, they will pinch so, especially about the heart, that they will soon burst and be cast off, and the seeker after truth will be sure to inquire for a higher and more rational belief. Yours, L. M.

LETTER FROM LYNN.

LYNN, May 30, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Although we have been blessed with half a dozen or more sermons in opposition to our beautiful philosophy, by the grace of God our cause is progressing. In spite of all the denunciations which have been heaped upon us by our opponents, they are unable to stay the tide of investigation.

Our circles are crowded (and, by the way, we have three large and several small circles in this city.) by intelligent men and women of all denominations, earnestly seeking after truth. This gives us much joy, as it is a step in the right direction. Those who seek truth for truth's sake, shall find it.

We have a very good medium in the person of Mrs. John Hardy. She is a trance-speaking and healing medium, and the Spiritualists of Lynn are much pleased with her. She is doing a good work. Yours in the cause, J. A. 5th.

THE SEED TAKING ROOT.

EAST CAMBRIDGE, ILL., May 20, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—As every person likes to know if his labors are appreciated by those he labors for, I take the liberty to speak in behalf of a goodly number of people of this place. A copy of the Banner of Light accidentally fell into my hands, which I read and passed around. It was read again and again, until it was completely worn out. Although there are at present but a small number in our neighborhood who are believers in spiritual communications, yet there is an eagerness to hear and investigate, which shows that the people are no longer under the control of creeds.

We have formed a society for "Investigating the Principles of Universal Truths," which is prospering finely.

Communications.

The Family Circle, as it is, and as it should be.

SERIES NUMBER FIVE.

The most powerful auxiliary which society recognizes, tending to elevate mankind in mental and spiritual advancement, we consider to be the Family Circle. In fact it may be said to be the first step which was taken by man, from a state of barbarism towards his ultimate destiny.

The formation of families who should be attracted to each other by the law of affinity—thus as it were creating for themselves a miniature world of their own, separate and distinct from the world at large, where they could not only have freedom of thought and expression, but also establish a government of their own, suited to their capacities and tastes, that should not conflict with the laws which society recognizes as necessary for the protection of itself. This privilege, we say, is the God-given right of every son and daughter of the race—and in this simple formation of family circles do we behold the future as well as the past condition of the world.

Philosophers may argue, moralists may preach, and theologians may threaten, with their ecclesiastical authority, but after all the future career of the individual receives its impetus as well as character from the influence surrounding the family circle, which recognizes him or her as one of its members. So may it truly said to be the garden of human souls—if the soil be rich and nourishing, which corresponds to the healthy condition of the parents—if the sunshine of peace and contentment ever pervade the circle—if the healthy breezes of virtue and purity permeate every pore of their spiritual atmosphere, then is the young and tender soul reared and nourished in accordance with Nature's laws, developing into maturity with beauty and strength of physical and spiritual constitutions. We need not refer for examples of the truth of our position to the biography of the greatest and best men with which your earth has been blessed.

Where did your Washington and your Franklin receive the lessons of truth and virtue which to-day renders their names sacred, and their works admired? We say it is attributable in a great degree to the early teachings and influences to which they were subjected from their earliest infancy. But a glance at the operations of the laws which control their being, would teach man that when the mind is young and tender it is most susceptible to influences either good or bad. Also, the experience of every individual will testify to this truth, that the impressions received when young, are by far the most lasting, requiring more than the allotted time of man's earthly existence to fully eradicate them.

If an outrage has been committed against the laws of the mind, we look to the influences under which that human soul was developed, and most invariably do we find that such crime is but the legitimate effect of a neglected and indifferent early training of the child. We behold many family circles, where inharmonious and discordant reign. No sympathy nor loving-kindness is manifested to the other—but all live for themselves, their individual happiness being considered paramount to all else; consequently, their life is but one series of bickerings and discontent, rendering their dispositions fretful and disagreeable to all who associate with them, thus making a hell where (were but the laws of nature and their own being obeyed) would be a heaven.

Now, we ask, is it to be wondered at, that children, born and reared of such parents, subjected to influences so inharmonious and discordant, should at least be possessed of uneven tempers, even if their natures are not impregnated with the active principles of evil in its worst forms? Is it a wonder that children, who often hear profane and impure language used by their parents, should readily take to the same practice?—or that, witnessing the daily quarrels of those whom it should be their duty to love and honor, that the children should soon begin to show forth signs of a pugilistic disposition to each other? We say it is but the natural consequence of such conditions. "For of such as ye sow, shall ye also reap."

Oh, then, ye parents of human souls, let us impress upon you the importance of your situation, and of the responsibility which devolves upon you. We would enforce upon your consciousness the truth that the future welfare and destiny of those children is entirely at your mercy. There are many spirits who have left the rudimentary sphere and passed on to spirit-life, who could they but recall the many neglected opportunities for doing good, and the evil influences to which they subjected their offspring, would give worlds upon worlds for the opportunity. They can look over the scroll of their earthly life, and see how they neglected the early training of their children—which neglect has perchance rendered them outcasts from society, and caused a felon's doom. This, and as it may be, is the load under which many a spirit-parent groans.

God grant that we may be the means of bringing some souls to realize the responsibility they are under, and that a speedy reform may follow—that they may, by the purity of their daily lives and actions, shed around the family circle a holy and benign influence.

If, by careful analysis of the mental development of your child, you perceive any faculty which requires restraint, it is your duty to ever keep a watchful eye to such a course. Above all, ever keep the family circle harmonious. Never let your passions gain control over you, and studiously avoid those habits which your own conscience tells you are pernicious. In fact, never do that which you would condemn in your child. Ever teach them to rely upon themselves. Show them the reward of virtue, and the penalty of vice, and that the consequences of such obedience or disobedience must inevitably come upon them, and no other.

A family circle like this is beautiful, and with such, high and holy angels seek to commune. Where harmony is the main-spring of action—where love reigns supreme, and perfect confidence, each with the other exists—then in your dwelling years, when the sands of life are fast running out, shall you look upon the family you have reared, and be blessed in the consciousness of having done your duty to your children, yourselves, and your God. When the Angel of Light shall come, and you have become ripened for the harvest, you shall look back upon your past lives with joy, and pass away to rejoice those who may have gone before, and find that you have entered upon a still higher form of existence, transcending in beauty and loveliness your highest expectations.

H. R. W.

Mary E. Colby to an Earth Brother.

My Dear Brother—I have tried to control you to write, for a long time, and now my good spirit friends have assisted me to do so. Oh, I have much to give you about my new home. Tell mother I am so happy. My wish is to talk with her. I know she thinks of me often, and I come to her; but she sees me not. If she will visit you, I will come and talk with her through the medium. Tell her that I visit Moses, often, and influence him all I can. He is more happy than he was, and mother must not worry about him so much. Tell her, but daughter in the spirit land says so.

I would like to talk to Aunt Eliza, but I cannot approach her as I can mother. Oh, tell her Eliza both in Heaven sends forgiveness to her for anything she may have said or done while in the earth life to cause her unhappiness—and that I pray she may be forgiven of the common Father of us all for the sins of her earth life. Oh, she is terribly in the dark—even now—and as she has not long to tarry in the form, I implore her, to make her peace with God. Tell her to let harmony and love pervade her every thought, instead of strife and discord, if she would ever taste the joys beyond.

Oh, I have much to say to our folks, but shall be obliged to take another opportunity. Give them all my love, and tell them I am in Heaven, where everything is beautiful, and I would not wish to live on earth again.

