BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NO. 1.

A Beautiful Sketch, Written for the Banner of Light.

HEBBARD:

ANGEL-TAUGHT CHILD.

BY MADGE CARROLL

inquired so particularly about the state of her health, always do, that I was a "fool." I write sooner than usual, to let you know that she is dead. I should like to write something very pretty, risen. When, I do not know, for have I not kept very tender, about the child, for, under the circum- guard over that grave day and night? Have I not stances, one might expect it, but really I have grown even in slumber, circled the swelling mound in my so hopelessly prosy, that I cannot undertake it, with arms, so that she might not rise without wakening the prospect of a mortifying failure staring mo in me? But she has done so; she came to me this

But Minnie, kind, this sweet child had really won a warm nook by the somewhat comfortless fireside of my heart. She possessed a sort of weird fascination over me, that actually made me afraid of her. Her glowing accounts of unfolded visions, her earnestness and eloquence, had such an enthralling charm, that very frequently I was forced to leave the room.

I have no desire to go astray after "strange gods." The faith that puts aside the Bible, as a worn out book, and professes to have newer revelations, diviner light, is to be avoided by all true Christians.

I hope Charles and Isabel will live to see the error of their way. And also do I hope that our heavenly Father will forgive that self-deceived child, for misleading them. But you will say this is only a repetition of what I have written before. So it is, but my rebel heart will wonder where that deluded soul is gone. And yet I know it is impious,-it is quesjured her to tell them, if one shade of doubt, as to and flower. the truth of what she had seen and heard, crossed I was lost in gazing, entranced by the sweet miraharmony of your lives answer."

I send you some stray papers which were found purple and amber. among her few possessions; when read, return them, | And oh I that river! it was like naught that my about the mysterious records, and when one consid-quired, "What is this light?" ers that they came from a young, and entirely uneducated girl, they seem remarkable. Her father is mercly a kitchen haud; and they say the girl was so ignorant as to be almost a fool, until lately.

perplexity into which their perusal has thrown me. 'child, simple natural life." Yours, affectionately,

I. LOVE'S GRAVE. LIPE ETERNAL.

The sun; with golden pencilling, was writing good morning on the dull grey soroll of the eastern sky, tender eyes upon me. "If I should tell you of a gleams had rained on the small mound, in the night- prematurely, and faded early, yet held in its heart time, and every grass-spear was wet, and every tiny a rare seed-a seed riohly ripened, capable of exscented flower-urn was full.

widening at last, into the clear, Good day.

to outlive every storm-cloud, and outshine every eye, transplanting of their sister, what judgment would with that ever new splendor flooding earth and sky, you pass on the little self-doomed things?" I sat beside Love's grave, so desolate! And as my my loneliness and grief, how like a great sword it Then I stammered out," I'd think they were fools." plerced my heart. And then that slender grave shadow rose higher than earth's mountains, higher than heaven's sun, overdarkening the whole world.

And yet that burled darling was but a little child A little child, years younger than I, who had seen the summer bloom but seven times, and just at the son?" commoncement of this sweet rose month, they told me she had gone to the land of everlasting roses.

that levely form under those sods, and hear them answered. "Yes." breathe prayers over it, and rain tears over it? I did not believe it when they told me, but now I know soft hand on my breast.

that it is so. Night after night I watched by that grave-side to see her in her angelhood, and entreat her to speak looked up with lighting eyes. "Standing on this to me once more, -- breathe but one kindly word to me, beautiful earth, you have shut this great joy within before searing beyond the starry heights. Then I your heart. Open it, and let God's daylight in!"

DRAR MINNIB-As you seemed interested in what far down, she could not find room to spread her I told you concerning the young Leah Hebbard, and wings and fly out. But he only told me, like they

> And yet Love has cleared those earth-clods and morning in a beautiful dream, and I knew it was a rue dream.

After I had wearied myself out with calling to her, and weeping because she did not come, I fell asleep, and had such a wonderful vision. I must have been still sleeping, but I thought I was wakened by some one touching me, and, on opening my eyes, saw a beautiful, stranger lady bending over me.

"Look up, rise up," she said, in such soft, kind tones, that I could only look up into that face so exceedingly fair. It was like Love's, in its exquisite loveliness, and yet unlike it, too.

Her eyes were strangely dark and beautiful, they looked like a deep woll, when stars are shining in it, and her hair was very black, but with a gleamy ripple in it as it lay around her brow.

"Look up," she said again, and raised me with a tender, clasping hand. Then I rose and looked about me. Was it sunset? No, the sun, in its most gortioning God's judgment. Leah whispered of perfect geous evening pomp, never spread such splendor trust and fearlessness to the very last. Charles con- over carth, never hung such glory on tree, and shrub.

her mind. She smiled, and said faintly: "The cle that had transformed nature, always so lovely, coming seasons—the wakening flowers—the wings into still more surpassing leveliness. Around every of returning birds flashing in the sun-all the ever- lear, soft emorald gleams were playing; over the changing, yet ever-changeless scenes in nature, prove roses hung a pink transparent cloud, flushing into to the discerning eyes of love, the fact of the free deeper bloom where the color on the roses deepened. earth. And as to the holy and piling like gathered snow flakes over the wh truth of that which I have been impressed to teach buds and blossoms, and it was still light everywhere you, live out the pure lessons, and let the growing light. Every blade of grass was folded round by a slender sparkling line of light, and even the rock by And so she died, believing, and so they live, bothe river's side, that had always appeared a lifeless groy, scintilated with a mingled shower of violet tions, and Love returns with me. But you shall see that it is best for you to know, will in time be taught

as the folks here set a high value on them. They eyes over rested on before; it was more glorious than are written mostly on small soiled bits, probably a river of rainbows, with the sunshine goldening collected from the ash box, and soribbled in a style over it. For many, many minutes, I could not speak almost unreadable. I managed to spell it out, though. a word; then turning to the stranger, with a halfso you certainly can. There is a singular beauty formed thought that she might account for it, I in-

" Life !" she answered.

"What life? Whose life?" I asked. "Not the life of a soul that prisons a dead sorrow

within its portals. Not the life of a soul that lends Read the scraps, and try to help me out of the its powers to work ovil. It is Nature's life, my

With singular quickness I caught up her meaning. "Not the life of a soul that prisons a dead sorrow within its portals?" I repeated, half questioningly, for those words seemed to apply particularly to me.

" Not your life," she said, turning those divinely when I sat down beside Lovo's grave. Soft, dewy flower that bloomed in supreme beauty, yet bloomed panding into a fairer flower, endowed with better I watched the golden lettering in the east, grow- life, -and if I should say there came a bright-winged ing broader, flashing and kindling into deeper bril. bird, who took that precious seed, and carried it away liancy, reaching up to rob the pale moon of her light, to a land of endless summer, where it could bloom and outshining all the stars. Brighter and brighter and bloom perenially; and then if I should say that rolled up the gay greeting words, broadening and every kindred seed left here, dropped into the ground. and remained buried in darkness, nover more to un-And with the glorlous light—the light that is sure fold beneath the genial sun-rays, because of the

I hesitated-not because I could not understand mind gradually turned from the contemplation of her words, but because my uncouth utterance would nature's just born day, to the dread knowledge of come in contrast with the silver melody of her tones.

She pointed to the great Ladore mansion, just visible from its hilly station through the bending

"Do you see nothing in the appearance of that house that might in any way relate to my compari-

I looked-every window was shut close against the sunlight, and clouds of crape hung heavily from But I did not believe it. Did I not see them lay them. Her meaning flashed clear upon me, and I

"And do you feel anything here?" she laid her

And again I answered her, "Yes."

"Yes-out here under the blessed sky," and the

read the brief insorlption:--.

LOYE LADORE, Born May 21, 1850; Died June 2, 1867.

What a glory had broke over that small mound ! I had not turned my eyes upon it since awaking, blunder out in the usual style.

At the same hour as before, that bathed tree and shrub, rock and river.

"Is it here they have buried her?" she again questioned, as I, wonder-rapt, had not answered the previous inquiry.

"Yes, they put her here so far far down that sho'll never get up again.",

"Hark!" she said with a radiant smile, "who is it that calls ?"

"Leah ! Leah !" so thrillingly clear, and sounding so far away in misty distance. Leah!" it called again, and I, catching the tone so familiarly dear, so lately lost, exclaimed in a trinsport of delight—
"It is Love! Love!" my heart seemed to form and speak the beautiful word, and climost break, in its ullness, over it.

"Nay-Love is dead !! said the lady, pointing to he grave with a brighter radiance in her smile. "Oh! she can't be dead, she's calling me, and not

from the grave!"

"No! not from the grave!"

"No! not from the grave! linggrave, where earth's children lay their dear ones as being laid."

A pair of round, white armost tole over my shoulders, and my face was to grave to rest against Love's soft phear.

I knew they pare Love's arms, for where on earth was there a tender round. The me outside of their

was there a tender clasp for me, outside of their weet circle! I knew it was Love's check against which my own was pressed, for who but she ever laid her own so confidingly on that of the friendless Leah Hebbard! Was I not gone to that land of everlasting roses I had I not by some unaccountable means passed into the house of many mansionsdied in my slumbers, and entered the pearly-gemmed portals in unconscious calm, to wake in the midst of its sweet inhabitants? Such a thought wolled up in my breast like a blessed flood. And so that it would to grasp the grand idea. not appear strange and startle me, the good Father made it seem a familiar garden, and only let his angols show me Love's grave, so that I could welcome with deeper jos darling dead.

"Do not let that which I am about to say, grieve you, my child. You are not yet risen to the higher life; you must go back to your customary avocaher again-very often. With her you shall read you." some of the great life-lessons that it befits both to

Sit no longer in the shadow of this grave-stone: the soul of that which was dear to you—the bright essence, the life is not burled under that moundthis you now know. Go roam the sunny hill-slopes. the wooded heights, the gloomy dingles, and learn hope from the wonderous works around you."

I listened to her sweetly spoken words-then for he first time turned to see Love's face. Oh! what a bright, laughing face it was. The sun soft tresses strayed about it in the same wild way, and all the lden bloom was flushing the rounded cheeks.

Why need I give in detail all her artless prattle?

t was dear only to me, to me only, sweet. The beautiful lady strolled apart as we talked. and occupied herself with weaving together sprays tiful. of red and white roses. When her perfumed garland was finished, she approached and placed it on my head kissed me, and took Love's hand, saying they must return. Strangely enough my mind was perno room for grief or fear, when Love upraised her sweet red mouth to kiss me a good-bye. "I'll come

again," sho assured me. "Yes, Leah, never doubt that promise. But meanwhile you must record all that has just occurred; will you try to do this?"

"I can't write, hardly, and I don't know any vords," I answered. "I will ald you; never fear. The ability to do

oomes with the will." "And what shall I call you?"

"My earth-name was Mary-call me that. Now one more embrace from Love, and we depart. Come at this hour seven days hence, and we will meet

vou here." They vanished from my sight, even while those soft-tuned tones trembled on the air, and I awoko (this time in reality) to find myself alone.

Too full of astonishment and joy, to suppress my wonderful knowledge, and strange experience, in my own breast and brain, I ran toward the house with the whole story on my lips. But I was suddenly brought to a stop by a strong hand laid upon my arm, "Make no rovelation-speak no word. The time is not come," spake a deep, melodious voice in my ear, and, though I looked about, I could see no one. Yet I obeyed the command and was silent.

n. Wit Mark Car

THE ENGHANTED LAND.

the darkness of my woe again suddily shrouding proof of their blissful reality, came these flowing my spirit, and then her words seemed only a cruel words, swift and strong as a river current, and sweet mockery. Had not my great grief stillowed every as the music of river-waves! Bright language such ray of God's daylight? ... ns I never heard before, and words whose written "Lovs is dead—is this her grave?" she asked; she meaning I never comprehended, now flash like brilseemed just to have noticed it, and stopped back to liant thought wings through my brain, seeming to lift it up as with a great light, and run- like a firestream burning to my finger-tips.

When I write I find little difficulty in chaining my ideas within the reach of words, but when I would give them outward uttorance while conversing, I

At the same hour as before, just the one before sunriso, I went with a strangely fluttering heart, to keep my angel-tryst.

Many mornings since, have I gone and sat there, wondering, fearing, and hoping, but have come away disappointed.

My mind was in a tumult at the hour that had been named for my second meeting with Lovo and her beautiful friend. How much of hope and trust I listened, and far away over the golden-lighted beat in my doubting breast I did not know until I river-waves I seemed to hear a voice summoning sprung up to meet Mary and Love, exclaiming, "I know'd you would come !"

> Beyond aught I have over known of happiness, was the rapture of this early morning meeting. And yet I did not manifest my joy, as I am wont to do, by sorcaming and danoing with wild heart and wilder brain, it came in so all-pervading but so all tranquilizing. Mary bade me come with them, and we rose up into that bright, clear air. How this was accomplished I cannot tell, but we seemed to float upon the soft atmosphere, like a water-lily trembling on the blue wave

Ohl it was a such a free, glorious feeling, to be sailing thus over the earth, so untrammeled by its narrow forms, and with such a comprehensive view of it, unrolling before us. Mountains rising, rivers sparkling, towns and cities mapped out before cur gaze, and that many-hued splendor flushing over all. It was a sight the grandour of which none who have not seen could feel or understand.

"It is the vital principle of Nature, child, whose workings are ever visible to us. It dwells in the heart of the small acorn that drops unnoticed into the ground, and which the dirt and leaves overcover. It throbs in that little guarded cell, with the same inherent power that causes the beating of your heart. It swells, it expands, it upreaches, it rises into the greater light, and unfolds into a mighty oak.

Sometime I will explain this principle, but not now; you do not possess sufficient mental strength

Think of it now as life, and remember life is always light-once darkened, it is death."

"Is it death then, when the sun goes down?" I asked.

"No, for it is not dark then, although it may seem so to you. Nature never sleeps, and knows not the blindness of darkness.

But Icah, you must not now so question me. All

I was silent, and watched the radiantly varied panorama gliding out under our airy way. Moanwhile I tightly clasped Love's hand, with a vague dread ever present that I might lose her, nover to look upon her joyous face again.

Mary was the first to speak, after this time of quiet. "I am going," she said, " to visit a friend of mine, a dear, true friend, that pearl unfortunately so rare, in this small world beneath us."

We descended into the midst of a great city, and traversed its thronged highways. Yet no one seemed to see us, no wandering eye met ours, no hurrying feet turned aside for us. I held close to Love's hand, wondering why it was so, but I said nothing to her, as she seemed so intent on gazing around. and her blue eyes were shining so thoughtfully beau-

Mary ascended the steps of one of the handsome houses that stood side by side in rows along the streets. And there we waited. Presently some one came out, and as they did, so we passed in. Mary's vaded with such a perfect calm, that there seemed friend, whom we had come such a distance to see, sat reading, and paid no heed to us. She stood unnoticed, scanning his face with her soft eyes brimming with tonderness. Then in a low and exquisitely harmonious voice, she sang :--

"Long ago, long ago, the great son-waves of life, That are ever hurrying to and fro Paused mid their restless strife ! Paused to murmur softly and low.

A sweet refrain in the heart of a shell. A sweet refrain, a sweet refrain, a tangled shred of sound, A mingled anthem of joy and pain,

Rang through the pearly bound, Awakening echoes that died not again, But ever in answer swell.

Wild and high, wild and high, thundered the mighty flood Tossing that shell where the pastures lie Of the kindly Shepherd, God;

While far beneath it the earth-winds sigh-Around it, the waters of bliss. And blent with the life-pealing learning now,

Ceaselessly trembles that melody. Bweetly in time with the musical flow Of the heavenly harmony." She had drawn nearor him, at the conclusion of

brow, the other on his head. With infinite affection she pressed her cheek against his hair, her lips upon his brow. Then approaching us, she sat down and took a hand of each in her own :---"Children," she said, "I have brought you here to

gain instruction. Do you understand that passage I have once more been in the enchanted land of in Scripture which says, I was an hungered and ye the candidate, "for it is the ugliest mug I ever told Phil, the gardener, that they had buried her too | "But Love is dead!" I exclaimed, | visions? How in underlable gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink! saw."

Do you suppose it to be merely in relation to physical needs? Not so. There is a hunger and thirst widely apart from these. You, my poor one, have felt it," she said, circling mo with her arm. "Blessed is the hand that offers even a cup of cold water to quench the wild want of a thirsting heart! And thrice blest is he who giveth meat as well as drink. Blessed is this man! look upon him and honor him, little children, for there are many, very many, breathing the love fraught airs of the Better Home, who must return to loarn of such as he. No silver scroll in those higher halls of knowledge, holds a brighter, purer lesson, than is to be found in this man's heart and life. I have seen him beside the couch of pain, and in his very presence there was healing. I have watched over him at all times, and under all circumstances, and never knew him guilty of one unworthy act. I see opened before me the. beautiful vista of his past ways, and all along them Truth, Faith, and Charity have strewn drops of light, as the stars strew the heavens."

She turned her face towards him-that face so beautiful with eloquent feeling, and he sat there so unconscious of the angel in his room. A soft shade flitted over her face, then she said, speaking with a sweet, sad cadence in her tones :-

"This is our hardest trial, to sit in the presence of our earth-friends unseen to stand beside them with yearning hearts, anxious to comfort and assist, and have them so unconscious of it."

"Can't he see us, then ?" I inquired, forgetting, in my anxiety to know, the gentle check she had put upon my propensity to question.

"No, he does not see us," she answered kindly. "Why can't ho? Am I an angel when I'm with

"No, Leah. I will explain your condition at a more convenient time. Come, take Lovo's hand, and

we will go henco." I took the little rese-tipped fingers in my own, and we left the house. Again we traced the maze of city streets, and saw such mingled wonders, I could

not; even with my new gift of words, describe them. Love broke her sombre silence, and chatted gaily on all we saw and heard. At length, after Mary had let us run on in this way for a long time, she stopped, and pointing upward to a glittering, sun-draped cloud, that lay slum. bering on the azure vault, she said we would go

there and rest. We ascended in the same manner as before, I without any effort of my own powers or will; and, reaching the bright spot, we sat down amid its sun-wreathed folds, and overlooked the mighty metropolis. How puny it looked from our glorious observatory! A mere cluster of bee-hives. with a narrow way pencilled through them!

Mary noticed my gaze rivited on the place circling me with her arm, she said-

"My child, close your eyes a moment, and you shall behold this sun-lit atmosphere with a new vis-

I obeyed, and she drew my head to rest on her shoulder. She passed the hand so lily-white, so lilysoft, caressingly over my forchead.

A warm stream of light seemed to follow the gen. tle touches; flashing up like sparks before my eyes.

"Leah," she said, speaking so musically and low, Man has termed the world you live in a vale of tears. lie mourns over the cruek fate that dooms him to journey through it. He looks upon the earth. life as a burden, and wastes his hours in vain longing, in useless repining. A vale of tears! Loah, look upon it!"

She raised her hand from its gentle resting on my brow, and, unclosing my eyes, I looked around me, and down upon the world. But was it the world? Our world I centered round with such dazzling glory ! A glory folding it in like a sea of light, and raining down upon it bright, warm, and all penotrating. Was it the world? Our world to which those glorious browed, radiant robed beings were flitting, bearing in their arms such beautiful burdens? Could it be the world I dwelt in the same place that had seemed to me such a desolate, desert spot? I saw. too, that our resting place was not a cloud, but a lovely temple with pillars of pearl, wreathed round with emerald and gold-leafed vines, and festooned with a soft, cloud-like drapery. We were altting there on chairs of regal purple and gold, and with an almost imperceptible motion, we were floating toward that blessed sphere.

Quick through my wonder-stricken mind had rushed these thoughts, and then I asked the question :-

"Is that the world, or is it heaven?" "Yes, it is the world-the world which you inhabit—the beautiful world in which thousands of men and women dwell, with blinded eyes that cannot see its divine glories. The bright field amid whose ripening harvest man stands, lifting his empty hands to heaven, gathering in not a sheaf of the golden grain ripening and dying around him! There is not a spot in that great sphere on which does not rest the ladder reaching the skies. No cot, however lonely, where man or woman dwells, unvisited by angels. No place so far from heaven that the tired soul sleeps there without dreaming of it-and howover that soul may have wandered from the righthowever heavily sin may weigh it down, and close her sweetly-sung song, laid one white hand on his darkly about it-still the portals of that soul is Bethel, the house of God, and habited by augels."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

A voter deficient in personal beauty said to Sheridan: "I mean to withdraw my countenance from you." "Many thanks for the favor, sir." replied

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. FIRST DEATH OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY COUNTY BENJA.

There never came a brighter morn, From o'er the distant sea; The birds no'er sang a sweeter song, From off the old elm tree, Then when the angels left their howers To hall a spirit-birth, And twine a special wreath of flowers. From heaven down to earth.

We watched with sister through the night, Her breathings faint and low; For when the stars had velled their light, We know that she must go! Oh, how our hearts did bow with grief, When came that long drawn sigh-I'm weeping now to think of it-That sad and last "good-bye!"

How quiet was our household then, How ellent every tread; How kind and gentle were our hearts, When little May was dead! And if ere we spake an angry word, That caused a bilter tear, We did not care to do so then, The angels were so near.

Nor did we like to see the sun Across the carpet play: Or basking in the sparkling light Of colors bright and gay; And so we not the curtains down To hide the rosy hours : For who could love the sunlight then,

With hearts so sad as ours?

And oft I'd go to mother's room, When no one clso was nigh; To look once more on that pale face, Then turn away and cry; But now, down by the greenwood dell, a . The little stars at even, Can guard the form we loved so well-But sister's gone to Heaven!

I wonder when I go to sleep, To wake on earth no more If sister will not be the first To welcome me on shore? Oh, yes! methinks I see her now, That little cherub one; She's waiting on the spirit-shore, And beck'ning me to come THATCHWOOD COTTAGE

Translated for the Banner of Light.

SYLVESTER NIGHT'S WANDERINGS A PHANTASY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. BELDERN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Outside the storm was raging, as if in celebration of the last day of the year, with its tempestous glee. The howling gale shook furiously the gray, heavy clouds, that cast down upon the frozen earth, their burden of snow; which no sooner touching the ground was whirled in thick clouds towards the sky. It was one of those nights, in which the winds rave unchecked, and moan around the corners, and penetrate through unthought-of nooks and little orevices; intruding into well-warmed, comfortable homes, and bowing to their power, the flickering lamp-lights.

Happy is he, who on such a night can assemble his loved ones around him, and in laughter and merriment, defy the wintry blasts and the desolation without. But, the one that sits alone, and, immersed in sorrowful recollections, gazes upon the fantastic flicker of the fire-light, or listens to the gnawing wood worm in the decaying frames of the family pictures, -oh, pity such an one! and when you sit ether, a jovial company, and the pearly Rhine wine flashes in your goblets, be it with you a duty to dedicate the first glass to the poorest one on earth-the lonely, the forsaken! Drink to him before you touch your glasses with enthusiastic wishes for the welfare of happier friends. Your rememibrance would wing its way, as a spring-like zephyr, laden with blessings, to the lonely chamber of the forsaken one; and though he know not whence the peaceful breathing come, that so silently and unhoped for charms him, he would acknowledge its influence by a tear of gratitude. For this, believe me, there are friendly spirits, that in various ways convey our thoughts, far, far away—even unto those whom we name in our prayers, ever so distantly.

I sat alone, on the last night of the year, in my solitary chamber, determined to remain awake until the new year opened its portals; for it had become a rule with me to watch on Sylvester night, and hail the New Year's advent with a wish and prayer. I loved to hear the songs of the children as they passed through the streets with hymns and carnest songs: I remembered, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, how often I had taken a part in these excursions; the last hours of the year were filled, to me, with reverential memories and aspiring hopes.

I went to the window. The gale had somewhat abated, and the snow fell in fine, sharp flakes, a sign of the intense cold and its duration. But the streets were filled with life, with jostling, smiling crowds, such as no other winter's night can show. Friends hurried once more to greet each other before the New Year came; some, perhaps, inspired by benevolent feelings, hastened once more to speak comfort to the afflicted, and presage for them the fullness of happiness with the New Year's birth. The windows, that on other nights at this hour were dim and closed, were nearly all illuminated; there was mirth and festivity in many homes, for some persons think it best to spend the last hours of the year in dancing and revelry.

"How may things look inside of your illuminated windows? How in the darkened dwellings? Where will true happiness enter this night-where rest the burden of cares? Does peace dwell in the palace opposite, or has it fled to humbler homes ?"

So did I question myself, when I suddenly heard a rustling at my side. I turned quickly around, and to my astonishment beheid a thoughtful old man standing there, on whose face the hand of time had furrowed many a deep, expressive line of thought, care, and experience. A wide, dark mantle, concealed the bent figure, and was partly drawn over the silvered head. The strangeness and suddenness of his appearance moved me strongly-it was so strange, so spectral. But yet it was not fear that caused my voice to tremble and my head to bow in reverence before the venerable man.

" Who art thou?" I inquired, perusing attentively she old man's features.

241 am the Master of this Hour," he replied in a

"Master of this hour?" I repeated. WYes; a master, and yet a passing portion of the

-a remembrance!" "But what seek you here?" I quentioned, without following the meaning of his enigmatical words.

"I would serve thee!" replied the old man, smilingly. "You asked yourself, how matters were inside of the houses aproad before you. Will you see with your own eyes?-then follow me. I will conduct thee, wherever thou wouldst go, unharmed and upscen."

I looked doubtingly at the strange old man. Was he having his sport with me? And yet his aspect was so earnest, it inspired confidence and respect.

"Thou dost not confide in me," he said. "So be it, then; remain where thou art. Thy wish brought | night?" me here. The power that I possess over this hour, opens doors and walls, unseen and unheard for me; have given thee this privilege, but thou doubtest me, third person to the office of the State Journal. I and my promises. Farewell!"

I felt ashamed and rebuked at these mild words; that I could for a moment have held a suspicion of clite were there assembled, and the untiring friend of the venerable old man.

"Stop, stop!" I cried, "and forgive, if by word or look I have hurt thy feelings! I do not fear thee, the joy of this night."

The old man. smiled benignantly; then he made me a sign to follow him. We were soon in the street. The snow clung to my boots, and, with every step I took, gave forth that creaking sound that chills one's blood; but I did not hear the old man's our position more than three months, then bankfootsteps, he seemed rather to float before me than ruptcy must follow, even with strict economy!" walk, and that so swiftly I could with difficulty keep up with him. Every now and then he would his side, then he floated silently on as before.

We halted before a magnificent building. I recognized it immediately as the palatial dwelling of the hanker Goodfriend. The first story was brilliantly illhminated: and rich strains of music were wafted to the street below, attracting the attention of many passers-by, who, listening for a moment, hastened on to warm their numbed feet hy rapid walking. "We will go up there first," said my venerable

conductor, and he passed the arched doorway that house and the rest, where has that all gone to?" opened of itself before him. There was life and bustle throughout the house.

Servants hurried up and down the stairs; the kitchen-fire burned brightly, and the treasures of the wine cellar were taken from their dampness in large baskets. Everything betckened a grand fes-

We passed over the tapestried stairs without stoppage; no one heeded or questioned us; though many passed us by, they did not appear to behold us. We entered a brilliantly lighted saloon; my guide drew ture ask for further instructions from you, sir." me to a window recess, from which point we could observe all that was passing.

Around a large and beautifully ornamented table ent the aristocratic and wealthy guests, partaking of a choice repast. Merry faces and words, cheerful mien and conversation, met there in seeming harmony, and the praises of the host were ever renewed with enthusiasm.

"The delicious wines-the choicest delicaciesonly our hospitable Goodfriend could provide such feast!" said an old, bearded officer, as he stratched forth his hand for a dish of his favorite pastry.

"The most select company is to be always found here," was the opinion of a maiden lady of forty, who, by the use of cosmetics and rouge, ineffectually here, quick! Go immediately !" sought to conceal the inroads of time.

The banker, a little, elderly man, with sparse desty to cast aside the flatteries of his guests.

cheerful as now together!" he oried, as he raised his hawk-like eye.

With loud acclamations the wish was received: and the old officer, much to his reluctance, left his pastries, oysters and cremes in peace awhile, to re- know I love you, I esteem you-but only procure me spond to the toast :--

"The best friend and most generous host!" which was drank amid loud applause.

When their enthusiasm had somewhat subsided. the banker arose, and once more thanked them for this proof of their friendship and good will. "Allow and was filled with paper money and gold pieces. me," he said, "to add to my fervent thanks a petition which will surely now find acceptance, for presented to the host the collected treasure. joyful hearts gladly fulfill what is demanded of The banker had supreme control over himself; he them. We shall not everywhere find hearts as glad was truly a man of the world; his conversation with as ours. To many, this night closes a sorrowful his secretary had drawn him from his usual impasyear, and to morrow begins another of care and toil, siveness—only a moment. A happy smile now play-Many a brave, good son, looks shudderingly towards ed around his pale, thin lips. the future, as he thinks of his old, feeble, helpless parents. Many a mother knows not how she shall obtain food on the morrow for her trembling little sorrow and privation with old and young. But first of all-let us help the children, and that is a princlple followed out, even in the highest eircles-let us help them, and we assist the parents, and lighten them of the greater portion of their eares. The confidence of a large number of my fellow-citizens has placed mo at the head of an undertaking, which is to provide for this need. There is to be founded an asylum for children; but the sacrifices it demands will be great. But the blossing of such an object is tenfold; every one must feel happy to contribute to so grand a work. I come as petitioner for suffering humanity; you will not withhold your aid !"

A murmur of approbation followed his words. "The banker is indeed the impersonation of ben evolence!" said, much affected, an elderly lady to her neighbor: "there is no charity undertaken, but he is at the head of it. He is a true angel of exalted bounty and inner mission!"

The lady she appealed to nodded her approval and wiped a tear-drop from her cheek.

The banker took a silver fruit basket, that stood empty before him, and placed in it several gold shoulder. pieces; then he approached a young and beautiful lady who sat near him.

"Will you, my lady, undertake the collection for this beautiful object? If your charming eyes entreat, none can refuse, and to your eloquence all hearts will bow; and hands will give more generously, than if I petitioned for the poor, with every day words and manner."

The young lady bowed gracefully, and blushed at ther to himself, as he left the brilliant saloon, the compliments, but she willingly undertood her I felt strangely in this atmosphere of seeming and office. With sweet, soft words, she turned to each being, of truth and falsehood. I felt dizzy, as if I of the guests, and all gave generously; availing stood before a yawning precipice. themselves of the opportunity to pour the choicest . There is no happiness here, despite of all these tiful and benevolent young girl.

With much emotion the banker followed her movements, when suddenly a tall, haggard looking man, whole; all yet, but soon to be naught but a thought in a black coat, approached, and touched him on the

Goodfriend turned quickly around.

"What is your wish, secretary?" he demanded. with a manner that denoted some embarrassment. "Only a few words, sir, if I may entreat you," he replied, with a deep bow.

Goodfriend arose, and followed his secretary to a corner of the saloon.

"I must express to you my admiration," he began with a sarcastic smile, "that so easily you can nocomplish the public good with other peoples' money." "Walther! angrily replied the banker, "can I have no peace from your mockery, not even this

"I mean no mockery, sir," continued the scoretary. "On the contrary, I have been thinking how and I can bestow the boon upon another. I would to begin the article which I am to send through a shail write: Yesterday there was a grand soires at the mansion of the rich banker, Goodfriend. The the poor, the generous host, again convinced his guests how truly he labors for the amelioration of

the sorrows of the toiling classes." and will willingly follow thy guidance. Conduct me "Do what you please," interrupted the banker in wherever it pleases thee; show me the sorrow and strong embarrassment, " but save me from your eternal sarcasma. As you have taken a look into the shattered condition of my finances, does that empower you to persecute me like an evil spirit?"

"I do not wish to trouble you," said Walther in a lew voice, "I only warn you. We cannot maintain

"Be silent, croaking raven!" cried his employer, looking anxiously around. "Try, any how, to prostand still, and look smilingly around, until I reached cure me some money. Major Wichtenstein will undoubtedly arrange a party for play; that is his invariable oustom. As host, I cannot withdraw myself; bring me, therefore forty Louis d'or, out of the desk, immediately."

"I am extremely sorry to disoblige you," replied the secretary, shrugging his shoulders;" but there is not one left in the desk."

"How?" cried Goodfriend, turning very pale, " whore is all the money-my rents of part of this

"To bakers, butchers, and other coarse tradespeople," sareastically responded Walther. "They threatened to sue you on the first of January, if they were not paid on the last of December. Of course, if I had known that you intended to play to night. I would have allowed the people to go to law, and kept the money; perhaps you could have won with it, if fortune was propitious. But malicious persons would have said to-morrow, the extremely wealthy banker, Goodfriend, has been sugal for debt. I shall in fu-"Say no more," entreated the banker, and he

looked disconsolate. "But can you not get me some money?"

"No, sir, I cannot!" said Walther decisively.
"The poor young widew up in the garret is the only one that has not paid her rent, and she owes it for a quarter. But she is very poor; the pretty widow! and she has a sick child. You must, therefore, show her a little regard and consideration.".

"How? regard and consideration?" oried the banker. "Consideration with such a beggarly pack? Go immediately to the woman; and tell her that I shall throw her on the street if she cannot instantly procure money. And, do you bring me the money

"May I add in to-morrow's article in the paper. that the noble benefactor of the poor, the universally grey hair and golden spectacles, sat at the head of esteemed banker, Goodfriend, cast, on the same night the table, and endeavored with a show of conscious from his house, the poor widow and her sick child?" sardonic smile played on the thin lips of the "May the coming year find us often, and as retary, and a mocking gleam of hatred was in his

> "Be silent, miscrable villain!" cried the excited banker; then as if frightened at what he had said. he added: "No, Walther! I did not mean it; you some money!"

"I know how to appreciate your excellency's love," sneered Walther, as he made a deep bow.

Much excited, the banker returned to his seat at the table. The silver basket had gone the rounds, With a graceful inclination the beautiful young lady

"The grateful tears of the poor and suffering will give you more beautiful thanks than could my weak words express," said the banker, and he gave the ones, who this night go hungering to bed. There is silver treasure basket to his secretary, with the request to count its contents upon a neighboring tablo. With the most respectful demeanor in the world.

Walther took the basket, and complied with his employer's request. He took care, however, while counting, to slip a handful of gold pieces into his sleeve, from thence to his pocket: "My pay for counting!" he muttered between his

teeth, smiling pleasantly all the while.

Then be turned with his characteristic and sanctimonicus mein towards the company, and cried with unctious veice-

"The donations of love and benevolence amount to six hundred and fifty dollars!"

An exclamation of joyful surprise followed this announcement. Walther placed the money before the

"May the consciousness of good deeds, of suffering alleviated, elevate this last hour of the year, to be the happiest!" said the host, with much emotion. And the sudden strains of music accompanied the happy

The secretary once again touched his employer's

"I go, now, up to the poor widow;" he whispered, and if she has no money, I will have her on the street immediately; she and her child!"

"Allow her to remain until to morrow," whispered Goodfriend in reply, "only procure me some money l"

"Angelic benefactor of the poor! So, you allow the widow to remain until to-morrow?" said Wal-

to my conductor, who was smiling bitterly, as he hour comes the New Year, and if the time passed on, fore a sning little house. The rustic porch gave signs

from the glittering assembly, where loud but not another quarter." true gladness reigned.

building, and ascended four steep stairs till we came lamp in terror. under the roof. A door opened before us, and we looked into a small, low, dimly lighted room.

Here sat, before a little table, a young woman, whose face had once been very beautiful, and would atili be deemed lovely, although care and many tears, those fees of beauty, had washed away the crimson of her cheeks. The eyes of the young widow were dimmed by tears and nightly watchings; and from breathing, heavy and irregular, of a sleeping child.

The poor seamstress' name was Martha. The tie ample sustenance for wife and child; now, she was to pay my rent with." compelled to count the moments of the day and obtain medical relief for her child.

The only window of the little garret looked out upon the yard, and the reflected light of the brilliantly illumined saloons played on the wall. The side the worn-out table. poor mother glanced towards the rays of the light. and listened to the sound of the mingled instruments, she replied, with a deep sigh, "the rest has long And as she beheld the servants returning the many been sold. But banker Goodfriend cannot be so noneighborhood of superfluity.

It was bitter cold in that narrow garret, and the towards the door. empty wood basket beside the old battered stove. plainly told the tale, that necessity alone, and oruel her only one, the last | and the old cloak she had know that the aristocracy have no sympathy for the lected deprived them of their scanty meal. Martha's needle flew along the silken fabric which was to stairway to heaven." form the ball dress of a noble lady, with heightened speed, yet she paused often, that she might not stain the thick rich silk with her bleeding fingers.

You wealthy honor and pleasure seekers! You do not once bethink yourselves, that upon your costly robes the bitter tears of poverty have fallen; that the needle employed upon its many stitches won bread for a hungering family! Oh! choose less costly robes, but compensate the toiling laborer; and truly, the consciousness of a good deed, the satisfac- the room we shall retain for the rent you owe." tion of right, that will brighten your eyes, will be far more dazzling than the most magnificent diadem, scarcely raise your heads!

Martha sought to warm the mixture, by holding it pity for the suffering woman. in her hands, alas I they too were cold as ice, and it lamp, that she succeeded in thawing it. Martha took the lamp and drew the ourtain. A

deep sigh issued from her heart, as she looked upon her pale child, and her second supplicating glance little loved ones; but the silent prayer of their looks toyed with thom; "but you must not receive me so penetrates through thousand cloud-barriers unto Him distantly, you must ---" who hears and saves l

Very gently Martha touched the child.

The child opened its weary eyes, and looked right away, and begun to cry, as she stretched forth her thin hands in entreaty.

"Anna, my child! be good, darling! don't cry: plead Marths, with the sweetest tones of motherly affection. "This drink will make you well, my little heart! my dear life! And then when you are well vorite cake you shall have again; and a new dress, a right merry red one."

The sick child would not yet turn her face towards the bitter medicine, and cried and moaned.

"Well, then Anna," oried the poor mother, after repeated efforts to induce the child to take the remedy; "if you will not obey me I shall feel hurt and sad, and will grieve so long that I shall die, and then shall rejoin your father in heaven. Then you will burden in her arms, loudly weeping, passed the door. be left all alone, dear child!"

The promises of toys and luxuries had failed, but

took the spoon, and swallowed the bitter mixture. throne of God!" although with much repugnance,

"That's my darling!" smiled the mother, as she now go to sleep again dear; to-night the angel of helplessness. the New Year enters overy house, and drives away the old, sorrowful year, and to those that have been good and obedient, he brings-"

Martha did not proceed, for some one knocked at and looked around the desolate chamber.

Ho had seized upon the present opportunity with husband lived to protect her. Martha had complain- help would be impossible. ed to her husband of his importunities, and he had somewhat ungently kicked the secretary down stairs. with a promise of breaking his neck the next time ventured there again; but now, he presented him she had long since disappeared. self before the widow, with a sense of security. and in demoniacal triumph.

"Mr. Walther!" sald Martha, in embarrassment, as the rays of the lamp feli on his mocking, repulsive countenance. "So late at night, too."

" Of course you did n't expect to see me here : on the last occasion of my visit your husband very politely conducted me down stairs;" replied the secretary with his usual mockery. "But I was compelled flatteries and compliments into the ears of the beau- brilliant lights and wealthy surroundings;" I said, to call at this hour to give you notice; in half an

gazed upon the scene. He drew me unobserved away we should of necessity be obliged to let you remain

The flush of indignation orimsoned Martha's face We did not leave the house, but entered a back but at his concluding words she almost dropped the

With flendish joy Walther noticed her agitation.

"How is this? give me notice?" oried Martha The banker is estcemed the benefactor of the poor. and has always been so kind and considerate with

"He is called kind and benevolent," sarcastically replied Waither, "but people are not always what they seem, and the world names them. You thought her needle work they glanced anxiously towards the me once a false, nay, even a bad man," he added in bed, beneath whose tattered curtains was heard the a friendly manner, "and yet I am good, very good, when I am known better."

"I owe a quarter's rent;" said Martha: "I know that seemed formed by fortune and so smilingly ap it well, but my poor child continues sick, and I can proved by love, was rent by the hand of death in a scarcely earn enough to pay for the medicine and oruel manner, after a few short years of joy. The the doctor. When my little Anna is well again, I willing hands of the devoted husband had sought can earn more, and lay aside something every day,

"But the bankor requests his monoy immediately: night that she might toil for a bare subsistence and this moment; do you understand that, Martha?" said Walther.

The widow cast a disconsolate look towards the bare walls, and the one rickety chair that stood be-"This is all that in these bitter times is left me."

dainty and untasted dishes to the kitchen, she sigh- feeling as you would have me believe. I will go to ed deeply; for privation is more deeply felt in the him to have a little patience, to grant me time; he will not, he cannot refuse mo!". Martha hastened

"Do not give yourself any unnecessary trouble," said Walther, coldly. "The servants would receive want, had extinguished the friendly fire. The poor you with soorn and mockery, and not permit you to young widow sat in a thin, cotton dress; for it was pass, for there is great festivity below. Don't you spread over the sleeping child. But the strong ne- poor, in the midst of their assemblies? What good cessity of action, the gnawing care, caused the fevor- would it do them to manifest benevolence, where no ish blood to circulate and flush the wan cheeks; so one would hear of it? If the whole city could know she felt not the cold, thinking that every stitch neg of it, it would be another thing. They love to give generously in public, and thus build themselves a

The poor woman gazed upon the evil messenger in despair, but he remained calm and immovable.

"So you really have no money to pay the sent?" he questioned.

A despairing shake of the head was her only roply. "Then I cannot help you; I must fulfill the com-

mands of my employer. Tako your child, Martha, and hasten to get out of the house. The things in With a cry of terror Martha rushed to the bedside

of the child, that had fallen asleep. She stood there beneath whose weight of gold and diamonds you can as if to guard her sole carthly treasure from that harsh decree. But as she saw that Walther re-A neighboring church clock struck half-past clev. mained standing near the door, she endeavored to en. At the sound, the poor woman hastily rose from gain courage and self control. She approached him, her chair, and took a vial with medicine that stood with tears and entreaties, that he might revoke the upon the table. With great care she endeavored to cruel sentence. But fright and sorrow had taken pour the remaining contents into a small spoon, but complete possession of her; her words were confused, the cold had frozen the liquid. Almost in despair, incoherent. The cold, sneering Walther, almost felt

"I pity you, Martha," he cried. "See, I have perwas by continued efforts, holding the bottle over the haps more feeling than the loudly praised banker. I feel almost as if I would help you !" Martha looked upon him in hope and doubt.

"You know that I always admired you," he continued: "I retain a portion of those feelings towards was toward heaven. Troubled hearts of mothers! you, although you are not as fresh and pretty as they have but confused words to pray with, when in then. I will myself pay your debt," and he took their despair they supplicate for the lives of their out of his pocket the gold pieces he had stolen, and

He could not proceed, for he saw the change in fartha; the poor, s "Anna!" she called, "dear little heart! Anna, stood erect before him, in all the grandeur of queenly pride and virtue; defiant, as if she trod upon a lower world! The fire of scorn that blazed from her eyes, . lovingly into the good mother's face; but when she threatened the annihilation of the cowering sinner. beheld the vial with the bitter medicine, she turned Heroes have bowed in humility before the awakened consciousness of insulted womanhood; cowards, like Walther, can but shrink into nothingness.

"Villain!" cried Martha, in thundering tones of indignation; "does my poverty and desolution give you the right to insult me? Do you not know that in woman there dwells a power to triumph over again, I will buy you such pretty toys, and your fa- such worms as thou art? And now you stand trembling there, at your own baseness, like a sinner before the judgment seat! Be it so,-take all you find here, but my poor, suffering child I take with

me!" The dignity of outraged virtue gave place to a mother's wounded feelings. Martha hastened towards the bed, wrapped the little one in a pillow, threw the cloak around it, and, with the precious

"I go." she cried, with choking voice; "In some hospital I shall surely meet with pitying hearts who the tearful words so solemnly spoken obtained their will take my child! but, away! away from this den of tigers! But if my poor, sick child dies in the The child turned quickly around, and saying, oold night air, do you answer the accusation of its Don't be augry mother! don't cry, mother!" she innocent soul, when it calls you murderer before the

With these words, Martha hurried towards the staircase, and descended leisurely, seeking to soothe laid the weak little sufferer back upon the pillow; the loudly weeping child that clung to her in its

Walther stood like one bereft of thought. The inner and better portion of human nature was unknown to him; its sudden revolution oppressed his soul as with a nightmare's power. As he collected the door. She hastened to open, astonished at the his thoughts, and reflected upon the consequences of lateness of the visitor. It was Walther, the sarcastic his evil deed, he called loudly upon Martha to resecretary of the banker, who entered with a smile, turn. But the poor mether, with her sick child, had left that abode of oruelty.

I longed to spring from my hiding place and chasjoy, as a means of avenging himself upon the poor tise the miscreant; but the stern old man my condefenceless woman, whom he had persecuted with his ductor, held me back, and gave me to understand attentions in the days of her prosperity, while her that we must be silent spectators, that to render

The foregone scene had so deeply affected me, that I heard not the old man's request to follow him. At length he dragged me thence; when we came to the he ventured on a visit to the house. Walther never street, we found no traces of the suffering mother;

"Come!" urged the weird old man : "Come, the time that belongs to me is passing away. Follow me, I will show you true and quiet happiness."

Although I almost felt terror for my strange associate, I followed him again. My thoughts were with the good and unfortunate Martha; without any aim or purpose, I walked beside the old man, through many streets.

We halted; this time not before a palace, but be-

hospitable vine, and light streamed through open- trouble caused me not to have recourse to their faings in the shutters, revealing the white walls, that vorite songs. I tried several times, but my voice in their purity challenged the fallen snow.

We entered. I heard the creaking of my footsteps less." in the sand, which had been strewn in the narrow . "I heard the cry directly," interrupted the old entry. And the door of the well lighted room opened man, "and begged the officer on watch to have the of its own accord before us, and revealed the whitest gate opened. What, what? said he, who knows walls I had ever seen. The fairy Order seemed to what vagabonds are about, and the enemy is swarmhave made it her abode; there was no glare of ing around. I will have no gate opened.' My enwealth, but the spirit of cleanliness smiled from treaties were in vain, and the heartless soldier would web was to be seen, no intruding fly ventured there; had not appeared. The Captain demanded the cause but the domestic animals thrived and showed their of our dispute, and ordered then that the gate should happiness. A little rough coated terrior, and a grey be unbolted. I hastened out, lifted you and the chiland he never attempted to disturb her repose.

a noble-looking matron; and they had laid before though poor, willingly took one-even three unforthem two pictures, in whose old-fashloued represent tunates to their humble shelter." tation was made manifest the fact that the portraits were taken a quarter of a century ago.

The old man took in his hand the portrait of a seeming garb of years past.

put in the lines and wrinkles of the original."

contented face.

you were thirty years ago. Is it so, Katy?"

sign that their short quarrel was ended, and peace signed. Both laughed heartily.

you were twenty,-nay, thirty years ago, more like yourself then."

"Go on mocking, father," said the old lady, as eve as our happiest anniversary." she pointed to the picture of a strong, handsome man that she held in her hand. "Between this one instance, are the brown looks? ch, can you tell? it so often himself. Catharine did not feel vexed They are grey now; and the martial moustache, and mooking bird! If I were young again, and you came tents of the saucepan. a-courting in your present aspect, I would show you the door l"

"You would not do it!"

" Would n't I? I know I would."

"No, no, think it over, Katy; you would marry me again, to-day."

"Do you think so?" said the old wife, smiling. "You may be right, for the young men of to-day are generally worthless."

"Oho i make an exception of our Franz the ser--why, he can quarrel with me, that's all! I will ed signal. tell you something; the women of to-day are notlike those of the past, they are vain, silly, and frivolous!"

"Just listen! And is not our good Emma a woman of to day? The old Counters, whose housekeeper the dear child is cannot praise her enough. see us-next Easter, you will see that some of the women of to-day are as worthy, good, and industrious as you thought your Katy thirty years ago."

"Oh, yes, our Emma," said the smiling.

"And our Franz, too," admitted the mether. She rose from her seat, and replaced the pictures

against the wall, put another large oak stick in the fire, and looked carefully into a small saucepan that murmured mysteriously, as if concealing some luxury, wherewith Catharine was to surprize her husband, for the new year. "Only listen, father, how the wind howls." she

said, as she saw the old man cast an inquiring look towards the guest in the stove.

"Yes, yes! it is just such another night as that was forty years ago, when I was a hardy soldier, and held the watch outside the mountain gate. Do you remember who came that night, with two little children fleeing from the advancing French that despoiled and burnt down everything in their way?"

I little thought that the brave soldier who so kindly sheltered me and my sister's children beneath his parent's roof, was to become my husband."

"What Providence directs, is always for the best." said the old man, smiling.

"It was a terrible night," said Catharine, shuddering. "The enemy had swarmed around the neighborhood, and our poor village had been taken possession of by maranders and military vagabonds."

" But we showed them the nearest road to another world, whon they came near us!" cried the old veteraplat the recollection of his warlike exploits.

It was the highest time," replied his wife, "or they would have destroyed everything above the ground. My blood runs cold when I think how my old father burst into the room, that night, and cried: • Flv | flv | The French!' From our door we saw the burning roof of the church, and heard the shout of the enemy. Once more my father bade us fly as quick as possible. I had scarcely time to throw a warm shawl around me. The cold was so bitter, that streams and pumps were frozen; but we thought not of the blting night air, in our terror. I hurried to my sister's, who was lying sick, her husband was absent, and we wept together; how could we remove her? Where to? Father quickly reselved for us; he took the two children, and gave them over to me, and bade me fice with them to the city; he would remain with the sufferer, and protect her. We parted with many tears. I took the ohlidren, wrapped them in the warm shawl, and hurried out of the village. I heard bohind me the cries of the farmers, you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty and whom the soldiers were maltreating, to compel them to confess where they had concealed their money little things. Oh, the charm of a little home! Comand valuables. In fear and trembling I ran over forts dwell there that shun the gilded halls of soci-, the deep snow; desperation lent me double strength, and I believe I made my way to the city, which is a good hour's walk, in half an hour. The children cried in my arms, and called piteously for their mother, though they loved me dearly. I was not capa-

of its adornment in summer and autumn with the ble of soothing them that night. My anxiety and was choked. Before the city gate I fell down sense-

every nook, and welcomed the stranger. Not a cob have left you to dle in the snow, if the great round. cat, found there a comfortable shelter, and lived in dren up, and carried you into the watchhouse. Your harmony, having cast aside the usual hatred of their open, lovely little face struck me wonderfully, and species towards each other. The cat's favorite rest- when my comrades commenced, according to their ing place was the wooly back of her friend, the terrier, oustom, to make coarse jokes about the poor girl, I asked for permission to take you to my parents. who Before a table, sat a hale old man, and beside him lived in the city. I knew that the good people, al-

"Yes, they were good people," replied his wife and her voice trembled with emetion. "They took such loving care of me, as if I were their own child. young, blooming woman, attired in the strange- And when the hard times were over, and the little ones returned to my sister, who had escaped un-"That was Catharine Rustig, once, yes; yes, that harmed, your mother said to me, Katy, you seem it was; as you once looked and dressed;" said the to be a good girl, will you remain with us? You old man, laughing. "If the painter had to go over can obtain employment for your hands in the city. his work, he would have to labor two days more, to and besides, you can help me a little about the house.' Well, I was not disinclined, for I liked you "Gol you are very impolite, again," pouted the better every day, although I did not wish it noticed. old Catharine, as she half turned away her smiling, It was however not so much the gay uniform, that drew mo towards you, ch, no I it was the brave, kind "Oh! powder and hail!" laughingly cried her heart, that beat beneath the soldier's coat, without husband; "you are sixty years of age, and yet full which, I should have been allowed to perish in the of vanity, coquettish as ever. I like that i But snow. So when the war was ended, and you had come, turn round, Katy, and look at me right loving- obtained your discharge on account of the shot in ly; for when you smile, you are indeed as pretty as your arm, and were in comfortable employment, you thought that Katy would make a good companion. He gently turned the yet pouting housemother Your mother, too, was in favor of the project, for I around, and tapped her cheek. She could feign no have remarked that thrifty housewives like to see longer, but looked him in the face, and that was the their son's choice fall on a good housekeeper. But I was happier than you all, though I did not at all display my love towards you. We were as happy as "Do I not say so?" oried the old man; "when kings can be. May our dear children once be as you laugh so merrily, you are nearer to my soul, than happy, we cannot wish them more. What do vou think, father?-that the dear souls are thinking about us? They knew that we celebrate New Years'

The old man gave no answer. Catharine bent towards him, and found him fast asleep. No wonder! and you, there is not much resemblance; where, for he had heard the same story so often; had related on the contrary, it relieved her of the necessity of the flory eye? Where have you left them? You diverting his attention from the simmering con-

> "See, see! father sleeps quite soundly;" she said, as she softly arose: "Sleep on I your favorite drink, the spiced wine, will soon boil; and when the last hour of the year strikes, I shall fill the crystal goblet yonder, with the fragrant drink, and step before him and awaken him with- A happy New Year!' That will be such a pleasant surprise."

The sounds from the stove grew more distinct, for the spiced wine began to boil. Not to miss the first strokes of the twelfth hour, the old lady opened a geant in the regiment of Guards; he is not an old window and pressed back the shutters. She listened man; and whoever has anything to say against him attentively behind the closed window for the expect-

My venerable guide drew me softly away. I followed reluctantly, for I wished to behold the father's innocent surprise and the worthy matron's arch and loving face, as she would stand before him with the The good, angel-hearted girl! When she comes to smoking oup, and the heartfelt wish. But it was in vain, I was compelled to follow my leader.

"Why will you not allow me to remain a while longer, that I may enjoy the quiet happiness of these worthy people?" I asked him reproachfully

"My time will soon expire, and then I have no more power," he replied, as he quietly glided before

The events of the hour had so fully engressed me that I followed silently and absorbed in thought. When I looked up. I found myself in my solitary chamber, and it seemed more lonely and seoluded than ever. The light of the lamp was expiring, and fell on the surrounding objects with a spectral gleam. I thought I was yet within the magic domain of my old conductor, and I turned to question him. But judge of my astonishment, when in place of the bent old man, I beheld the sudden presence of a rosy boy, arrayed in a gard of light, who looked upon me with a friendly and premising smile.

"Who art thou?" I asked of the new apparition.

"Do you not know mo?" replied the boy. "I am "Certainly, I remember," replied Catharine, softly the son of the old man, whose reign is ended. I am tapping him on the shoulder. "It was myself-and the New Year, and must now announce to mankind my accession."

"Be welcome, then i" I cried; "thy friendly face presages a happior time."

"The smiling features belong often to the first days only, they are usually happy ones for all. Often, however, care forms a wrinkle on my cheek the second day of my existence. Every one sees me with different eyes; to many I come as 'a harbinger of peace and happiness; others see destruction my aspeot, and dread my approach."

"But what do you prophecy yourself, of the fu-

"Good to all, if they understand to enjoy present happiness and bear sorrow with faith and courage. Farewell, I wish thee joy."

With these words, the beautiful boy disappeared, but I stood long gazing at the spot where he had vanished, as if I wished to recall him. The distant song of children recalled me to reality.

I hastened to the window. The last strike of the twelfth hour was dying away, and on the street below, merry voices greeted one another with:

I wish you joy! A happy Now Year. PHILADELPHIA, March, 1858.

GET A HOME. ;

Get a home, rich or poor, get a home and learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your beaming presence; learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own planting, and music of your own-the bird, wind, waterfall. So shall despair that comes upon so many through scorn of ety. Live humble in your little home, and look to God for a grander one!

He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already began his immortality.

Moetry.

Written for the Banker of Light. TWO OWLS.

BY C. TABLEAU.

Two serious and most learned owls, The most profound of modern fowls. In secret conclave sat one night. For owis, you know, are blind in light. Their subject of discussion was No loss, than history from chaos Up to remote eternity. But, oh, they never could agree. For number one was orthodox, And number two most het'rodox,

'T was not the first night of dispute. For ever since times most remote. The ancestors of number one, With hely and indignant frown. Burned, tortured and condemned the race Of number two, and had the face To say, it was God's holy will, That they should torture, damn and kill All those who differed in their faith-All least, so history plainly saith.

But increase of the het'rodex, Taught number one, the wily for, No more to use the rack, but try Persuasion and the charms of shy And unassuming modesty. As cloak for his hypocrisy. Yet, notwithstanding all the arts Of number one, his cunning darts
Don't fetch the bird, they sought to kill, And number two increases skill.

The trouble is, old number one Sticks to authority, and none, Except the light of ages past. To him will answer: but the fast And progress-loving number two Reads wisdom in the faintest hue. Which from our glorious sunlight beams Through the thick veil that almost seems To cover his entire sight. And dims those rays of heav'nly light.

Written for the Banner of Light. The Log Cabin Home.

Toward the close of a pleasant day in mid-summer my companion drew up our weary horse by the side of a wide, rough gate that opened into an enclosure containing a small log house. There was very little that was attractive about the premises, save the green, waving grass in front of the low door, and the strong, old forest trees that stood near by, looking as though they had guarded the spot long ere a pale face had trod the western soil. The clearing I could see from the half-open gate, extended some few I would, think them other than friends." rods beyond the humble habitation, and then commenced what seemed to be an unbroken forest of gigantic trees, and trees of smaller growth, while at their base were woven in tangled masses, low shrubbery and creeping vines.

"Oh. let us go a little further, William," I said, to my companion; but, pointing to the noble and faithful animai that had borne us thus far on our journey, he replied:

" No, Emma; although we cannot expect to be en-

tortained here as we could in that home of luxury the food. we have left, still I trust we shall find shelter here, and perhaps food, while poor Dobbin will look mute thanks for the fresh grass spread out before him, and the cool shelter of those trees." I said no more, and brother and I passed on to the

plosed door of the cabin. As yet, we had seen no face peering at the window, as is the custom of those who live remote from the active seenes of life, and I began to think that some lone settler had reared this humble cabin, and then, becoming weary of the primeval stillness that pervaded the spot, had deserted it and the few acres that he had cleared.

Giving a centle rap at the door, we waited as he did so: . .

"Emma, perhaps some lone settler has died here, and this cabin has become his tomb!"

I immediately grasped his arm, and in silence pointed to the vehicle we had left in the narrow

William shook his head-no; and the rough door yielded to his touch, swinging back on its leathern few months, having removed from another, farther hinges, and revealing to our eyes what stilled my increased circulation.

The low door opened into a marrow entry, and from thence into a large square room, containing a recess where rested on a low but neatly-made bedstead, a soft bed with snowy sheets and a patch quilt of ourious workmanship. Neatness and taste were displayed in everything I saw. There were books on the rough board shelves that were nailed to the logs, and there were materials for writing on a little table in a corner near the recess. A rocking-chair, too was standing in front of the hearth, where lay a tiny shoe and a well-worn doll, while here and there against the sides of the cabin were hung various articles of wearing apparel, both for male and female use. Cooking utensils, too, glistened above the wide stone chimney, and ail looked as if a careful hand had completed the arrangements but recently.

Still around the whole enclosure there was no ves tige of life, save my companion and myself, and the tired animal who was to carry us to a large town some thirty miles distant. No; not a fowl clucked around the door, nor was there a mastiff left to guard it. Around was all unbroken stillness, savo when the whispered conjectures of William and myself floated through the space.

"Those who inhabit the cabin," suggested William, thoughtfully, " may be employed in the field; if so, they will return by and by, and perhaps they will giving information." not think our remaining here in their absence an in-

whispered, as if afraid to disturb the silence. "Don't "Yes; they have elected a new governor within a you see that this open space is bounded on all sides fow weeks, and the state of the finances are good." by a thick and tangled forest?"

"True. They may have gone to some neighbor's, to make a visit, or-"

"Nonsense, William! Have we not ridden ten miles since we saw a habitation, till we came to this, and were we not told there that twenty miles would intervene ere we saw another? These who lived at my face. the last log cabin where we stopped, dld not know of this spot affording shelter to any one, or they would have told us."

But we will record no more of the conversation at the bank are waiting anxiously to hear from me that passed on our first entrance into the descried when I shall have arrived at Chicago," Ere the sun sank behind those centennial our horse was quietly feeding on the green the host hurriedly, laying his hand on William's arm, tops of the trees, we had again partaken of breakfast

space that surrounded the door, and we had kindled a fire on the wide hearth, and prepared ourselves a comfortable meal from the stock of provisions we had stowed in our traveling carriage ere we left the last settlement. Our table was supplied with dishes that we took from a closet in the smaller recess, guarded only by a coarse curtain of snowy white-

We have said that ere the sun disappeared we had prepared a comfortable meal. We should have said that we were preparing it, for ere the warm bread was on the table, and the white eggs boiled and by its side with other refreshing accompaniments, twilight had deepened into darkness, and artificial light illumined the viands before us.

"Hark!" said William, as he replaced his empty saucer on the table. "I think I hear footsteps without."

"Oh, dear!" I answered, in a whisper; "what if this should be the abode of robbers who are now returning from some marauding expedition into the distant settlement?"

"Novor fear," returned brother, pointing to the little stock of books and the tiny shoe and the doll. if such characters dwelt here there would be no such books read beneath this roof, nor would childhood find a resting-place here. I will unclose the door and reconnoltre," and, rising, he attempted to go towards the door, but I restrained him as the footsteps approached. Yielding to my entreaties, he examined his pistol, and adjusted anew the sharp weapon he carried in his belt. In another moment the low door was pushed suddenly back, and a tall, robust man entered. I shall never forget the look that the settler bent on us as he stepped within.

"Friends, or foes?" he ejaculated with emphasis, as he darted his right hand beneath his coarse blue

"Friends!" answered William, showing no outward emotion save a little less color in his red lips.

"My name is Ravenor," exclaimed the stranger, and if you are travelers who seek rest and shelter you are welcome; but if you come as-as- Woli: let it pass. I will take you at your word, and believe you are friends till you prove yourselves otherwise;" then, turning toward the door, "Come in. Angie," he said, in a much softer voice than he had spoken, "come in, and bring the children."

I caught the lighted candle we had furnished, and stepped toward the door. Its rays fell on the form and features of a most beautiful woman, who pressed to her bosom a habe, while clinging to her loose robe was a fair child whose age did not exceed three or four years. As she looked up she met my gaze with a sweet smile, and, extending her hand, said :

" I. too; shall say you are welcome, for it is so long since I have seen one of my own sex, that I cannot, if Passing into the room, sho laid her babe on the

soft bed in the recess, while the older child ran to Ravener, and, clasping his knees, begged to be taken up. The strong man lifted him in close proximity to his lips, and, giving him a kiss, pleasantly bade him to go to his mother at the bedside.

I endeavored to apologise for our intrusion, but my words died in whispers; but not so with William. who had, at the bidding of the stranger, again sented himself near the table, but was not partaking of

"I hope you will pardon our intrusion here," remarked brother, "for I assure you, unless almost compelled by fatigue and hunger, we should not have entered your cabin after finding that its lawful occupants were absent."

The host smiled, and bowed as if he wished no further apology to be made, and then, turning to the young mother at the bedside, "Come, Angie," he said pleasantly, "let us have our supper now, for we have worked too hard to-day not to relish a meal, be it ever so coarse."

"Here is plenty for us all," remarked William, as minutes for it to be answered, but we waited in vain, the table, "and I hope you will show that you are and I painfully realized the increased beating of my not displeased with us for the liberties we have taken, heart, as William slowly lifted the latch, whispering, by partaking of such food as we provided for ourselves at the last settlement."

This invitation did not seem unwelcome to the young mother, who looked weary, and she took her scat at the table, with her eldest child seated between hor and her husband. Our conversation turned on various topics, when Ravener informed us that he had not been in his present locality but a down, through the forest at the back of the cabin.

"I thought that dense wood almost impenetrable. and surely I thought that for many miles away nothing laid beyond it but dark forests," said Wil-

Ravener smiled, and for a moment he did not speak. Presently he looked up, saying:--

"I once thought as you do, but I found a path that led me to an open space, and a half-reared cabin that some farmer-settler had desorted, and..."

A sudden pause caused me to look up, and I saw that the face of the speaker was flushed, as though he thought he was becoming too communicative. while the cheeks of the wife wore a paler hue than when she seated herself at the table. In a few moments the pause ended as William remarked: "I suppose you hear but soldom from the great

cities at the East?"---

"Very seldom, I assure you," answered the host; "but still we do not think of them any the less. and any information from there is always welcome." "Do you never see the Eastern papers?"

"Have not seen one for a year or more. The town where they can be obtained is too far away to be traveled to often."

"True; but I thought those who journey past here would be apt to call on you as they went, and it is seldem the traveler is without the means of

"Can you tell me anything concerning New York?" asked the host thoughtfully, and seemingly "There are no fields about here, William," I half not notleing the last remark.

"Oh, I have no interest in those things," remarked the host, nervously; "but tell me-tell me if-, I am too tired to talk much to-night; to-morrow I may think of many questions to ask you."

"You will not leave us for several days?" remarked the wife interrogatively, as she looked into "That will depend on my brother," I answered.

"We will stop with you to-morrow," answered William, "but we cannot stop longer, as the officers

"Then you are connected with a bank?" remarked

"Only to investigate the mysterious disappearance of a large sum of money, that was taken some two years since, and has never been found, nor never will be, I fear, unless the present efforts of those who are employed for the purpose prove suc-

"Can you tell me nothing of how it disappeared?" "Nothing; only that the cashier was left alone in the bank one night till a late hour, and the next day, though he was at his post, the money was gone."

"And was he blamed for this transaction?"

"He was-and imprisoned; for it was proved that he was the last one seen to emerge from the vault on that fatal night."

"And did you, with no other proof, blast the reputation of one who might have been blameless?". almost hissed Ravener through his closed teeth. "No," answered William, "I was not connected

with the institution then, and since I have been employed there I have doubted if Morten were guilty, though I never saw the man."

A bitter smile passed over the face of the backwoodsman, and then, after a moment's pause, he re-

"So you are going to Chicago to ferret out the rogue or rogues that made him, or themselves, rich at the expense of another's reputation?"

William looked into the face of the speaker, as if he wished mentally to penetrate the thoughts of the host to their very fountain head, but from his now calm manner he could read nothing, so a slight inelination of his head in the affirmative was the only answer given; and, a little while after, all left the

A few minutes later, the plain dishes that we had taken from the recess, were cleansed and returned to the narrow shelves, and then the backwoodsman invited us, in company with himself and his beautiful wife, to sit on a low, rude bench, in front of the door, where we could enjoy the soft, soothing, moonlight view, that lit up the dark forest surrounding us. William and the host were scated a little apart from Angie and me, but I could hear enough of their conversation to know that the subject which had been broken off so ahruptly was resumed, and once, after a pause, I heard Ravener remark, as if in continuation of previous thoughts:

"What if it should be proved that Morton did not oven know that the bank had sustained a loss till he was informed of it by the officers? Would they make restitution by installing him again in his office, and paying him for the time he lost in prison? And would they shower benefits on his children, if he have any, for the stain that will ever attach to them, because their father has suffered as a common felon ?"

"Alas!" answered William, "they could not make reparation if they would, for poor Morton is in his grave-he died in prison."

"Died in prison!" repeated Ravener, in a voice almost sepulchral.

I did not hear William's answer, for at this moment a shrill cry from the babe within brought Angie to her feet, and drowned the voices of the speakers.

Above the square room were two low chambers. and in each was a bed, not of soft feathers, but filled with the dried leaves from the forest, and laid lengthwise along the rude floor, that separated our apartments from the room below. Never do I remember to have had a more luxurious night's rest than that I enjoyed on that pallet of leaves, for tho day had been warm, and our journey lazy, when wo consider the olden mode of traveling. When I awoke in the morning, the sun had dried the dew from the grass, and Dobbin had caten his fill, and lain down beneath the shade of a far spreading tree.

As I looked through the small aperture, left both to ventilate and to give light to the chamber, I saw the host coming up from what seemed to us to be the impenetrable forest: and as he neared the cabin. I saw Angie dart from the door, and in a moment the strange settler folded her to his breast, as he would a child, and pressing his lips to her forehead, asked if workad risen. I's stepped asido that they might not see me, and as I did so, the wife replied: No. Albert, for they seemed tired, so I stepped oasily when I prepared breakfast, and did not wake them," And then she added in a lower tone: "I wish you would n't go. Oh, I shall be so lonesome l'

"Never mind, darling, I feel as if I cannot bear to stay here forever, wasting my manhood in hard labor that will bring me but little reward, and will deprive you of filling that station where you were once an ornament."

By this time they had passed my low window, and ere they entered the door, their conversation on this subject was ended.

"Where can he be going?" I involuntarily asked myself, and stepping quietly into the other apart. nent, I whispered to my brother what I had heard. William passed his hand over his brow and looked around with a bewildered air, as if he were trying to comprehend where he was, and the conversation of the previous evening, and then answered in the same tone I had spoken.

"Emma, I do not believe that our host is exactly the character that he endeavors to represent himself to be. I believe that—that—yes, I do believe that he is somewhat familiar with the business that has taken me so far away from home."

"One who helped to rob the bank?"

"No; but-but if Morton had not died in prison, I should have believed that Ravener and he were the same."

At this moment the hostess spoke my name at the bottom of the rough stairs, and stepping back unperceived, I responded to the call. A rare breakfast was prepared for us of fresh vegetables and sweet milk, and when the meal was ended and the morning's work done, Ravenor proposed that we should all go a short distance into the forest to see a beautiful little stream that leaped in sparkling jets from out a spring, whose depth he had never been able to fathom.

"Will you not fasten your door ?" Pasked, as the last one who left the cabin simply drew it to-

"Oh, no," answered Ravener, with a smile, "we never bar against thieves here. It may be months ere we shall see another of our species."

"Then that accounts for our finding no barrier to our entrance yesterday," I remarked, turning to

"Yes," answered the wife pleasantly, and then added, "We have but little to lose, and if we wished to do so we could not make our house very secure, so we leave it as you see, and trust to the honesty of our neighbors."

The next morning, ere the sun had risen above the

in the cabin, and all was prepared for us to continue our journey. I had tied on my hat, and was standing at the gate expressing my thanks for the hospltality we had received, when Ravener approached my brother, and whispering in his ear, pointed to wards the small carriage which was to convey us to Chicago. The blood mounted to William's temples. and in a few moments I was made acquainted with the fact that Ravener wished to accompany William en his journey, while I was to remain at the cabin with Angie. At first the thought startled me, but when I looked into the mild blue eyes of the wife, all fears vanished in regard to her: but still there came thoughts in regard to him who wished to travel with brother. Agents -----

"He tells me," said William, "that he can and will be of great service to me in unravelling the mystery of "----

"But suppose he is a-a villain, and goes with you but to take your life that he may possess himseif of-of"-

"Nothing, silly Emma. Are we not one to one and I as heavily armed as himself; besides, did he want to injure us, he need not have waited till now or some future time."

I felt how silly had been my remarks, and a little later we saw Dobbin trotting slowly away, leaving Angie and me with the children. And now as we were left together, there seemed to spring up an intimacy between the young wife and me, and I soon learned that the wilderness had not been her home but a short time, which I remarked accounted in some degree for the barrenness that surrounded her home.

"Come with me," Angie said, "and I will show you a spot more beautiful than this, though last winter's storms drove us from the cabin where it is, and, with the help of an Indian, who still stays at the little rude house we left, compelled us to rear this shelter."

. I took the elder boy by the hand, and Angie lifted the babe to her bosom, and together we started for that path of which Ravener had spoken. At times it seemed as if night must have closed over us. so densely were the long branches woven above us; and then we would emerge into a small space which seemed like an enchanted spot, so sweet and musical seemed the air with the sougs of hirds. At length 1 saw an opening through the trees, and bounding forward, I stood in the midst of a beautiful garden, where an Indian, past the prime of manhood, was engaged in weeding the various beds.

"Oh, how beautiful!" I exclaimed, as I beheld the beds of vegetables and flowers. "Why, Angie, did you remove your home from here?"

"Because we thought it would be better to have our cabin near the road, we should be more ant to see some of our species than we would to live here. I can have as good a garden there if we stay, but I hope that Albert will-will "----" Will what, Angie?"

And as she burst into tears, I wound my arms around her neck, and from that moment Angie confided in me, and told me her history, well knowing that it would be in possession of my brother ere he returned. Her story was short. It was that her husband was indeed Morton, but under the assumed name of Ravener, was residing far away from the haunts of men. His friends had privately given him instruments to assist him to go free and then exchanging his suit for another, he had left the former by the river's side, and word went out into the world that he had committed suicide. Some believed this, while others heard that he had died in prison; the latter tale was told to William, and was believed by

Reader, we have told you of the Log Cabin Home. and why Albert Morton, with his loving and faithful wife, lived so far away in an almost trackless wild. and now let us udd, by the aid of William and Morton, the guilty party was ferreted out: Morton long having thought one guilty, who before the world was previously thought above suspicion, and whom, at at the time he had no means to prove, was a villain. A week or more passed, and once more Dobbin drew up in front of the cabin; a gleam of joy was on Morton's face, and as he pressed Angie to his breast he exclaimed :--

"We can now return to our former home, darling, for the culprit is found, and William has promised to intercede that I shall again occupy my former place."

William was successful in his entreaties, and Morton and Angie are now living in their native city.

> Written for the Banner of Light. STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

The day has gone, and all its calls Of care, have given place to rest, Th' untrammeled mind through memory's balls Will guide the heart it discothralls. To those it loves the best.

The phantom slience treads the bill And twilight drops its ducky wand O'er valo and glen! the gurgling rill Ploats on, save which, all else is still, Throughout the peopled land.

With stars, night sets its coronet; The moon pours down its languid light And silvers o'er the rivulet. Or hides behind the clouds of let The sombre shields of night.

Fair, fairy forms, none others see-The loved and gone of other years Are near to sooth and smile on me. To fold the arms of sympathy, And kiss away my tears.

I live the hours gone by again-The happy hours of brighter days, Though still I feel the dream is vain, The morn will come with toll and pain, And thus till time decays.

A loved one numbered with the dead-With ancient'fondness standing by, Fills all with light, whence pleasure fled When Death her winning spirit led From hence beyond the sky.

Another morn, more bright than ours Is here, where night is not nor gloom-Where soul wastes not its innate nowers. Where heart droops not as droop the flowers; I fear no more the tomb.

Oh! sacred twilight! in thy wan And sombre light, a thought is by, I read the dustiny of man-His pain, and toll an carthly span.-His joy, Eternity.

THE BANNER IN CHARLESTOWN. A friend informs us that Mr. Questen, papercarrier, is very prompt in delivering the Banner to enstomers in Charlestown. This is far better for our friends than subscribing with us, and having it sent by mail Patronise him.

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ost:—
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858. LUTHER COLBY. THOS. GALES FORSTER, WILLIAM BERRY. J. ROLLIN M. BQUIRE,

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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The publishing office of the BANNER has been removed from 17 Washington street, to 3 1-2 Brattle

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We shall send this number of the Banner to any of our subscribers whose term expired with the second volume, at our risk. After that, all delinquents will be cut off, except those who have written us asking for more time in consequence of the scarcity of money. To such we only say remit as soon as you are able to do so.

MORE PAPER PELLETS.

We alluded in our last issue to a wanton attack made upon our Messenger Department, by a weekly paper of the same date, and promised to notice it in this issue. There are but two romarks in it which we decin entitled to any notice whatever at our hands, except such statements of facts as we had previously intended to give in their proper time. Like all the attacks of the opponents of Spiritual. ism, it savors of bigotry, and that unchristian spirit which sets one man up as a judge of his neighbor. If there is one thing in which the pretended believers in Christ show that they are none of his, it is in disregard to one of his most impressive teachings, which urges the necessity of every man attending particularly to his own soul, and exercising the power of judge over his own faults and virtues. The two gentlemen who have thus ruthlessly undertaken to demolish us, have displayed so much of this unchristian spirit, that we really pity the man who, on reading for a second time the article in question, does not hesitate, ere he accepts the judgment the writers have formed of us and the peculiar feature of our journal.

While we lay no claims to infallibility,-nay, are oo well aware of errors which attach to our state,we shall lay claim to honesty of purpose, and maintain with every breath, the sincere conviction, that every line we admit into the Messenger department of the Banner, has its origin, not in our mind, or that of our medium, but does in reality come from spirit life. It is subject only to such errors as all inspiration has been, from the first record we have as we do in the light of this second advent of the Redeemer .- to add one line to what we believe we receive from the Spirit World. And as we hope to that he once worked in Manchester, is a fabrication. nerit the love and mercy of our Father, we shall Instead of working "a very little such medium power as may subserve the purposes of the are constitutions that he was grossly inebrithe spirit world, in drawing Humanity to a higher the assertion that he did not "harmonize well

During the first year of the Banner, we have received and published messages from more than seven hundred different spirits, and we have had the satisfaction of hearing from a large proportion of them as having proved true. We know of men who have made it their especial business to inquire personally and by letter, as to their truthfulness, who have been surprised at the results of their researches, inasmuch as they were skeptics even as to the immortality of the Soul. Still we do not claim to be perfeet in anything-hence what we publish is liable to be mixed with error. For instance, these messages are spoken by the medium while in the Trance state. we acting as scribe. It requires a rapid penman to take down verbatim what is said, and it must be done in this way in order to give the individuality of every living. spirit. Were we to write in short hand, when we came to rewrite or transcribe our notes, most of the message upon the latter, must be very near the point language used or nearly all of it, might be our ownthe exact words used, by the spirit would not be given and his or her individuality, as expressed by it not that it has been made a grave matter of in a language, would not be preserved, but a sameness would be seen in all.

Is it to be supposed any man could follow a speakten rapidly, he is liable to make mistakes, which gave it should see the message, and not the correcment of our paper. What folly for man to claim or expect perfection, when that alone is to be found in their tremendous muscular and mental effort.

God 1 Another objection urged against us, in a very that we allow murdorers and suicides to communicate through our medium. If there is anything des-

shown to draw us in love to Him. What better am I than the murderer? is a question which may be put by every man to his own soul; and which of us can answer, except we say we have not known our brother's temptation? Therefore, we cannot measure his fall, or our height on the hill of Goodness. The darker the valley, the more of God's sun does it. need—the darker the soul, the more does it need our love, our sympathy,-and who shall dare deny the blessing craved? We hope our friends will always walk with saints, yet so long as they cavil, or sneer, and cast the unkind word at the lowest child of God, in point of purity, we fear it will be impossible for them to do so. When we shall deny one child of God a favor we have to give-be he sinner or saint-be the favor that of communing with his friends on earth, or aught else-we shall expect no heaven prepared for us. He knows little of the joys of spiritintercourse, who shuts his cars to the request of any spirit who asks for a cup of water from its pure fountain.

But in the display of the spirit of modern criticism, the writer has shown himself to be of those unfortunate ones, who, " hearing, hear not, and seeing, see not," for the communications we have published are well sprinkled with teachings as pure as ever fell from mortal lips. This shows either that our friend has a mind peculiarly adapted to discover the more material communications, or not yet capaci tated to perceive those of a more spiritual character. We think if he will con them all over, and strive to live up fully to the teachings of the more fortunate spirits who have communed with us, while he profits by the warnings contained in those of a less fortunate character, we shall never again have cause to regret so rude an attack upon ourselves, or those connected with tis.

But we are really at a loss to know upon what ground this attack is based, except hot-hendedness, ignorance, and self-conceit. Let us look at the facts in the case, as they stafe them, first stating what gave them the starting point.

In No. 23, Vol. 1, we published a message from one Levi Trefetheren, who said he was a tailor, enumerated several places in New Han pshire where he worked, stated that he worked for one Gove, near Fancuil Hall but a short time, when he went to California, and died there, aged forty-nine years. That his father, mother, and all his near relations died when he was young, and that he did not harmonize with the distant relatives. Now this story has been corroboráted to us by two persons, both quito strangers to us, who stated they knew this party as drinking, rollicking fellow, good-hearted, but unfortunate in his love of wine, and doing more harm to himself than to others.

Now it seems this was read by a person at the north end, who will never be exalted from any humility he possesses -a clever fellow, but not gifted with much judgment, hot-headed, self-opinionated, and & very good representative of the frog in the fable, which burst in consequence of self-puffing. We make these remarks in no unkind spirit; for really we find more to excite our mirthfulness than combativeness, in this premature and rash attack of a man who insists upon putting upon the back of a deceased friend, a coat which does not fit him.

This party has a friend in spirit life, named Levi B. Trefetheren, who is not Levi Trefetheren, by the loss of a B. Yet the article says. " the name given. which is a peculiar one, fixes his identity." What a shocking fix ! It then reads that Levi B. was twenty-nine when he died and died ten years ago, in Portsmouth; a similar striking resemblance, for Levi was forty-nine years old, and died seven years ago in of the visits of departed spirits, or angels, to this Gulfornia. To follow up the similarities between the Age of the World. We should not dare, -standing two, which compelled this party to put Levi's coat upon Levi B.'s back, we extract from the article :-

The assertion that he was a tailor, is correct: but never admit within that portion of our paper any. just enough to say he worked here," he worked hero thing which is not given in our presence, through at two different times, and, in all, more than six with his relations, and that " his father, and mother, and all his near relations died when he was young.' His father and mother are still living; he has also brothers and sisters surviving, and other relations. who cannot but be injured and aggrieved by these

> There is one curious statement in the account. The spirit says, "I was working for the Gove, near Fancuil Hall Market." The person of whom we speak, did work for John Gove, but it was in Commercial street, before the latter established himself near Fancuil Hall Market," where it was natural for the inventor of the message to locate him...

Really, the similarity is very striking. It seems to us as if the writer was laboring very hard to prove that there were two parties.

To carry out the similitude still farther, Levi had no wife, while our opponent's Levi B. has a wife now

The man who would find reason for saddling this where a straight jacket will' be necessary. As we before said, the whole thing is laughable, and were weekly paper, would be mere matter for joking.

There were some things in Levi's message which we did not publish. He stated he was "an illegitier and never make a mistake? We are aware of mate child, that his father was lost at sea-that he having made such, though we have never pleaded was born in Rhode Island." On two points only can the excuse in any instance. Again, the messages we see that the opposite party could hinge their pass into the hands of the printer, and being writ notion that their departed friend was meant. First, the names of Trefethoren, and Levi; second, that may not be detected in proof-reading. An error of both were tailors, and at sometime worked at Great this character occurred last week, which is corrected Falls; and here all similitude ceases, and the two in this paper. But if the friends of the spirit who characters are as distinct as it is possible for two to be. In its turn, we shall publish a communication tion, the error would prove a fatal one, to a mind from Levi B. Trefetheren. We are now prepared to not previously prepared to receive "letters from the go to the jury of the public on this case, having dead," as the Post facetiously terms this depart shown, we think conclusively, that our opponents have grasped at nothing, and have got nothing by

As for paper pellets, we are used to them: we can bear to have our errors kindly pointed out, and be Pharisalcal sort of way by the party in question, is, improved by it; but he who strikes at us with hate, and a desire to destroy, will find us impervious to such attacks. We have always had a supreme picable in man. It is the principle which says to his contempt for such arguments, and were never thin fellow, "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou." skinned enough to care a particle for what papers or But the world has always had an ample supply of people said of us. We only feel annoyed when we self-conceited men and women, and the objection is give good cause for people to hold bad opinions of us, old as the advent of Christ, who was charged with and that annoyance is not at what is said or thought associating with adulteresses, publicans and sin- of us, but that we have done that which has proners. One of the most beautiful -nay, the most voked it. We are striving to follow what we know beautiful-and glorious of Christ's inculcations, is, is right, and it does not matter a straw's weight that God is the Pather of us all-murderers include with us whether A, B, Cor D likes dt or dislikes it. ed-and the fact that His sun shines to gladden all We shall never intentionally wound the feelings of any hearts, the evil as well as the good, and that Na man, woman or child, but we do not work for good ture's bounteous feast is spread alike for all God's opinions, or praise of men, and we sometimes think

the latter case you may be sure those who practice hatred, are not in the right path which Christ trod. and their good opinion is not worth a copper to any

THEATRICAL PRAYER-MEETING.

The following report of a recent prayer-meeting which was held at midday in New York by the business men" of the city, at Burton's Theatre, we condense from a faithful and most readable report in the New York Times. It was conducted, it appears. by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. An immense audi ence assembled, many more were pressing at the doors for admission than the house could possibly accommodate. The pit the galleries, the proscenium boxes, even the sky-light in the peak of the theatre, showed a densely packed mass of heads, all turned intently towards the stage, where for some time Mr. Beecher sat alone. Within fifteen minutes from the stroke of twelve, however, those who had given up in despair the task of effecting an entrance at the front of the building, essayed a demonstration in the rear. At the stage door, on Reade street, a party of some fifty ladies and gentlemen hammered and shouted for admission, and when no prospect remained for the speedy opening of a fast-locked door, some of the young gentlemen hunted up a locksmith, who came with a big bundle of keys, and after several attempts turned the bolt and gave entrance to a throng of people, who rushed in a body up the dark staircase, stumbled over the dusty "properties" behind the scenes, and finally made their appearance before the ourtain, where they filled the stage, from wing to to wing, forming a decorous line of attentive observers in the rear of Mr. Beecher's chair. The view of the house from this stand-point was very extraordinary. Hardly a square inch of the theatre was unoccupied. In the palmiest days of Mr. Burton, there was never a crowd to compare to this. The deepest interest was manifested.

Of course Mr. Beecher himself was the bright, particular "star" on this great occasion. He evidently exerted himself, too, to carry out the dramatic idea from first to lust. He was a performer. All present looked at him in that light. Hud a preacher of Spiritualism paraded himself in this style before a crowd, at noon-day, in a well-known theatre, the act would have called down the derision of all the selfstyled "respectable" papers in the land. Yet just now it happens to be much applauded.

Mr. Becoher got up, at last. Everybody was waiting for him to do that. He then began to read a ong list of notes, which he called "petitions," from fathers, mothers, husbands, brothers, and wives, requesting that prayers should be offered for unreclaimed relatives and friends. "Among these petitions was one from a mother, requesting an interest in the prayers of the congregation for her son, who had cursed her on the previous night. Mr. Beecher, as he read these requests, kept up a running comment upon them, presenting the salient points of each, and pointing a moral with great effect. In the course of his remarks, delivered in the intervals of the exercises, he dwelt upon the value of instantane- Yeas 125, Nays 67. ous convictions of sin. Hesitancy in religious matters he looked upon, as a sin-not to say a mean-

And so this act of reading private letters, and keeping up a running comment upon them." in a theatre, in the presence of some thousands of over excited people, whose hearts were all bent on the enjoyment of a "stage effect," is considered by some people an appropriate, if not necessary, part of true devotional exercises! This is rather carrying one's religion into the streets, in our judgment. If it does not exactly come under the description of prayers at the corners, and alms done in the eyes of the world, it assuredly does partake of unmitigated olaptrap, and shows on its face that it is all got up for the simple purpose of producing a desired effect.

In order to show in a still more forcible light the design of the originators of this theatrical prayermeeting to get up what might very properly and truly be called a dramatic representation, we proceed a little further with the report. "At this moment." says the Times, that is, just after a young man had there came in from the neighborhood of the theatre a volume of musical sound—the singing of a hymn in another meeting. Mr. Beecher rose, and stopped fore he spoke. 'Brethren," said he, 'do you hear that? Stop a moment! That's the sound of worspend two minutes in silent prayer and thanksgiv ing!' He resumed his seat, and for the two succeeding minutes the falling of a pin could have been owner of the theatre. One old gentleman in the first remembered in the petitions offered up in this meeting might be blessed to his benefit; a young man in the highest gallery prayed that he whom we had nature, might be brought to the feet of Jesus. Other incidents added to the peculiar interest of the ", occasion."

There is no doubt at all that the "other incidents' did add very much to the "interest" of the occasion. That was one of the special arrangements, to lug in all incidents that would help create an interest. It friends and opponents of the Lecompton Constituthat the singing in the bar-room below was brought in at just the right time, by previous arrangement. Such things are a common part of this machinery,

At length, the services being pretty well advanced Mr. Beecher was about to give out the final hymn. A general shout at once arese-"Go on! Go on!" and afterwards the cry came up,-" Keep it up all day!" Mr. Beecher reminded the people that the time designated was expiring, that business men should be punctual in all things, and that the meeting should be closed at the hour, while those who chose might remain. The hymn was accordingly of the Straight Republicans will not vote for this sung, and Mr. Beecher prefixed to the benediction a notice that the theatre would be opened on the following day (Sunday) at the same hour.

Sunday came; but the meeting was a slim affair. It was not sufficiently out of the common course, and al and Presidential forces, but none, as yet, of a therefore did n't "draw." The growd went to see and hear Beecher, and, having been gratified, they declined a repetition of their visit for purposes en- it was conjectured that a battle, which would in all tirely different.

BOUND VOLUMES. THE FIRST YEAR FOR \$3.

We have made arrangements to supply those of children, is the most powerful magnet which He has it is better to be ill-spoken of than otherwise; for in \$3! Those who wish it, will please order early. ally from the speeches of Mr. Cushing for the past

Political Items.

Senator Douglas delivered his speech against the Lecompton Constitution, last week, on Monday ava. ning. It was a great effort. The Senator was weak from recent illness, but collected strength enough to make this last effort before the vote was taken in the Senate. The galleries and floor, together with the window sills, and every possible stauding-place, were densely crowded. The Turkish Admiral was likewise present. The distinguished Senator spoke for three hours.

Gen. Calhoun, of Kansas, has finally declared that he is in possession of reliable evidence that the vote returned from Delaware Crossing should be thrown out, and therefore will issue the certificates of election to the persons having the highest number of votes in Leavenworth County, irrespective of that precinct. The Free State character of the Government of Kansas is now placed beyond a peradventure. Gen. Calhoun gives the names of those persons to whom he intends to issue the certificates.

The veteran General Twiggs, for alleged contempt of the War Department, is to be tried by Court Martial at Newport Barracks, Newport, Ky., on the 10th of April next. The circumstances are understood to be briefly as follows:-Gen. Twiggs found fault with the result of a Court of Inquiry, held on an officer of his division. The War Department disapproved then of Twiggs' course, censured him for it. and ordered him to publish the censure in a general order. This he did, but adding critical comments which are considered disrespectful and insubordinate

Official despatches from the Utah Expedition have been received by the War Department, in which Col. Johnston says that the Mormon troops are organized to resist the establishment of the Territorial government of the United States, and, in furtherance of that object, have erected works of defence in the mountain passes, and near Salt Lake city. He does not believe that a spirit of conciliation towards them would now be properly appreciated. In view of the treasonable temper and feeling pervading the leaders and greater portion of the Mormons, he thinks that neither the honor or dignity of the government will allow the slightest concession. They should be made to submit to the constitutional and legal demands of the government, unconditionally. An adjustment of the existing difficulties on the other basis, would be nugatory. Their threat to oppose the march of the troops in the spring will not have the slightest influence in delaying it; and if they desire to join issue, he believes it is for the interest of the government that they should have an opportu-

In the U.S. House of Representatives, the case of John W. Wolcott, the imprisoned witness, was brought up by a resolution of Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, to discharge and turn him over to the Courts. An amendment by Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, for Wolcott's unconditional discharge, was rejected-Yeas 22, Nays 161-and Mr. Stephens' resolution was adopted-

A bill bas been introduced into the State Senate, to amend the Personal Liberty Act of 1855, as recommended by Gov. Banks in his special message on the removal of Judge-Loring.

Senator Wilson of Massachusetts has introduced into the U. States Senate a bill to facilitate communication with the army of Utah, which provides that Secretary Floyd of the War Department be authorized to contract for the extension or use of the American electro-magnetic telegraph from the frontier of Missouri or Iowa to such Western military posts as is necessary for the public service; and that he be further authorized to appropriate a sum not exceeding five hundred thousand dollars for this project. The bill was read and ordered to be printed.

Senator Green, of Missouri, closed the Kansas debate in the Senate, on Tuesday of last week. After replying to certain remarks of Senators Stuart and Douglas, ho went on to argue that the Lecompton Constitution, in law and equity, was to be regarded as the express will of the people of Kansas. He urged the passage of the Kansas bill as essential to been put forward to narrate his inward experience, the interests and consolidation of the Democratic party. Mr. Crittenden, interrupting, declared his purpose to do right, without regard to party, and believed that course best for the North and the South. to the foot-lights. Raising his hand, he stood quiet- He was an American, and his principles were to proly a moment, fixing the attention of the audience be- teet the ballot-box—the common sceptre of American sovereignty. After Mr. Crittentlen had concluded, some conversation took place, when Mr. Green withship out of the old bar-room of this theatre! Let us drew the Minnesota bill, and moved that, without further debate, the Senate proceed to vote on the Kansas bill. He also moved three amendments. which were carried. One of these declare the right heard. Then followed prayers for Mr. Burton, the of the people of Kansas to amend the Constitution whenever they please. Mr. Pugh withdrew his gallery prayed that the request of Mr. Burton to be amendment and substituted another relating to the Courts of Kansas-carried. Mr. Crittenden moved a substitute for the bill. Mr. Kennedy said he would support Mr. Crittenden's substitute, reserving his often seen before these footlights, portraying human right afterwards to vote for Lecompton. Mr. Houston said he voted for Lecompton in obedience to resolutions of Texas. Mr. Pugh reluctantly voted against it because instructed. Mr. Crittenden's substitute was lost-yeas 24, navs 34. The bill as amended then passed—yeas 33, nays-25.

An arrangement has been made between the is not in the least difficult, either, for us to believe tion, in the House of Representative, by which the vote will be taken, under the provious question, on Thursday, April 1st, at one o'clock. The amendment of Senator Crittenden will be moved as a substitute by the opponents of the Bill, which, if it passes, will send the Bill back to the Senate again: and it will then probably fall between the two Houses. The amendment in question substantially provides that the Constitution shall pass, subject ? only to the ratification by the people of Kansas at a fair election, which the substitute properly provides for. It is reported, as we go to press, that a portion amendment, and so the chances are in favor of the passage of the Bill as it comes from the Schate.

We receive later intelligence from Mexico. Several battles" had been fought between the Constitutiondecisive character. The army of Zulonga was on its way to subdue the rebellions city of Vera Cruz, and probability determine the issue, would be fought somewhere between that city and the Capital.

Quite a spirited scene ecourred at the State House last week, on Friday afternoon, between Mr. Prescott, our subscribers who desire it, with the first and representative from Salem, and Hon. Caleb Cushing, second volumes of the Banner, bound in one, in from Newburyport. The question was on the Dred neat half morocco bindings, at the rate of \$3 for the Scott Resolves, and was to be taken at 5 o'clock, by book. The whole year's papers in one neat book for the order of the House. Mr. Prescott quoted libertwenty years, and again and again repeated that day. We venture to say that the senior editor of

The amended "Personal Liberty Bill" passed both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature. The Legislature adjourned on Saturday. The House sat up, the night before, until half-past eleven, and the Senate until three o'clock in the morning.

The Washington Globe tells the following laughable story, in connection with the protracted Kansas debate in the Senate :- " During the protracted session of the Senate, forced by Senator Green last week, Senator Clark, having the floor, had a hard time of it. Having spoken from half-past four to plied to the talented editors of this eminent paper: six o'clock, he said: 'If it be the pleasure of the Senate to adjourn now, it would be very agreeable to me. I have had nothing to eat since eight o'clock. neither bread nor anything olse.' But the Senato would n't adjourn, and he proceeded until 8 1-4 o'clock, when, during an explanation by Mr. Green, having spoken over three hours and a half, he availed himself of the opportunity to indulge in that bevorage which toheers but not inebriates,' with accompanying muffins and sandwiches, which gave his desk the social aspect of a cosy tea table. The Hon. Senator retained his right to the floor, with a cup of hot tea in one hand, and a huge sandwich in the other. The scene was novel; but a twelve hours' fast had oreated an inexorable stomach. By the call of the Yeas and Nays, he was afforded ample time to finish his repast."

ON REVIVALS.

those who thus put forth their sentiments.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowo has had somewhat to churches. She says that she does not like this merely emotional religion, which scoms to manifest itself in the conduct of a great many of the converts of the day. She regards these demonstrative exhi bitions of religion as the result of Impulse and excitement, and not likely to exert an abiding good ance from her pen, she speaks of these revivals as no new thing: they have not been confined to Pro- obtain an eternal life of happiness. testant churches, nor even to Christian countries: the Romish church has had them; old heathenism has had them; modern heathenism has them. and ecstasies. Those only, she says, are Christian revivals, which "make men like Christ:" and adds: " we say, therefore, to our friends, that the period of be revivals all over the land, either false or truetheir fruits ye shall know them."

Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New York, has likewise preached a sermon on this subject. He takes the not be good-no, nor even very much of it, eitherwhich is to come out of this great modern awaken- side, and you need fear nothing. ing. He believed for himself, that conversions that " No sinner," said he, "cau be changed to a saint knowledging Him in all the forms of Nature; in the hours of sorrow as well as the hours of joy; by administering to the necessities of the poor, and by thus letting our light shine before men, that others. seeing our good works, might glorify our Father which is in Heaven. The truly religious man lived his religion; practised It in his daily walks; in the family circle; in the marts of business; and whereever he might be placed. There was no excitement about such a man; his life flowed gently as a river, and his end was peace."

Could more be crowded into the same number of words? To all the above, we can heartily subscribe. All who know what true and abiding religious sentiment means, oan subscribe to it likewise. This speaks of something that has permanency; of a change that implies life and continuity. It is not the whiffling sentiment that flames up or goes out. according as it is blown upon by one impulse or its opposite; it is a thorough and radical conversion. which, as it is not effected in a moment of spasms, so requires a lifetime in which to attain to its just and proper developments. What can be said against such a conversion as this?

INSANITY.

We have received from the State Printer Pub. Doc No. 9, being a report of the commissioners and officers of the State Lunatio Asylum at Worcester. It is an interesting document, filled with statistics which are valuable to all who are interested in the mental condition and diseases of mankind. We have found no fling at Spiritualism in the report, nor have seen any cases admitted under that cause in the tables furnished by the Superintendent, whose report is a very interesting document. A tabular statement of the patients admitted during twenty-five years last past of the institution, shows the causes of their insanity, from which we learn that 23 cases are set down to Spir.tualism; Mesmerism, 1; Somnanbulism. 1; Millerism, 10; Religious, 281; Religious nnxiety, 5; Religious excitement, 21; Religious fanatioism, 20; Religious perplexity, 12; Pathetism, 1: Infidelity, 1.; Mormonism, 1; Ill-health, 602: Domestic trouble, 377; Pecuniary difficulties, 189; Jealousy, 26; Intemperance, 559; Abuse of the generative organs, 253; Violent temper, 14, of whom 18 are females / Death of husband, 19.; Death of wife, 10. What an epitome of life!

NOT TRUE.

Those out of employ will do well to consider an advertisement in another column of the California Em igrant Company. The high rates now paid for ser vices in California, and the present low-rates of passage, render this a good opportunity to emigrate thither.

We clip the above editorial from the Post of Mon-

the latter had endorsed Wendell Phillips' charge that that paper would not knowingly lend his columns to the Legislature were only "whipt spaniels." Mr. advance any interest, at the expense of truth and Cushing corrected Mr. Proscott, and challenged him justice. The statement that high rates are paid for to the proof. The opprobrious charge was made service in California is waters. We have friends several times in the course of Mr. Prescott's speech, there who are good mechanics, and they state that till at length Mr. Cushing rose and pronounced his they can scarcely earn sufficient from day to day to opponent's statement a " wilful and deliberate false- provide themselves with the necessaries of life. A hood." There was much excitement. It was evident Bostonian, just returned, informs us that he could that the party with which Mr. Prescott acts, were get nothing to do, and others would return had they not inclined to sustain him in his charges against funds sufficient to secure passage tickets. We hope the member from Newburyport, and regretted the and trust that the Post, for the cause of suffering breach of parliamentary decorum of which he was humanity, if nothing else, will correct its statement as soon as possible.

THE ROSTON DAILY COURIES.

This paper wears old spectacles-the same it work twenty years ago-and it can't see how younger, healthier people can see without them. Though vencrable, respectable, and advanced in years, this paper has yet to learn that

---- The difference is as great between The optic seeing as the object seen."

The following lines from Pope may be well ap-

"Cld politicians chew on wisdom past. And totter on in business to the last-As weak, as carnest, and as gravely out. As sober Lanesboro', dancing in the gout."

Meetings in Boston.

EXERCISES AT THE MELODEON. Rev. R. P. Wilson, a trance speaking medium from Ohio, lectured at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon last.

His text was taken from the 17th verse of the 17th chapter of John: "And for their sakes I sanotify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth."

The idea of spirit-propitiation is one that extends through all religions, and is identical with religion itself. It is stimulated by the desire of the soul to become pure and sanctified. It especially runs We like to hear people who have honest and through that religion which recognizes sacrifices as hearty opinions to express, express them. It indl- a purgation of sin. All the Jewish sacrifices, and cates a sound state of the conscience, and excellent the sacrifices of all other nations, are but the types digestion to the thoughts, as well as a warmth of of man's gratitude to his Creator: but it was a maheart which rarely fails to do abundant credit to terial idea, not a spiritual one, such as rules religion to-day. These sacrifices were not adapted to the religious needs of all coming time-it was necessary say about this present revival of religion in the that they should be done away with, in order to make way for a higher development. We know that Christians to day look upon the blood of Christ as a sacrifice necessary for their salvation; but Christ did not himself teach such a doctrine-he taught that through Truth alone could man be sanctified. As the blood is the propelling power of the human influence upon the subject of conversion through life. system, so is truth the foundation of all religion; In an article which has recently made its appear thus, we read literally what we should understand allegorically, that through Christ's blood are we to

We are all susceptible to a divine influx, and the spirit of man is made a divine reservoir. He has but to ask, and he receives. Must we look back to One and all have had their trances, illuminations, Calvary and see the blood shed upon the rocks for us, or may we not look to the power within ourselves? We must open all the avenues of our being if we would receive the highest truth that is open a great religious impulse has come; that there will for us, and become pure angels hereafter. Man finds God not in a moment-under the influence of revieither of a Christian or a heathen type; and by valenthusiasm-but in every day of his life, in the world around him, and in the soul within him.

What will save us from discase but the purity of the blood in the veins? Keep that pure, and your opportunity, too, to express his fears lest all may life will flow smoothly. What will save us from error and fanaticism but Truth? Keep that on your

When we become conscious of a single truth, that were consummated in so brief a time, and so sudden truth becomes eternal. Eternity cannot bring us to a manner, were very apt also to prove short-lived. all truth, nor all truth to us, but we may have the spirit of truth with us always. Nothing will sancby a sudden shock. Religion was something to be tify us but truth. The purging of our souls of all acquired by daily prayer and effort; by holding improper affections is necessary to our sauctification. close and constant communion with God; by ac- Christ needed the influence of truth upon his soul to sanctify and purify it, as much as we do. We cannot fail with such a gulde-it is the very essence of law, flowing from the head of Divinity.

> In the evening, Mrs. Coan gave her last scance for the present in Boston. Messrs. Morey, Swallow and Sawyer were chosen a committee to assist the medium in conducting the exercises. They then propared folded papers, containing the names of their departed friends, and the name of "John" was spelt out by the use of the printed alphabet. The raps then designated "New Hampshire" as the State in which he died, and the town was given correctly.

Considerable time ensuing, and no positive demonstrations occurring, the committee retired, and Mesers. Henry, Clapp and Emerson were chosen in their stead. Papers were then taken from the audience. and from the number one was soon selected, and Charles B. Wilkins" written. The paper contained that name. The State in which he died was then asked, and "Massachusetts" given. "Boston" was designated as the place. Both correctly answered. The question was asked if he died a natural death. The response was "No." He said the cause of his death was " strangulation." His friend in the audience said he was found drowned. The spirit said he died in the month of "November" of "1857." and gave his age as "between 24 and 25." Correct. as far as known.

The name of George P. Tewksbury was then written, and found within the ballot selected.

"Gilman Dudley" was written; and found in the ballot designated. He gave "Massachusetts" as the State in which he died. Incorrect. Not answering any further interrogatories, he was passed, and-

"James" was written. The ballet selected contained the name of "Thomas Balch." (This was the first error of the kind that has occurred in any of Mrs. Coan's public sittings at the Melodeon this season, and was probably the result of her own hasto, in selecting the wrong ballot.]

"Elizabeth Bean" was the next name written, and agreed with the name found in the paper. This spirit declined answering any questions.

The name of "Sarah" was then written, and "Sarah G. Dudley" found in the chosen paper. No response was given to questions asked.

"Franklin W. Bonney" was written, and found in the ballot selected. The State in which he died was asked, and "Massachusetts" given. His age was given as "between 18 and 14," the year of his death as " 1856," and his disease as "typhoid fever." Correct.

"Thomas" was next written, and "Michael Thomas" found in the paper.

"Stephen P. Mills" was the next name written,

cause of his death was asked, but no answer re- advanced in knowledge. ocived.

"John" was then written, and "John B. Swett" found in the paper. No answer was given to quest the time, and combined with the rich subject-matter, tions asked.

"Benjamin" was the next name written, and Benjamin Devalin" found in the ballot. "Massachusetts" was named by the spirit as the State, and Salisbury" as the town, in which he departed this life. The year was given as "1826," and "Octo- conclusions perfectly harmonizing. One of the promber as the month, of his decease. lie died of " hem- inent points of the lecture was, the non-existence of a orrhage of the lungs," at the age of "43." Correct

"Nanoy" was written, and "Nanoy Bowen" read from the bailot. A lady asked the relationship the spirit boro to her, and "aunt" was designated. The State in which she died was asked, and "Massachu- vincing to all present. What amount of opposing setts" given; the place was asked, and "Lynn" spirit influence there was present, was probably unnamed. Correct.

brose Collins" was found in the folded paper. He isfactorily. died at "New Bedford," of "consumption," and his occupation was "bookbinder." Correct.

-that they, individully, had received no tests, but should know the contents of the folded papers.

wires being found.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY IN SALEM. Ms. Editog-Not being present in the afternoon

at Lyccum Hall, to hear her lecture and poem, we have no means of judging only from the reports of others. Those best qualified to judge correctly, say thoy were of a superior order. In the ovening, she commenced the exercises by a short and very appropriate prayer. She then made some very interesting remarks in proof of the spiritual doctrine, after which she invited or requested any one of the audience to offer a subject for discussion. After a short pause, a gentleman arose and offered, as a subject, the second coming of Christ.

She commenced her work and continued to the end in the most finished manner. The arguments were strong, exceedingly appropriate, and conclusive. To attempt an analysis of this lecture, about an hour in length, would be to mar the beauty of such a finished and splendid production.

It seems very wonderful that such an embodiment of home, practical truths, should emanate from one whose education has been comparatively limited. But to the genuine Spiritualist, the wonder is materially lessened, knowing as he does that such an array of profound arguments, accompanied with the truly angelic appearance, could not proceed from any one, only as an organism, through which the spirit acts. That this lecture (and poem) was delivered in the purely abnormal state, ought not to admit of a doubt. Every honest candid person who hears her, whether in her great lectures, and still more wonderful improvised poems, need not doubt of their genuine, spiritual origin. No one need hesitate that the spirit dectrine is founded in truth, if he will take a little pains and be honest to himself, letting reason, conscience, revelation and Nature have full sway. Without this, the mind becomes clouded, judgment warped, and, as a matter of course, wrong conclusions are drawn.

The honest portion of any community who have once heard such trance-speakers as Miss Amedy. Mrs. Hatch, Miss Hardinge, Miss Beebe, Mrs. Butene, Mrs. Henderson, and other distinguished ladies engaged in the Spiritual ranks, as well as the many gentlemen in the same holy calling, may rest assured that the doctrine is true, from the fact that it is well known they have never been able, nor even attempted; so far as we know, to give such lectures in the normal state. The character of the subject have been in the habit of hearing. The ideas advanced through these mediums by the different spirits are, generally speaking, of a most exalted and ennobling kind. Those who have had the privilege to hear this doctrine from such lecturers, have been compelled to admit that such grandeur of ideas. sublimity of thought, boldness of imagery and richness of figurative language could never emanate from mortals in their normal state, unassisted by spiritual power. Could any one who heard Miss Amedy's lecture on Sunday evening deny the spirit power that controlled her during its delivery? Here was an array of deep, logical, original powers of thought and comprehension of first principles, by which the spirit was enabled, through her, to grasp the most formidable subject and pour forth a torrent of mighty arguments. There seems to have been the greatest powers of analysis and illustration, of depth and profundity, great command of words, facts and events, well sustained comparisons, continuity and compactness of style and argument, and, in short, finished, flowing eloquence.

Now, if what has been said is true respecting the lecture of Sunday evening, what shall, aye, what can be said of the improvised Poem, "America-its destiny, physically, morally and politically? This poem was about thirty-five minutes in its delivery! To say that it was a great, or even a very great and from the live oak and the towering tallow," the poetical effusion, would be conveying a faint idea of magio melodies of the mocking bird fall sweetly upon the reality ! We think we have read the best poems in our language and other languages, from Homer to after my association with them has ceased, like the Chaucer, and from him to the immortal Longfellow, and Whittier, his powerful competitor, and have heard many great original poems delivered fresh from their authors, each and all written and spoken of immortalizing the gentleman whose name the in the normal state; and also not a small number acrostle reveals. in the abnormal condition, where many of the highest order of poetic minds were speaking through remarkable belief in our cause, sustaining it by that their organisms; but must honestly and frankly belief, and contributing oheerfully his quota to aid confess that nothing that we have ever yet read or heard will bear a faverable comparison with Miss Amedy's poem on Sunday ovening. If no phonographic report was taken then, it will ever be deep Such ahadows will make me remember thee sullregret to all those present, who wish to preserve the greatest poetical production ever before improvised / Prized high are the spots where bloom brightest the flowers, The delivery of the lecture must have been very | Hence priceless must be the glad thoughts which remain.

astounding, even to those who had heard her before. But to hear her, and see her, in that never to be for gotten poem, was a privilege never before enjoyed by any other present.

Miss Amedy, in every respect, could not fail to Like vows to keep sacred the day when we met, impress all present, that a spirit from a high sphere, Devoid of a friendship, unselfish as ours. with wonderful intellectual and moral powers, was No feeling to link the great race to each other, actually speaking through her to that throng of Endeared by no kinkness where misery lowers, earnest inquirers after truth. The grand fundamental point of the poem, around which all things Endowed by the gods, has begun the sweet song, else were made to cluster, was that of Liberty, the Restruck the soft chord, until every rich strain greatest birth-right of man. Here was a subject for Tells the tale of a Friendship which years shall prolong, the poetical inventive genius of the highest gifted I am a little uncertain as to whether I shall go to

and the ballot selected contained that name. The intellect of any spirit in space, however old or far

The gracefulness, case, and oratorical finish, apparent in the spoaker, was a subject of remark at may well be considered as one of the greatest wonders of the age!

The first lecture we ever heard from Miss Amedy, was just about a year ago, at Lyceum Hall, Salem. It was exceedingly argumentative; the premises and personal Devil. The arguments throughout, on this point as well as all the others, were a triumphant vindication of the stand taken, and a total everthrow of this relio of past ages, and must have been conknown, but certain it is, she out her way through The next name written was "Ambrose," and "Am- all contending forces, and wound up the lecture sat-

It is said that Miss Hardinge is equal to Miss A. Having never heard her, we cannot judge of her The Committee then reported that the raps ap powers. It is to be hoped that it is so, as it must be peared to be produced on the under side of the table a great source of joy to all who are seeking after_ truth. We shall cheerfully and patiently wait the that they could not understand how the medium time (in May) when she will lecture before a Salem audience. It is pleasant to know that several of At suggestions from the audience the table was the most prominent speakers in the country, includturned over, and carefully criticised by those upon ing Miss Amedy, Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Hatch, &c., the platform, but we did not learn of any springs or will be here in May. May God, in his infinite morcy, bless their labors among us in convincing unbelievers of the truth of the Spiritualistic doctrine, and of enabling thom to be honest and decided enough to acknowledge the truth when they are convinced! SALEM. March 21st. 1858.

Correspondence.

New Orleans, March 12, 1858.

DEAR BANNER-Still in the Crescent City, and if the public does not manifest a little less intorest in the developments of our cause, as observable in Mr. Forster's career, I feel we shall not quit it for "a season." Many of the most cultivated minds of the South

have avowed their appreciation of the subject, and determination to investigate. The lectures of Mr. F. are leaving their mark upon the age, and the growing audiences are demonstrating the fact, that all classes of people are gradually recognizing the individual right of thinking for themselves. The church organizations here still follow in the old beaten track, although they cannot fail to see that ere long in the march of progress they must be lett behind, unless they entertain the God-given principle. An application was made this week, by a number of the first men moving in the ranks of Spiritualism, for the First Congregational Church, over which Dr. Bolles presides, in order that Mr. Forster might deliver a discourse in it, some evening during the week, on the Unity of God. The trustees of the church mot, and considered the request, the result of which meeting was a letter of refusal. One ground of refusal was, that Mr. Forster was not a olergyman; another that they did not wish to open their chafth for any. thing but religious services; again, that they did not believe in Spiritualism, and feared the public would associate them with, and consider them as upholding, the cause. These reasons, weak in every instance, need hardly a reviewing thought.

This church claims to be as liberal as any in the land. It has had trials of its own, from which, however, it has sadly failed to learn the great losson of liberality and justice. I trust that whon Spiritual. ism shall have stepped forth upon the pedestal of popularity, it will not, as Uniturianism has done. repudiate the lessons its earlier sufferings should have taught it, and join the war with theology against any new idea which may differ from its own. t is one more victory which r account of Spiritualism. We seek to show that organizations are not all they claim to be. We seek to demonstrate that orceds, outside of which no individual subscriber to their tenets, dare step, though prompted by the loftiest aspirations, are deleterious in their effect, both as regards the individual and the community. In this case, however, Spiritualism has remained quiet, while the church proncunces itself. the fact of its lack of individuality and liberality.

Winter, having so little effect upon the South. seems to have given up his campaign in this quarter, and if all accounts are true, to have increased his forces for a last effort on the North. Evidences of the presence of Spring are numerous here. The trees are putting forth a livlier green.

"And a liviler iris comes upon the burnished door." The many gardens which crowd the city are filled with flowers of every hue and perfume, and from the rich green of the orange tree, peop in wild profusion those blossoms so much prized at the North. The beautiful Le Marque rose, the whitest that blooms, peeps forth from the lattaced fences along which its vines have run, or dances with the breeze in the branches, and on the trunk of the tall magnolia. The sultry sun goes away to rest satisfied with his day's supremacy, and the soft stars look forth upon the world, the porfume laden zephyrs fan your brow. your car. These things shall be remembered long melody of music one hears in pleasant dreams.

I have scribbled a little on the poetical order, which may go to fill up, although I have no intention

He is a warm hearted man, blossed with a firm and its progress.

PRIENDSHIP.

Joe! the future may come and bring pain if it will, Or wield the sad sceptre of sorrow and grief, Each thought of our Past shall bring happy relief.

Oh! God of our Friendship, from out thy bright bowers, Drop the glory gone by-glid the future again. Oh, memory ! the joys and the pleasures you bring, No heart can hold lightly, no being forget-Above the cold world our affections shall cling,

Be Joyous then, happy, for friendship again,

Texas first, or to Mobile. Mr. Forster proposes lecturing there, and I desire to keep in his company as much as it is possible.

Mr. P. proposes having the next conversation with you, I believe, when he will speak more of the city and its impressions. I understand the sales of the Banner are looking up in this city. And it must eventually find its way to many a household circlefor true it is the world is beginning to think. Trusting you have a warm sun, a perfumed breeze, and are greeted at every turn by exotic flowers, I remain,

Respectfully yours, J. Rollin M. Squirm.

o This is a much prized shade tree—it derives its name from a berry it bear withe inside of which resembles tallow.

REV. DR. TUCKER.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 25, 1858.

Mr. EDITOR-I find in your last number a very interesting communication from Rev. Dr. Tucker. He ls manifesting himself here in a very interesting manner, through one of our writing mediums. Can you find time to give me a little sketch of his history? have the impression that he was one of the Orthodox ministers of Boston. Am I right?

Your follow-searcher after Truth.

[We have been informed since Dr. T. first communicated, that he was Pastor of Baldwin Place Baptist Church, in this city, some years since, and was much esteemed as a clergyman and a man. Perhaps the spirit will himself respond to your request .- ED.]

The Busy World.

E. O. Libby & Co., 76 and 78 Washington street, will publish in a few days a Biography of Gen. ISRAEL. PUTNAM, ("Old Put,") by George Canning Hill. It is uniform with Mr. Hill's " Capt. John Smith," and is number two of the beautiful American Biographi. cal Series for Youth. The volume is to be finely and coniously illustrated by the pencil of Billings, and will meet with a large sale. This new series promises to be exceedingly popular.

Digby says there are a great many "hands" about at the present time that need alms.

THE NEW POST OFFICE .- The Boston Post Office is to be removed from State street, where it has been located many years, to the corner of Summer and Chauncey streets. A new and substantial building s to be erected by private enterprise; and Postmaster Capen has been authorized by the Department to case it as soon as completed. For our part, we think its removal shows clearly the progressive spirit of the ugo. The business of our post-office has been conducted in darkness long enough-now let there be more light, and the letters won't get into the wrong boxes half as often as they do at present.

Why is the letter s like a sowing machine? Beause it makes needles needless.

One hundred of the students belonging to the Co. umbia, S. C., College, have been suspended till October next, for insubordidation. They tarred the benches of the recitation room, and committed other exceptionable acts, because the Faculty refused to suspend the exercises of Thanksgiving day.

SPRING GOODS .- Messrs. Bean & Clayton, corner of Union and Elm streets, who always keep for sale a large assortment of cloths and clothing inferior in quality to no other similar establishment in Boston. have added to their stock a new lot of furnishing goods, suitable for spring wear, and are now ready to supply their friends, THE PUBLIC, on the most satisfactory terms.

Progress.—The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law abolishing capital punishment, and substituting hard labor for life in the place thereof.

GOVERNMENT WAGONS BURNED -By the burning of Mr. John Cook's manufactory, at St. Louis, on the night of the 26th ult., two hundred government wagons wore destroyed.

Counterfeit \$5 bil s on the Washington Bank, Boson, are in circulation in Jersey city.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch's lectures, delivered in vari. ous parts of the country, are seen to be printed in book form. The price of the forthcoming volume, we understand, is fixed at \$1.

Digby asks if the present religious_excitement among the Orthodox churches is not regarded as ob-Knox-lous by some? We can't see what the young scamp means, unless he refers to John Knox, as the father of Orthodoxy.

There was quite a severe snow squall at Alexandrin. Va., on Monday last. ß

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. H. A., CAMDEN, MR .- We should be happy to have you do as

C. C.—A lady who wishes to attend one of our circles, can do so by applying at this office in the ferencen of any day she

W. H., ROHE, N. Y.—We are about making arrangements to establish an agency in London, but can send the paper, for the present, from this office. Postage is 2 cents each number, pro-paid in Boston.

JESSE H. S., STILLWATER, MIN.—That letter was not received. We have looked over our flies, and do not find it.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY. SUNDAY MERTINGS .- The desk will be occupied at the Melodeon on Sund y next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock P. M., as usual. Speaker not announced.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spirit-ualists Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock.

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

A Circle for 1-edium Development and Spiritual Manifesta-tions will be-held every Sunday morning and evening; at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

The Lange Association in all of the Poor—entitled the "Harmonial Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

ested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

Miss Rosa T, Amedy, trance-speaking medium, will lecture as follows:—On Tuesday, March 30th, in West Bridgewater; Thursday, April att, in New Bedford; Bunday, April 4th, in Quincy; Tuesday, April 6th, in Salem; Friday, April 9th, in Foxboro'; Sunday, April 11th, in Cambridgeport.

Charlestown.—Meetings in Evening Bur Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The mornings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions portaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 21-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

Migrings in Chelesa, on Sunday, morning and evening.

MERTINOS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Windsimmet atreet. D. F. Goddard, reg-

Ular speaker. Feats free.

Cambuldorfort.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Bunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'-

clock.

QUINOT.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall
svery Sunday morning and afternoon. OHARLES II. CROWELL, the excellent Trance-Speaking Me-dium, will lecture Sunday next, March 21, in the above hall.

diuin, will tocking are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Sewall street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.
J. N. Khapp, Supt.

J. N. Knarr, Supt.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 21-2 and 7 p'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

Written for the Banner of Light. INVOCATION. Ye spirits! at this twilight hour,

Come, with your strange etherial power, And to our mortal sense, reveal The light which earthly mists conceal. Our grosser faculties refine,

And, from the purest source divine. Whence gleans the immortal spirit's day, Pour on our souls, a kindred ray Father! we thank thee that a bliss

So pure to us thy children's given,

While wandering in a world like this, To speak with our beloved in lieaven. Oh, may it give a loftler tone

To every deed and thought of ours, And fit us for that beavenly home. Where love divine fills all the hours.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

MR. EDITOR-I closed my last letter to you, having intended saying something about the objections of unbelievers. I hardly know whether it is worth while to notice any objections, for these persons do not object to what they see for the purpose of receiv. ing evidence of proof, but solely for the purpose of opposing. We will produce manifestation and objections are raised; they say, "Givo us physical evidence." And in accordance, raps are given, tables tipped and raised, and they say, " That is humbugcan't explain how, but want something of a higher order." We give them trance-speaking, singing, and other equally and more wonderful evidence, and they will then say, "Any one can talk, write and sing: give us occular, physical evidence." It makes no difference what evidence is given, if they do not investigate for a good purpose they will not be convinced, for when convinced against their will, they will remain in error still. Another objection raised is the fact that mistakes are made by mediums; no one who has not investigated Spiritualism can undestand the laws by which it is guided, and consequently cannot see that we may expect wrong communications from certain mediums, and under certain circumstances undoubtedly deceptions are practiced by professed mediums; but it is certainly very unjust to condemn us unheard, because of some doing what we do not justify. How many churches are there who have not had deceivers enter and take part in their services? How many creeds are there whose advocates have not proved hypocrites? Is there a single religion which cannot count its fallen olergymen by tens and almost by hundreds? And what would be thought of us if we should cry humbug for such a reason?'

I do not believe there is a church in existence (aside from the Romish) which, if we could get the candid belief, we should find that nine out of ten are believers in Spiritualism; but they dare not own their belief. It is amusing, and yet unpleasant, to hear those most deeply interested in the Orthodox revival, speak of our excitement and delusion, claiming everything good for themselves and allowing us nothing; we thank Heaven, are charitable, we believe a good deal of good will come out of their excitement; deluded though they are, it is a steppingstone towards the higher developments that awaits them. They say they have no excitement. I am charitable enough to believe they mean what they say, but it appears to me that when they are obliged to get up flaming handbills announcing star speakers in order to attract a crowd, announcing " Awful Gardner" as an attraction, and so on, that it partakes a little, at least, of excitement,

I fear my letter is already too long, but I cannot close without relating a few developments which have occurred here, and some, I think, of an entirely different nature from any ever before published. One medium predicted that Gov. Banks would sign the address for the removal of Judge Loring, and on the next day would address the Legislature on the question. This was predicted as soon as the Senate had passed the address. We also have a prediction that Queen Victoria will die before the Prince apparent is of age, and consequently Prince Albert become " Regent" under the law recently passed in anticipation of that event.

A few weeks since a writing medium, a young man, while sitting in a circle, wrote some fine poetry. It was then written that if all would leave the room. except the medium, the music would be given; the medium was left alone in a light room, became entranced in a moment's time, and sang the verses three times in succession. Among the persons who heard it, were some having superior musical ears, who gave it as in their opinion the most exquisite music they ever heard; the voice bore no resemblance to the natural voice of the medium.

Another more remarkable instance occurred to a person not known to have medium powers. He lost his wife some six months since, and a few days ago went alone to his parlor, opened the piano and sang. and played a few pleces. He then played a favorite song of his wife's, one which they frequently sang together; he repeated it, and a female voice accompanied him; he sang it over again, and as he finish. ed, some friends opened the door and asked who was singing with him; he said no one: he knew the voice accompanied him was the voice of his wife, but he could not stop to see what it meant. His friends had heard the whole of the last time of its being sung, being close to the window. They are credible persons, in whom the public have the utmost confidence. These manifestations are from private sittings, and I do not mention names, but any person desirous of investigating can hear by ad-

Another young man, who as yet has not shown a full development, but appears to have very fine clairvoyant powers, had a dream, as he calls it, in which an aiphabet cipher was shown him. He recollected it the next day, but paid no attention to it: the next night It appeared again, and in the morning when he awoke, he put it on paper. He has not received anything since, but probably it is a key to some future event. I will send you a copy of it in my next. perhaps you may be able to decipher its meaning. He was told it was an alphabet, commencing with reference to our letter A, each character representing the succeeding letter.

At a circle recently, a young man was entranced by the spirit of Rev. J. G. Wentworth; (does any one recognize the name?) he said he would speak at a future day; when the day arrived the circle met, but Mr. Wentworth would not control: Joe Burt, of Philadelphia, had full control. Burt was leader of a band of negro serenaders, and says he died in Europe. The affinity of the medium is more to the light singing of Burt than to the nature of a speak-

er; but we hope soon to have him in a condition for Mr. Wentworth to control. Burt sings and plays all the Ethiopian songs and other matters to perfection. Mr. Wentworth, on one occasion, has controlled the medium enough to show the medium a vision, which lasted about fifteen minutes, during which he beckoned in the air, talking in a low tone, and shook hands with the spirit. On coming out of the trance, he said immediately, "I've seen my mother." He then looked thoughtful, repeated the expression, and described the vision, calling it a dream of a few nights before. He said his mother looked like an angel, and was accompanied by a good many dressed in white. While describing it, he was confused, and immediately became entranced, going through the same motions, and probably had the same vision, but when he came out, had no recollection of either. He is in a consumption, and since becoming entranced has been able to sleep ail night, which he had not done for a year-says he feels better also. Once when Burt controlled him, we suggested that he had better not sing, as it might hurt him. He says-"He ain't in any condition to sing; why then't he tell his folks about it, when he raises blood? I see him the other night getting in coal, and he raised blood, I know, as I watched him; let the coal go-never get well so," &c. On coming out of the trance, he said he did get in some conl, and raised blood, as stated. I will close this lengthy letter, next time keeping within limits. VERITATIS.

NEWBURYPORT, March 23, 1858.

IS IT MIND IN THE FORM?

FRANKLIN, N. H., March 18, 1858. MR. EDITOR-A few evenings since I was sitting alone with a young man, who is a medium, when the spirit of John C. Calhoun purported to be present. I asked him questions for nearly an hour and a half, in relation to the politics and men of his own time. as well as the present; also, concerning his experience in spirit life, he answering all the while promptly, by tipping the table, and evinoing strong personal characteristics, and much intelligence. At length I took out my watch, and while looking for the time, the thought occurred to me to ask the table first, the number of times to correspond with tipped again nine times, making ten o'clock and must have taken the knowledge from my own mind, but on asking him the question, he said he did nothe could see the watch himself. There was a clock so situated that neither the medium nor myself spirit: "Can you tell me the time by the clock?" Ho answered affirmatively. I then requested him to first tip out the hours, then tip once for each five the Spiritualists occupy it at night. minutes, then tip the odd minutes, if them were any over, even five. The table then tipped nine times as represented by the tips.

turning to the right, and with his eyes closed, ex- endless wrath. These very excellent Christians used laimed: "Oh, I see a man here." And on my all their power to keep the Spiritualists fro requesting him to describe him, he said: "He pying the school-room, although it was understood stands up straight, is pretty tall, and rather thin, that they were to have it each Sunday night, but our His hair is grey, and stands out straight from his friends maintained their right, and now these woris full, projecting over his eyes; his face rather thin, presentation. and his eyes remarkably bright and piercing. He looks like a very smart man, and of great decision." Though I was very certain I knew the spirit from account of continued ill health. Some beautiful the description, yet I asked him to give his name. The medium's hand was then influenced, and wrote: I thought you would know me by the description.

description of his personal appearance.

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

LEWISTON, March 24, 1858.

Mr. EDITOR-I inclose the required yearly subpaper generally, and especially as regards the messenger department.--The diversity of intellent, charactor, style and sentiment, there exhibited, corresponds so well with my own observations, as to feel it her mission to come this way. We hope she exclude from my mind every suspicion of fraud on may. the part of Mrs. Conant.

numstances, I have arrived at the mathematical the same; yet, in the absence of this auxiliary evil medium, both for speaking and seeing spirits, but is dence, this direct and tangible proof of the soul's not used as a test medium. She has spoken a few immortality, how many thousands there are to whom times in public, but her domestic duties take so death is an oternal sleep? The pendercus theories, much of her time, that she is rarely induced to apthe very profound and foggy speculations of Mahan, pear beyond a private circle, which the friends of Paraday, DeGasparin, and others, who have hurled Spiritualism here regret exceedingly. their coclesiastical thunders against Spiritualism, ought to have demolished it. But dogmatical declamations, and plausible fictions, are not facts. Truth itual phenomena, and one gentleman wrote on for a invoked to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism, It becomes lamentably evident that there are others, nihil,"-nothing more. If Spiritualists are deceived and deluded, their opponents are certainly no wiser.

They have failed to show the delusion; and their

efforts to do so, reminds us of Goldsmith's village school-master;

"In argning, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though yanquish'd, he could argue still." Spiritualism is not exclusive; all who wish to do so, can have easy access to its truth, or its falsity. It costs nothing to investigate its claims to the one or other, for as my immortal friend and relative says, in one of his messages to me: "Great things may be learned from the ever-open book of Nature, by an eye and heart trained to read and appreciate such lessons. He must oultivate habits of observation, who would be truly wise."

The communications which we have received from departed acquaintances, have invariably tested and proved themselves, by their characteristic peculiarities, and a detail of occurrences during life. Others, from a great distance, and of whom we had no knowledge by name or otherwise, have been tested by writing, and all have proved surprisingly correct.

These invisible friends have uniformly taught us lessons of wisdom, morality and religion. They admonish us to be kind to each other, to be kind, benevolent and charitable to the sick, the desponding and the poor, and in our social intercourse with the world, to observe the golden rule of "doing unto others as we would they should do unto us." Now, if these sentiments are the teachings of the Devil, as some profess to believe, we can only regret that there are not more devils on earth.

I would be glad to speak of the many extraordinary musical and other physical manifestations we have witnessed, but they have been so numerous and, so diversified, that time will not permit. I have already written much more than I had intended, but my apology for so doing is, that the subject is interesting and attractive.

Wishing you a long life, and all the happiness that may flow from the successful propagation of an I am yours, &c., important truth.

DARIUS SHAW.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

ERIE, MARCH 9, 1858. DEAR BANNER-Agreeably to a promise made in a former letter, to keep you informed of the progress spirit if he could tell me the time by my watch, and of Spiritualism in this part of the great prairie land. on asking him the question, he replied promptly I write you. There are many barriers to my getting that lie could. I then told him he might tip the about, the first and foremost of which is my delicate health. The second is that I am off from the immethe hours, and tip out the minutes afterwards. The diate line of railroads, and, consequently, lecturers table then tipped ten times, and after a little pause, have never found their way to this by way, while the people are constantly asking for more light. I have nine minutes, which was right. Knowing that the just returned from a short visit to the flourishing medium did not see the watch, I thought the spirit village of Prophet's Town,-a name derived from the great Black Hawk Prophet. Here I found by far the largest, as well as the most intelligent portion of the community were adherents to the great harmonial in the room, which was not running, and which was philosophy. It has, however, met with strong opposition from the Methodists, who numbered, as I was could see the position of the hands, nor did either of informed, at one time, ninety members, but who have us know the time they indicated. I then said to the dwindled down to sixteen. They have a large brick school-house, which these aforesaid Methodists occupy on each Sunday morning and afternoon, while

A Mrs. Julia Lunner has been developed as a trance speaker, and speaks on every Sunday night. then five, then two, representing the time to be Last Sunday night I was present, and after Mrs. L. twenty-seven minutes past nine o'clock. I then took had done speaking, I was called upon to speak to the light, and went to the clock, and found it exactly them. I addressed them for a short time upon the subject of the birth of the spirit, a subject which has The following day I was alone in my room when been sadly misinterpreted by the so-called Christian a trance medium came in, saying: "I have been im- churches here at this place. On last Sunday afterpressed to come hore-I can't say why, but know noon, as I was informed, the very meek and lenely it is so." I replied, "Then we will see what is Christian minister, who doles out religion after the wanted;" and sitting down to the table, the me- Methodist creed, undertook to give the Spiritualists dium's hand was influenced, and wrote a few lines a severe lashing. He called them everything that which was so illegible that I did not then succeed in was vile, and then handed them over to the tender reading it. In a moment, however, the medium mercies of their revengeful God, as fit subjects for head. His forehead is not wide, nor very high, but thies resort to the mean spirit of abuse and misre-

A Mr. Cutler has been a writing medium, but for semetime past his gifts have been taken from him, on manifestations have been produced through Mr. C.'s' mediumistic powers. Stones of different sizes have been brought in by invisible hands, and placed on Don't you know any man that had hair like that the table; at one time a plate was taken from the I don't want to give the name, for I want to give cupboard and carried to an adjoining room, where a you a test." I then said: "It is Calhoun," and he box of sait stood; the lid was heard to open, and immediately answered in the affirmative by striking while the circle held hands, the plate, filled with the medium's hand vehemently upon the table salt, was brought in, and dropped on the floor. At another time a lock of hair, taken from a box I will leave it to those, who have seen the great standing on the secretary, brought and placed statesman of South Carolina, in the latter years of in the centre of the table; the spirits were asked to his earth life, to say whether the above is a true take it back, when the hair began to move towards the edge, and disappear, and nothing was known of its whereabouts for some time after, when it was discovered on the floor, immediately under the centre of the table. it is physical manifestations that the people require here, while, at the same time, lecturcription for the Banuer of Light; and I take the ers are greatly needed. While the Eastern cities opportunity to express my satisfaction with your and towns are flooded with lecturers, many of the Western towns have never been visited at all. Desend some along; give us light, more light.

Miss Amedy, who is a beautiful lecturer, might

I must now give you some account of the interest After a long and careful examination of this felt at Erie, which is a much smaller place than the spiritual philosophy, under the most favorable oir last mentioned one. The Rock River divides them, and for the most part of the past winter it had been conclusion that "figures cannot, and do not lie," and impassable. I am nine miles from the town. There that "dead men do tell tales." However incredible, is in this town, however, but one medium, a Mrs. and however undiguified the assumption may ap. Wenser, who deserves more than a passing notice. She pear, yet, tables do move, do talk, and do reveal the is a lady of high moral worth, one whom not the secrets, the admenitions, and the affections of an most bitter opposer of Spiritualism can bring a sinimmertal existence. It may be said, the Bible does glo accusation against. She is a highly developed

I spoke of Mr. Waloutt, the spirit artist, at Columbus, Ohio, to some who were investigating the spirand error will no more amalgamate than oil and likeness of his father; and a correct one was sent water; and when mental echose, involuntary mulcul him. It caused a great excitoment, and eight more lar motions, and mysterious, imaginary fluids, are have been sent for, with what success, I as yet have not learned.

I have recommended the Banner to all the friends than Spiritualists, who have lost their senses. To of the cause of truth here, and hope to be able to the honest investigator they are, "Vox pratered send you quite a list of subscribers from the prairies, sometime in the course of the spring.

Truly yours, in the oatise of Truth, CHARLES SNYDER. ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER. NO. YII.

"I have lived nearly five years in the house l next house. The old gentleman sickened and died.

A few days before his illness, which was not of long duration, he had dreams, and one of these, which, according to my understanding of it, was not all a dream, his wife related in my hearing, not long since. He dreamed he saw two angels, (or spirits,) who informed him that they had come for him, and they wished him to go with them. He replied to them, that he was not yet quite ready, but that he wife, on hearing his narrative of the dream, intuiher a flood of tears.

during his illness he had several partial lapses of hand, were all cut, and he was cutting the integuthe spirit, during which his pulse would be scarcely ments of the palm of the hand, when the hand sudperceptible—his hands moving tremulously in vari. denly closed and grasped the knife by the blade. He ous and uncertain motions-and he would be frequently heard to ejaculate the names of friends and pose of extricating it, but the hand not relaxing its relatives long since deceased. I visited him a few grip, he called the attention of some other persons to hours before his death, and witnessed that the vital it, and left it sticking there till the next morning. forces were summoning their vigor to separate the soul when be found the fingers relaxed. He then, in from the body; and with a view to impart strength presence of witnesses, had recourse to his medium to his waning powers, I placed my hand on his head, powers to obtain an interview with the spirit who while he was in one of his lapses. The effect was had owned the body. His questions were answered almost instantly to restore him to consciousness. I by lateral motions of the dead body that was lying beinstructed one of his sons in relation to what I was fore him, and also by raps. In this way he received doing. I requested him to do likewise, when the next lapse should occur, which he did with similar results. We both remarked a very peculiar sensa. had died with delirium tremens. The brain, on being tion in our hands, after having thus restored the old gentleman to consciousness, and it remained with me for several hours, and even at this day I sometimes fancy I can feel something of it, when I recall the occurrence to my mind.

Now this matter all has its weight with me, as evidence in favor of the modern spiritual theory, and with the thousands of similar instances of dreams. visions and premonitions, before them, it is a wonder that mankind refuses to regard them as they should be regarded. Yet I do not know as it is a wonder after all, for although it looks rational enough to me, as an evidence of the spiritual theory. confess I do not well understand it, and perhaps a similar inability to understand it may be the basis of unbelief with a considerable number of persons, who would be glad to have some definite opinions in regard to these matters.

You have probably been informed that I have been sick during a considerable portion of the winter, with typhoid fever? Well, this will explain why I have prevalent a spirit of infidelity and indifference rebeen a very negligent correspondent.

During a portion of my illness I fancy my dreams border on spirit land, and I have faint recollection of a delicate little female form, apparently a child of cight or ten years old, clad in a blue robe, answering to the name of Elsie, that played a prominent part in my visions. But I do not know as I can attach much importance to such freaks of the imagination, though a peculiar circumstance in the early history of my family would furnish a reasonable explanation to my visions, if any value were to be attached to them.

LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN .- The copy of the following interesting letter from Dr. Franklin,-on Good Works, Meriting Heaven, Prayers and Deeds, and the Example of Christ,-was found among some ancient papers in one of our old families, and was obligingly handed to us for publication. It was addressed to the Rev. George Whitfield, the famous Methodist Revival Preacher .- Salem Gazette.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1753. DEAR SIR-I received your kind letter of the 2d inst., and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending until me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, wish it could have been of more serious service to you; but if it had, the only thanks I should desire are that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance; and so lot good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall nover have an opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless meroies from God, who is infinitely above being benefitted by our services. These kindnesses from man. I can, therefore, only return to their fellow men; and I can only show gratitude to God by a readiness to holp His other children, and my brethren, for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obli gations to each other, and much less to our Creator. You will see my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree, and endless in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He, that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his domands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so the happiness of heaven? For my own part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it: but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God, who made and who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose Fatherly goodness I may well confide; that He will never make me miserable, and the afflictions I may at any time suffer, may tend to my benefit. The faith you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeaver to lessen it in any man; but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen . I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy and public spirit; not holiday keep ing, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonics, or making long prayers, filled with flattories and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. Tho vorship of God is a duty; the hearing and reading of sormons may be useful; but, if men rost in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting

ward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to the mere hearers; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet permformed his commands to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samarltan, to the uncharitable though orthodox the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day, be accepted; when soul; to come forth and live in harmony with the those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves laws of God. Then shall the generations to some

forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time now occupy, and during the first two and half of the so good that they need not hear even him for imthird, an old gentleman and his wife lived in the provement; but, nowadays, we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministra-tions, and that whoever omits them offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness; being

MANIFESTATIONS IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

We have received from Mr. G. A. Redman, the well. known medium, the following particulars of maniwould go with them in a little while. On being ask- festations that may be regarded as adding a someed if he kpaw who the angels were, he said they were what new feature to modern spiritual wonders: Mr. his brothers, who had long since left this world. His Redman, during the past winter, attended lectures at a certain medical institution which need not here tively understood that his end was near, and it caused be named. One day he was dissecting the body of a large negro; the flexor muscles proceeding down the A few days later, the old gentleman sickened, and fore arm and wrist, and whose office is to close the pulled it with a modorate degree of force for the purseveral particulars of the life and death of the negro, and among other things it was stated that he opened, presented strong evidence that such had been the cause of the man's death .- Spiritual Telegraph.

Communications.

#237.Under this head we propose to publish such Commu-nications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

Parents Responsible for the Physical Deformity of their Children.

No. 2.-Through H. R. W.

In our previous remarks, we attempted to show by the laws of Nature, that man is directly accountable for the deterioration of his progeny.

In our future remarks, we intend to point out those evils which tend most to produce such results. In the first place, we see even in the present day, with all his expanded powers, man does not fully realize the great end and object of his earthly existence. Even among the most enlightened minds there is garding this most important subject. As though, after all, the beautiful earth, and man, the great master part of creation, were but the work of chance. This indifference, together with ignorance of the laws of his being, has brought about the present undeveloped moral condition of the civilized world.

We propose, in connection with these ideas, to view man as he is, possessed of a Triune Natureand that in order for his progeny to be perfectly developed and healthy, he must possess a well balanced and harmonious physical system, as well as a highly developed spiritual and intellectual nature. Although these three natures are intimately connected, so that the healthy or diseased condition of either one must seriously affect the other, yet we believe the spirit to be more readily affected by a diseased physical system, than the vice versa. We care not how naturally spiritual or intellectual a mun may be, if he is pos sessed of a material organization, burdened with disease, his soul must inevitably be cramped and dwarfed, as, in the earthly or finite existence it is through the body that the soul must develop itself.

The first thing to be attained, then, is for man to reform himself from the evils which infest his material nature, and bring himself in harmony with the s will alone prevent pagation of those evils to after generations.

We shall now particularize some of the greatest evils which most seriously affect the physical nature of man, and thus tend to lower him in the scale of you recover your former health and firmness. Let being. As we look at the present condition of the world, we behold one which we think has been the most fruitful cause of mlsery, and the consequent degradation of mankind. This we declare to be Intemperance. There are many reasons why this is so. First, it deprives man of his God given reason, and when that is dethroned, he descends infinitely below the brute creation. It destroys the vitality of his physical system, and thus renders him unfit for the fulfillment of his duties, either in the public or social circle. It is also the cause, directly or indirectly, of three quarters of the crimes committed in society.

The evil is enhanced by the fact, that intemperance causes mon to congregate together, in low dens of infamy and vice, where the very atmosphere is contaminated by the presence of low and undeveloped spirits who have left the form; and then seek o obsess the poor besotted victims, thus causing them to rage and still more defame their God givennatures.

And here we would remark, by the way, when ian shall more fully understand the laws of affinity, which, though unseen, (and in a great measure un recognized,) yet are unalterable in their operation as any law of their being, he will perceive more fully the truth of our position. Oh, that we could write iu letters of liquid fire the evils which this hydraheaded monster has caused.

The dreadful homicides, the parricides, the thefts, robberies and arsons,—the scenes around the family circle, where the maddened victim of intemporance fells with a fearful blow the once leved partner of his bosom—the innocent children, which have been turned upon the cold, uncharitable world, homeless and friendless-the friends that have been made foes-the rivers of blood which have deluged the world, and even more. A lifetime would scarcely suffice to write the enormities of this securge of the human race. Yet in the face of all this, do we see \$\black\rightarrow\$ men meet together, and hug to their bosom this scorpion, which, at every embrace, sends to their vitals the poison from his fangs.

Oh, man, then hall with rapture every effort which shall be made to relieve you from this curse. It is to the rising generation that we look for its removal. . We would impress upon your minds the truth, that children which are begotten of intemperate parents, are surely inoculated with their evil propensities and dispositions, and unless we can cause a reform in the present state of society, must we not fear that the rising generation will prove, by their own lives, the degradation of their parents.

To argue at length, or place before you in detail, the awful effects of intoxicating drinks upon the physical system, would seem to be a needless repetltion. Look at the bloated and disgusting visage of the incbriate, as he saunters forth at early morn, to Your great Master thought much less of these out renew the stimulus, which Nature's repose has de-prived him of. Behold his tottering gait, his red and swollen eyes, his weak and trembling limbs, his dry and parched lips, and then ask what are the effects of the poisoned cup. Then look at his moral and intellectual faculties, and see how they are shat tered,-scarcely the semblance of humanity. All priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave these, and more, must be apparent to every observed to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to ing individual who has arrived at the age of discretion. Then we say it is time for man to awake, and break this iron chain which has so long fettered his not behold their mal-formed bodies and intellects,

of action, shall ultimate in a life devoted not only to the best interests of yourself, as an individual child of the Father, but that your life may be a beaconlight, which shall shine through the dark bigotry and materiality of the world, to guide humanity on ward and upward in the path of progression.

[Emma A. Knight, of Roxbury, Medium.]

Charles Green, to his Brother Henry. are so good, that I cannot refrain from addressing body may daily famish or waste away in poverty or you. I am pleased to find you progressing in the in sickness, yet if goodness is current in that soul, good cause; I may say I hope the time is not far that child of God will be happy, in splte of all the distant, when you will be procisiming the truth be fore an assembled multitude, and that with such For my part I would much rather be a Lazarus power of argument, such force of truth, that it will than stand in the rich man's position. I pity those not only find listeners, but make believers. People who hold much worldly possessions; I know they have been in ignorance long enough, ignorant of the most simple laws, as well as the most profound. Oh, brother, cast your mito, enter the field of battle out the sunshine of charity and goodness, and they strongly mailed for defence, as well as provided for are slaves-willing slaves-for they find themselves action. Let every stroke for the good cause tell. to be so, and are unable in many cases to break the Cut down its fees,—prejudice, bigotry and selfishness; but protect the truth, bind up the wounds of man I will compare to the inebriate, who daily seeks modest worth, of open-handed benevolence, and gentle that which will rob him of God's best gift, Reason. love, for though nearly famished from loss of blood, the strives again and again to break the maddening they shall know no death, for the Great Father is influence that surrounds him; again he resolves to with them, and the cause for which they suffer; with touch and taste no more; again he is tempted, and His aid shall they be made strong, and with gigantic falls. So is it with the rich man-he resolves to be frames, and uplifted heads, crush beneath their feet the possessor of so much, if the Giver of all Gifts the plant of error, whose blossoming is past, and sees fit to bless him! But with the thousand, comes whose seed time has come; from this springeth a a wish for a thousand more; and with the two beautiful doctrine, that is all sunshine and happiness-like unto the worm, changing into the gorgeous butterfly, but not like this, fleeting, for that which is true can know no death, no end. Charles Green.

Written for the Banner of Light. MY DARLING'S FIRST SPIRIT-VOICE.

BY DR. C. ROBBINS.

Mamma Leo, I've been dreaming, 'Mid the realms of beauty-bloom-And your darling's strangely happy, Way from sorrow, blight, and gloom

Papa Charley, I've been crossing Earth's mysterious river-rill, 'T was a step that made me happy, -Life and joy increasing still.

Mamma Loo, now I'm waking,

Sweetly wondering how I'm here-While I'm singing, laughing, talking, Strange, dear mother, you don't hear ! Papa Charley, I'm progressing, Taught by spirits of the air.

In the school of joy and gladness, With the little ones so fair. One, united, snow-white throng !

Come, dear mother, come and hear us ! Does your heart know that "NEW Sono?" I am roving, blithely roving, 'Mid the fields of light and love-

On the banks of life's pure river. Come, dear Papa, come above! I am dwelling, I am dwelling,

"On this strange, mysterious shore, Where the loved from earth departed, Bing their triumphs evermore. Here I'm resting, sweetly resting,

'Neath the shade of Mcaven's dome, This my rest, henceforth, forever. This my Yesting-place and home. CHARLESTOWN, March, 1858.

The Messenger.

HINTS TO THE READER.-Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, whose services are engaged I am Francis Parkman. exclusively for the Banner of Light:

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

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not notedonly the answers given to them.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that be. It goes out there, I believe; I am told that some of yond, and do away with the erroneous notion that then are the folks get it. I've been dead about or near fifteen anything but Finite beings, liable to err likeourselves.

They are published as communicated, without alteration world as it is-should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, instead of expenting that purity alone shall flow from apirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirite in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. They all express so much of truth as the spirit communicating perceives,-no mere. It can speak of its own condition with truth, while it gives opinions merely relative to things it has not experienced.

The Spirit governing these maulfestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to the best advantage, to see that truth comes through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

Messages Received

During the week ending Friday, March 26, to be published in their turn. Harvey Burdell, Harriet Linscot, Addison Phillips, William Gray, John Gillespic, Charlotte Howard, Henry Clay, Reuben Willey. Adass Elias Smith, Wm. Livingston, Chauncey Booth, Rebecca Rice, John E. Thayer, H. Wright, William Hemans, Robert to Massa Pratt, John Pemberton, earth, in that way.

They want to know if I ever see Ben; I auswer, Wm. Parsons, Mrs. Macomber, Robt. Graham, Ellen Beck, Capt. John Coffin, Fred. Barker, Mary Peake James Tebbetts, Capt. John Hanson, Elder Bisbee I am, working his way up the same as I am. Every John Hubbard.

ERRATA.—In our last we published a message from Samuel Bragg, Broome, Lower Canada, but as we printed it "S. C.," instead of L. C., it made him a resident of South Carolina. These mistakes will ecour in records of all inspiration.

Francis Parkman.

I am here this afternoon, not to make a confession, but to do whatever good I may chance to see in my way. I, as an individual spirit, have passed off the great stage of an carthly existence, and can now fully what I can do. Perhaps you will recollect semetime realize a spiritual existence. I fear I have but half learned my leason and I was a spiritual existence. I fear I have but half learned my lesson, and I regret to say that nearly Nathaniel Smith. I told you I was with you when all my life on earth was misspent, full of errors and you received the letter, and I told you I would answer that say full of only I have a few learned my lesson, and I told you I would answer that say full of only I have a few lesson. I might say full of ovil. I have often found my way swer as soon as I could. There are many questions back through mediums privately, but never publicly, in it I cannot answer, because I cannot—the best of that I am aware of-at least I nover intended to do reasons. so. I find that man is placed upon earth to fit himself for heaven, and according as his works fit him for earth life, so shall his joys or sorrows be in spirit the truth, it has been twenty years since I animated life. From what I have told you, you must consider a mortal form; twenty years since I spoke as I now me in no very happy condition; however, I do not speak, and I assure you it is difficult for me to learn expect to live eternally under a curse; neither do I to speak through one now. Suppose you went away expect to be resurrected suddenly to a place of hap-piness; but I do expect daily and hourly to work ing your native tongue during that time, would you

doing good, and I have also learned that the sweetest guage, or to use those vocal organs they have so fruit is eaten after hard labor. I'view the earth long hald down, in order that they may return to life in my present condition as one would a passing their friends.

panorama; and I fail not to see even now in that picture, my own tragical passage from earth to Oh, then man, look within thyself! behold there spirit life; and as I look upon it, I cast reprosch indelibly stamped upon the tablets of your soul every upon myself, and upon none other. Everything upon myself, and upon none other. Everything around me seems barren, and I am told that I must thought and deed of your earthly existence. See around me seems barren, and I am told that I must how even one impure thought mars the surface of that tablet, and its effects shall be felt, even in the of existence, every man enjoys all he carns and far off ages of eternity. Then resolve within your soul that heuceforth purify of thought, and nobleness except in point of goodness, for that is the only curexcept in point of goodness, for that is the only current coin here—thank God for it i

It would be far better for the inhabitants of earth, if goodness prevailed among them to a greater extent. All our carthly lives seem but a primary school, in which the soul is taught the first rudiments of happiness and misery; and as the soul with the body matures, God will give the soul wisdom enough to discern between the two, therefore no man need err-no man need be spiritually unhappy. He may suffer ail the annoyances of an earthly life, Dear Brother—The facilities for communication and yet suffer them only in a material sense. The

> comes a wish for a doubling of the fortune, and so on-for man is never satisfied.

> I repeat it again—I pity the rich man, as I pity the incbriato; for the love of gold is a disease in many, and that can only be driven far from the sufferer by self denial; by prayer for holy influences to aid hlm. But alas! man is poorly able to pray for holy ones to guard him, when he prays through gold. It is like the inebriate; he prays through smeke and fire, and his prayer becomes like incense to mertals, and ascends no higher. The present financial crisis is but a shadow of what the future will be; too long the gifts of God have been unequally distributed; too long man has usurped the power which belongs to Jehovah; and the time is now fast drawing nigh, when, through those who have once lived in form in our earthly state, these things shall be made far different. The rich man lies down to an uneasy slumber,—he rises in the morning, filled with unhappiness. Every dollar he gets, adds more to his sorrow; it robs him of his spiritual nature, for he is entirely sordid and material; and one from the celestial heavens can scarce recognize the spirit, so deeply embedded is it in materialism.

Thank God I am free; thank God I have nothing to do with the dross of earth; I can hardly thank Him enough. I have suffered enough for the sins of my carthly body. I should have laid up a mine of wealth for my present residence; now I am poor enough. But I have a wish for all mankind, for their welfare and for their progressiou.

If I had paid attention, even in a small degree, to the advice of my very near and dear friend, I should not have been in my present condition. That advice was thrown away in the past, but I trust in the time to come it will be like pearls in his crown of happiness. He gave it freely, and it will, no doubt, return to him like bread cast upon the waters, after many days, to bless.

I deeply regret my past life, and I am striving to so obliterate the dark past, that, in a short time, none in spirit life shall look upon me as one who has come up in iniquity. When I first entered spirit life, I felt a degree of moroseness, of melancholy, al most amounting to horror; and I looked with hatred upon all mankind, until I saw I was only adding fire to the hell that surrounded me; and now I am changed, I am free from all that which caused me so much sorrow, and I only desire that my friends may free themselves, ere they are sent into spirit life, without a shelter, without a home, without the wedding garment

. My time has expired; pardon all the mistakes I have made, for I am not accustomed to your medium.

William Pratt, Ala.

I've been requested to come hero; is there any objection to my saying what I want to? I belong in Prattsville, Alabama. That was my home, and my name was William Pratt, and I have been requested to come here and communicate through your paper. years. I am not sure; if I was, I should have said just fifteen years. The folks wanted me to tell what by us, as we believe that the public should see the spirit I died with. I expect I was polisoned, but I am not certain about that myself—but that's the conclusion I came at. They wanted me to tell how old I was. I

was sixty-nine—that's a good age, was n't it?
There is a mystery to my folks about my death, and they want my opinion, but I shan't talk about

it, as it matters not now how I died.

Now. Prattville is not a great ways from Montgomery; I done business there once, and left and went homo; supposed I might have lived much longer, but my time, it seems, came. I often go to the place, but cannot manifest. They want to know what I think about religion—they mean the various systems you have. Tell them I think it's all humbug. I always did think so, and I don't know any religion, except Universalism, that I would risk my soul on. I'm happy, and don't care what becomes of the place I used to live in. They need n't think it troubles me, for it don't. I'd just as lives the nig-

gers would have it as anybody.

Tell them I am happy—expect to be better off, sometime, but am well enough for this time. I don't know but what you think me strange, but I talk just as I feel, and am not altered from what I was on

yes, but not in the same relation I did when I and ne was on earth, for he is on the same foundation as man is his own master here.

They want to know if I suffered much when I died. Tell them if they had been in my situation, I guess they'd have thought so. And as for the monument, I care nothing about it more than the wind, but if they take pleasure in decorating the place, I've no objection. Oh, tell them I have the best wishes for all my friends, and want to see them all happy. Well, that's ali I can say now, and I'll go.

Nathaniel Smith.

According to promise, I'm here, but I don't know

lam very happy to answer my relatives, and ampleased that I have been called upon; but, to tell out my own salvation, and enjoy it in the indopennot have a difficult task to do, to use it? You would
dence of a God. I have learned there is pleasure to be found in are learning to control medlums, learning the lan-

says in his own mind that I died in 1837. I shall be obliged to correct him; I died in 1838, and you will find me true, by referring to the books at the old hospital in New York city, for I died there.

I was taken sick, and conditions rendered it negative forms to the hospital and I died there.

Already many invocations have gone out for his large of the taken to the hospital and I died.

cessary for me to be taken to the hospital, and I died there, and that is the last time I spoke on earth. I life, but yet they will avail nothing unless his own there, and that is the isst time I spoke on carta. If life, but yet they will avail nothing unions has own have not been far from earth, yet have not been in communion with earth. Did not even hear thereali, for some one told me I was the defer, and had better some. So as quick as I could I came and wrote. Now my relative wants to know about my affairs, of his early life. Tell him to look back to that method and what their them and to the time when she taught him to raise names were. Now if he will go to the hospital, he his infant ideas in prayer to that God, and to build will find a record of it, for they take down the name, his foundation on those infant days. He asks, are residence, place of birth, and names of relatives, of we ever with him. Yes, ofttimes are we, and oftevery person who enters. And these questions were asked me, and I knew it was to go on record. I asked me, and I knew it was to go on record. I asked me, and I knew it was to go on record. I aske in these enlightened days, Can there be a God? Friend, direct my epistle to James ilobart, of New York and manifest to my relative, if he will find a medium; but I wish him to go to the head acceptaint I I ametric for I always. the hospital and ascertain if I am true, for I always did things square.

I feel just as I did when animating a mortal form

twenty years since. I was much pleased on getting here, to find that I had not got to spend an eternity in misery; and I found that I was not going to a My time seems to be to-day—this hour. There are

Luke West.

"Oh, Jordan am a hard road to trabbel, I believe." It's a fact, I tell you; it's like dying over again to get here. This rig don't seem so very natural to me, after all. Well, bub, how do you do, any way? Don't know me, do you? Well, suppose I should say I would n't tell you? Suppose I should sing? (Wo remarked it would please us, if he sang well.) I It is now thirty-five years since I was first taken guess I won't, for I have not got my own whistle; but the text I chose seemed so appropriate, that I could n't help singing that for you. Well, I'm watching round the boys who have set up business So you see we differ, but we do not quarrel about it; very one has a right to his opinion.

Well, bub, do you know me? Well, I am Luke West. Now the boys are wondering whether they are going to succeed, and I thought I'd come and tell them. Well, they will do well, if they will let rum alone. They'll line their own pockets, and be their own masters. They must single out some head, and let somebody be master, then there will be no quarreling. Must have a head, you know, in all establishments, if you want things to work well.

Give my best wishes to the boys, and tell them to

where I hit-never did. I used to drink, but who 'Il be sworn to help them for a year.

colors yet. Takes a long time to wash the paint out, specially when it's rubbed in. I did n't live in this world, in the crowd I did, without getting some spots

rub them out. Now these boys know I come to them, and I want them it neep them if they will do as I want them to, and I will not, if they don't; is n't that right? They are a good set of boys—fast, but the fastest have the best hearts, and I want to get them along. Well, bub, I don't talk very smart, but I can if you wish it. I do this so that they may recognize Two wish it. I do this so that they may recognize methey would not know me if I used fine language.
Well, bub, good bye, I'll see you again.

Luke West was a negro minstrel, when on earth, one of West, Campbell and Peel's troupe. "This message is given to a company who follow the same business. We knew West by reputation, but never saw him, ner heard him sing. One of the company he waited for what I am blessed with now-power to speaks of was an intimate friend of his, and some speak. wo or three years ago, Luke made his first appearange to us, and requested us to procure the attend ance of this friend at our sitting, which we did, when he manifested satisfactorily, we believe, to him.

William N. Hobart, to James Hobart, of New York City.

Years have passed since I dwelt here in earth-life. around those I loved so well-death has walked among them, and they have feared him because they have been taught to do so; and, even now, one still dear to me lingers upon the threshold of the eternal And new, when He has called me away from the world, and I to-day come to speak peace to that soul to rear high the banner of llope-to give him knowledge of the future existence.

In the earlier history of your nation, men dwelt n darkness, and were content to dwell in it to a certain extent. Their souls were strouded almost at all founded upon what I receive at this hour. You must times with darkness so dense that spiritual truth receive it in simplicity, for I cannot clothe it in could not penetrate it. In the infant history of the purple and fine lines. I have friends on earth who world we find Spiritualism, like a brilliant star, guiding many to peace.

When the child Samuel lay down to rest at night, the voice of God, by one of His angels, called to him. Samuel then goes to Eli, and tells him of it. The old man says, Go lie down again, and if the voice call thee, say "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." How much better it would be for all of God's child ren, when they hear the voice of the angels of God, to listen to it, as did the child Samuel. But they do not seem to recognise their God at all, but have put

justice, without love or mercy.

We say in the infant history of the world, they were far different from what they are in the present time, in this respect. If God did indeed speak in the olden time, why may it not be so now? Are there save myself, I must swim to land. I have been here no Samuels now? We find many—blessed be the only a short time, but long enough to understand God of Hosts-and we pray that many, ere this cen tury has passed on, many may have heard and answered, as did Samuel.

But, my dear friend, I have come for a special purpose to-day. As I said, one who is dear to me lingers between the two spheres, and he has heard of the star of Spiritualism, and says, if it be true will not some of my friends who knew me in days goue by come and speak to me? Oh, we have heard that petition, we have listened to that prayer, and have been sent by our Father to answer the call, would tell him that as he has fashioned his future home, so will it be in the land he is going to. All his earthly life he will find on record in that unknown country. If he hath sinned, he must pay the penalty of that sin; if he hath lived an honest life, ie need have no fears of hereafter. Yet we would not have him conceive that an eternal hell of fire awaiteth him, for the eternal Father never did conceive of such a horror, and how shall we, His children, speak of such a destiny for man! Tell him to cast all his troubles at the feet of our Father. Tell him to ask for forgiveness, and at the eleventh hour thank God that I had them. I have met with many he shall receive his penny. No man shall be forgiv- of my acquaintances, while here; some are in like en, unless he asks first. Jesus, our loving brother, condition with myself. While others are happy, some orgave no man until he was asked to forgive. He have gone up higher, and found true happiness. I that was Mercy and Love will not fall to direct you shall strive to exert myself in future, and shall This dear child even now doubts the existence of a consider my time on earth lost, for which reason I God, and he says, Give me some proof that such an have the more to do now. My name was Joshua Intelligence lives. Tell him to look abroad in Na Sears. March I.

I died in New York; my much esteemed relative ture's domains, and he will find proof that God lives

Already many invocations have gone out for his salvation—for his happiness as he enters the spiritwho I had on earth at that time, and what their ther, and to the time when she taught him to raise

William Harvey.

There is a time appointed for every inhabitant of the spirit world to return, and converse with mortals. place of extreme happiness, but should eternally many circumstances connected with my coming which progress, and I was glad to find it so.

I don't know as I have got anything more to say. ern myself; second, I am obliged to learn to govern I have told you all I can tell you, and be sure I am the spirit of another; and thirdly, I am obliged to telling the truth. If occasion calls, I'll meet you govern matter; and lastly, the elements which suragain, if I can. Good bye. Feb. 27. seem strange to me, but I as an inhabitant must learn. I must take my first lesson, as many have done before me, and as many must do after me. I have many dear friends on earth, and I come in answer to their call. My friends, like the friends of

sick. I was sick nearly six years, and then I was freed from the mortal body. Thus you see I have been here near thirty years. My disease was cancer of the stomach; it first presented itself in the form for themselves—did you know it? They made a of inflammation. It troubled me then for some time, pretty good strike, and I guess they'll come right and at last assumed the form of cancer, which carside up. I suppose they thought they had filled ried me from one state of being to another. I died ried me from one state of being to another. I died another man's pockets long enough, and thought in New York city. I was carried there to be operthey'd fill their own. The old fellow who was here a while ago, (Francis Parkman,) thought money an unnecessary evil, and I think it is a necessary evil. State of New York. I was what the world would be the world with the world would be the world with the world would be the world would be the world term a merchant. I dealt in fancy goods. I always had rather an indistinct idea of the spirit world, and I believe I received impressions from there long ere I became an inhabitant of it. I could not believe in a hell, nor that I was to be transported to a state of happiness immediately, but that I should merely pass out to a new state of being. I was a strange man, and many of my friends who are now old, are wondering how I found things-how I progressed and so on, and they have said, if I can receive a communication from that person, I will believe and doubt no more. After I heard of this call, I set push ahead, and when they see a fellow that has n't about finding a medium, and very soon heard of the got a cent, give him a dollar. Take all the four one you have here. I immediately set about informpences, quarters and halves they spend for rum, and ing myself of this business, and improve the first put them away to help the poor, and if they do, they'll find six put in the place of the one they gave. I have never had cause to regret the belief I enter-Rum is the downfall of many, and I don't care tained on earth. I have seen no local hell which is a place for torment, such as ministers preach. I shall speak of these things but one who knows from have found no heaven which is a state of perfect hap-experience? Tell them if they will do as I tell them, piness. I have found no personal God, such as the piness. I have found no personal God, such as the Il be sworn to help them for a year.

I'm all right; shall work myself out in bright is taught exists. They wish also to know if I retain the eccentricities of my earthly life. I can only answer them, that I believe what they called strange belonged to my spirit, and therefore I retain them. on my soul, I tell you; but sime and patience will I had a father and mother living on earth, but they passed to me, or rather the spirit world, nine years ago. The friends Inquire concerning them. Say to to give them a little better proof of it, and to teli them they do not dwell with me, although we often

return home.

It affords me gratification to come here, if by doing so I can afford my friends pleasure or aid to their wisdom. William Harvey.

Joshua Sears.

I have long sought to come here! I have anxiously

Oh, I am unhappy, unhappy! And yet I know ! shall not always be so. I know there is salvation for me, as well as for all mankind; but when I look back, and, in memory, pass o'er the time I spent on earth, I can but feel sad and melancholy, and full of unhappiness.

My life was misspent; every day of my natural existence is a blank to me, and now God, in a thousand ways, calls for His own, and I have nothing to give Him. He trusted me with His blessings, and I Hopes have been swept away—shadows have clung appropriated them all to myself. Day after day new blessings were added to me, and instead of being a just steward, what have I been? I have been unjust to myself, unjust to mortals, unjust to God! field of labor, I am like Adam-I sought to hide myself-but I knew it was useless. God looks at me through a thousand channels, and you must not wonder, gentlemen, that I am anxious to manifest, when you consider that my future happiness is are dear to me, and I know, and God knows, they are pursuing a wrong course on earth. I know, and God knows, the misery that awaits them when they meet me in the spirit life.

It has been said, gold hardens the heart, and locks up the channels of the heart, and I know it to be the case, therefore I sorrow for my friends:

Now, it is my business to unlock those channels, and if they harden their hearts, they must bide the consequences. There has been a time when I de-clared I would not return to earth. I could not then him afar off in space, and set upon him a grown of overcome my feelings, but I now have overcome myself, and return. I have nothing to depend upon but myself. I have learned, at this late hour, that I am my own saviour. I have trusted my soul to a poor craft, which has foundered, and now, if I would save myself, I must swim to land. I have been here my own condition, and the conditions of those I love, and I do beg of them, in the name of God, to turn and live; and hard indeed will be the lot of them at death, if they do not hear and understand. I am not allowed to come to satisfy curiosity, but to savo souls from almost a literal hell.

I expect to receive hard usage in coming; I expect to be rejected, but if I nover sow the seed, I cannot expect to reap a harvest. But my duty is plain, and if I suffer, I'must go on.

I had dealings with many men on earth, and bitter curses were heaped upon me, and terribly have I suffered; not one of those curses but have come up hither, and been showered upon mo here. I beg of them to spare me, for truly I have suffered enough for them.

There are many with whom I dealt on earth, who spoke well of me. That assumes the form of a curse also, for when I find them telling of me what I know I did not deserve, I feel sad.

If I had any virtues, and they are aware I had

such, let thom keep silent upon the subject, and

"A Wife," in answer to Questions.

In No. 22, a wife sent a message to a husband, but gave no name, either of herself or him. We received a letter from some one, asking for answer to certain questions suggested by the message, and it is this letter which the wife speaks of as a call

Who calls for me-who says come again? You don't know me, naver saw me. Why does he call for me? Why does he ask me to come? Can I benefit him, or oun I benefit myself by doing so? You hink he is very fair, very honest, and so he is, but the children—the children, do you know anything about them? Oh, dear! then I have come in vain.

Do you know anything about Edward-where is he? All lears to know is where the children are, and how they are doing. I am poorly conditioned to see them now; perhaps in time I shall not be so, but that I can see them. Did you tell him that I said she was a good woman? Well, that was right. Now say to him that if he will give me full permission to state all facts, I will do so; until then I cannot answer his questions. Will you do so? Then I March 1.

James Gavitt.

My very dear, dear brother; you have no doubt almost forgotten me; yet it is not so with me. On the contrary, I have watched over you at times all these long years. I have long sought to come to you, hut never succeeded until today. This day the thoughts of other days came to me like a mighty rushing wind, and I was drawn to you, but am poorly able to control this medium.

I will come to you again soon, and give you more in regard to my past, my present, and my future life. Love to all-God bless them. March 1.

John Barrett.

Within three hundred yards from the place where you now are, lies an old man, suffering almost the igonies of death. That old man is my father. Seventeen years ago I left him. Then he was poor, but sustained himself comfortably; and now sickness ins been laid upon him, and for the last four months he has been suffering not only in body, but in spirit. come here to day to ask permission to take your medium there in spirit, that I may aid him-that I may restore him to health, for his time to die is not I can draw material aid from you two, and ooncentrate it in her, and take it to him, and thereby save his life. I have been at work for the last half hour, very much against her will, I assure you, to ecomplish this.

We answered that we had no objection, if our ruides permitted him to do as he wished, and he cemed to relax his control of the medium, who became, as it were, clairvoyant, and spoke as follows, there being some minutes between each sentence :--

Straighten him out. Cover him up-he's cold. lie's elecping quiet now, let me go home. I can't wait. There is one chair only here, no back in itstove, no wood. I'm half frozo-poor eld man, nobody to take care of him, nothing to comfort him. There's an Irish woman, stop her, don't let her come in, sho's crossing herself; she thinks he's dead, but he's only asleep. That's nice—a bowl of gruel—he'll see it when he wakes. Can't you put it in the chair, so that he can get it easy? There, don't pull me so-let me go now, everything is right. Wait, let me go first, you'll fall down stairs. Which way? Oh, see now. That's two flight—three—four. I'm out loors now. You go now, I can find the way.

After a few minutes, the spirit resumed control. mid said:—

Thank God, you have rendered me timely aid. One hour later and he would not have had longer time on earth—he has much to do here.

You ask me for proof of this strange event. The old man will doubtless give you proof himself, for he feels my timely aid. Disease has been conquered, and he only wants nourishment; and he will have it through an Irish woman, for he is a medium. Her hands are open to work, and her heart is full of sympathy, and by acting upon her sympathy we can

save not only one but many.

I was an American. My father an American.
Yes, he is a Bostonian. Trouble has been ever in his pathway since I have had any knowledge, and even now, after that kindred have been taken from him, sorrow is left-that clingeth sometimes closer than all clsc. He has been to day made aware of the presence of spirits, and will not fail to report such when he again walks among you.

I died of consumption, which I probably inherited from my mother. I was an only child, and I lived to be only ten years of age. My mother died at my birth. I have known what it was to live in poverty.

My poor father-did all he could to educate me; he did all he could for me, but the Great Father took me away, perhaps that I might this day save the life of my parent.

To day I have performed that which I hardly expected to perform—but to-day I was told-to persevere, and God would aid me. Never again will I loubt His power; never again will I doubt His love, My name was John Barrett. My father lives now

only a few doors south of Cross street, among the poor and lowly. My father, something like two years ago, supported himself well as a laborer. He has been sick most of the time since. Of late he has carned but little, and now he has lodgings with a poor frish family, the woman I have spoken of as a nedium. It was the best place I could take him to, considering all things. I have watched over him and shall not leave him. His trouble was rheumatism, and his timbs were so cramped that he did not expect to use them again. But now they are as straight as yours, and he only needs nourishment and peace. He moves in a sphere dreaded by many but fate seems to have placed him among the lowly, that he may prove a saviour to them.

I am told I have taxed your medium severely, and

must now leave her, that she may gather strength in her natural state. I will come again in due time.

This is a singular manifestation, and we hardly cnow how to explain it, yet we have full confidence that it is correct. Time will develop it more fully, probably, when he may be able to state the facts more explicitly.

Chief Lepont.

Many months ago, an Esquimaux chief manifested o us, an account of which we published at the time, together with a statement by the above spirit of the reason why he told a party who was with us at this sitting of the circumstance, stating, according to our memory, that the party above, who brought him to us, was a traveler among the Esquimaux. This is the mistake he corrects in the first paragraph.

Suffer me to correct you a little. I told you I was east away there, and the chief treated me very hindy. When the chief came to the spirit world he recognized me and I recognized him, and I have been striving to educate him. I brought him to you some six months ago, by permission of the guide of your circle, and I bring him here to day in the same manner. Suffice it to say he has his work to do, and although he be an Esquimaux, and although he be one of that despised race, he has his work to do, and he is as much a child of God and a portion of divinity as any other. He was commonly called Chief Lo-

pont—an old man, something like seventy years of age, as I should judge from appearances.

Mediums are God's servants—the channels by which Ife speaks to the people, and this Ife has given them to us to serve high and hely purposes; and this Chief is as much entitled to use your medium as any other spirit, for his progression.

March 2.

Pearls.

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

Homo's not mercly four square walls. Though with pictures hung and gilded: Home is where affection calls, Pilled with shrines the heart hath builded! Home !-- go watch the faithful dove, . . Sailing meath the heaven shove us: Home is where there's one to love! Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room-It needs somothing to endear it: Home is where the heart can bloom, Where there's some kind lip to cheer it! What is home with none to meet, None to welcome, none to greet us? Home is sweet, and only sweet, Where there's one we love to meet us!

Nothing so wins upon the obstinate, and melts the most obdurate minds like mild and gentle usage; even silence when it shows submission and not sullenness, is more apt to persuade, than angry arguments used in opposition.

O liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright, Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight! Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign, And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train; Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light, And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight; Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay, Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Solitude bears the same relation to the mind that sleep does to the body. It affords it the necessary opportunities for repose and recovery.

> What is life without devotion But a scene of guilt and folly? What is man unless he worship Something beautiful and hely?

Beek some shrine, however lowly-There retire, and silent kneeling, Breathe thy prayer, however humble, To the God of truth and feeling.

We have all our sunny moments-Some have few and some have many; But the heart that's most devoted, Burely hath the most of any.

No man is obliged to think beyond his capacity: and we never transgress the bounds of good sense, but when wo aim to go boyond it.

> How frail a thing is love on earth, The little love that has its birth And has its douth in souls of worth! 'T is as a tender flower that blows In some dark dawn among the snows And dies before the day doth close.

He cannot rightly judge of pleasure, who never tasted

THE RELIABLE MAN

"You may rely upon it, sir, your coat shall be sent home this very evening, without fail."

These words met our car as we were passing along Upper Sackville street, one of the noblest and most frequented streets in Dublin. It was our first visit to the Irish metropolis, and we glanced around us with the sort of interest which one feels among new scenes, and amid a new race of people. The speaker was a dapper little man, with an exquisitely fitted coat, which he wore with a certain jaunty air of satisfaction, as if it behooved the world at large to bo acquainted with the result of his artistic talent.

"You may depend upon me, sir; I will not disappoint you," ndded he, with nn obsequious bow to the customer, who was just about to leave his shop.

A few steps further on, we found ourselves amidst a crowd of people, who were wending their way to some public meeting at the Rotunda. Some elecantly dressed ladies were alighting out of a fly at the grand entrance; and one of the party, turning towards the cabman, charged him to come back for her precisely at four o'clock.

"Yer ladyship may depind upon me being here to the very minute. . Make yer mind alsy about it. Pat Lawler's the man to keep his word to ladies."

Lapped in all the security of l'at Lawler's honor, the fair ladies disappeared within the precincts of the Rotunda, while l'at, springing up on his seat, gave a knowing jerk with his whip, nodded to some of his friends in the crowd, and then dashed off at a rapid pace in quest of some new adventure.

We paused a moment to gaze at the Hibernian growd, so different from the dull, impassive masses to be found occasionally in our London streets. Hero there was wit and humor, fun and frolic, circulating as freely among the people as if they had not a thought or a care to ruffle the even current of their lives. It seemed to us as if they were all looking on the sunny side of things, and allowed the darker clouds of fate to pass unheeded over their heads.

"Fortunate people!" was my mental apostrophe; "no marvel that the poet should have placed his 'Happy Man' in the midst of you."

Just then, I observed the approach of a blackcoated individual, bearing in his hand an ominouslooking packet of white parchment, tied up carefully with red tape, and suggesting to me the less pleasing recollection that I was in the land not only of humor, but also of litigation. This individual was suddenly accosted by a gentleman in riding costume, who seemed, from his bespattered boots, to have just arrived from the country.

"Hal Mr. Smith, I was on my way to see you; for I want to know how my business is getting on." " Very well indeed, sir; nothing can be more satinfactory.'

"Well, Lam glad to hear you say so; but it seems to me that matters are getting on provokingly slow; for you told me six months ago that I might expect an immediate decree in my favor."

"You know, my dear sir," rejoined the other, with

a very bland smile, "you know that the uncertainty of the law often defies our most strenuous and bestadvised efforts; but you may depend upon my word that all is going on well. We shall very soon now get the upper hand of our pettifogging opponents. Meanwhile, you may rely on me, sir, that everything shall be done to insure that justice which is undoubtodly your due; and you shall have it, sir. Depend upon me, you shall have it."

The country gentleman's countenance grew more and more genial in its expression, as he listened to these reiterated assurances of the goodness of his cause, and of the certainty of its approaching succoss. What passed afterwards between him and the man of law, I cannot tell, as we withdrew from the spot, meditating upon the evident reliability of the Irish character, as well as upon the great importance of this homespun virtue, allaying itself, as it dos, with all the common duties and events of life-I talked over this matter afterwards with the friend

nose of his. He was a medium, warn't he, sir?" birth, and, having purchased a large estate, under "Why do you think so, Jack," we asked. "'Cause he had knocks wherever he went, did n't ho?"

at whose house I was staying. He was a Saxon by

the Encumbered Estates Act, had fixed his residence

in Ireland. He smiled on hearing my remarks, and

observed that I was very new in my acquaintance

with Ireland, or I never would have named "relia-

bility " among the catalogue of its national virtues.

"I would venture to assert," added he, laughing,

that the civil tailor in Sackville street will not have

his customer's coat ready for a week or two to come

that the facetious Pat Lawler never kept his ap-

for the worthy country gentleman, so far from his

business being speedily accomplished, he may think

himself very lucky if in a dozen years hence he get

out of his solicitor's hands. The very fact," added

my friend, "of there being so much talk here about

reliability, arises from there being so little of the

raal thing among them: and yet," continued he,

there is such a charm in the Irish character, that

one does not feel disposed to dwell on its weaker

side; for of them it may be truly said, that 'e'en

their fuilings lean to virtue's side.' I have known

a man to borrow money from me, that he might

make a handsome present to some relation going out

to India, assuring me, at the same time, that I might

rely on his paying me in the course of a few months;

and when, at the expiration of years, I ventured to

express a hope of proximate payment, he seemed to

think that my conduct savored of mean-spiritedness,

and even of injustice: for 'how could I imagine he would allow his causin to depart without a suitable

gift? and how could I be so unreasonable as to urge

the repayment of a sum, which he really could not

then afford to part with?' This sort of logic was of

course unanswerable; and so, the only option al-

the remembrance of liberality exercised at my ex-

pense. We can scarcely hope for any improvement

in this respect," continued my friend, "until the

truth of the old adage is practically recognised in

Ireland, that a man must be just before he is gene-

rous,' and that Truth, not Imagination, is to be the

I listened to my practical friend with a sigh; for

it is always painful to have one's pleasant idealities

"And are there no reliable men in Ireland?" in-

"Yes; but they don't talk about reliability; they

For a little while after this conversation, I never

heard the expression, "rely upon me," or "depend

upon me," without instinctively glancing at the

speaker, to see if he looked like a rogue or a swind-

ler. At a later period, however, even in Ireland, I

learned by my own experience how much reliability

there might be found amongst, those in whose veins

was flowing the purest Milesian blood; for I met

with many persons who never indulged in liberality

at the cost of justice, nor made a promise they did

not purpose to fulfill; and who dared even to be

thought "close," rather than incur expenses which

were unsuitable to their means. I found, too, that

there existed amongst the people a true appreciation

of this solid unostentatious worth; for, more than

once have I heard it said by some grey-coated peas-

ant, when speaking of one of those "reliable men,"

· Och! then, his honor is sure to do it for us; for

he's always as good as his word. He's ho great

A word in parting to the courteous reader: never

expect much from any one who boasts of his truth or

reliability. Does some sentimental friend vow eter-

nal devotedness and attachment to you? Take it

for granted, that, after a few months' separation, you

will be replaced in his heart-or rather, let us say,

in his imagination-by some other idealobject of his

affection; and seek for your real friend some one

who speaks with less enthusiasm about the imperish-

able nature of friendship. Does an editor write to

assure you that your "interesting MS. shall receive

his prompt and best attention," pause before you in-

dulge in the imaginary prospect of appearing shortly

in print; for, in all probability, you will receive the

unsuccessful MS. back again, at the expiration of six

In conclusion, we would say to all educators of

youth: oultivate especially in them the habit of reli-

ability in the very smallest matters of life. That

child will scarcely prove untruo or superficial in

later life, who is early taught to limit his plans and

wishes within the capabilities of his lot, and trained

never to promise aught which is not within his

power, as well as his purposo, to perform. Advanc-

ing years will only convince him more deeply of the

wisdom contained in those simple nursery rhymes

"A man of words, and not of deeds.

Written for the Banner of Light,

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Thoughts thronging come, of childhood's happy hour;

And yows to thee that no'or shall lose their power;

And all your kindness through the veyage of life-

They awaken a sense of latent pain.

As bound in the links of memory's chain

The happy day when first I called thee wife i

The aunshine and the shadow on our path-

There comes a longing for the Fatherland-

For rest and peace within the family-band!

Though hard the fate that holds me far away,

Whose mercy o'er the earth resplendent glows,

Whose will directs each moment as it flows:

"'Tis your desire, I know, to spare me pain!"

A flame Promethcan, kindled by thy hand,

I pray whone or we meet with joy again,

This separation will but prove our gain:

Our hearts united over heavenward flow,

And calm content attend our steps below:

Our greatest happiness God's law of love-

cedure, and cinculated,-

Assured that He will guide me unto thee,

And make us happy, as we long to be.

Yet would my heart, with gladness, own His sway,

When from your heart I heard the cheering strain-

Gleamed on my soul, by hope's bright pinions fanned.

Till summoned to the Elysian fields abovo! G. C. A.

The Devil on coming to our table just now east

his hair a la Choate, caught inspiration by the pro

Heads of great men all remind us We may make our heads sublime!

'T was but one step from the sublime to the

ridiculous, and our Devil could n't stop too long on

the former plane-'twasn't his "sphere"-so taking

a look at John Knox, the martyr, who threw the

crucifix into the Thames, when it was handed him

by the priest to kiss, he remarked, "that buffer

could n't kiss the crucifix any way-he could n't get

it near enough to his mouth, 'count of that long'

And stealing o'or me, as I roam the earth

Is like a garden full of weeds."

talker, but he's a mighty doer."

or eight months.

of his early days:-

reduced to the sober standard of fact.

finger-post of life."

quired I of my friend.

are too real for that,"

A mere scholar is generally known by his ignor ance of everything but languages, which have so filled his head as to leave room for nothing else. He mistakes the steps for the Temple of Minerva; the shrine for the Goddess: and is as proud of his mind's purse as if there were gold in it. Pedantry's jargon will no more improve our understanding than the pointment with the ladies at the Retunda; and, as clink of a smoke-jack will fill our stomachs.

Children's Department.

Propared for the Banner of Light. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA-NO. 1.

NEW SERIES. I am composed of 64 letters.

My 42, 20, 8, 5, 6, 2, 11, 47, 9, 14, 29, 30, 21, 7, is a town in Turkey. My 51, 26, 46, 18, 5, 35, 40, 61, 2, 25, 49, 38, 33 is

a sea south of Europe. My 4, 28, 60, 58, 5, 16, 18, 34, 49 is the name of a

lake in Utah. My 59, 64, 61, 47, 48, 43, 6, 19, 41, 57, 1, 52, 28, 46 s an Island S. E. of Massachusetts.

My 16, 47, 46, 54, 51, 17, 37, 12, 29 is a town on the Island of Hayti.

My 24, 21, 84, 83, 45, 20, 36, 6 is one of the Western States My 62, 55, 46, 9, 15 is a country in Asia.

My 39, 31, 53 is a town in Morocco. My 24, 55, 46, 56, 50, 55, 44 is one of the Western

My 63, 50, 40, 23, 63, 38, 16 is the capital Vene lowed me was to go to law, or to console myself with My 22, 27, 24, 2, 11, 15 is a country of South Amo-

My whole is the four longest rivers in the world. Aut Lee. SALBM. Mass.

ENIGMA-NO. 2.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 6, 12, Z is a primitive color. My 1, 2, 4, 6, 14 is a large city in France. My 6, 5, 7, 7, 10, 12 is to twist together. My 7, 9, 13, is a domestic animal. My 8, 2, 3, 7 is a note. My 9, 13, 10, 14, 6 is a sly gazer. My 11, 12, 4, 14, 10 is a instrument. My 4, 14, 6, 13, 12 is a border. My 6, 9, 7 is a measure of length. My 1, 2, 6, 14 is a small, swift animal. My whole is an old and well endowed literary in-M. P. P. stitution in the Union.

ENIGMA-NO. 3. I am composed of 27 letters. My 21, 20, 21, 3, 3, 2 is used by ladies. My 14, 7, 2 was used as an article of fuel. My 16, 24, 7, 9, 2 is often seen on railroads. .

My 16, 7, 8 is a firth on the east of Scotland.

LONG POINT, ILL.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

My 27, 19, 7, 2, 6, 23, 3, 11, 27 is an island east of My 4, 1, 6, 6, 8 is a juice of the palm tree. My 10, 9, 21, 18, 25, 21 is a peculiar wind in

Arabia. My 17, 22, 3 is a grief. My 8, 7, 27, 14 is one of the points of the compass My 18, 2, 16, 7, 28, 9, 1 is one of the largest lakes

in the United States." My 4, 15, 18, 21, 7, 27 is a boy's name. My 26, 23, 3, 2 is a small bird. My 23, 5, 26 often creates a disturbance. My 21, 12, 11 is often done by farmers. My 13, 7, 19 is an animal. J. F. Ross.

ENIGMA NO. 4.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 5, 16, 17, 1, 10, 1, 3, 13, 1 is a town in Central America.

My 1, 8, 6 is an industrious insect. My 12, 1, 12, 4, 10 is a useful article. My 6, 1, 14, 15, 4 is used in housekeeping. My 1, 12, 12, 15, 9 is a kind of fruit. My 1, 15, 7, 17, 4 is a girl's name. My 17, 1, 12 is something worn by boys. My 14, 1, 15, 6, 16, 17 is a sea in Europe. My 15, 9, 5, 1 is a river in Siberia. My 17, 1, 12, 4 is an article worn by ladies. My 8, 1, 5, 8, 16, 11 is the pet-name of a girl. My 2, 16, 5, 3 is an ornament worn by many. My whole is a division of South America. BRISTOL, R. I.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

No. 22 is, "Amy Lee." Answered by J. F. Ross, of Somerville; F. V. A. Bowker, of Lawrance; V. G. Barnard, of Worcester; "Cardella," of Hartford, Ct.; Susan M. Emory, of Orange.

No. 23 is, "Children's Department." Answered by J. F. Ross, F. V. A. Bowker, V. G. Barnard, Cardella," and Susan M. Emory.

Nos. 24 and 25 are, "The American Eagle"-Benjamin F. Butler." Answered by F. V. A. Bow-

The answer to the question by "Cosmos" is: 1, 3, 9, 29. Given correctly by F. V. A. Bowker. Amy Lee sent us 209 words made from the letters

of Gunpowder, but in many of them the same letter is twice used, while there is but one of each letter in gunpowder. No letter should be used twice in the We acknowledge the receipt of a letter from Emo-

line G. Kent, of Montpelier, Vt., and should be happy to have her correspond often. The answer to enigma No. 18 is answered correctly.

We have as yet received no answer to enigma No. 21, published March 20th. Whoever solves it first shall be entitled to "stand at the head of the class."

Amusements.

his eye at some lithographs of celebrities, such as BOSTON THEATRE, THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquette, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 61-2 performances commence at 7 o'clock. Byron, John Knox, Cooper, Coleridge, etc. Then dropping his head a little, he ran his fingers through

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May 14

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