

BANNER LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

Poetry.

THE "PROFESSORS" VS. "RAPPINGS."

Some certain Professors once tried to discover
The law and relation of rappings;
But found that at best, 'twas a futile endeavor,
To prove it by tricks and foot-tappings.
They claim that Galvani or Mesmer at best,
Elucidate plain to the mind;
In electrical forces, which mortals possess,
The cause of the trappings we find.
The Davenport youngsters were chosen in form,
From countless circles of Mediums;
The spirit of John, with a battered tin horn,
Played snatches of grand to-doums.
A few days' sitting, with scarcely a tipping,
Disgusted those Doctors of Knowledge;
For the promised report they seem unwilling
To give it the stamp of their College.
The Magi of Egypt, once counted impostors,
Are proved to be honest and true;
The rods of the priests this strange fluid fasters,
As serpents uncoil to their view.
So Saul and the witch 'twould seem but in keeping,
With a bottle of Galvanised thunder,
Burst open the tomb of old Samuel, sleeping,
Thus robbing the grave of its plunder.
The transfiguration, the water and wine,
The healing of sickness, and curing the blind;
The miracles all, they were never divine—
For a cure-all in fact was this fluid designed.
A few simple facts with a moral for each,
We wish that all wise-heads may learn—
Don't try to pluck fruit that's out of your reach,
Or fossils unseen by the sun.
A new revelation will doubtless be made,
To benefit suffering possessors;
Until we receive it our prayers must be laid
At the doors of the College Professors.

Splendid Romance!

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS; OR, THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER I.

"She is an orphan, hard her lot,
With strangers hard her gown;
Holy Father, shield her well,
This hard to be alone!"
Nowhere in New England can the traveler find a busier place than the village of Mapleton on Rapid river. It is situated at the "head of navigation," as the geographers term it, or in more common terms, near the mouth of the river, just where the stream pours its somewhat shallow, but noisy waters, into the more tranquil Connecticut.
There is a fine water power here, for the river falls one hundred feet within the space of a quarter of a mile; Nature, therefore, has furnished its capital, but there are few rich men in the region to build large mills, so that there is no monopoly of the water, and hundreds of little shops with their buzzing wheels are scattered upon the banks, giving to the place a population of thriving mechanics, and well-to-do farmers, the latter finding ready sale for the products of the soil.
The village is like a beehive, and no drones are allowed, or if they intrude themselves, they are left so entirely alone in their solitary dignity, that, to all intents and purposes, they might as well be glued over and stuck to the hive, as to enjoy life in this busy place.
Some twenty years ago a certain lawyer who had held office under General Jackson, but who had long since been denied the flesh-pots of Egypt, and even the leeks and onions of the Kitchen Cabinet, strayed into Mapleton.
To his astonishment he found but one professional man, besides the minister, a doctor, and even he was devoting most of his time to raising merino sheep to supply the woolen mill of the Mapleton Manufacturing Co., that had a capital of five thousand dollars.
Our ex-officer-holder was somewhat surprised at the number of shoe shops, peg factories and places for making buckets, clothes-pins, wash-tubs, &c. Moreover, he ascertained that the wives of the most thriving men in the place, even Mrs. Spicer, the trader's wife, and Mrs. Mudge, the doctor's wife, did their own house-work; there were no servants in the place, only now and then when the census was increased, a neighbors' daughter condescended to be "hired help."
"Just the place for me," said the hungry office-seeker; "I'll bring my family, and we'll be 'top of the heap,' the only real gentility of the place. They will give me all the offices I want, and, if I only manage right, who knows but before five years are out I shall be 'Hon. Solomon Shuttleworth, M. C., from Mapleton!'"
With such gay visions in his brain, he returned to the city, and after consultation with Mrs. Shuttleworth, who, by the way, held the staff in her own hands, they concluded to take their departure for this land of promise. They had long struggled to maintain the appearance of gentility upon very slender finances. A poor little bound girl was the drudge of the family, which consisted of the father and mother, two sons and three daughters. Now it was considered beneath the dignity of any member of the family to engage in any business that

was not perfectly "genteel," so "Arthur Wellington" and "Alexander Hannibal" were placed as clerks on Washington street; but after a short trial, being found deficient in arithmetic, were dismissed, and were seeking other places at the time of their father's change of residence.

"Arabella Sophia," "Margaretta Francesca," and "Ada Grace," were model young ladies, being brought up under the special tuition of their mother. They wore the longest waists, the largest bustles, and the most sweeping dresses of any of the fair damsels of "Smith's Avenue." Hoops were not in vogue then, or I should have to tell you of the great circle around which the beaux, who called now and then upon the young ladies, revolved like the satellite round Jupiter. They had dark, stiff hair, which gave them some trouble, as long, drooping curls were fashionable; but after much torturing and confinement in curl papers and pinching with tongs and plastering with patent curling fluids, they succeeded in producing certain elongated spiral ornaments, reminding one of candles dressed in mourning.

The young ladies were somewhat compressed in the chest, as their mother had always been of the opinion that out of door exercise made young ladies coarse, and fresh air in sleeping rooms brought on colds, so the daughters kept their lungs, like their hands, small as possible. Unfortunately tight waists were the rage, and whenever new dresses were made, they followed the illustrious example of General Jackson at New Orleans, and "raised cotton breast-works."

A hired piano stood in the parlor, and occupied the morning hours of Arabella Sophia and Margaretta Francesca. Their evenings were devoted to the beaux, among whom one clerk with very slick hair, and turned-down shirt collar, named "Edward Augustus Fitzwilliam," was the especial favorite of the family, and supposed to be desperately in love with "Arabella Sophia," because he wanted her so often to sing and play.

"Go, forget me—why should sorrow," &c.
Mrs. Shuttleworth insisting upon it that young men in love always sung such pathetic songs that express just the opposite of what they mean.

True he had not much salary to depend upon, but then he was so "genteel," had such long, slim, white hands, and wore such a "love of a vest," blue and gold color with rosebuds scattered over it!
But we have quite forgotten "Ada Grace," the pet of the family. Unlike the rest of the children, she had light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.

"My wax doll," her mother called her, and rightly, for she seemed to be endowed with the same quantity of brains, and the simpering expression peculiar to the doll sisterhood. Her dresses gave one the idea of subtraction as readily as those of her sister, long measure, while her stiff, full skirts made her look broader than she was; and one feared that the base was not strong enough for the superstructure. She took music lessons of her eldest sister, and attended Monsieur Le Follet's Dancing Academy twice a week.

"As for Rithmetick and Gograpy," Mrs. Shuttleworth said, "for my part I don't see much use in Ada Grace bothering her head about it, for the more book learning girls have, the more difficult it is to get a husband, and I mean that my beauty shall learn only accomplishments. She can sing and play 'Sweet Afton,' and has embroidered two ottomans, one with a splendid white house with green blinds, and a little 'shepherdess with a crook tending lambs, and the other with Alexander Bonaparte sitting on a rock on St. Helena."

The family were seated at the tea-table one evening, just before their father's return from Mapleton.

"I say, if the old dog would only shell out the cash, we'd go to the theatre to-night," said Arthur Wellington, "for old Job comes off with Cinderella as an after-piece."

"Oh, do take me," said Ada Grace, "Cinderella will be so delightful!"

"Ha! ha! Waxy, you need n't ever expect to be Cinderella; you are too much dressed and petted at home for that. It will take Sally to play that game."

"What in the world are you talking about, Alexander Hannibal?" said his mother, sternly, while Ada Grace gave her head a toss, and pouted out her pretty lips, as if her dignity was much offended.

"You need n't make a fuss for nothing," said the young man; "I only meant that all fairy stories begin with some poor little despised damsel. By the way, mother, what makes you call your little hand-maid down in the basement Sally—she says that is not her name, it is Alice."

"Well, if I chose to call her Sally, nobody has a right to prevent it. Sally is altogether a more proper name for a kitchen girl than Alice."

"This is a new way of robbing one of their good name," said her son, with some attempt at wit.

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Shuttleworth made his appearance.

"Good evening, Mrs. Shuttleworth! all well at home? Any news, boys?" These questions were asked almost in a breath.

"Eh! nothing but dry bread and cakes for supper!"

"We can't have that much longer, Mr. Shuttleworth, unless you get that clerkship in Washington, that you've talked about so long. The baker sent in his bill this morning, but I had to put him off, for Le Follet must be paid in advance."
"Well, well, wife, better days are coming! We shall soon see a change, and mark my words, the time approaches when my talents will be appreciated, and I shall hold up my head in Congress yet. If I can't make a speech equal to the best of 'em, then

my name is n't Solomon Shuttleworth. But send for some oysters, and I'll tell you my adventures."

"The old story," said his wife, "always something coming, never anything here. If my name was Solomon Shuttleworth, I guess we'd see —"
"What we should see," said Arthur Wellington.

"But where are the oysters?"

"Send Sally," said Alexander Hannibal.

The bell rang, and in answer to the summons a pale, sickly-looking child, some twelve years of age, appeared, and received orders to go out and buy a quart of oysters.

"No, two quarts," said Arthur Wellington.

"Three! three! all of three," said his brother.

"Yes, mind you bring three," said Ada Grace.

"Oh, yes, let us have a good supper for once," said the father, depreciatingly.

Mrs. Shuttleworth, who was somewhat undecided before, now turned to the waiting child, and said, in a voice of authority:

"Bring one quart of oysters, and two dozen crackers."

The children looked vexed; their father said nothing; submitting with that stoical philosophy which obedient husbands so soon acquire.

Meanwhile, the little girl timidly wended her way along the city thoroughfare. It was evening; the street was not well lighted, the air was chilly, and she kept by the side of the houses, and walked as fast as her tired, aching feet would allow. She procured the oysters, and was walking homeward, when she saw a tall, awkward looking young man, leisurely walking the street, stopping at the windows, and making exclamations to himself.

"My gracious! if them 'aint coffee-pots! And what lots of shining kettles and saucepans! Crackers! Would n't mother's eyes sparkle to look at 'em! I'll go right in and buy that patent apple-parer."

He was turning back to enter the door, when poor little Sally, as Mrs. Shuttleworth named her, trembling like a leaf, stumbled over the iron grating of the cellar window, and fell, scattering her oysters and crackers upon the pavement. Her fear of the young man was lost in the greater dread of her mistress's sharp voice and strong arm, and she burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" said the young man, "spit your supper? Never mind, there's no use in crying for what can't be helped."

"Oh, but she'll whip me, I'm afraid."

"Whip you? who'll whip a little girl for stumbling on these confounded hard sidewalks? Never mind; stop crying, and I'll fill your pail again, for I suppose if I had n't been in your way, you would n't have stumbled. I guess I'm an awkward fellow, but I never was in a city before. There," he added, when he saw her pail refilled, "run home, and say nothing to your mother about it."

"It is not my mother I'm afraid of, sir; my mother is dead. I'm a little bound girl," and she hurried away lest she should be reproved for her tardiness.

"A little bound girl! What under the sun is that?" said the young man, as he turned again to examine the curiosities of the kitchen furnishing establishment.

In the meanwhile, the Shuttleworths were discussing Mapleton and their future prospects.

"If it was n't for Ada Grace," said Mrs. Shuttleworth, "I would consent to go; but how in the world the child can finish her education in such an outlandish place, is more than I can imagine."

"Oh, they have a good school there, I was assured by the postmaster. The teacher is a college student, the son of a farmer, who has worked his own way through college, and is now earning money to study a profession. He is a fine scholar, and their school is very popular."

"There, now, said his wife, with a sneer, "that's just as much as you know about bringing up daughters. A farmer's son to accomplish off the beauty of the family! Where's the dancing academy, and the painting, and the fancy work?"

"Well, well, these will come when I get into Congress—no mistake this time; those country people will be pleased enough to have such a family settle among them. We'll have everything our own way. But here comes the oysters."

"I'm glad there are some educated people in the place," said Arabella Sophia, who had lately taken it into her head to set up for a literary character. So she read "James's last," and went to hear a course of lectures on the "Innate poetical idea of the Hot-tentot race."

There were two vacant houses in Mapleton, either of which Mr. Shuttleworth could rent. One was a huge shingle palace on the top of a hill, painted white, with a yellow door. There were no shade trees before it, but it was surrounded with a white fence, and moreover the house was furnished with a door bell, the only one in the village. This last appendage, with the imposing appearance of the house, decided Mrs. Shuttleworth in her choice. The other house she said was altogether too small, and moreover was not painted. It was a snug, little one story house, with ample room on the lower floor to accommodate the family, if they had chosen to think so. It was in a warm, sunny place, with a small orchard of choice fruit, a trim garden, and, as the roof was hidden by some old shade trees, it mattered little whether the house was painted or not. But though Arabella declared they might call it "a cottage," said for her part she should like it, especially as they could have a woodbine twined over the side of the house, yet the rest of the family laughed so much at her taste, and declared they should feel horribly lonely with so many trees and bushes about,

and it would n't be at all like the city, that she soon acquiesced, and after weeks of bustle and preparation, they finally arrived at Mapleton, imagining that their appearance would astonish the natives.

Mrs. Shuttleworth sold part of her furniture, and selected from the auction shops such as she thought would be most showy, having little regard to utility. A second-hand pier table, a half-worn tapestry carpet, a couple of glass mantel lamps with pendant ornaments, a half-dozen embroidered chairs, which, with the girls' ottomans, she thought would produce quite a sensation where home-made carpets and cherry tables were the no plus ultra of gentility.

Their nearest neighbor was Farmer Sallow. He lived in a snug brick house in the "hollow," surrounded by orchards, corn-fields and meadow lands. He worked hard, lived well, dressed in homespun, knew nothing of city fashions, but by the strength of his sturdy arm had won all the solid comforts of life for his family.

Mrs. Sallow was one day standing by her cooking-stove, lifting with a large fork a huge vegetable pot, full of noble Carter potatoes, when Hannah, the youngest daughter, exclaimed—

"Do look out, mother; the stage has just stopped on Davis's Hill, and the new folks from the city are getting out."

The window was soon filled with a pyramid of heads, "both great and small," to catch a peep at the new comers. Even Mrs. Sallow laid her potatoes on a clean plate, and joined the group, and her husband, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, came and made the apex to the pyramid, as he was wiping his hands.

"Wife, we must be neighborly," he said; "these people have traveled a great ways, and are commencing housekeeping anew; had n't we better send them in some dinner?"

"I would do it with pleasure, if I thought our country cooking would suit them."

"Hungry folks are not dainty; do as you would be done by, and don't be troubled with 'ifs.'"

"Well, I don't know as it's best to send 'biled pot.' I have a notion city folks do n't like it much; but I have a couple of nice, roasted chickens in the house, and wheat bread, and apple-sauce, and doughnuts."

"That's right—send a basket full."

"Who'll carry it?" asked the mother.

"Jim and Simon, of course," said the father, as two boys of twelve and fourteen years respectively stood watching the stage; "and give them your mother's compliments, and say that we feared they would need some provisions, before getting ready to cook."

A capacious basket full of Mrs. Sallow's choicest cooking was accordingly despatched; much to the surprise of Mrs. Shuttleworth and delight of her hungry family.

"And what shall I pay you?" said Mrs. Shuttleworth, taking out a long red purse, heavy with steel beads. The boys shrugged their shoulders, and looked at each other, and then at the purse, as if they were entirely unprepared to make a bargain. At last Simon, gathering courage, said—

"I guess mother didn't want any pay; she thought you were among strangers, and she would be neighborly."

Mrs. Shuttleworth looked very smiling upon the boys, and said—
"You are nice boys, and very polite to strangers; we shall be happy to see your mother as soon as our parlors are ready for the reception of company."

The boys ran home, glad to be dismissed so graciously, and Jim, who had a remarkably good memory, (being able to repeat the whole catechism verbatim,) gave the errand just as it was delivered to him. Mrs. Sallow felt rather scandalized that pay should be offered for her neighborly kindness, and thought the message rather formal, so much so that she would not venture to offer her services in helping to arrange the house.

"Why, wife, perhaps they have help sufficient, and need none from others."

"I guess they have," said Simon, "for I saw two great tall girls, with long, curling hair and black eyes, dressed just like the pictures in that magazine Joe Sikes sent to Lizzie from New York; and then there was a little short girl with curls all over her head, that looked like our yellow painted churn, or as it would look if it stood on long legs."

"And there was another one," said Jim; she was standing all alone in that great, cold kitchen, and looked very sad and pale, and had great blue eyes."

"Oh, that is the hired help, servant, I suppose they call her," said Lizzie.

"Where is Jerry?" said Mrs. Sallow, as she glanced her eye round the well-filled table, and upon the group of cheerful, hearty eaters, who were devouring the well-prepared meat and vegetables with that zest which labor and fresh air give to persons in health.

"He is out in the shop, I venture to say," said his father, "and so engaged with his gimcracks that he did n't hear the bell. I wonder what in the world will become of the fellow. He is always either reading a newspaper, or at work on some notion or other with his tools. I have my doubts what will become of it all, and if he was n't always so faithful to work on the farm when I set him at it, I believe I should put a stop to so many experiments and so much reading. I suppose it would almost break his heart if I should stop one of the newspapers."

"Lawful sakes! husband, I'd rather go without a Turkey legsteak than give up the papers, and the poor boy takes so much comfort with them. And just think about his grafting those trees, from read-

ing how to do it is the papers. Why, we sold twenty bushels of fruit last year, all from the poems he set, when he was n't older than Simon."

"Yes, yes, wife, we all know he is mother's pet, and a wonderful boy, of course; but here he comes."

A tall, rather awkward looking young man, about eighteen years of age, entered, saying pleasantly—

"I hope I'm not growing deaf, mother, but I did n't hear the bell; I must have been pounding nails when you rung."

"Never mind, child; there's victuals enough, only they are getting rather cold."

"They've come! they've come!" said the two boys, almost in a breath, to Jerry.

"Who's come, pray?"

"The Shuttleworths—the whole family; two young gentlemen about your age, but dressed much finer, I can tell you. Their hats shine like grandma's satin bonnet, and their pants are strapped down to their feet like a saddle on a horse."

"Come, come boys," said Farmer Sallow, "enough of our new neighbors for once, now for work." Spring is upon us, and I want all hands busy. Jerry, can you help mend the stone fence round the pasture?"

A shade of disappointment passed over the young man's face, but he answered cheerfully—

"Yes, sir; I'll be there in half an hour."

Jerry and his mother were left at the table.

"Will you have a piece of the pudding, Jerry?"

"Yes, mother, I never refuse your baked Indian puddings. Do n't you think the new hen-house and the patent needs are quite an improvement?"

"Yes, indeed, Jerry; but I do n't know about your spending so much time in making new notions; sometimes I'm afraid your father thinks that you will be poor help upon the farm."

"He may be right, mother; but the disposition was born in me. I never saw a little brook when I was a child, but I wanted to build a tiny mill, or the steam issuing from the tea-kettle, but I wanted to set a machine in motion. I dream every night of something new which I wish to make, and I dream too, of success. Sometimes I hope to make profit enough by my 'gimcracks' to compensate father for the loss of so much of my time. This summer I will work hard for him; the next winter I will study, and then one year to the workshop, and if I do n't succeed, I'll turn farmer in earnest."

"Well, we're not so poor that we must keep all our children hard at it, all the time; but your father likes to see all labor turn to some account."

"And mine shall at some time," said Jerry, "if it be nothing but making button moulds; but now for the broken fences. I'll patch them to my father's content," and Jerry started for the pasture.

Merrily went the wheel of Lizzie in the spinning room; little Hannah had trudged to school, and Mrs. Sallow found employment enough for the afternoon in heating the oven, and replacing in her pantry the loss of the contents of the basket sent to her neighbors. Indeed the Sallow family were always busy, and always cheerful.

The family on Davis's Hill were equally busy about these times, for Mrs. Shuttleworth was a famous manager in her way, and great was the commotion she stirred up.

"Margaretta Francesca," she screamed out at the top of her lungs, early the next morning, "get up and go to work, and wake up Arabella Sophia; we must get the house in order to-day."

The young ladies roused themselves very reluctantly, and with many yawns, throw on some old, faded, "drabby" looking silks, stained and ragged, so tight that but two or three hooks remained to fasten them behind, and with their hair in curl papers, the girls descended to their morning meal, which, thanks to Mrs. Sallow, was that morning a decent one, for the remnants of the basket were more acceptable than Mrs. Shuttleworth's cooking.

"Now girls," said the mother, "we must look the doors, and tell Sally to say 'not at home' to anybody that may ring; the first thing is to put the parlor in order, it's not much matter about the kitchen; the carpet must be put down, and the piano set up as soon as possible, and by to-morrow Ada Grace can have on her polka dress, and hair curled, and sit at the piano practising, so that when people call she may be in readiness to see them."

The young gentlemen and their sisters were struck with horror at the idea that there was no upholsterer in the place who could be hired to put up the curtains, and fit the carpet, but their mother, who had certain rigid rules of economy, among which was "pinch at home to show abroad," was not sorry to get so much extra out of her children. Like some politicians, she would increase the salary of the foreign ambassadors at the expense of the home department.

However, Arthur Wellington, Margaretta Francesca, Arabella Sophia, and Alexander Hannibal agreed to arrange the parlor, if they might have matters all their own way. The young ladies drew on kid gloves and put handkerchiefs over their heads, and the young gentlemen in gloves and dressing-gowns proceeded to business. It must be acknowledged they performed their task much sooner than an upholsterer would have done, for the sun was still above the horizon when the last curtain was hung upon the cornices. These curtains were the special pride of Mrs. Shuttleworth, being composed of alternate pieces of red and yellow worsted damask. The corners of the room and the fitting of the carpet round the ample hearth did not give our young folks so much trouble as they would have done more experienced workmen, but Arabella Sophia said—

"Never mind the corners, nobody will see them," and this rule helped them on marvellously.

ed the steps and began to retrace his steps towards the hotel he had left but a short time before.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I think I've the honor of addressing Mr. Crawley?"

The speaker, one of two men who were standing directly in Crawley's way, was a fleshy-faced, broad-shouldered man, with a small cunning eye and heavy animal jaw, that gave him an unpleasant bull-dog aspect. Crawley looked at him and turned pale; the stranger touched his hat and repeated the question.

"It's in vain to deny," began Crawley, when he of the bull-dog visage interrupted him—

"Of course it is! You're Mr. Timothy Crawley, about to embark for America. In consequence of a slight dispute with your creditors, and an impossibility to arrange satisfactorily with the Court of Bankruptcy. Very sorry, but you must go back with us!"

"There's no help for it!" sighed Crawley.

"None! Sorry to urge a gentleman to do anything against his inclination, but must's the word here, and no mistake!"

"All right!" said Crawley, meaning, of course, that it was all wrong. "You'll take some refreshment first, and then I'll return to London with you."

At the word refreshment, the bull-dog visage mollified, and its owner hastened to reply.

"Since you are so pressing; besides, we've had a smartish journey down, and that always freshens the appetite."

So between his two captors Timothy Crawley, the runaway bankrupt, re-entered the Crown and Sceptre Inn.

"You'd regularly got the start of us; if you had n't missed that boat we must have gone back empty-handed; as it was," and here both officers indulged in a self-satisfied chuckle, "as it was, we were just in time."

"And I was," said Crawley in a voice thick with emotion, "just too late."

Poor Timothy Crawley! It was his fate through life to be always too late; others might grasp the "skirts of happy chance," but he was fated never to behold them but at the moment they were vanishing round the corner. That "tide in the affairs of men," which, as we are told, if taken at its flood leads on to fortune, must have entirely escaped Timothy; with him it was always low water—go when he would, stand where he would, the wave of chance never brought any offerings on shore, never rolled even a pebble to his feet. We have all heard of the man, who, complaining of his general ill-luck, asserted that "had he been brought up a hatter, he believed men would have been born without heads." This man, hitherto without a name, we draw from his obscurity. He was the father of Timothy Crawley.

"Tim! my boy," said rich old uncle Bob, addressing that unfortunate paterfamilias. "You've got five children, and they're all girls! what on earth do you mean by it?"

Paterfamilias answered his wealthy relative humbly enough. He said, "he meant no harm."

"No harm! nonsense, do n't tell me; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The world's overstocked with girls—why, where do you think you'll find husbands for them all?"

Mr. Crawley gazed at his five olive-branches, who, it is to be hoped, were useful—for in the ornamental department nature had shown herself singularly neglectful. Mr. Crawley, as we have said, looked from one to the other and ejaculated, "Where indeed!"

"I like boys," continued uncle Bob, "and what little money I have to leave," he emphasized the word "little," as it is the habit of wealthy men to do, "will be left to a boy. Your brother Jack has a boy—I don't like Jack, but I've made a vow, and I'll keep it—so you know what to expect."

Crawley did know what to expect. Had uncle Bob been less rich he would have been "an obstinate old brute"; as it was, he was termed "an eccentric old gentleman." It is, after all, to be doubted whether a rich relative is a great advantage—if he be long lived, certainly not. Never did poor Crawley set about anything—business or pleasure—but a "fear of offending uncle Bob" hung constantly over him, like that terrible and much to do often quoted, "sword of Damocles."

"On November the 12th," so run the announcement in the *Times*, "the lady of Mr. Timothy Crawley of a son." The long-looked for had come at last, and there was but one drawback to the general joy. It was this—that just six months before master Timothy entered the world uncle Bob had quitted it—leaving the whole of his property, without reservation, to the male offspring of "brother Jack." Little Tommy had come, it was true; but, unfortunately, he began life six months too late.

"Who's that?" called out the sharp-eyed school-master, as he detects a delinquent who has crept with anything but "a shining morning face" into the school. "Who's that?" for the little atom had hastened to lose itself in the mass.

"Crawley! sir," cried a dozen eager and sycophantic voices.

Boys are little men—and very bad little men too—what would they not do to win the master's smile? what have they not done to avoid his frown?

"Where is he?"

"Here he is, sir!" The crowd of boys divided into two lots, leaving a vista between, at the end of which stood little Crawley, pale and trembling.

"Pass him up."

A dozen hands were outstretched—a dozen boys, the scoundrels of the class, fastened upon the culprit—in a minute he was "passed up" to the desk of the master.

"Late again, Crawley—this won't do!" And gazing down into the small face quivering from excess of fear, the tyrant tightened the well-waxed string on the end of his cane. "Why are you late?"

"I—I could n't help it!" The poor boy spoke the truth—he could not help it; to be always late was Crawley's fate, and he bowed to it with a more than Moslem resignation.

"You are always late—always the last in school!"—and this whistle of the cane was heard in the air—a whistle which resembled that of the railway, inasmuch as a scream was sure to follow. It was in vain for Timothy to plead the old excuse, that somebody must be late; or to urge Charles Lamb's extenuation, that if he came later than the others he was ready to leave earlier, and so keep up the balance. The pedagogue was relentless, and again and again the cruel cane whistled through the air, each time followed by a scream from the tortured child.

It appears to be the fashion now-a-days with most of our popular book-makers to uphold corporal punishment in schools—to enlorge the flogging system—and to urge upon teachers of the young the inoculation of those manly feelings which, when arrived at their full maturity, find their fitting arena in the

cock-pit or the prize-ring. For ourselves we differ from these wise gentlemen, who seem to think that if you would elevate the mind you must debase the body; and should be sorry to find any child of ours acting as some ruffianly boy's shoe-black, or, for some trivial fault, originating at his master's feet a scourging and trembling slave. "Whip the young blackguards, sir—whip them! I was well thrashed at school, and it did me good!" so roars Major Oldbuck, who appears to consider the temple of knowledge as some besieged city, to enter which you must make your attacks through the "breach; but wiser men than even this "man of muscle" have protested against the whipping process—thinking, with the great preacher, that there are many ways of bringing sheep back to the fold—besides worrying them to death.

Timothy Crawley's path to knowledge lay through a cane-brake—above him—around him—backwards or forwards—whatever step he took, canes, canes, and nothing but canes—a seemingly endless plantation of canes, from which all taste of sugar had been most carefully extracted. "So he trod the 'beaten' track, picking up very little on the road; and when his school-days had passed away, he had not seen more than the outside of the gates that guard the shrine of knowledge.

"TIMOTHY CRAWLEY, TAILOR AND OUTFITTER." Such was the lettering that adorned the front of a very handsome shop in Bond street; and Timothy seemed never tired of reading it, always for that purpose approaching his home from the other side of the way—never crossing the road till in front of his own door.

"Good business, Timothy?"

"Why, yes—no—that is, it would have been a good business, only I delayed a little too long before I could make up my mind to settle upon it, and so that cursed fellow got beforehand with me, and opened a shop twice as large next door."

"Why do n't you get married, Tim?" said another good-natured friend, who, being married himself, made a point of urging that ceremony upon others, upon the same principle as the fox who had lost his tail in a trap, recommended his companions to immediately amputate theirs.

"Ah! why do n't you marry, Timothy?" echoed another friend, a bachelor, who had evidently laid to heart the maxim of Rochefoucauld, and found in the misfortunes of others a something pleasing to himself.

"Well, I don't know! I've no objection," replied the accommodating Timothy; "but really, I do n't think that I have met anybody who'd have me."

"Nonsense!" and Benedict thrust him playfully in the ribs. "Nonsense! I know dozens of girls who'd jump at you."

"Would they, really?" The color had mounted into Crawley's cheeks—he was evidently surprised at this testimony to his attractions.

"There's Hetty Briggs; my wife says you were made for each other."

"Just the girl for you, Tim," echoed the bachelor friend.

"A splendid girl!"

"First rate, and—money!"

"Upon my word, I—I—never thought of it before; but I always did like Hetty, and if I only thought—"

"Try, man—try!"

"Certainly I will, as you both recommend it; that is, I mean I'll think about it."

He did think about it, and we have to chronicle the result.

Hetty Briggs was a fine honest-hearted thoroughly English girl; just the kind of fireside ornament that a man would wish to place in his house. Gentle and loving, yet with a spice of humor in her composition, and a free, joyous laugh, that came as pleasantly from her red lips as the ringing of marriage bells. She had always felt a liking for Timothy, but his continued indifference had not only prevented any outward demonstration on her part, but had annoyed her more than she would confess. "What does he mean, coming here day after day, sitting opposite me for hours and never saying a word; looking at me with his eyes and mouth wide open, as if I were a Punch-and-Judy show? What's the good of a man constantly opening his mouth, if not a word comes out of it?"

"I wonder whether she really likes me?" ruminated Crawley. "I don't think she does much, or she would n't be so confoundedly merry. She's always laughing. I don't see what she can have to laugh at. I'm sure I never say a word. I'd propose to-morrow, if I thought she would n't laugh. I could n't bear to be laughed at!"

And thus matters went on for some months—Crawley, a daily visitor to the Briggs's, sitting as usual with open mouth, practising silent system; and Hetty Briggs, half amused, half vexed, sitting laughing opposite to him—when a new actor appeared on the scene in the person of a Mr. Henry Sinclair, a cousin and professed admirer of the young lady.

"What does that puppy mean by coming after Hetty? He never leaves her side, and never stops gabbling like the goose that he is! I'd like to punch his head; and will, one of these days, if he do n't leave off annoying her." Such was the valorous resolve of Mr. Timothy Crawley; but the annoyance felt by the lady was quite so apparent as he would have it supposed. She had begun to get tired of the continued silence of her bashful lover, and gave, possibly from very vexation of spirit, an increased attention to his rival.

"I'll give him one week more!" thought Hetty, "and then, if he still continues silent, I'll accept Harry Sinclair. I know he loves me, and I can't be expected to grow gray-headed awaiting the good pleasure of Mr. Timothy Crawley to ask the momentous question, Yes or No?"

The seventh day from the date of Hetty's resolve had arrived, and saw Timothy standing in a state of ludicrous indecision before his looking-glass. A pile of cravats, of various hues, were lying, much rumpled, upon the table.

"I know she do n't like brown, and as for blue, she detests it." Here another cravat was added to the pile. "A man can't be too careful about his personal appearance at such a time. Many a girl has refused a man, merely because his cravat was badly tied! Nothing makes a man look worse than a badly-tied cravat." Here cravat number nine was also cast aside. "Let me see—to-day's Friday. I never thought of that. Friday's a very unlucky day—Napoleon never would begin anything on a Friday—nothing serious, that is. Well, what can be more serious than a proposal of marriage? Why not put it off till to-morrow? One day won't make much difference! and then I'll consult Wilkins about these cravats—he knows Hetty's taste. To-morrow it shall be!" and so he swept hastily—for fear his mind might again change—all the cravats into a

drawer—finished his toilette, and departed in search of the critical Wilkins.

Saturday saw Timothy at the Briggs's door. As he was about to ascend the steps, it opened, and the detested Sinclair, with a smiling face, tripped merrily down, greeting Timothy with a good-humored salutation as that gentleman pushed past.

"When Hetty Briggs becomes Mrs. Crawley, I'll take care to shut the door upon that fellow!" soliloquized our hero, as he ascended the stairs and entered Mrs. Briggs's drawing-room, where, to his joy, he found the charming Hetty alone.

We will not dwell upon the scene that followed. Suffice it, that, with much circumlocution, Mr. Crawley got the proposal out. Hetty had begun to laugh, when an appealing look stopped her. She rose from her chair, and said—

"Mr. Timothy Crawley—you have been a visitor at this house for nearly twelve months, and during that time no hint upon this subject has escaped your lips. Had it been otherwise, I might have come to a different determination; but as it is, I cannot become your wife."

"Why not?" burst from poor Crawley's lips.

"Because my hand is already promised to another. Mr. Sinclair declared himself, this morning—with the consent of my parents I have accepted him." Here a wicked laugh escaped her lips. "It is but fair that first come should be first served!"

"But I was coming yesterday—I assure you I was. Ask Wilkins."

Hetty shook her head, and moved towards the door.

"We must talk no further upon this subject. I am sorry for you, Mr. Crawley, but—" and her hand rested upon the lock—"you are just one day too late!"

The door closed behind her, and Crawley was left alone in the drawing-room.

"Crawley's business is going to ruin!"

"So I understand. He never went on well since his refusal by Hetty Briggs."

"Sad business that about old Brads's Bank!"

"Had Crawley any money in that?"

"Lots! I advised him to draw it out long ago; but he delayed, as usual; and when he had made up his mind, old Brads had closed the doors—suspended payment only an hour before!"

"Bad thing for Crawley!"

"Very bad! Besides, he's lately got mixed up with young Martingale's lot; and when a tradesman takes to the turf, he's done for."

The above conversation was between two of Mr. Crawley's friends. We will now visit that gentleman himself.

Clad in a coat of fashionable cut, and crowned with a smoking-cap of a velvet gorgeous to face it, Timothy is standing in his counting-house, when a tall young man enters and inquires politely for Mr. Crawley.

"I am Mr. Crawley."

The young man, from the recesses of his right-hand pocket, produces a large leathern case, to which he is himself chained as closely as a galley-slave to his oar, or convict to his log, or old Marley to his cash-box. The young man draws out a slip of paper, and presents it politely.

"Bill for payment."

"Bill! Bless me!—what bill?"

"Drawn on you by Fleecy and Corduroy, for £300."

"Stay!"—and the alarmed Crawley referred to his almanac, and a racing calendar against which his ledger was leaning—"that can't be due for these eight days!"

The banker's clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"See—I've marked it to come due two weeks before the Derby."

"Very sorry, sir! but we don't keep accounts by the racing calendar. I'll leave you the notice"—and he placed it on the table. "We shut at four, and after that it will go to the notary's. Good morning."

And the bill did go to the notary's, and from the notary's to Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy's solicitors.

Messrs. F. and C. were Mr. Crawley's woolen merchants. The news spread in the "trade" like wild-fire—other debts came tumbling in—a meeting of creditors was called—Crawley feared to face it—and, more from alarm than dishonesty, decamped. His passage was taken in the Water Witch. He arrived at Liverpool in time to see her steaming out of the harbor, and returned to London in the not very enviable company of a couple of lynx-eyed officers.

As we have said, it was an excess of nervous fear, and not dishonesty, that had dictated Crawley's flight. "Reckless trading" was the gravest charge that could be brought against him. All his speculations had failed, from the fact that they were never pushed at the right time. If a demand arose for his goods in any of the colonial markets, his cargo was sure to arrive when the market had again taken a turn—when the glut had come from the over-supply, and "too late" was the answer of his agent.

Crawley was made a bankrupt—reprimanded by the learned commissioner, and permitted once more to enter the trading world; but he, poor fellow! felt the disgrace acutely, and never held up his head afterwards. He became a clerk in the counting-house of his old creditors, Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy, who, having got something like eighteen shillings in the pound, kindly held out the helping hand to him. In their service he dragged on an uneventful life, leaving nothing for us to record but the manner of his death, which we shall take the liberty of borrowing from the *Times* newspaper, where—under the head of "Frightful Railway Accident"—it appeared.

We extract only as much as concerns poor Timothy—

"Among the sufferers by this sad accident, was Mr. Timothy Crawley, who was travelling for the well-known firm of Fleecy and Corduroy. It appears that Mr. Crawley had only missed the preceding train by five minutes, and, owing to that unfortunate circumstance, became a traveler by that to which the accident occurred. Thus, we regret to say, paying with his life for a miscalculation of some five minutes!"

While fair girlhood or womanhood may be and no doubt is far superior to the male sex, in all the tender and delicate and kindly feelings of our nature, she is not necessarily beyond the reach of influences which may detract from the loveliness of the female character. The light of diamonds may glitter upon her rich tresses or her lovely brow, but her jeweled lustre cannot rival the captivating light of a generous heart. The kindness of such a character, her efforts to dispense blessings around her, seem to be followed by the smiles of Heaven.

BIBULOLATRES.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Bowing thyself in dust before a Book.
And thinking the great God is thine alone;
Oh, rash conceit, thou wilt not brook
What gods the heathen carve in wood or stone.
As if the Shaphard who from outward cold
Leads all his shivering lambs to one sure fold,
Were careful for the fashion of his crook!

There is no broken reed so poor and base,
No rush, the bending tilt of swampy blue,
But he therewith the rayenng wolf can chase,
And guide his flocks to springs and pastures now;
Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,
The gracious foot-prints of his love I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of the elod,
That from his hand the crook could'st snatch away,
And shake instead thy dry and sapless rod,
To scare the sheep out of the wholesome day?
Yea! what art thou, blind, unconverted Jew,
That with thy idol-volumes covers two
Wouldst make a jail to coop the living God?

Thou hear'st not well the mountain organ-tones
By prophet ears by Hor and Sinai caught,
Thinking the clatters of those Hebrew brains
Drow dry the springs of the All-knower's thought,
Nor shall thy lips be touched with living fire,
Who blowest old altar-dust with sole desire
To weld anew the spirit's broken chains.

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There lowers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which, whose peaks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mist the mountains shroud,
While thunder's sorges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

Life Eternal.

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

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

PART SECOND.

Come, Immortality, let us chant a life-melody.
Come and join us, all ye myriad choirs, that sing
unto God; come, all ye that people this vast globe;
come, life in every form; come, starry angels, with
your crowns; come, let us gather at the shrine of
immortality, and hold a jubilee with Eternal Life!
Sing on with all your varied notes. Let the wall and
the anthem go up alike. Let the perfume of flowers
join with us. Let immortal matter sing our melody,
also. Here we stand, a blessed, immortal choir;
singing in holy union at times; then striking off,
each into his separate melody. God alone hears the
harmony that is borne to Him from His great life-
animated choir, a choir that will obtain through eter-
nity. We hear a disconnected note; we hear, per-
haps, a sad heart-wailing, because the form of death
has taken a loved one. But to His great ear, that
wall is softened in the harmony of nature, and fills
up the life chords of His music. There are notes
enough of joy, that go quivering along to make these
walls and groans soft, even as dulcet tones. Sing
on, immortal choir. Eternity's bright songsters
warble forth the melody of life. It is a song that
never ends; one that is interspersed with the varied
cadences of beauty. The humble form that toils in
daily labor, that feels the sweat on the brow, shall
feel in like proportion the softened dews of heaven
gathering on his spirit brow. When he asks for
daily food, he is singing his song of life.

Sister! hearest thou not these immortal strains,
as his soul breathes forth a wish for a joyous release,
for the hour when he shall be freed from these accum-
ulating and oppressive cares that make his song
sound so inharmonious?
Oh, ye who thus toil, and toiling, thus hope for
the brighter day, join us, and over the sad and
clouded past chant thy solemn requiem, for the tomb
of error is building, and will soon stand ready to
embrace the forms of Folly and Oppression. Then,
will the iron chains that hold thee in bondage, give
place to a golden cord let down from a sphere of life.
It shall fasten itself around thy sorrowing forms,
and bear thee homeward, in the path of eternity.
Yes! your notes shall be changed; and they, per-
chance, who dance now, lightly to joy, must come
and take up your sighs, and sing your dirges; for
they must ever rise in the great scale of human ex-
istence, while time exists.

Gather ye here, at life's fountain, ye that bow
to graven images, that worship a god of stone, and not
the God that made you. Come and join the swelling
chorus, that sings, "Life has no end;" yet sing—if
you will—apart, from us—chant your solos of life—
and worship the gods ye have made. For, after all,
ye only worship things from his hands. And as soon
as you have learned to look your brows with bright
spring garlands, He will walk in your midst; He
will bring you blessed tokens of remembrance from
the shadow-land; and He will tell you life is yours;
that your song of praise, that is now begun, shall
never know an end; that no dying cadence will fall
upon your ears; for it is written in eternity, and
well it is, that no boundary line stands for thee,
poor, darkened nations.

Come, ye that live and engage in the strife of
earth! that make the pestilence and the famine walk
abroad—that strike down a brother man, in God's
image—that call back the particles of his body to
the ground, and send his spirit on, where thou shalt
go. What clashing notes come up in thy song! Will
the sword of the conflict be ever thy implement, as
thou dost journey through eternity? Will the wound-
ed and the dying be the pavements in thy life-path-
way? Reflect. Thou hast begun an immortal song!
Change, speedily, the time and the tune of this great
oratorio, for thou art treading on the threshold of
eternity; thou art tinging the future with shadows.
For what are the present, past and future, but one.
The dark or joyous rays of the past shine through
the present on the future. Every act of childhood is
before thee, as well as behind thee. To-day is but
to-morrow; and yesterday, to-day.
The good thy hand can find to do this hour, will
be a sunny spot of yesterday, and a golden flower to-
morrow—and a bud of peace to-day. Indelibly does
time record all actions. They are written on the
great page of immortal existence, to be read with
tears or smiles, according as the record draws forth
the memory.

Never fading, ever present, all animated, glowing,
joyous eternity! Budding, blooming life! Sorrow-
ing, joyous life! Tearful, smiling life! Life made
up of day and night! Days of smiles and joys!
Nights of tears and sighs! But as the day has its

luminary for light, so has the night its stars. Go
forth, blast angel of Hope; walk by the side of Time.
Follow closely in her track, and leave the impress of
thy glorious form, that every heart may have thy
image painted on his soul.

A blessed harbinger of heaven—a blessed attendant of
the soul is Hope! Were there no eternity, thy pres-
ence would not be needed. Thou art necessary to
gather the buds of Time and carry them to mortals.
Immortal as eternity itself it thy power. There is
not a spot on earth where thy fairy footsteps have
not wandered. Thou art the spring-tide of the heart,
that chases away stern winter. Blessed Hope! bear
this message from me to all the forms thou dost
meet. Tell them you live with Time, and with Time
will wander.

How all creation exhibits itself as one living thing
of life and joy—one great masterpiece of God! And
the varied forms—the little fibres and veins that
make up that Being and form the life-current, seem
but the flow of blood from and to His heart. What
atoms of existence are we—treading on the many
globes and planets—feeding on the life that grows
from them—soaring with bright thoughts to higher
life aspirations that we call "our own!" But, after
all, we are only the emanations of God—only his dis-
posit of love.

Where does the greater stream of love abide? Tell
us what consecrated part of His universe is there
the most of His infusing love? Look around, dear
friend, and see, if thou canst. Is thy own heart a
greater reservoir of God's beaming smiles of love
and wisdom than thy brother's or thy sister's? If
so, bar it not up—let a little streamlet go out to
them, that they may drink eternity's waters.

Ah, how insignificant—how atom-like, are the
mildest powers of man, compared to that great
Sun of Wisdom! From what source, my soul, does
that Great Centre gather its life, filling all eternity
with immortality—filling every little soul, as fast as
it can gather in the grains of knowledge, and yet
keepeth in reserve ten thousand times—yea, myriads
more of worlds on worlds on which to shower its
blessings.

And who, speedily, shall stand in His divine pres-
ence? Shall we ever see him face to face? How
can the soul that is ever beneath Him go on to meet
Him? We must gather Him up in the particles of
knowledge that He has made for us. Add they
must be the God of the soul, till the soul has learned
new powers of accumulation. And then it may get
a little higher glimpse of His radiance.

He that would learn wisdom, let him be humble—
let him come daily, treading in eternity's path,
plucking the life-blossoms that grow there, and thus
grasp His heaven.

"Heaven" must be a thing within, and yet a
thing to come—remembering that the human soul
has all the faculties with which to feed on eternal
joys; and if these are formed for never-ending im-
mortality, are they not bright enough now for thy
primary existence to begin to feed on Heaven's food?
If a soul has the divine attribute of eternal love, can
it not now begin to send out its genial breath, and
let earth have a foretaste of the bright angel-love?
Heaven must be gathered by atoms. We must work
the kingdom of happiness into the soul. All the
desires of the heart must flow to one object in view,
or we cannot enjoy that place.

The poet has his heaven—but where? It is not
in the busier haunts of men, where his hours go on
in sweet employ. His heaven is where his heart
does flow—and music, from the softer spheres, comes
flowing into his soul. He floats on the breeze of
time; he makes the wild waves dance with joy; he
talks with little flowers, and makes them living
forms; he looks on stars, and calls them eyes of
love—and the silver moon, bright queen of the host
—and the twilight hours a silken robe that folds
him in soft slumbers. Such is the poet's heaven.
Thought builds his palaces and golden streets, and
his heart, finds bliss within them.

Mechanism has her charm for her own devotees,
and the stoic's bliss is, in fact, profound, and deep
research, in cause and effect—in investigation—in
science—in the laws that govern all things—in the
great mechanism of God, that moves the planets and
the worlds. He finds no bliss outside this range.
Take him to the poet's charms, and he finds no
heaven there. Then, is not the kingdom of heaven
to be found dwelling for each within each?

The change that men call death, will never carry
us to any point of enjoyment where the heart is not.
So in all the varied phases of life-eternity, the soul
will find its own legitimate bliss, and gather around
itself the materials of happiness which it yearns for.
How beautifully has divinity deposited the ele-
ments of happiness where every soul can be filled
with that which his heart craves! What an omni-
potent distribution of mercies! The same eye goes
over all His immortal works! The lily of the field
is clothed, and should a mortal grow faithless?
Floating on the stream of time, should he doubt the
Father's hand that made these waters?

Nest, my soul, in the bright anchorage of fondest
trust! Let me nestle in the bosom of my Father!
For I am His immortal offspring; and His arm
can sustain me, though my brain be feeble, and ap-
parently inadequate to the task of life! Though I
fail to sing forth all His melody now, He has given
me a pathway to eternity! He has given me an
animated life! He has never whispered—death! It
is only error that dies. It is only truth that lives.

Well, we have sung a song! a brief, immortal
song! a little prelude of the tones to come. And
life is ever a prelude. There is ever following on a
nobler strain—a richer flow—a still warmer, mellow
cadence. But in this wonderful song of eternity,
we have no finale. It is only beautiful echoing,
from angel choir, saying, AMEN—whom is—even
so—let it be.

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DEATH OF PROFESSOR HARE.

This eminent man of science had reached a ripe old age, and passed to a much higher sphere on Saturday morning, the 15th of the present month. He was in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Since the present century opened, he has borne a celebrated name as a discoverer in the field of chemistry, and especially in connection with electro-galvanism. In 1801, he made the highly important discovery of the "Compound Blow-pipe," not having reached at that time the age of twenty-one years. This discovery earned for him the Rumford Medal from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Besides this instrument, he was the inventor of several others well known to scientific men, but which it is not necessary in this place to enumerate in detail. Among them may be mentioned the Calorimeter, the Litrameter, and the improved Eudiometer. He was a chemist, however, that Dr. Hare was most distinguished. His reputation was such in this field, that in the year 1818 he was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the Medical Department of Pennsylvania University, which seat he filled with credit to the institution and honor to himself for the period of thirty years.

In the summer of 1833, his attention was called to Spiritualism. Conceiving it to be a wide spread and increasing delusion, injurious to the happiness of men, he set himself at work to correct the error. He spent considerable time and money in making a machine by which he felt a sure confidence that he could present the whole phenomena of spirit manifestations, as a delusion. This machine was made on scientific principles, and was ingenious; it precluded the possibility of any agency of the medium, independent of spirit power, acting upon it, to produce manifestations of intelligence. The first time he tried the experiment upon it with a medium, to his utter astonishment the following words were pointed out on its disc, unmistakable to his consciousness: "Oh, my son, listen to reason," signed "Robert Hare," who is his spirit father. Dr. Hare says that this was the most awful moment of his life, for here was tangible, real evidence to him that the spirit of his father still lived; it proved to him a truth more interesting than all others, the immortality of the soul. The instrument he made, in his kindness, in his love of truth, to show the fallacy of an injurious delusion, as he conceived it, to be, brought joy unspeakable to his soul in the full conviction of its reality. Since this, Dr. Hare has been an unflinching, bold and honest defender of what he knows by actual demonstration to be true—the doctrine of Spiritualism.

In 1856 he published a large work entitled "Spirit Manifestations." This book is of great value for the many useful facts it contains. By physical agency and material philosophy, aided by spirit power, Dr. Hare has absolutely done what has not been done before, viz.: he has demonstrated the immortality of the soul. Of course, after that, those who were wont to praise him before, now began to abate some of the strength of their expressions in his favor. A monstrous public prejudice, founded on the purest bigotry, was to be appeased, and there never yet lived a man so great but the time servers and timid ones were quite ready to permit the sacrifice.

The delicate and complicated inventions, which were the product of Dr. Hare's mind, to test the truth or falsity of an external agency in producing the rappings, as well as to prove the intelligence that resides in the same, are well known to every one. He was himself satisfied of the theory to which he arrived, while those who could blindly follow him as a leader in equally astruse matters of pure science, were loud and even abusive in denying to him so much as ordinary intelligence in this. The manner in which he was treated at the meeting of the American Scientific Convention at Albany, when some of the sapient members proposed that he be furnished with an apartment, in a mad-house, shows very clearly what is the worthlessness of opinions that must needs stand or fall according as the mob spirit permits them.

Dr. Hare died full of years and crowned with lasting honors. He leaves, besides a widow, three children, viz.: Judge Hare and his brother, residing in Maryland, and Mrs. Prime, residing in New York.

THE STRENGTH OF MIND.—A complete knowledge of the present revelations is yet to be had by those to whom they come. This knowledge can only be gained by a patient and faithful examination into the true object and design of all that is revealed.

In all the candor and strength of mind would spirits have man approach them in communion. Spirits desire not to bend the mind; to elevate it is their mission; but with sorrow do they often see it waver and sink under the influence of a weak fancy, and writhe in the agonies of a sickly imagination. In tones of love would they whisper to such minds, "Arise! be firm; know thy own powers! Exercise your own will! prove to God and your fellow-men that you are free—that you can cultivate your gifts—that you know your duty, and will perform it!"—*Age of Progress.*

There is point and meaning enough in the above extract to teach hasty and thoughtless persons a lesson. What brings ridicule upon the Spiritual movement, as indeed upon all other movements which necessarily indicate advancement, is the ill-considered haste with which people rush into what they think is a belief in these things. They subscribe their faith even before they understand what they are to put their faith in; and more often before they know why or on what conditions they are to believe.

The manifestations of a spiritual character that are offered to mankind at this day, must, if they work any deep and abiding effect, be received by them individually. These great truths must needs come home to each one personally. Every man must be satisfied of them, and of their high value, for himself. The say-so of others is worth nothing to him, and that he ought continually to remember. Unless, however, he enters patiently upon his own investigations, and proves these things thoroughly to his own soul, they are no more—and they are expected to be no more—than the passing of the wind, or the telling of an idle tale.

Credulity, of all things else, ought to be chiefly guarded against. It is the easiest matter in the world to fall into the common way of thinking, and that, too, without being able to tell why we do so. A blind and over willing conformity is the greatest of all perils to the soul, and kills out everything else. We must see, and know, and understand for ourselves. Especially in spiritual matters it is necessary for us to make all things true only to our own personal experience. If we accept anything on the strength of others' statements, we rest our faith on grounds that are altogether delusive, and which will certainly sink away under our feet.

THE CHURCH AGAINST HUMANITY.

The recent suicide of Mr. Henry William Herbert, the well-known author, at his room at the Stevens Hotel in New York, is one of the saddest tragedies we have ever been obliged to chronicle. The cause of the rash and foolish act of which he was guilty, was such as properly precludes any very free comment on the part of the press, although it is due to the public that the narrative should have been laid before them in all its truth and reality.

But the point on which we desire chiefly to comment is not that connected with his death, so much as with his burial. He was interred in the cemetery at Newark, the wall of which runs parallel with his own little estate, and into which he easily entered from his own gate. The house was filled with people who had come to attend the funeral, but they were disappointed on being told by the clergyman who officiated (an Episcopalian), that, much as he should like to do so himself, the ritual of the church forbade his reading the church service over the body of a suicide; and he therefore felt obliged to bury his friend—for Herbert was his sincere friend—without what are styled by ecclesiastics "a Christian burial."

At the same time, the clergyman said that he was not forbidden to give free expression to his own feelings; he knew the deceased well and thoroughly; he had known him long; and the very worst it was possible to say of him was, that his faults, no matter how numerous soever, were all on the surface. At heart, he was a good and true man; brave, noble, and sensitive; jealous, to the last degree of his honor, and on that account goaded, no doubt, into the rash step that he finally felt obliged to take.

All this, and more, the clergyman could truly and conscientiously say; he could pay such a tribute to the nobleness and humanity of his accomplished friend, but he could go no further because the church forbade him! And thus does the Roman church lay down her stern laws likewise, which are disobeyed all at the everlasting peril of the disobedient. Both churches are alike in this particular; and we venture to add, that in this particular they are a standing disgrace to Christendom.

The age is better than the religion which has been furnished for it. Humanity is much in advance of those who seek to mould and control it. If it were not for the strong and steady pressure from without, there would not be one half the decency and propriety within the church organizations. The fact is, as it has always been and always will be, that man is better by far than his institutions; the latter are intended for him, but when he outgrows their confining limits, they must be set aside for something better.

Here is a pitiful sight indeed! were it not thus intimately connected with a melancholy tragedy, or with the last rites that can be paid to man, it would strike people of common sense and feeling with an idea allied to the ludicrous. A clergyman declares that he would like to pay proper respect to the cold remains of his friend, and that friend one whom he loved for his virtues, and whose voice were "all on the surface"—but is dumb because his church forbids him to read the ritual! This is a church indeed! This is an institution especially adapted to the wants of living and dying men! This system of barbarous rules and superstitious formalities, borrowed from the same demoniac spirit that impaled the corpse of the murderer at the fork of the road with a sharpened stake, is altogether worthy of the nature and the dignity of humanity, and is something in whose everlasting sufficiency some men—and not few in number, either—profess implicitly to believe!

Out upon these doctrines—these superstitions—these base barbarities! The world has need of another Reformation, if rites and rules like these necessarily belong to what is called Religion!

GIVE AND TAKE.

"It is not, in this world, what we take up," says Henry Ward Beecher, "but what we give up, that makes us rich,"—and it is an apothem quite as pithy as any that might be quoted from Lord Verulam himself. This doctrine of self-sacrifice is not sufficiently well understood. It lies at the basis of all that is sweet, and whole, and lasting in our nature.

For example; if a man betrays courtesy as one of the leading qualities of his character, it is because he has learned it first through the discipline of self-sacrifice. If he is kind and gentle in his demeanor towards others, it is because he knows how to forget himself for the sake of those around him. If he is generous to a fault, and draws down upon himself the approbation of all large and flowing souls like his own, the reason is as obvious as that generosity itself is admired even of the meanest portion of the world, and can grow out of nothing less than the highest form of self-abnegation.

It is important that we understand this doctrine of Give and Take, more thoroughly. Men totally forget themselves, when they imagine that the more they take, the more they have. It is not so. On the contrary, it is those who, within the ordinary restrictions of prudence, give the most, that also take the most. This habit of giving, when directed by a wise and discriminating mind, chiefly enriches him who practices it. At any rate, it never results in a loss.

While so many are industriously inquiring into the shortest route to happiness, here lies a road, entirely open to their travel, but which they ignorantly

overlook, or obstinately refuse to consider the right one. If it be true that happiness grows out of ourselves, and is in no such sense extrinsic and circumstantial as is often pretended, then it must be allowed that we may create it as we go along; and the deepest, and oldest, and richest experience satisfies us all, that there is no surer or speedier method of securing an object so universally desired, than by working the soil of our own natures. We must learn to believe that we possess, in one sense, an all-sufficiency within ourselves.

To expect that only what we take is going to enrich us, is to misconceive the whole story. Selfish practices never made a man happy yet, and it is not to be presumed that they ever will. On the contrary, by belittling the human soul, they incapacitate it for enjoying all those commonest blessings which are its plentiful inheritance. When a man has come to that point where he thinks he is defrauding others, he has to learn that he has fully begun to defraud himself. It is a falsehood that so many believe, when they hug the delusion to their hearts, that they have it in their power to cheat others; they cannot do it; they can cheat no one but themselves.

It is plain that we have all yet to understand better than we do the secret springs of our happiness; which, if we do but touch them with the slightest touch, will give us all and more than we desire. But the conditions are simple and rigid. Of them none is before this single one of self-sacrifice, for efficacy or thoroughness. Perhaps it may be insisted that upon this hang all the rest. It is so rare an exhibition, too,—as the world at present goes,—that it may seem all the more difficult of realization.

Giving may pass for another name for charity; while taking signifies just the reverse. Which of the two is the better calculated to confer solid and substantial enjoyment, the experience of those who have tried both arts will satisfactorily show. Be it our office, however, to proclaim that there is no greater fraud which a man can practise upon himself, than by supposing that selfishness is going to secure him a single blessing.

Men strive for wisdom. Art inspires the throng.
Genius lends her aid in magic song.
The light of Science spreads o'er darkened earth;
From realms beyond the skies it had its birth.
But the grim monster, Toil, her rules supreme,
And the veiled Future seems like misty dream,
War's clarion notes are borne on every breeze,
From tropic climes, far o'er the distant seas,
And prayers go forth to the Great Source of Light,
To stay the sword, and teach proud man the right!
The time's not distant! Men who now rebel,
Will learn that Evil leadeth down to hell—
That when the God prevails, and works its heaven,
All will enjoy on earth a taste of heaven.
Science and Art, with Wisdom for their shield,
Shall then come forth—a mighty power to wield!
And as each year this army doth increase,
We shall give place to UNIVERSAL PEACE!
MAY, 1858. L. C.

LOOK TO YOUR FRUIT TREES.

Recent rambles through the fields and orchards of the country, have developed the fact that the mildness of the winter has left alive all the many varieties of bugs and worms which prey so disastrously upon the fruit trees. While engaged in a little amateur gardening, partly intent upon finding choice morsels to tempt the appetite of a famous trout, of whose whereabouts we know, but who evidently desires no particular intimacy with us, we turned up various descriptions of bugs and insects, which caused us to examine the fruit trees with more curious eyes. The limbs of the trees, especially of the young trees, told the same story. Nests were being formed in places most hidden from observation, which teemed with minute worms in immense numbers. In some instances they were sufficiently developed to be seen at a glance, but in most requiring a careful and thorough examination of the branches. The present is the time to exterminate them. Let an hour or two each morning, be devoted to the protection of the trees. Watch them as tenderly as a mother does her infant child, and instead of a few worm-eaten apples, in most cases plucked from the ground, their life and freshness destroyed by the ravagers, fair, round, plump fruit, luxuriant in quality and abundant in quantity, will gladden you at the harvest time.

It is needless to say to any fruit grower, who is other than a recipient of Nature's bounty without equivalent rendered therefor, that it is quite as reasonable to expect good corn or potatoes from merely dropping the seed into the ground, as to expect good fruit without judicious labor and watchfulness. And in neglecting your own trees you are not only guilty of a willful disregard of your own interests, but you are also guilty of a serious crime against your neighbor. By your carelessness you destroy the effect of his labor as effectually as if you maliciously entered his premises and inflicted an injury upon his trees. You would shrink from the perpetration of an act like this, but you are little less guilty if you allow your trees to become the nurseries of enemies which will eat the proceeds of his toil, and destroy a harvest to which he is fairly entitled. Did every man act upon this principle, and see that his own premises were clear of the infection, the evil would soon be removed, and vigorous orchards, bowing down with their loads of fair and luxuriant fruit, would bless and gladden the earth. Will you do the portion of the duty Nature has marked out for you?

ONE GOOD REASON.

Mr. Emerson says that "wisdom will never let us stand with any man or men on an unfriendly footing." The truth of this saying no one will deny; consequently, whatever tends to create between man and man a friendly feeling, whatever lessens the enmity that naturally flows from our perverseness, is from the Source of Wisdom. Those who have been acquainted with believers in Spiritualism, have been cognizant of the marked influence in this direction, that their belief has produced. Spiritualism makes us more indulgent and forgiving to those who sin against us and revile us; it assimilates us with all; and makes us know all men as of one family, one brotherhood; it draws from our hearts friendship and love, instead of condemnation and hate; it frees the soul from petty jealousies, evil surmisings and prejudices; it makes us leave off all judgment passed on others in all condition and under all circumstances, no matter how great the apparent wrong, how great the crime; it creates in the soul unlimited charity, and brings out from it a manifestation of love for its opponents and enemies, the same as for its friends. This, Spiritualism does; and if it has not yet done this in the hearts of all its true believers, it will do it, it must do it, for such is the nature of its influence.

Spiritualism brings men to stand on a friendly footing with one another. Then, if Mr. Emerson's

saying, above quoted, be correct, Spiritualism comes from the Source of Wisdom—and what comes from that source cannot be wrong. This is one reason, among many other good reasons, for believing that Spiritualism emanates from God.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS!

A lady said, the other day, "that all the Spiritualists say how beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! why do they say so?" There is a good reason why those who feel and know the influence of spirit power say this; and, how beautiful it is, uttered a thousand times, conveys but a feeble expression of what the reality is. There is a beauty in Spiritualism which no language can delineate—no picture can paint. The magnitude of this beauty, its height, its depth, its breadth, and its power, are beyond utterance and expression. The soul in its deep recesses, in its unsatisfied longings, with thoughts withdrawn from earthly things, alone can feel and know it by the natural growth of its own appreciative senses. Spiritualism is to the soul like the gentle dews to the withered flowers; like refreshing rains to the thirsty earth; like food to the hungry; like clothing to the naked; like light and colors to the opened vision of the blind man. Spiritualism supplies a void in the human soul, yet unsatisfied, which has never been supplied, and never will be, by anything else; it brings nourishing food for the soul which nothing else can bring; it brings fitting garments adapted to its wants, which nothing else can bring, and in its genial atmosphere of light and love, watered by the dews of angel-breathings, the soul unfolds in youthful beauty and eternal freshness. It is spirit-power alone that can free the soul from the bondage of sin and error—from suffering, pain, and misery. This work Spiritualism has begun in hearts susceptible to its influence; and, is it not beautiful to the consciousness of the soul, to become free, to have the prison doors of hearts thrown open? to have the chains of error fall off, and come forth in freedom—to love, and see God in all his works? Is it not beautiful to merge from sin into holiness—from darkness into light—from pain and suffering into happiness and heaven? Is it not beautiful to have all our doubts dissipated, and rest in peaceful trust in the arms of our Father's love? Is it not beautiful to realize and to know that all earth's children have started upon a journey that has no termination, that shall bear us on forever; and every step taken in this journey bring to us more heaven, more happiness? Is it not beautiful to have a sure, unwavering belief in immortality, and to hail death as a welcome messenger to bear our souls from the short night of our earthly existence to the eternal day of spirit light?

Spiritualism pours these beauties into every soul ready for their reception; they come not into the soul from external teachings, but from divine influx, and what the soul thus feels, it knows beyond the power of words to speak, and beyond the power of man to controvert or change. How beautiful it is! How beautiful it is!

THE BIBLE.

Reformers need to learn to respect not only every man that lives, but every person. No spot on earth but is consecrated. A book that has baptized and regenerated so many natures, that has inspired so much heroism, should not be lightly spoken of. The deficiencies of the churches ensure their destruction as sure as to-day's sun melts yesterday's snow. We waste our force in destroying that which is destroying itself. To gauge the Bible by the criticism of the present age, would be as unfair as to judge of the character of the child from the standpoint of manhood.

I trust that the providence of the ages will temper the zeal of to-day into the meekness of to-morrow.

What do we work for? To put the Bible out of existence? No! To destroy the churches? No! We are working to educate the people, to resurrect the holy angel within.—*Exchange.*

The case is well put. The struggle is not, or should not be, to overthrow and destroy, to ruin and lay waste, but to impart new life to the hidden principle within—to call out those nobler traits that have been but little appealed to as yet—to develop, to emancipate, and to make perfectly free.

To this end, nothing need be destroyed but error. And with the fall of that, no ruin is created, no danger impends over the race, since it is now possible that any structure of error, however ingeniously put together, can either afford shelter to the human race in times of a common calamity, or bring harm to the same by its total overthrow. The great end and aim of all spiritual and truly reformatory effort is, therefore, to infuse a new and true spirit into the old forms, so that, without doing violence to the tender religious sensibilities and deeply-rooted religious partialities of men, they may gradually shed themselves like an old and dead coating, while the body of the believer becomes at the same time regenerated and revived.

The Bible has done a good work, yet not so widely extended a work as it might, but for the barbaeries of superstition, and fear, and ecclesiasticism, that have clung to its keel. The spirit of that book is the spirit that must actuate and control the whole world—which can be none other than the spirit of Christ. And it is this very thing for which we have been, and are still contending; that we shall all of us respect only the spirit, and discard the superstitious ideas of doing reverence to the letter. Upon the latter basis it is that the sects have worked, and worked with such wonderful effect. By quoting their convenient texts, and fragments of texts—to say nothing of mistranslations and outright misrepresentations for the sake of partizanship—they are enabled to entrench themselves within the walls of their doctrines and creeds, their synods and their policies. But the moment they grasp for the spirit and let the other go, the needed change is visibly wrought which shall make the nations one common brotherhood.

CURES PERFORMED BY A MEDIUM IN SARATOGA, N. Y.

We learn from Bro. Andre Cook that several remarkable cures have been made at this place, through the instrumentality of Mr. Rufus B. Newton, a healing medium, who has for the last three years been used as an instrument for the healing of all kinds of disease, chronic as well as acute. Consumption is among his most important cures. His testimonials are his neighbors, a list of whom can be procured, if desired. This medium is in the habit of producing, by the application of his hand, the effect of cathartic or emetic, and also produces perspiration or sweat when the patient requires these remedies. The writer adds:—

"One case out of many that has come under my notice, I will give. A daughter of mine has been so very sick for several years past with dyspepsia and general weakness, that we had despaired of her

recovery. She had become so weak and nervous that she was like the flickering taper in its socket. Many physicians had given her up as hopeless, and declared she could never be any better. As a last resort, we applied to Mr. Newton, the medium; who made an examination, as usual, and described her symptoms, located her difficulties, and told her she would be cured. And she did recover precisely as she was told by the medium. In about six weeks the general circulation was regulated, and the nervous irritation overcome, and our daughter restored to health, to the great comfort of us all.

I could go on and enumerate very many like circumstances; but suffice it to say, this medium supercedes any I have ever heard of in modern days. There seems to be no limit to his healing powers. His terms are very liberal with all. Though poor himself, he renders aid to the destitute freely, as did his elder brother of olden time."

Another correspondent at Saratoga writes as follows:—"Our village is getting on finely. The revival seems to be general. Spiritualists, and all other 'Infidels' (?) are the subjects of prayer—not that they may be aided to become better men, and live and practice more religion—but that they may adopt the more popular theology. I can hardly see the cause and object of this great movement; but 'the end is not yet.' I trust good will come of it, and truth and righteousness advanced. There is a most bitter feeling here against Spiritualism and its advocates, and they are not allowed to participate in any religious exercises, unless they first publicly deny what they know to be true."

T. G. FORSTER.

Brother Forster has been lecturing in the State of Texas, with marked success, although he writes us that his health has been so poor, that he has often been obliged to keep his bed most of the interval between his lectures. This is his apology to the readers of the Banner for not keeping them better posted on spiritual movements in the South. The following, from the Galveston News, tells the story better than we can:—

T. G. Forster delivered his first lecture last night, and we hear the most unbounded applause bestowed on him by those who were present, as having far surpassed, in his powers of eloquence, all efforts of elocution ever before witnessed by them. Such is the testimony of all. We are assured there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole audience. We append the following testimonial from one of the most intelligent among our citizens, whose initials will doubtless sufficiently designate the writer. He will be allowed to be a good judge of true eloquence:—

Editors News.—Allow me to say that Mr. Forster's efforts last night, for intense eloquence and majestic sublimity—and I do not express more than half my feelings, my judgment, my soul—was the most splendid lecture, the most eloquent oration, the most magnificent effort of human intellect and god-like grandeur, that ever blazed before my mental vision, or thrilled the tendrils of my heart. Immortality and glory, borne up on philosophy, towered as the theme from the children of the earth to the God of the heavens.

I don't know the man—never saw him before; nor does he know me. Would that he speak every night, and all night. Oh! the sublime strides of the soaring soul toward the eternal God and his angel immortals!

The discriminating editor of the News, with his large experience, when he said the other day that the most eloquent lecture he ever heard fell from Mr. Forster's lips, said a great deal, and yet he said nothing.

Mr. F. expects to reach Memphis, Tennessee, by the latter part of this month, and after passing the summer months in the Western and New England States, to locate permanently in one of the Southern cities, devoting his time to lecturing in the South, and in Editorial Correspondence for the Banner.

HUMBURG EXPOSED.

The Independent, published at Mankato, Minnesota, is responsible for the following expose of one of the Exposers of Spiritualism. The public is always ready to pay liberally for the services of those who pretend to expose mediums and the cause they represent, but people are never so badly duped as when they pay their dues to these people:—

"ANOTHER HUMBURG EXPOSED.—We notice that Dr. Loomis is lecturing at various points in Minnesota on Spiritualism, Psychology, &c., and has succeeded in 'pulling the wool' over the eyes of some of our brethren of the press, by his Psychological experiments upon persons selected from among his auditors. The Doctor pretends to account for the phenomena attending so-called spiritual manifestations upon Psychological principles. His experiments upon persons psychologically under his control, as narrated by the Hastings Independent, and other papers in the State, are truly marvelous. He has recently been performing in Decorah, Iowa, and the following correspondence between the editor of the Gazette, of that place, and one of the Doctor's psychological subjects, throws some light upon the modus operandi of the Doctor's control over his patients:—

Mr. Wood.—Hearing that you were one of Loomis's subjects, you will confer a favor by stating whether you were directed by Dr. Loomis before the performance, as to what he wanted you to do, when you pretended to be under his influence. Truly yours,

F. BELFROY.

Mr. BELFROY—Yours has just come to hand. Dr. Loomis instructed me beforehand. Said he had been in the business about eleven years—that his object was to gull people. I was never under his control, but feigned to be [by his direction] in order to carry out his humbug. I look upon him as a base impostor. DANIEL WOOD.

We would infer from the above that somebody has been sold, cheap, dirt cheap."

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

The usual yearly anniversary meetings are to occupy the attention of the church-building public this week. As usual the weather is decidedly damp. Whether the rush of the "big guns" of Ecclesiasticism to our city draws down these showers or not, we are not weather-wise enough to determine; but it is certain that with the recurrence of anniversary week, we always have unpleasant weather, which usually passes off, and is succeeded by sunshine, when it closes.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Mrs. Harding, who is acknowledged by all to be one of the most remarkable mediums of the day, will speak on the above subject at the Melancon Hall, Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Clergymen admitted free. The subject is one worthy of her abilities.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Amedy is engaged to speak every Sabbath until the second Sabbath in October. She is quite popular in the towns in the vicinity of Boston, and has given good satisfaction wherever she has been engaged.

See Seventh Page for History of Mediums, No. 1, commencing with Mrs. J. S. Adams.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, May 22, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—The influence of Christianity on civilization; or, in other words, the necessity of a deep and pure religious sentiment, to form a basis for the intellect and give it a proper direction, has been incidentally a subject of discussion at several of our recent Conferences; was ably treated by Mrs. Hatch in her last two Sabbath discourses in this city, on Mental, Moral and Religious growth; and by T. L. Harris in a recent sermon. I sent you a sketch of Mr. Harris's and Mrs. Hatch's discourses on this theme. In our Conferences, Dr. J. F. Gray has made several forcible presentations of the indebtedness of the world to Christianity and its founder; declaring them the hinge on which our improved modern civilization has turned; and the fire which has kindled the heart of man, and developed his inner life. It has done this by making Love the foundation and corner stone of thought, action and belief.

It is a little remarkable that simultaneously with this, men of science, technically so called, are earnestly turning their attention to the same field of thought. Edward M. Thayer, Esq., of Gettysburg, Pa., has recently delivered a lecture on this subject; and in a complimentary letter to him on his discourse, from the well-known Dr. Lieber, which has just fallen under my eye, I find some passages which are worth being put on record. "Intellectuality alone," says Dr. Lieber, "promotes so little substantial progress, that frequently the most refined periods are the deadliest, and coexisting with wide-spread barbarism in society." Again: "The scientific spirit consists in shrewd inquiry, untiring collection, and philosophic grouping. But, where is action; where character? To know, to be, to act—truthfully, morally and perseveringly, are the three great conditions of human life. It was no fancy—it was a noble inspiration, when Vanvarnagie said, 'Great thoughts come from the heart; and what cultivates the heart?'"

Such sentiments as these, outside of Spiritual circles, or in, are most cheering. But to us they are not new. What else have we been listening to for the past ten years, in our thousand little despised circles in all the four quarters of the globe, but the iterated and reiterated injunction of our spirit-friends, to love one another; to cultivate the heart; to learn goodness; and to ultimate our lives in benevolent actions toward mankind? For every spirit who has advised us to cultivate our intellects, a cloud of witnesses too great to be numbered, have besought, implored us, to look to our hearts. Not that our heads are to be neglected or despised, but this being pre-eminently an intellectual age, its great lack is soul. Men toil at their various callings, plan and device, arrange their business and social relations, speak, preach, pray and give alms, intellectually, and with an eye to the main chance—which simply means self—instead of governing their actions by a living love within them—the silent voice of right, which is the voice of the soul.

I honor all the apostles of love; all preachers of universal brotherhood and good-will; all laborers who strive to make man better, as well as to improve the gloss of his surface, whether I can subscribe to their particular views or not. If they are honest and hearty that is enough. They have their mission, which it is not mine to judge; and I bid them God-speed. Of such, and among the noblest of this or any age, are your Theodore Parker and our Henry Ward Beecher. Both of them are immense battering-rams, striking gigantic blows against the mammoth wall of Error; terrifying its defenders, and toppling it over about their ears in smoking masses of brick and mortar, stone and splinters; and both of them are full of love and sympathy for the human race. Mr. Parker's recent onslaughts have not passed unnoticed here. There is an urgent call for copies of his pamphlet sermons, as well as for his larger works; and our friend Munson is supplying the demand. Of the pamphlets, he tells me, he recently sold at the counter, a thousand copies in a single day.

Mr. Beecher has of late signalized his liberality, by freely immersing—in the large additions which have been made to his church—who preferred that mode of baptism. Scores have united in that way. At the Communion, he has long been in the habit of inviting all to participate, "who love the Lord," without requiring that they should be members in "good standing," or any standing, in other churches. Mr. Beecher's sermon last Sunday evening, was, as usual, delivered to an audience of thousands. The packing, which is performed by a select corps of most expert, and at the same time, courteous sorters and packers—for the custom is to sort out the ladies and accommodate them first—occupied from twenty minutes to half an hour; and still, after all the seats and all the aisles were bestowed with an economy wonderful to contemplate, there remained about the different entrances, a dense sea of human bodies for which there was no room within. Many were obliged to depart, finding it vain to achieve either a seeing or hearing position. Probably four thousand persons managed to get within sound of the speaker's voice.

Mr. Beecher's subject was the same, in substance, with that of the other speakers to whom I have referred, viz.: the necessity of elevating the inner man, the sense of right, above intellectuality and self. The merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic—men and women of all grades and conditions of life—ought and must, take with them into all the days of the week, and all the actions and business of life, this sense of justice of duty, and of kindness to others. In all business of traffic and bargain, in all our intercourse and relations with each other, the question should be, not 'will this benefit me, am I making a good trade? but is it right? That is the rule. Everything must come to be settled by the Law of Right.

Man lives on different planes, continued the speaker. "There is the plane of his affectional, moral and religious nature, and the plane of his animal, hoarding and selfish nature. Most men live on the lower plane. In order to do this they must not have been made men. To live on the animal plane, they needed only to have been made animals. It is the higher plane, the sense of right and justice, charity and good will, and the acknowledgment of the Supreme, which lifts man above the animal, and makes him MAN."

Our lecture season, proper, is over, and for the present there is a lull. A. J. Davis still occupies the desk at Dodworth's, and will continue to do so for the present. Mr. Harris speaks, regularly, morning and evening, at the chapel of the University, Washington Square; and there will be no hiatus, I presume, in his labors, until the hot weather drives

him into the country. Mrs. Davis speaks to-morrow at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn; and Rev. Mr. Denning at Clinton Hall, New York. Although we have no stars, or comets, from abroad among us, our regular meetings will doubtless be continued through the season; and friends from the country, or other cities, may always anticipate finding our halls open, and supplied with able speakers.

The last book of pretensions, claiming the attention of Spiritualists, is "The Gospel of Jesus," edited by Rev. Gibson Smith, and published by Gibson, Smith, South Shaftsbury, Vt.; S. T. Munson, New York; and Bela Marsh, Boston. The book professes to contain the Gospel of Jesus, compiled by Matthew, from his own notes, and those of Peter, Luke, Mark and John; and to have been received by Peter; also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; the last Epistle of Peter to the Chaplains; the Acts of Paul and the Jewish Sanhedrim; and a table of contents of a History of Jesus, by Peter. The work professes to have been translated from ancient Latin MSS., recently found in the catacombs of Rome.

The book is well written and printed, and no doubt will attract a good deal of notice. But the first point one would desire to establish is, not its authenticity, but its utility. What is the proof that such MSS. were ever found at Rome? and what are the evidences of their age? On these questions the volume is silent. When an equal antiquity is proved, it will then be time enough to place it by the side of the common version of the New Testament, with the view to determine which is the Simon pure. For the present, I shall take the liberty of guessing, on my own account, that those old manuscripts are indebted to the clairvoyant eye of some modern medium for their discovery and existence. The modern forms of thought and expression, identical with those current among Spiritualists at the present time, in the absence of farther light, inevitably point to this conclusion.

YORK.

Meetings in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER'S LECTURE LAST SUNDAY MORNING AT MUSIC HALL.

Mr. Parker spoke to a very large audience of about three thousand intelligent and attentive hearers.

He first offered a heartfelt, impressive prayer of thanksgiving for all the various blessings which we daily and hourly enjoy—and a petition for strength to conquer evil and temptation; for love, to love others as we love ourselves; for forgiveness, to forgive as we are forgiven, and for more of the unspeakable light of immortality.

Mr. Parker said that he should speak next Sunday to the society of Progressive Friends in Pennsylvania.

Mr. P. spoke from the 17th verse 5th chapter of St. John: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I also work."

We have not space to admit of but a condensed report of this interesting discourse which was over one hour long. Mr. P. said: How mighty are the forces in the world of matter; heat, electricity, vegetable and animal life! Put a little atom of the butterfly's wing under the microscope, and what wonders do you behold!

Go to Lowell, where carpets of varied complicated colors and textures are woven. The power of the Merrimac rolls the wheel, the machinery moves, the shuttle flies, and the mechanism in its varied forms is produced, and the carpets are piled away for future use. Man wonders at the power that can do this, yet the power that made the atom of the butterfly's wing is more wonderful. The power of the Merrimac makes the carpet, yet what is the Merrimac compared with that great river of God, the operations of His nature? What is the carpet made there, compared with the green carpet that floors the earth, on which animals live and tread: the buffalo, the bear, the ox, the horse—all animals, wild and tame—and it is ever green. You see not the power that makes it—yet you see no weaver, no pattern, and yet the web is there on land and sea.

How handsomely are the fishes made and clothed; the insects are all well clad; the beasts are clothed in coats that never pinch under the arm, and are never out of shape. The shoes of the buffalo are always fit for use, and need no change. The garments of the birds are adapted to their flight—are made in beauty. All these garments are made by that Great Clothier, yet all, fish, reptile, insect, beast and bird, are more beautifully and fittingly clad than the Queen of Sheba, or King Solomon in his glory. And all nature is as fresh and beautiful now, as ever. The stars have shone a million years, and still their brightness is not dimmed. The moon and the sun shine as brightly now as in ages past.

The powers that move the heavenly spheres in harmony, the centripetal and the centrifugal forces which are but the breaths of God, are the same as when these worlds were made. However old the world of nature may be, it is ever new and fresh.

Nobody ever preached hell and damnation to alive and dead, and yet they drop into the bosom of the Almighty, and God never loses sight of them; their spaw is never lost to His eye of infinite perception.

The air is full of insects, yet not one is afraid to die. Fear not, little flock of the ephemeral world, I am with you always. Does God take more care of fish and flies than of man?

Nature is wonderful in her operations. The apple-tree puts on her wedding garment of flowers; the maple, the elm, and all the trees, varied garments of beauty; we see a revival in all nature; the sun is the prebener; all nature hears and accepts his words of life; the tuneful birds rehearse the tidings in their sweet songs. What a pentecost is this! all the ground seems holy with new life.

It is not from the tall warehouse of prosperity that man shall get glimpses of the far-off world of never-ending life, but in the green valley of nature; here he shall read lessons of humility, and learn teachings of immortality.

In the cold winter we have longings for the green beauties of summer, we look upon and admire the evergreen, pine and fir, for they bear messages of promise to satisfy these longings. In the winter of the soul, we have the overgreen of hope. The world of matter is suited to the inhabitants upon it. In nature we find the mineral, the plant, the animal; from the animal we slope up to man; this is the course of nature; it is ever tending forward and upward. Then man also tends upward, from the savage to greater degree of refinement and civilization, and still upward to the flower of a Socrates, and still on to the dear God who maketh and loveth all. There is a perfect harmony between all things on earth. Vegetation is the marriage ring by which man is wedded to nature. The whole world of nature is

grateful to our flesh; it warms and feeds us, gives us clothing and houses for protection. The world delights us with its beauty. It has beauty for the savage and for the civilized; for the child and for the old man there is food for every love and every desire, adapted to every taste and every capacity.

Man is one world and has another to attend him. So long as all nature, in her perfect work, in her thousand tongues of beauty speaks Theology, I can never doubt. Every violet, dandelion, daffodil and Jonquil, teaches me of God.

When men reject the volume of nature in which to read Theology and learn of God, and take the volumes wherein are written doctrines and dogmas of men, I do not wonder that they have a devil, and attribute a malignant quality to God. Our ancient fathers looked on nature as a Deity. Nature is the primer where man first learns of God.

Let the earth's annual crop stop one year, and the world is in the house of death. How wonderful are nature's works? The miracles of the New Testament are far less so. God in nature changes the water into wine on the hills of Italy and Switzerland; he feeds not five thousand from a few loaves and fishes, but from nothing, save air and earth, he daily feeds ten hundred million, and all the animated life unnumbered that moves, and this is not a miracle, but the work of God in nature.

How old is the material world! and yet how young and fresh it is? Thirty thousand years, and perhaps sixty, and yet mankind has still the bloom of immortal youth about its brow; not a faculty is decayed or lost—every one is fresh and beautiful.

Tell me of the bright intelligences of the past—Socrates, Zoroaster, Zalenous, Numa, Confucius, Christ and others; we learn of them; but our learning ends not here; humanity still goes on—the tree of humanity—and as it grows, it blooms higher.

LECTURES LAST SUNDAY AT THE MELODEON.

Joel Tiffany, of Ohio, occupied the Melodeon-deck last Sunday. In the afternoon, he called attention to the advantages gained to us by an established communication with the world of spirits, as well as the disadvantages, and the principles and truths this communication evolves.

The great trouble with man has been, and is, that he has never acted up to his highest convictions, nor always received truth when it came to him, even when he knew it to be such. He is, however, anxious that his neighbor should keep the whole law, even while he asks respite for himself.

Spiritualism has already established the fact of the communion of mortals with the spirit-world, and the truth also that our communion is not always with spirits of the same class. There are pure ones, who are sent to us with messages of love from God's kingdom of immortality; then there are classes of spiritual beings far below, who take delight only in the gratification of lust, even as some do on earth. There is as great variety of grades in the spirit-world as in our mundane sphere.

We have learned that we are subject to the control of spirits—good spirits and bad—and to the influences of purity or of sensuality which they shed. If we seek to converse with any particular class of spirits, we seek to adapt ourselves to their character—to draw towards them we must become pure and holy, or blackguards and mountebanks.

We have also learned that any amount of faith is not necessary, to bring us under the influence of the spirits. The man who believes neither in God nor spirits, is as liable to their impressions as he who believes everything in God's universe is a spirit. Because a man believes not in the first spiritual truth, he is no less susceptible to spirit-influence—his condition and sphere being right for the manifestations. The man who ridicules and scoffs at these manifestations, is just as likely to become a medium as any one. You may turn your back upon the spirits, and wish nothing to do with them, but it is all the same. They have something to do with you, and you can't help yourself—provided your condition is to their liking. If you wish nothing to do with evil spirits, your only protection is to buckle on the breastplate of righteousness, and clothe yourself with truth and purity.

Another truth Spiritualism teaches is that the spirit in the body and the spirit out of the body, are the same. The influence of the one is like the influence of the other. Individuals are known to be influenced by the society they keep, by a mental attraction and repulsion, and spirits disembodied are governed, by this same law. There is the same bar in this world between the good and the bad as in the world of spirits. The character of the inspiration you received is shaped to your own mind. You need as much inspiration to listen, as they do to speak, else the spiritual inspiration cannot be communicated.

In our circles for obtaining spiritual communications, we have never properly attempted to harmonize the ideas and principles of those present—we have only arranged the external things to produce harmony; and, so, sometimes we have been blessed with communications beautiful and pure, and, again we have received "most infernal ones." Curiosity is one great drawback we have had to endure. We have been actuated by curiosity, rather than a desire for truth, which will make man better; and often combativeness has been pretty well excited, by resolves to oppose this or that man's creed, and all who adopt it—so you attract those spirits no better than yourself.

I ask spiritual mathematicians what an influence must come over impressive persons in those circles, by this incongruity of ideas in the minds of the others? In forming a circle, it is your first duty to receive no bad influence, and, in the second place, to impart no bad influence to others. See whether your feelings are pure, or sensual; see whether you are seeking for truth for truth's sake, or for your own selfish gratification. From neglect of these guards, many have been injured. I know of many such, and so do you.

Now, if Spiritualism is to go forth to purify the world, it must be sanctified and made holy. There is no use in hunting up patent by-ways to salvation. There is no way under heaven nor among men, by which you can be saved, but by purging the heart of all that is impure and unholy.

[Owing to the crowded condition of our columns, we are compelled to defer, till next week, the report of the evening lecture.—Ed.]

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do you know some quiet spot, where hope are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell, some cave, where women can walk three abreast, along the village pave? The loud winds hissed around my face, and answered, "many place."

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

THE READER'S ATTENTION is called to the beautiful story we have commenced on the first page of this number of the Banner, written by the popular authoress, Mrs. ANN E. PORTER. The other pages are filled with so much choice reading, that we are at loss to particularize.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week, we are obliged to omit our usual variety upon the eighth page of the Banner. Correspondents will be attended to next week.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June, has been placed upon our table. It is filled with articles of sterling merit. Phillips & Sampson are the publishers.

Mrs. Aloia P. Enrich, of Fairfax county, Virginia, recently left the form in the triumph of faith. She has since manifested herself to her brother, Mr. James T. Close, of Alexandria, Virginia, and we are promised some test facts from him.—Vanguard.

Mrs. E. Burgis, the clairvoyant medium, of Racine, Wisconsin, and Mr. Burgis, are about making a trip to England, their native land.

Lord Bacon says, "Ethowold, Bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church, to relieve the poor, and said: 'There was no reason that the dead temples of God should be sumptuously furnished, and the living temples suffer penury.'"

SALE OF WARDROBE.—The sale of Charles J. Foster's theatrical wardrobe took place at Leonard's, Tremont street. Although largely attended, there were but few bidders present, Mr. Curtis, formerly of the Boston Theatre, being the principal buyer, under the assumed name of Allen. The whole wardrobe, properties, &c., which must originally have cost over \$8000, brought, at this auction sacrifice, the total amount of \$174.38—less discount, 10 per cent.

G. H. R.

It is goodness and lowness of heart which raises man to the highest pinnacle of moral greatness, and clothes him with the attribute of wisdom.

DEBUBUS AND ROACHES.—Experiments have established the fact, that the plant known to botanists as *Polygonum punctatum*, usually known as waterpepper or smartweed, which may be found in abundance along the ditches, roads, lanes, and barnyards, is an effectual and certain destroyer of the bedbug.

If man never relieves distress, or feels for "others' woes," how can he look for the smiles of Providence to rest upon himself? How can he ask for blessings, when he has never bestowed any?

HALL'S BRASS BAND.—This excellent Band, we are pleased to know, is fully appreciated by the public generally, and, consequently, what we might say in its praise would be entirely superfluous. Orders for Military and Firemen's Parades promptly responded to, by addressing D. C. HALL, the leader, No. 4 Winter Place, or No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

Electricity is about to be applied to music. A performer seated before a piano, constructed for the purpose, in London, Moscow, or St. Petersburg, will play a morceau, every note of which, by means of the electric wire, will be repeated by another instrument in one of the concert rooms in Paris.

The man who courted an investigation, says it is not half as good as an affectionate girl.

AMUSEMENTS.—It is announced that the National Theatre has been leased to Mr. James Pilgrim for a term of five years, who will shortly open it.—The Museum is crowded nightly with delighted audiences. Kimball knows how to please his patrons.—Ordway Hall, likewise, has a full share of public patronage.—The Howard Athenaeum managers are getting to be snobbish since the close of the Boston Theatre. We predict for them "a miserly account of empty boxes," ere long.

A PAIR OF TIEZ.—Trafalgar Square now contains the statues of two Generals—Sir Charles Napier, and Dr. Jenner. The former was a General Officer; the latter a General Benefactor.—Punch.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, of Wisconsin, is a newly announced trance speaking medium.

Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, is reported by a Philadelphia paper as saying there are a number of Congressmen who are Spiritualists, and that not many years will elapse before Spiritualism must wield a marked influence in Washington.

"Bob, did you go to the mines?" "Yes." "What did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

THE MILK TRADE OF BOSTON.—The New England Farmer says it has been making investigations in regard to the milk trade of Boston, with more or less care and earnestness, for the space of two years, and results have been obtained which will startle the community. We do not suppose that the purchasers of milk, as a general thing, expect that their milk is all pure, there being a well-founded impression that it is adulterated with water to a considerable extent. The Farmer finds, "by the investigations instituted, that the value of the milk annually brought to the city, as it comes from the country, is about one million of dollars, and that, as it is sold out to the consumers, it has swollen to the sum of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars being the charge for carrying the Cochituate water through the streets, and peddling it out at six cents per quart."

"Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

GEORGIA LOTTERIES STOPPED.—The lotteries of Swan & Co., at Augusta, Ga., have been indicted in that city as bogus concerns, and some of the parties interested in them have been arrested and held in \$10,000 bail each. Two of the firm of Swan & Co., Benjamin B. Wood and George P. Eddy, reside in New York. The receipts of this bogus concern are said to have averaged about \$160,000 per week. Among the persons arrested at Augusta, are Frederick P. Barber and Leon Dugas, who professed to be the State Commissioners authorized to superintend the drawings.

Since the above was put in type, we learn that these lottery offices are not closed up; but the formal presentment against the said company was merely to test the legality of their lottery charter.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.—Arrangements are being made for a grand regatta for all the American Colleges, to be rowed some time during the month of July next. Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Trinity, and other New England Colleges will doubtless be represented. Boats are also expected from the New York and Pennsylvania Colleges. Springfield, Lake Winnebago and the North River have been mentioned as suitable places for the regatta to be held.

Political Items.

The President has asked Congress for a loan of \$15,000,000, and the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives have the matter under advisement.

The Secretary of the Navy has sent in to the Senate a letter from Lieut. Craven, in which he expressed the opinion that an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien is entirely out of the question. It would involve, he says, a reckless waste of human lives and money for which no possible amount of business would ever compensate.

The overhauling and searching of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico by the British vessels of war, has created much excitement and indignation. Our Government will refuse to permit any such conduct on the part of any power on earth. The President has already demanded explanation and reparation from the English Government, and it is almost a certainty that they will disavow the action of their naval servants.

It is reported that Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, has abdicated his authority, and the belief is that the war in Utah has thus come suddenly to an end. Some of the government journals, however, are inclined to question the truth of the story, thinking that it is only a "blind" got up by the Mormons to lead us off the right track.

It is supposed that the Utah Expedition will cost at least ten millions of dollars, and very likely amount to nothing, after all.

The House of Representatives have very unceremoniously turned out their doorkeeper, and elected another in his stead. He was charged with abusing his office.

The London Times India correspondent gives a most graphic description of the sacking of the royal palaces at Lucknow. It was hardly above the barbarism which the English army are sent out to overthrow.

The Paris *Univers* has a very bitter article on England, from which this is an extract:—"Let us renounce this alliance with perfidious, insolent England—this alliance which has never been cordial, and which never can be relied on. An isolated position would be even more satisfactory—rupture would be preferable. No war with England, however disastrous, could ever destroy dynasties in France. The alliance of English conditions is more menacing to them. The tomb of St. Helena is empty, and from it issued not only the Emperor, but the Empire. The cordial alliance did not prevent Louis Philippe from expiring at Claremont, and that tomb will remain closed."

Mohammed Pasha, the Turkish Naval officer, has been in town with his companions, inspecting all our public institutions, with which he expressed himself much delighted.

The United States Senate have finally voted to abolish the Fishing Bounties, and thus destroy our only school for seamen.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith, commander of the Army of Utah, has died at Fort Leavenworth.

The Tariff Investigating Committee are just ready to send in their report to Congress. In it they relieve all members of Congress of any imputations, and show where the entire \$87,000 went.

Postmaster-General Brown has had the suggestion made to him that it would add greatly to the convenience of the public, if a system of post-office money orders could be established in this country, similar to what is now in operation in England. It is certain that such a system would be self-paying, and would insure all the safety in the transmission of money—which is at present so much desired.

The Territorial Committee of Congress have reported adversely upon the petition of Utah to be made a State.

From some reports that reach us from Kansas—it is made to appear that the people of that Territory will reject the English Compromise by a heavy majority. There has been some pretty hard words used between Dr. Robinson and Gen. Lane, an account of which is given at length in the papers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R. D. NORTH LEDES, ME.—We duly received your letter and remittance, and owe an apology for not noticing it or it. It was mislaid. We are obliged for the interest you take in the welfare of the Banner.

S. C. S. LACONIA.—Go on in your work, only use moderation, and, above all, do not give up your judgment to any spirit. If they did you do anything opposite to your own Reason, wait until you can believe it proper for you to do the thing required.

C. B. T. CANADA WEST.—Will send a paper to the lady, if agreeable, for her contributions. We see nothing to disagree with in your letter. Ours did not take so wide a range. We know that intelligence does come through mediums superior to their powers of mind.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

MELODEON.—Miss Harding, of New York, will speak next Sabbath, afternoon and evening, at 3 and 4 o'clock.

THE LADIES' HARMONIAL BAND will hold their semi-weekly meeting at the house of Mrs. Alfred Nash, No. 7 Phillips Place, on Thursday, June 3d. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

DR. JOHN H. CURRIER, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Lawrence, Sunday, 23d inst.; Concord, N. H., Sunday, 30th; Orange, Mass., June 6th and 13th.

LOUISE MOORE will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sunday, May 23d; Manchester, N. H., Sunday, May 30th; Lawrence, Mass., Sunday, June 6th; Haverhill, Sunday, June 13th; Groveland, Monday and Tuesday, June 14th and 15th; Georgetown, Wednesday and Thursday, June 16th and 17th; Exeter, N. H., Sunday, June 20th. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fees for want of official arrangements. Mr. Moore will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

MISS ROSA T. AVERY, the trance-speaking medium, will lecture in East Foxboro', Tuesday, May 25th; Milford, on Thursday, 27th; Shorburne, on Sunday, 30th.

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

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

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winthrop street. D. F. GODDARD, reg.; altar speaker. Seats free.

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

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

BALEM.—Meetings are held in Balem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Beval street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. KNAFF, Supt. Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

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

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

The Messenger.

ADMISSION TO OUR CIRCLES.—A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, induces us to admit a few persons to our sessions.

Visitors will not receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any message, which could, so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of visitors or medium.

Visitors will not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 1 P. M., each day. No charge is exacted, but all applications for admissions must be made at this office.

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

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything more than fixate beings. We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is, and should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while his opinions merely relative to things not experienced.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

James Finlayser, Edmund Perry, John Clary, Rhoda Stevens, William Atkinson, John Atkinson, Rosalind Kidder, Henry Foss, Woodhouse Wheeler, Mrs. Anderson, Mary Brown, James Gline, Stephen Wallace, Caroline Lee Hunt, Henry Woods, Robert Williams, Wm. W. Woodbridge, John Elliott, Dea. Benjamin Reed, Robert Biscoe, Henry Elliott, Charles Cheever, (M. D.) Ruth, Chas. Holmes, Mary Wells, William Brown, Stephen Bigelow, Dr. John Roberts, (N. Y.) Charles Wainwright, George to Dr. Wainwright, Washington Goode, Dr. Dwight, Lafayette and Charles Mowatt in answer to "C." Hattie Stevens, Rev. Dr. Sharpe, Washington.

John King, John Howe, Isaac, a spirit, H. C. H. Harris Owens, John Harvey, Charles Edwin Green, Amer. Kneeland, Rev. Dr. Emmons, Samuel Joy, Margaret Wilmet, Elizabeth Shaw, Caleb Reed, Geo. Kent, Thos. Campbell, John Seales, John Carr, John Barron, James Tyndall, Mary Gardner, George Corbett, James Ferguson, Henry Davis, John H. Crawford, Patrick Murphy, Harvey S. Paige, Caroline Holmes, Charles H. Saunders, Charles Hill, John Moore, Oliver Bacon, Susan Brown, Benjamin Lindsay, Commodore M. Perry, Mary, Charles French, Henry Clark, Charles Hall, G. W. Curtis, John Jameson, Cordelia, Fletcher Lord, General Gates, Willie Eaton.

Robt. King, Sally Parker, Sam'l MacIntyre, Dr. John Williams, Abraham Potts, George Brown, Louise Curtis, Mary Paul, Geo. Robinson, Mary Slater, John Ellsworth, Henry Barker, James Richardson, John Cardington, N. Dowditch.

William Sands.

My name was William Sands. I have friends in various parts of the United States; both acquaintances and relations. I have been rather indelicately requested to come here; for what purpose I scarce know, except it be to make a fool of myself. However, as the call has been loud, I will endeavor, in my poor way, to respond to it; but I must tell my friends, at the outset, that I am the same, and have not changed in regard to my view of spirit life.

Many people suppose I never gave it the first thought; but such individuals were those who looked at the exterior, and did not penetrate the same. No man is going to heaven by his friends—he must go by his own works. My friends ask me a very foolish question—Are you in heaven or hell? As regards heaven, one is in it who is happy, be he on earth or in spirit life. As regards hell, every man is in hell, whether he lives in an earthly or spiritual state, if he is doing what does not agree with the inward monitor. The murderer does not need to be cast into a lake of fire, to be purged from his sins. If the people of earth would only suffer the inward monitor to do this work, and would treat him with kindness, they would never believe in the necessity of this literal hell of fire and brimstone.

I have every reason to believe that my friends did not expect me, although they called loudly for me. The call was like this: "If Spiritualism be true, let William Sands come; but we know it is not true, so he cannot come." Most of my friends are religiously inclined, forming their present happiness from what they gained of the church. They know full well what my opinion of the church was, and I have told them I have not changed. And in regard to this revival, I think it may be likened to a man placing his house on another man's ground. The convert does not form his opinion from what he has seen or heard, but from another's senses. In a word, he is psychologically influenced, and when the preacher's zeal has died out, the convert's house will fall to the ground. I never interested myself in religion on earth. I understood it all, but never could get into it; and I am very much inclined to tell my friends to keep cool, and not get excited by what they suppose leads to their eternal welfare—keep cool, as in winter. If they would only sell their piety by acts of charity, they would be perhaps truly religious; but as it is, I cannot see much good in their notions. I must speak the truth—and as I feel I speak now.

Yes, they called me strange, and said that I lived far beyond my time. Well, I have not been subject to hell in consequence of my earthly deeds. But I have been finding myself a little better to-day, and to-morrow a little better. Yet I am considered an undeveloped spirit; but, thanks be to God, I am one of His children, and can't, therefore, be cast off.

I suppose it does not matter to you where my friends are; so I will, without taxing your medium farther, bid you good day.

April 12.

James Bates—Lost on the Fulton.

I want to inform my people that I am dead. I could not rest, and they (spirits) told me to come here. My name was James Bates. I was 29 years old. I was here when one of the passengers with me spoke with you. I tried to speak, but could not, then. I was on board the steamer Fulton. My people live in New Orleans. They don't know that I was on board that boat, and are very much troubled about my absence. Tell them I am dead, if you please. I do not know where I am to go, or when I am to stop going. I want them to know this, lost they should think worse of me. I knew a little of this before I went, but not much. Tell them to be patient and happy, and I will tell them all in a short time. Tell them I am not unhappy—I am happy enough—it is not that I came back for. I have much to say, but can't say it now.

April 12.

John L. Brewer, Liverpool.

Do you measure my time by yours, or am I to measure it for myself? I want to know who you are? "Something which seems to be a duty, an urgent duty, brings me here."

My name used to be something very much like this—John L. Brewer—I was of Liverpool, England. I have been dead to the world seventeen years, fourteen days. I am not mistaken, as I see your mind indicates. I was ever particular in my earthly life, and shall be so throughout eternity. My memory remains clear and unclouded as when I was 85 years of age, and everything which transpired in my earth life, I have in the store-house of my memory, and can bring from thence at any time I wish.

The place that was once my home, has ever been called the old Brewer house. You'll find it situated on the outskirts of Liverpool. Every one who is acquainted with that locality, knows where it is. The

house was built by my grandfather, John Brewer, and it was handed down to me. While I was on earth, I kept it looking well; but since that time it has fallen nearly to decay, because money has been wanting to give it a fine and comely appearance. At the time I am speaking, there is one of my descendants residing at that place—my old home, and as far as I can understand, they are not well to do in this mundane sphere; indeed they seem to suffer at times for the common necessities of life. Now I have been told that I could seek out a way by which I may meet them, and if I do I shall benefit them. I know I was foolish to expect to see them here, when I consider the distance which separates them from this place. Yet I did not know but I might find something mysterious here, as mystery is written upon everything. I must here state that I, for many years, lived alone—that is, apart from my kindred—was not in communion with them, they having the audacity to call me one of the children belonging to his Satanic Majesty—the devil. I, on the contrary, was content to let them do as they pleased, and kept aloof from them.

But a feeling rises within me, which says, it were better for me to perform a duty, than to remain constantly unhappy in regard to that duty. When I died, I had £2000 in the Bank of England; and that which I will obtain the same, may be easily found, if I may be permitted to give them directions. Around the house is what you would call here a large garden. In the north-west corner of that there are two large flag-stones. Beneath the right hand flag-stone, the largest, they will find a very small box, nearly a foot square. In that box they will find the necessary documents to procure what I had in the Bank of England, and also £6000 in gold. I never intended that should remain where it has so long a time, but only placed it there to get rid of my creditors. In the meantime, death came, and I left. This house I gave to a kindred, far from me, whom I had seen in infancy. He, at the present time, occupies it. He has a family—how many, I do not know, for everything looks dark and strange to me there. I have been told to send forth my message, which shall go to its proper place, and I shall receive therefrom contentment of spirit—all I ask for; and now, after coming and finding myself somewhat disappointed, I will pass from you, and make myself happy or unhappy somewhere else. Time may send me here again; however, I cannot tell how that may be.

April 13.

This spirit, on being told by the spirit controlling the circle to-day, that he would be able to commune with his friends by coming here, expected to meet them face to face. It is that to which he alluded, where he says he might have known they could not have been here.

George Mann.

A spirit entranced the medium, but could not control her vocal organs. He wrote—

My brother—I desire to speak, but am unable to do so. My name was George Mann—my native place Manchester, England. In times past, I was a member of the Lebanon Lodge of Masons. Brother, Marston told me to come to you.

April 13.

Joshua Davis.

To my dear companion in earth life—I come that I may take away the wild tempest of doubt, and place within the soul a hope; yea, more, a knowledge in regard to the safety of the boy Joshua. Yes, my wife, he is well and safe, and your alarms are groundless; therefore, be at rest. I have long tried to give you this information, but could not until this hour. Dear one, you may place perfect reliance in what I now give—I will meet you again.

Yours, in spirit,

April 13.

Johnny Cilley.

My dear Mother—I have tried to come all this time, but could not till now. I often see you at home, but cannot speak. Call for me often, dear mother, and father, and all. I am very happy.

April 13.

This spirit clutched the pencil by doubling the hand around it, and printed the characters, as a little child would do.

Mary Beals.

I am not used to speaking through your medium. I do not understand the laws that govern my coming; but as I have strong attachments in the earthly sphere, I am induced to try and make my way through the materialism I see on every hand, that I may draw near that which even now is a great drawback to my happiness in the spirit world. I have not been long in the spirit world, scarce long enough to break the charm that binds me to those here.

Yes, I have a husband here in your city, and I have sought many times to make myself known to him, but I have never fully made him understand my coming. His soul is ready and willing to drink in the waters of belief; but oh, we have not yet been able to hold the cooling draft near enough for him to taste.

I trust you will pardon my coming, for I know of no other way, and I assure you I approach you, a stranger, with some degree of reluctance; but when I look forward, I am willing to take up my cross, as did one whose example all should follow.

I see many changes that have taken place since I left earth. The question has been asked, am I pleased with all I see. Oh, yes, for I know that all will be well. I know that earthly children will be constantly reaching out for something new that they have not as yet attained. Oh, if we could only see earth's children always ready to meet us when we come, all would be joyous; but we will not complain, for we know in time our good Father will make the communion, open and the bliss more complete. I know full well that many kind hearts hold me in sweetest remembrance in earth-life; and oh, as I look within the hearts of those I love and find the flowers of memory blooming fresh within, I can but bless my God. Oh, I would that mortals would always turn their thoughts to Him. I know He hath by some been called an unjust God. But who that looks at the work of His hands, and shall know Him as a God of Love, a God who is not willing any of His children should pass from His hands unblessed.

I find much joy in the knowledge of the happiness of my companion. I know full well he has wandered through dark paths, and that sometime in his life he will wander through still darker, but the star which guides him, will beckon him to a place of rest. He sometimes wonders if I am with him. How strange the thought! I know it has no abiding place there. With him, yes! morning, noon and night—with him to bless, and to lead him on to joys unknown to mortals.

Oh, tell him that all I regret is, that I cannot always shield him; that I cannot always advise him; that he at times stays away from me. Oh, tell him I always pray for him and wish him to walk in ways of peace. To all those I love, I will say that my wish is for their welfare and happiness. My name was Mary Beals.

April 14.

Rev. William Miller.

I think that all you Spiritualists should first offer thanks to Him, the God of the heavens and the earth, for the blessings of to-day. Many years have passed on since I left earth, and all have been running on, on, on. The mind of man has ever been grasping at something higher, not satisfied; and now in your day Jehovah has been pleased to open the windows of Heaven, and the glorious sunlight of communion has been given to you, and how little you prize it!—how lightly you look upon it!—when you should all of you offer thanks to the Giver of All Good, that you did not exist in times past. Oh, how blessed an age you live in!

I have been called to earth that I might answer a question. I bless God for the opportunity. The whole earth is sending forth praise to God for His progress. Yes, not one in a thousand, can realize

it; a very few of them even understand these things, and they are now in a primary school sitting for something higher; but oh, how little they realize it! And you Spiritualists, who daily, hourly commune with those who have passed beyond the river of death—all say I believe, yes, I know it to be so, but how few of you thank the Father for what you enjoy.

But I did not come for this purpose to-day. My friends have requested me to return and tell them whether or not I believe in a literal hell. I did believe in that when on earth. Yes, from my soul I believed it. I believed that man's sin would carry him even unto a literal hell. But it was because I looked upon the Father as I could not look in my present condition. I tried to love Him under even that belief; and tried to serve Him, but alas! when I look back, I now see how far I failed to do it.

I must tell those dear friends, that with the change called death, all those errors passed from me. I saw that in earth-life I had worshipped an unknown God. I had wandered through the wilderness, and had erected altars at every point to the unknown God.

Now, I do not wish those friends to understand me to say there is no punishment for sin beyond the grave. Every sin must receive its punishment. If man obeys the laws of his nature, he suffers therefor, be it a law of his moral or physical nature. Every child has a monitor within—we will call it Jehovah—and if every child would follow its dictates, no child need to sin or suffer; but they go out after another's opinion, instead of heeding the advice of the monitor within.

As I said before, all sin must receive its punishment—every good act receive its own reward. And as man lives here, so opens the spirit world when he casts off the mortal. If he has lived in sin, he finds himself miserable until he has cast off that sin, and put on a robe of righteousness. These friends do not believe in Progress. Oh, if they look abroad in the natural world, they will find it written in all therein, and if it is found here, shall it not extend beyond the grave? Oh, yes, for the same laws govern there, and the same Father guides His children, in the spiritual, as in the natural world.

My dear friends will find no hell other than they make; and my dear friends will find no heaven other than they make—and the God they have located afar off, lives in everything that hath life. They may worship Him here—they may worship Him in the spheres, because He is all wisdom—all love. Oh, how mortals would rejoice, could they look upon their God as we look. But we will bide the time when they shall all see as we see.

My friends ask me if I am happy. Yes, I am happy. I have cast off all earth's error, and have come up through tribulation, and have washed my garments in the Fountain of Knowledge, and to Him be glory now and forever more.

My name was Rev. William Miller—I passed from earth nearly forty-nine years ago. Those I have in an earthly state are now standing between the two spheres—they were in youth when I passed on.

April 14.

Charles Hutchins, to his Sister.

Perhaps I'll be more welcome than I was some time ago. My name is Charles Hutchins. I have got something else to come for, else I should not come.

You know I was talking to you about my sister. Well, she is a medium, and they do not know what she is—I go to her, and shall not harm her. I want to manifest through her; she says sometimes she sees me, but you know she is blind—so she can't see me, as your medium sees spirits. They think she is crazy—has learned too much at that institution. I found out she was a medium, and I jumped at the chance to come. I can speak through her—can write through her, and tip things through her, but she is under such confounded influences sometimes, it's about as hard to make a medium of her, as it is to make the ether place out of heaven.

The fact is, I want to know if it's right for me to go to her? They know about it—read the Banner. She does not know about mediums. All her other faculties are as keen as a knife. She has been blind all her days, but she is smart. It is hard for me to overcome those quickened faculties. I would like to have her come here, and I'll be on hand to see her. I am her guardian spirit. I can't carry her up very high, because I am not very high myself; but I have got to looking at people inside, and do not get so mad as I once did.

You have not got mediums enough; I can't get a change to talk once in six months. I want to get Julia developed, so I can talk more.

Do you know Fisher—Doctor Fisher? Well, he came to me and told me that I must not be too hard on Doctor Howe; said he, "I know your sister was there, as you said, but they do not see as you do."

Well, I want to let my sister know, in my poor way, that it is me she sees, and that I want to develop her.

April 14.

This spirit manifested to us about a year ago, and we had some difficulty to obtain such information from the Blind Asylum, as would establish the truth of his message. We, however, received it at last. His statement to us was denied at first, probably from lack of memory, and when we reported our ill success to the spirit, he was rather disturbed. He alludes to this in his message.

Albert Boothe.

I wish to speak, but cannot do so. I wish to talk with my brother. I died in Boston, one year ago, of fever—was sick eleven days.

April 14.

Augusta Sprague.

I am very desirous to communicate with my husband, but cannot to-day. I will meet you again. He is in New York.

Yours in spirit,

April 14.

Robert Kidd.

I have no home on earth, and none in the spirit life; but when I float above the broad ocean, I feel only then at home. I come to-day, I use your medium, not because I wish to, but because I am forced to.

Conditions that oppress around my spirit, have urged me here, and I cannot leave until I cast off a portion of the weight that has hitherto kept me in hell. Suns have arisen and set, moons have gone out, and midnight darkness is left, and I have passed from earth in utter darkness and despair; no one asks for me, or if I have an existence in space beyond the tomb! And as I must care for myself, if I am cared for at all, I must come here to gain the first ray of light.

I know you all—report of you has reached me; but one is present whom I have followed for years, and in vain have I sought to gain even a partial communion with him. I have no friends on earth, therefore can commune with none, and I come to-day simply to benefit myself—and who dare oppose me? Who dare say, go and come no more? No one save Him who holds the eternal in His hands. "This is a long time since I have used mortal form in this wise, and I had almost forgotten my own tongue—a long time since I controlled material force, and I had almost forgotten to do that. Meet me in spirit life, and I must go to a level with myself; but difficulties cluster about me here, and I am unable to give all I wish. I did not come here to be taught, but I must return to earth to observe and to commune in an earthly state, my march toward happiness—

Heaven.

Al, well, man knows but little of himself until he has tried the two worlds—until he has lived with a body and without; then he sees himself as he is, and sometimes to bitterly mourn the past.

I have a company of acquaintances with me to-day. Some I have never met until this hour, and now it seems as if the forces above and below have been let loose for my especial torment. Call me what you please, undeveloped or evil, I care not for it.

The world knows me—ask not for that which I

hate—my name. My life was filled with spots resembling what carries the soul from its Maker. My punishment is just now more than I deserve, and I expect more than I yet have had; if I did not receive it, I should think my Maker unjust. The wings of the vulture of my despair have long clouded the sun of my existence, and it seems as if they would never pass away.

I say I have been from earth many years. Yes, the time seems long to me, and yet it is in reality short. When man finds himself unhappily situated, he is apt to lengthen out his existence. The day is long, the night without end, and the year an eternity. Many come to comfort me; but the cry is, return first to the place where you first committed sin against the spirit of all things. When I reach out my arm to grasp at happiness, it is a *ignis fatuus*—to be seen, but not touched.

If you are very desirous of receiving my name, I can give it to you; but I hate the name, and never again shall Robert Kidd speak it.

One might suppose I had filled the store-house of knowledge during my sojourn in spirit life, but my soul has been constantly poring over the past, and striving to wipe out stain after stain, and to find myself at the end of years calling upon the same God in vain, and receive for my benefit, "Return to earth and make confession, and then angels will await you." I have so many times been deceived, both on earth and in spirit life, I have no encouragement to trust any man, yet I will meet you as you desire, and see if your mind is of value.

Yes, yes, thousands have gone beyond me in my spirit existence since I left earth, and yet I see them traveling fast, as if on eagle wings; and I am left—no one cares, no one looks upon me with even pity, except I return to earth.

A gentleman accompanied us to this sitting who was the person alluded to by the spirit, and the agreement to meet him had reference to a request for a private interview at a medium's place of residence.

Dr. Emmons.

I have been requested to come here to-day; how well I shall answer the call, I cannot say, as I am unused to speaking through media. I was once connected with the church—that body of people who professed to love and serve Jesus Christ, and not only him, but they profess to love their enemies—their neighbors as themselves. I professed the same—I tried to live up to my professions, but I do not come here to-day to tell how well I did, or how evil I did, but simply to answer a question propounded.

Why I am called upon to do this, I cannot tell, unless it be from curiosity. I hope this is not the case, and yet if it be, my coming may not be in vain. The question was as follows:—

"What would you have us understand by the passage in the New Testament, which reads like this: 'I and my Father are one?'"

Jesus spoke these words to his followers, and he no doubt meant that they should understand them, but they did not, and his professed followers at this day do not. They have cast a veil of their own weaving over these words, as they have over all his life, and they who understand even a part of the spiritual nature of Jesus are few, very few. Now what I have gained of this personage, since I left earth, I will most willingly impart to others.

"I and my Father are one," said Jesus, and he spoke the truth; but he might as well have said, I am but a result of the Supreme Power. He might as well have said, I move by His will, I live by His will, I work by His will, as to have said, "I and my Father are one."

He who walked forth in purity, was Jesus, and he may well be said to have been one with Jehovah, for as He is the essence of Love, so was Jesus,—he being the only perfect man that ever walked this mundane sphere. Our wise Father manifested perfectly through Him, that coming generations might have an example to follow, and attain happiness by the same. Jesus said, "Whatever I do, ye may do, and even greater things." Now I understand that the same power that was bestowed upon him, others might receive; the same miracles he performed, others might perform. But that part of the great multitude who inhabit earth, and look upon Jesus as their saviour and their God, know not what they do. He can only be their saviour as they walk in his footsteps, as they live up to his teachings; and a thousand Christs might live and pass on, and be of no avail, unless mortals would take pattern by these Christs. The Christian, at this day, devotes one-seventh of the week to the service of God. All other days he devotes wholly to himself, gathering to his earthly storehouse all that may chance to come within his reach, and when the Sabbath comes upon him, he pretends to give it to God.

The Sabbath I might say, that hallowed day! for did not Jesus hallow it? All men should look upon it in this light. No man should knowingly desecrate the Sabbath. But I have wandered.

The Christians of to-day, I said, devote one day to the worship of God, and do they think this will be acceptable to Him? We think not. They may clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and go to the sanctuary, but this will not be acceptable to Deity, if they devote all other days to their own service, never caring for the happiness of others.

Now the principles that Jesus sought to perpetuate, should be carried, not only to the church, but to the workshop; and if they who reach out for that which is not theirs, would only pattern after Christ, how much more glorious would be their lives, and how much happier the life to come would be.

All mankind, bond or free, high or low, may be one with the Father. The same germ of life eternal found in Jesus, is found in all mankind. And it may come forth and interlink with Deity, if man will only do his work. If he would manfully take his cross, and bear it up Calvary's steep, how great would be the reward. The temple of God would not be desecrated, the money changers would be cast off. Now, as we return to earth, we see nothing but war. No one seems to be at peace with himself—and why do they not live at peace? Because they have let go their hold of God; because they are not one with the Father. Oh, let me beg those who have called for me, to walk with Jesus, that every hour of their life may be consecrated to Jehovah. Let them render to material things all that is due them, and to God all that is due to spiritual things. Then they would not be obliged to call for one who has gone forward, to illumine these things; but the taper within their own souls would burn brightly enough, to not only illumine their own nature, but that of those around them. (A question sent to us by F. P., asking an explanation of the passage, "Before Abraham was, I am," was here presented to the notice of the spirit.) Christ is believed by many to have existed throughout all time. Well, the power that actuated him, the life-essence, did exist so far back that mortals cannot reach it, and will not to all time; but the physical, the form, existed only from his natural birth.

Christ came into the world a perfect child; the angels watched over him, and when he became of age, the spirit of the Most High was poured out upon him; it thrilled and filled his spiritual nature, and he may, in that sense, be called God; but when mortals are fond of worshipping the body of Jesus, and supposing that body was carried to heaven, they know not what they do. And if they would only look at the developments of nature, they would not enter into such an error. Christ especially said: "Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," and yet thousands expect to meet that body in the higher state of existence, which served the spirit of Jesus on earth, as your bodies do your spirits.

How absurd the thought! Oh, the time will come when those poor, deluded creatures, who now revile you spiritualists, will wonder why they were so blind, and could not see the truth. The resurrection of Jesus, and his appearance to his disciples, is not understood by the church.

It has ever been a mystery of some of the good brethren in the church, and it will probably remain so, until they have courage enough to cast off the chains of the church and seek for themselves. Just

so long as they suffer another to seek for them, just so long they will be deluded.

Now, as we understand it, the natural body of Jesus was taken care of by certain earthly friends, who, like the people of the present day, dearly loved the body, and could not look beyond it for satisfaction. The same power that performs so many wonders in this day, rolled back the stone and closed the eyes of the guards, so that these friends could take care of his body. To be sure, they said, "Christ is risen—he is not here, but they spoke of the spirit. Mary saw him in spirit, and was astonished, and would have taken hold of him, but he said, 'Touch me not,' knowing well that if Mary touched him, she would at once dissolve the elements which he had combined about his spirit, in order to render it visible to her.

Then, again, we find him with his beloved disciples. He is said to have entered the room when the doors were shut—now all will admit that a material cannot pass through material substance, therefore Thomas spoke to the spirit, when he said, 'My Lord and my God.' I know that Christ told him to handle him and see, yet I find no record that he did so. Jesus well knew he would ask for no more, and would be convinced by the expression he used. Oh, that man, could see things as they are; yet time alone can roll back the stone of bigotry from the dark sepulchre of the church. The star of progress has settled over the church, and ere long the whole body shall be illumined, and every one shall see, and know, and understand for himself.

Our Father and our God, Thou Spirit of the Universe, we do now humbly thank Thee for the blessings Thou hast been pleased to bestow upon us, Thy children; and we do, oh, God, thank Thee, in behalf of this mundane world, in darkness as it is to-day; we thank Thee because we know that darkness is not eternal, and however dense it is at this day, we know that in the future Thy love will penetrate it. We worship Thee because we know that Thou art Love, and we return to-day to teach Thy children, because we know of no higher employment, and want no better. And oh, God, as we take upon ourselves what we were wont to bear years ago, we thank Thee for Thy goodness. We desire, oh, God, to rear an altar to Thee, and the sacrifice we would offer is ourselves, spiritually. Do Thou bless the sick of earth, and their bodies languish beneath the rod, let their spirits grow brighter and brighter, and soon may every spirit passing from earth come with light.

May Thy love, oh, Father, fill all souls here; and when they shall severally come up hither, to Thy kingdom in the spirit, may they know and serve Thee better.

Wilt Thou, oh, God, bless the churches especially. We know that they are wandering in the wilderness of doubt; that the cloud hangs heavily over them; yet we know that the cloud only hangs over them to-day, and may be dissipated to-morrow. Oh, God, wilt Thou bless those that stand as teachers therein. May they go forth in Thy way; and we know, oh, Father, that way is to help the afflicted, be they of whatever creed, Methodists, Atheists, Baptists—for we know that all creeds must yet bow before the God of Love. We know, oh, God, that Thy power is unlimited, and as Thou in Thy purity and love hast taught us to pray—therefore we do send forth our thoughts to-day. Wherever Thou art, in earth, in hell, or in heaven, answer them in Thine own way and for Thine own glory!

I was known as Dr. Emmons while on earth.

April 16.

Hannah Kimball.

My dear Husband—For good reasons I approach a medium, to convey a message to you to-day. That I do not come to you through a nearer source, is because I cannot. Yet I do often come to you, and should more frequently, if you would sit alone. One who often writes through your hand, desires you to sit for him at any time convenient to you, and he will give you something in rhyme. I would give more, but can't do well. Your spirit-wife Hannah, to John G. Kimball.

History of Mediums.

NUMBER 1.

MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

Mrs. Adams is the wife of John S. Adams, who is well known to Spiritualists as a firm advocate and a powerful defender of its precious revelations. He is the author of many published works on the subject of Spiritualism. As a writer, he is clear, comprehensive, forcible, and influential. How much the association of Mrs. Adams' spirit with a congenial partner, for many years of so spiritual a nature, has done for her medium development, cannot be easily estimated.

Mrs. Adams was born in the State of Maine, in 1830, and from her earliest days has manifested proclivities of character that have since developed themselves in a marked fondness for the works of Nature. In all things she sees beauties to love and admire, even in deformity, and in the lowest conditions of life. She recognizes the God-life, in all life, and the sleeping germ of this life even in the grains of sand we tread upon. Her conceptions of God, His love, His power and wisdom, are unmeasured, and the relations we bear to Him are the tenderest and the holiest of all relations. He is the Father of all alike—loves all alike—the high and the low, the favored and the degraded; His sunlight of love shines on all the same—the just and the unjust.

When a mere child, Mrs. A.'s parents were taken from her to the spirit land. When she came to maturer years, she was urged and persuaded to join herself to the Orthodox church, of which she was a member for many years; not, however, without feelings within her inmost soul that the character which that church attributed to God was contrary to the voice of Nature, which whispered in her heart more truth and love.

Her attention was first called to Spiritualism in the Spring of 1852. The hand of a medium was seized by spirit influence at her first sitting, and wrote for her as follows: "You are a medium, and your mediumship will be like writing on rice paper—the more light you expose it to, the easier can you read and understand it." This prophecy has proved true of communications given through Mrs. A., for the more we read, examine and criticize them in the sunlight of truth, the more significant, truthful and beautiful they appear. Mrs. A. continued investigations and sittings, mostly in her own house, for some months, feeling a strong and constantly increasing interest, when she began to be conscious of a gradual development of medium powers within herself. Among the first manifestations through her own mediumship, were, the opening and closing of doors, the displacement of moveable objects, playing upon the pianoforte, etc.; all without visible agency. The name of her spirit mother, on one occasion, was written in a closed drawer, in which paper and pencil had been placed by spirit direction.

Mrs. A. was next developed a writing medium, which was soon followed by trance, personating, speaking, psychometrical, and seeing and conversing with spirits in a normal state. Her visions, which convey ideas in the language of symbols, have been, and are now, exceedingly fine. The character and disposition of the various persons for whom these visions have been given, having passed the strictest and most impartial analysis, have appeared faultless and correct delineations of each.

The life of Mrs. A., as it is believed to be the case with all excellent mediums, has been characterized with much bodily and mental suffering. It may not be an error to suppose that every pain we suffer helps unfold our medium powers; that all suffering is friction to the material covering of the soul, that makes the gem within shine brighter.

In February, 1854, the "Lily Wreath," a volume of 183 12mo. pages, was commenced, and concluded in about eight months; the principal part of which was spoken through Mrs. Adams in deep trances, five or six pages at a sitting, one week between each.

This volume, in the purport of its language, is addressed to one, but it is adapted to all; it is for all who read and admire the gems of spirit love therein recorded. "It is whispered in love; it is breathed from the happy home of angels, where earth's children shall all abide; where brighter, softer garlands shall crown their brows, undying, forever."

The following selections will convey some idea of the beautiful language, and the instructive truths, this book contains. The following Prayer and Resolutions are in words and sentiment adapted to every soul of progress:—

PRAYER.

Great Fountain of Wisdom! Let Thy tributary streams fill me with drops of celestial wisdom. This throbbing heart pulsates with new life when fed by angel-hands breaking unto it the bread of life to nourish the soul for eternity. Not in high pillared domes doth my soul bear incense to its Maker, but in Nature's higher temple, where the spirit of pure affection reaches unto its spirit home. Thence this heart loves to worship. At the shrine of love let humbly bear her incense of gratitude; angels catch the echo, and the dews of forgiveness fall on the thirsty spirit. Life of all beings! Soul of all Wisdom! flow in to this weary spirit. Thou alone didst guide me through the darkened night of error; and now, the luminary of truth dawns over me; I pray for lasting light till the twilight of death approaches, and this spirit rises triumphant over sin and grossness; then, at this exhaustless fountain I will drink purer waters, and springs of lasting happiness shall be mine throughout eternity.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, To keep the spirit pure and bright, that I may drink at angelic fountains of knowledge.

Resolved, To plant flowers of beauty in my pathway, to cheer the barren path of the traveler.

Resolved, To keep hope bright, with a garland of immortal flowers on her forehead.

Resolved, To scatter blessings in life's pathway like the fragrant rose at morning, that shall wait its sweetness until the evening of eternal repose.

Resolved, To leave no known duty unattended, that my spirit be stayed in its flight to its heavenly home.

Resolved, To pave my pathway with eternal truths, gathered in Nature's volume: truths that shall abide long after those mortal steps have trod the heavenly pathway.

Resolved, To bring my heaven near me.

Resolved, To find my God pervading all Nature.

Resolved, To water with dews of affection the less favored plants in the garden of Nature; to give them, as I have freely received, heavenly culture.

Many gems like the following are interspersed through the book:—

The cares of life, borne calmly, brings angels in thy pathway.

Spirit truths are stars to light your passage home. On the barren trees in thy pathway, engraft the truth of heaven.

Fill well the future years of life before thee. Let them be a beautiful vale of flowing flowers, for memory to wander in.

Take not even from spirit sources the errors of opinion.

Let reason hold the sway; place it not aside for phantom.

Take beauty and adopt it, though in plain garb. Strengthen thy own intelligence by frequent comparison.

Quote from authors of wisdom and intellect, and arrange a beautiful volume of thy own gathering. Stud the soul with gems of truth.

Ripen for the change that awaits thee. Follow no foot-prints but those made by guides of truth.

Keep the flame of pure affection bright, that it may reflect the finest faculties of the soul.

Nature is the unfailing revelation, the purest from the hand of God.

Reason is the guide to nature; truth is the passport.

The season of quiet thought prepares the soul for action.

Solitude is like a mirror; one reflects the form, the other the follies of life.

Live for humanity, live not alone. Waft to the barren hills, the darkened valleys, the shady groves, waft the undying truth, the light of spirit progression. Penetrate the thick hedges of error.

Wipe the tear from sorrow's eye, hush the sigh of misery. Would'st thou then add to the convoy of angels that shall welcome thee to those heavenly shores, when the spirit passes there, fill well the little sphere allotted thee, with deeds of love and duty.

Go to the earth's barren spots. Go to the lowly cot, and whisper comfort; go to the mighty palace, and whisper immortality. Go and make soft the hardened heart; go and join the hands of humanity in common brotherhood.

What can be more grateful and soul-satisfying to the true Spiritualist, than the two following paragraphs:—

We will not float on the tide of opinion; we will launch boldly into the stream of principle, which flows from and to God. 'Tis a deep-flowing tide, that few can stem. On this deep, clear stream, the bark sails nobly, yes, proudly; they are turned out by passing gales; they heed not the gathering clouds, they stop not at every port where banners are raised, proudly lettered, saying, "here is the land where opinion resides, where popular breezes are blowing." No true principle heeds them not. It knows no wavering. Its destined port is in the far, far land of beauty, where the breezes of love come laden with the fragrance of beautiful thoughts: where the pure lily-blossoms are growing; where harmony embraces all, and seals us with a kiss of affection. This is where one interest grows. This is the haven to which justice sails, where the voyagers on bark are met in happy recognition by those forms in the land of love.

We are soaring high when we are gazing low. We are building eternal mansions, when our pathway the tiny materials of truth that lie along our gateway. We are planting garden of Eden beauty, when we are gathering earth's blossoms to sweeten life's hours.

We are building for ourselves a towering dome of wisdom, when we here are cultivating the inner man. Self-culture rears a mighty dome, from which we can gaze around and behold brighter scenes than which we could catch in the valley of ignorance. Oh, let us traverse mountains of thought. Stay not thy foot-steps until the summit is thine to gaze from. Let the soul be ever a willing recipient of light. Truth ever comes abroad. That which brings light and wisdom we see not at the first. The darkened cloud precedes the tiny drops of rain that make the flowers come forth. Wisdom may often be veiled; she walks oftentimes in dark disguise, beneath the heavy robes she folds around. There's thrown around her beautiful form, a graceful, easy robe, pure and refreshing for the eye to gaze upon. Oh, gazed upon, but secondary to the clear, internal gaze that's given thee. The darkened mantle which wisdom wears at times, is but thrown on to shield the inner robe, that when she comes thy joyous guest, her garments may be pure and shining.

During the months in which the "Lily Wreath" was given, a manuscript volume of about four hundred pages was also given through Mrs. Adams, addressed to a lady in this city. The title prefixed to this volume is "LIFE ETERNAL." It possesses great merit, full of instruction and deep thought, beautifully expressed. A series of chapters selected from this volume are now being published in this paper.

In the month of March, the same year, was also received through Mrs. A., the "RIVULET FROM THE OCEAN OF TRUTH," published by Bela Marsh, with introduction and incidental notes by John S. Adams.

It is a thrilling account of an unprogressed spirit; and the light received by that spirit through Mrs. A.'s mediumship. From this pamphlet is quoted the following words, which revert to the past life of this spirit; her innocent childhood; her fall and degradation in maturer life; her agony; her death, and the hell in which she was an inhabitant thirty years after death:

Oh, memory! oh, memory rolling me back! Oh, where? Oh, where? Yes, back to earth—back to the home of my childhood; in the cradle of innocent love; in the arms of a fond parent, nestling in confidence on that bosom. And years flow on. That kind hand leads me. Years added to years, but not goodness to innocence. Maturity comes—maturity of time, but not of spirit—I no longer rest on that parent's breast; no longer in the bosom of love I nestle. That hand, that once protected me I curse. Her spirit passes away; sorrow and disappointment was her shroud. On my grave no tears are shed; none to moisten the green sod, and it grew dry and barren like her early hopes. Yes, memory rolls me back, and it brings an agony of soul; that was my mother! Her form was mouldering back to dust—and I was mouldering back to misery. Years fled; and icy age came trembling on me. In darkness I wandered; to eternal misery; as I was taught to believe my soul was fast hastening. As I went down that holy form went up.

Another dying couch. Memory played well her part; like arrows of conviction she pierced me. Dark as my own, were beings about me—kindred to mine. And their words came pouring into my soul—God will condemn to eternal misery! Demons filled the room; darkness brooded over me; the spirit fled down, leaving hope in the grave. No stone marks the spot—'tis well; sunken is the mound—'tis better; oblation to my destiny.

Then I passed where all were dark as my own spirit, each with guilt that stained the soul with deepest dye; and we were truly companions in woe, for no brilliancy emanated from either soul.

And years fled on, carrying that loved one still upward, till one dark, dreary night, I saw a star; none other saw it. I called; I implored; it answered me; it grew brighter and larger; it came to me in the human form; nearer he came; he took me by the hand; he bade me rise; joyously I listened. He told me of other stars that shone far above him, for him, that carried him from darkness to a bright land; that God loved me, and would let me come too. He led me to this bright land. Me, in sin, and unworthy. And oh, the debt of gratitude that rests in this heart.

In the fall of 1854 the "BOUQUET OF SPRING FLOWERS" was commenced, and completed in the spring of 1855. This volume is a continuation of the "Lily Wreath," of the same size and character, given chiefly through Mrs. Adams, and published by Bela Marsh, of Boston, the same year. The following is given as a specimen of the style and character of this book:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Where shall I find my God?" The pure in heart will meet him in the gentle stream and within the tiny flower. Duty wears no mystic veil to the

soul, to the heart of purity; for on creation's face they read the lineaments of his parental love. The pure in heart flow unto him, each stream of thought is a crystal brook that sparkles its spirit home to Duty. The pure in heart find no shadows floating between them and God. Through love and faith they look, and with eyes of peace behold the universe, a circling glory of enchanter life, twining to the great central Spirit, God. Through flowery paths, the pure in spirit walk, not by the wayside hedges; they bound along the wide and beautiful avenues of love, linking their life and thoughts with myriad souls. The pure in heart see bright divinity of beaming love shining through humanity; they gaze on brightness through the love of the spirit within the mortal. They do not sit on the bank of despair, where the deep and angry waters of sin and error are flowing on, but they sit them down by the cooling, flowing stream of happiness, and on its wavelets send their sparkling trust to the bosom of their Father, God. Blessed are the pure, for they shall see Him. Each moment of their life bears unto them the impress of their Father's face; and on the mighty works his hand hath made, they see the image of their God. How blessed are they that ride on those plume-like, bounding, sparkling thoughts, that send their spirits out in dewy crystals to be attracted to some sapphire sea of bliss, where bright and sparkling jewels dash 'round the shores, and diamonds point the way to bliss, and emerald islands dance in ether light, and jeweled vines spread out from soft angelic forms, and the mortal music floats along the breeze. This is the port; this is the port to which the hearts of purity sail to see their God. Then launch thy spirit nobly forth, and on the quivering aspirations of thy immortal soul, send its beauty dancing on flowers of bliss immortal. Warbling melody shall greet the soul. The sweet enchantment shall entrance the vision, and the soul of pure desire shall gaze through countless vistas of eternal space, on the image of its God.

Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit mounts. Every holy aspiration is a chariot inviting the soul to fly onward. Each loving thought is a wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal, and sublime. So blessed are the pure for they shall see God; no atom of creation shall be a thing too small for them to gaze upon and behold Him. In each shall be seen a kingdom of His glory; a bright ennobling power that leads home through wisdom's ways to their Father, God. Each day of life, and each one shall bear the shadow of His spirit.

While o'er the silvery sea of purity we sail, the lilies of life shall adorn our way. As we pass along, the waving branches above shall duplicate their dewy leaves by being mirrored on the waters below, as the future, the golden future, paints its form upon the stream of the past. So to purity let us wed our souls, that we may through eternity gaze upon our God.

About the time the communications of the Bouquet were received, a series of communications were commenced and given through Mrs. A., addressed to Mr. George W. Keene, of Lynn, Mass., and continued weekly for more than two years. This volume is largely, containing about one thousand pages. The beauty, love and power contained in these communications, I have no language to convey a just idea of. They are like the waves of the ocean in power; like the sunlight in clearness; like the soft atmosphere of summer in love, and like the fragrance of flowers in their emanations of beauty. It seems strange why this volume, so full of the rich treasures of thought, has not been given to the public.

We quote the following paragraphs:—

God back in the dim recesses of the spirit life a God-power, unknown, unrecognized and unwhipped. Wouldst thou be born into this power? Then pass through shadows willingly; pass back into the recesses of philosophy, where reason holds the scepter; fathom the spirit, learn the depth, the height, the breadth of the soul, and the new birth shall follow—all things shall become new, old things shall pass away, principles shall be clear as the noonday sun. There is a gigantic power that lies in the human mind, and the period is nigh at hand when it shall become triumphant over matter, so that man shall literally walk on the waves. Let man be a learner, not a teacher, and this shall be. 'The Lord is in His holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' His temple is the universe, and the universe obeys His will in silent beauty. The spirit fills its fleshy form, its earthly temple, and let it be silent and obedient to the influx of spirit power.

He who suffered in the garden of Gethsemane, whose life was thickly draped in sorrow, comes to earth again; he comes triumphant now.

The spirit of man is strengthened by shadows, the more darkness and shades of night, the more soft dews that fall on the grassy plains, the greener, fresher do they grow.

The grassy field that loves to rise in such deep trust unto the skies, is like the heart;

The more the heart doth ache and sigh, The thicker will the blossoms lie;

The more the shadows round the heart, The more the angels come to part

The departing gloom away.

All the wishes of the heart come from God, and are a part of Himself, and every longing of the soul shall be a sphere of bliss unto all, rounded into love.

The sigh, the tear—the smile, the flower—are respirations of God's life drawing us, drawing us. If the rose does not enchain us, its thorn has not pierced us. If the green valley does not invite us, the rugged mountain has not been climbed.

Thou canst take hold of heavenly things; why were they made, if not for man? His nature is suited to their investigation; their beauties are invited to his hand to break the seal.

When reading from out the varied things of life that tell of God, learning in deep research of His power, know that whatever beauty is there should find a kindred joy within thy soul—it was made for thee. He made the great creation vast, and all that therein is; He formed the eye and ear of man to gaze and listen to those works; they are all adapted to his capacity. As you go on in gradations of knowledge, you will find how admirably suited to each unfolding are all His mighty works. No suddenness of truth comes o'er thee, but all goes grading on in symmetry and love, till thou loost in Divinity. See how the earth rings with harmony to fill the ear, the organ that conveys sweet music; to the soul, there is a beautiful harmony that comes up from earth; to the well cultivated soul there is ever melody; no note seems out of tune; some have a finer sound, others pool forth louder strains—but strike them all with a skillful hand, and you have the well-filled harmony; but learn ye first to gather notes, and then set them to God's harmony. We are all, as it were, notes in the great music-scale of life; note well the varied positions they occupy upon the staff of life; the music dwells within the soul of the composer—the deep-toned note is requisite to the softening of the higher, while intermediate notes come blending in.

How sacred to man is his own bright soul; how beautiful the thought that identity lives; that we shall rove hereafter through space and time, with all these, our own legitimate faculties. How glorious the thought that we merge not into one flowing wave of life, but keep our ripples individualized. Keep this little atom of existence singularized from the multitude. Eternal destiny is ours, and ages far hence shall find us still the same, (though brighter by wisdom and progression) with all these warm desires. We shall taste of eternity with the same pleasure as now we drink it. Oh, these immortal faculties! Take ye the fruit of love—the soul might look for ages on the theme, and still grow wiser; we can love through rolling eternity; we can sym-

pathize when the spirits have traversed unnumbered worlds; we can hope while time endures. Where shall the spirit take its rest? As we walk over the boundary of creation, the eternity of thought, the immortality of conception fills the soul with wonder.

We pass to heaven and home on thoughts; the deed of yesterday is gone—gone into revolving eternity; perchance we shall meet it again—past records we may read again.

We move on like waves of the ocean; one billow bounds with another—ripple follows ripple, and we dash to eternity's shore. And thus the great universe of life looks only like the waves of the ocean. We cannot stray from the locality where God has planted us—and the little ripples make up the great life-current, and the tide of angel existence now flowing in on these waters, will rise up on the sands of existence, will make a swelled sea, and they shall never ebb.

Let mortals ask how high is the angel-tide? are the waters rolling on our lands? Tell them the foam is dashing on; bright jewels are in the sea, and every wave shall bring them a pearl from the depths of celestial love, and the tide of angel-life is rising higher and higher; soon the waters will flow over the land, so that every soul may go forth sailing in calmness.

'Tis not imagination that paints on the canvas bright angel forms, with wings; 'tis drawn from sweet reality, and the Christian knows not the power that lies within his wings; he knows not how far they reach into the world of life and beauty; he knows not what angels gaze and sit watching their quivering. This is not a fancy picture; there's not a soul within the universe but hath these pinions. Man cannot conceive—'tis God originates. Man imitates; the image of angels with wings is a bright ideal, and a golden real. Then, Christian, wilt thou fold these wings, or wilt thou write upon them thy longings and thy supplications, and send them forth in faith?

Many unprogressed spirits, at different times, have communicated through Mrs. A., and in consequence of this coming to mortals have been made better and happier in their spirit life.

The "Progressive Life of Spirits after Death," a pamphlet of thirty pages, published by Bela Marsh, in 1855, given by unprogressed spirits, was chiefly communicated through Mrs. Adams.

The following dialogue is a specimen. The spirit of Lightfoot spoke through George A. Redman, entranced; and the spirit of Lightfoot's mother through Mrs. Adams, entranced.

Lightfoot.—Where, where is my mother? I want to talk with her.

Mother.—Your mother is here; she has a star that will pierce you.

Lightfoot.—Mother, mother, speak to me.

Mother.—Take away the cloud; I will grow.

Lightfoot.—Oh, how I love to meet thee here; let me hold thee by the hand; there is a sweet perfume, my mother, that rises from thy spirit breath. Oh, give me one word from thy progressive life. Mother do, dear mother.

Mother.—Sweet and calm as the evening breezes are the joys I would bring. Live nearer me, child of my heart; lay thy aching head upon my breast; closer, closer come. I am waiting for thee. Look above, closer, and see myriad spirits waiting to convey thee home; long lost, long absent one. A mother's heart still clings with fondest emotion, and ever shall my wings of affection fly around my flower, broken from its parent stem. Blossom, hasten to thy bowl of happiness. Blighted by sin, come, fly, I call, I beseech—come, come, hopeful, erring one; hasten to these arms. Oh, my God! who can make the parent heart forget!

Lightfoot.—I advance towards thee, mother; reach down thy hand, and let me kiss the rising virtue that emanates from thy form. Methinks I see thee handing to my thirsty soul the nectar of life eternal.

Oh, come, come, come to me, and let my head rest upon thy bosom, and my hand from thee gather the fruit of progression. Thou hast yet the feelings of a mother; and though low, has fallen a leaf from thy stock, yet will there ever remain a silent pulsation of gratitude to thee. I am rising, I am rising.

Mother.—(Addressing the circle.) Turn away the gaze of the curious; let pity come and shed her tears, for the lost one is once more folded to the heart of a fond mother.

Hope, hope has drawn away the dark curtain, and my child is unveiled to my view. We have met as thousands more shall meet. Oh, give me angel-flow of words to breathe out gratitude. Think you that I was happy when sorrow wafted her cold breeze around my child in darkness, unfolded in error, and blossomed in sin? Did an angel mother not weep for hope? Oh, let his come and anchor on the ocean of love. By your united efforts you have brought him to me. Oh, turn him not away. My lost lamb is called home. He hears these glorious accents. Oh, the gushing, bursting, swelling joy that keeps within my soul! Oh, give his spirit wings of faith to bear it on the brighter forms.

Seest thou the path o'erspread with flowers by angel-hands? and from angel-tread a fragrance shall ascend to fill your souls. We are grasping heaven's joys; we are nearing our heavenly home; we are blended in sympathy, shrouded in one mantle of love.

I love you all; a mother's joy is full. Oh, let it ring; oh, let angels echo the glad tidings; oh, let it ring on, on to eternity.

Lightfoot.—It was dark; a gloomy sorrow hung over my spirit when I went to a spirit-land. No ray of sunshine lit the darkened portals of my heart. My mother was lost to me. Alone did I wander over the dark prairies of the spirit-world till I came to earth; and here I have met friends; and here I would express my gratitude. Here, while wandering still in darkness, I saw a star; 'twas dim at first; in it I saw a mother's love. I saw the sweet smile of recognition, and now the arms of my mother twine close around me.

Mother.—Earth shall yet hear all my gratitude. It shall hear a mother's joy; page after page shall be inscribed. His life, oh, what a blank! These eager arms have caught him; these heart-throbs pillow his head again; and a mother's arms of love now cradle him to repose. Long did he rove, an undisciplined star. Distance, not love, divided us. In shadowy dreams, in phantoms wild, I used to stand beside him. Now no longer hope comes in the dream, but reality has fired my soul and clothed it, and has brought me back my wayward child. Our threads of life are thickly twining now; he grows within my soul; eyes of affection now bathe his soul with the dews of a mother's tenderness, twining around him. Was he once dark? Oh, tell me not that! The fountain-source of love has the shadow and the light. The parent stem will claim the blighted leaf, will own the decaying buds. He is mine, restored to me. If thanks will recompense, my soul would speak in volumes.

Many believe that unprogressed spirits cannot communicate through the truest and best mediums. This belief seems erroneous. It is the work of angels to lead souls from darkness to light, and with the assistance of their own spirits, through mediums more congenial to themselves, dark spirits under their immediate influence are brought to mortals for the light that they should have found while in the material form. It is angel work to lead souls to God, to lesson the pains of human woe, and such effort in sympathy and compassion is the true language of *Christian love*.

Many communications have been received through Mrs. A., by a large number of persons; and all, without exception, have evinced truthfulness, clearness and beauty. Communications through her have been sought for by all who knew her, with feelings of interest and eagerness; but from her physical in-

ability, many, many who have sought them, have gone away disappointed. Her heart has ever been willing, without the consideration of material reward, to communicate to all; for her soul loves spiritual more than earthly treasures; loves to give more than to receive.

During the two last years very few communications have been given through Mrs. A., owing to a general weakness of her whole physical being; but her spirit vision and intuition in a normal condition, has often been clear and active. Her bodily sufferings have been, at times, very great; she has been at death's door. During the last twenty weeks previous to May 1, she has been confined to her bed, most of which time she has been helpless; has suffered constant pain, at periods, almost beyond endurance. In this sickness she has been closely watched, and lovingly cared for by great numbers of spirit friends, and in her severest sufferings, when it seemed to those around that her spirit must be loosed from its tenement, she has been entranced, and sung, and laughed, and spoke of the beauties amid which her spirit guides had led her. Her experience in spiritual things during these months of agony, has taught her deep lessons of beauty, in unfolding to her a knowledge of the nearness of the spirit world to this, and the intimate relations that exist between the inhabitants of that world and this. These truths, with the instruction from numerous visions that have been given her, would make a volume of deep interest for all.

During her hours of greatest agony, in her conscious moments, she has prayed one constant, fervent prayer, that God would give her power to heal diseases, and make her an humble instrument in His hand to lessen pain and agony, that others may not suffer as she has suffered.

The following words of Madame Guyon may be well applied to Mrs. A.: "I have sometimes thought that the Lord deals with his friends who are dearest to him, as the ocean does with its waves. Sometimes it pushes them against the rocks, when they break in pieces; sometimes it rolls them on the sand, or dashes them on the mire. And then, in a moment, it retakes them 'into the depth of its own bosom, where they are absorbed with the same rapidity with which they were first rejected. The more violently they are dashed upon the rocks, the more quickly and impetuously do they return to the great centre."

Mrs. A.'s character is humble, simple, child-like, forgiving, passive, and affectionate. She has a large soul which makes her humility; clear conceptions of truth which make her simplicity; the kingdom of heaven within which makes her child-like; Christian love which makes her forgiving; and a powerful will which makes her passiveness; and the expanding germ of love which makes her affection.

She has given her by nature that condition of soul which invites the influx of truth from the fountain of eternal wisdom. In her demeanor she is modest and retiring, shrinking from any reputation of earthly greatness—from all the false ceremonies of life—from fashion and all its vanities. Her soul rises without pretence above the love of earthly things, and breathes and grows in the more congenial world of spirit-life.

A. B. CHILDS.

ANOTHER TEST FROM MR. MANSFIELD.

The following correspondence, besides being interesting for the truth it contains, is of much importance because of the standing of Mr. Burke, who figures therein as the initiator. Mr. Burke is regarded in New Orleans with the same respect as Abbott Lawrence was in Boston, and the reputation of the spirit addressed, who has left many friends on earth, is well remembered by those in his profession. A correspondent, writing to a friend from New Orleans, where the parties reside, says:—

"The communication received by Mr. Burke is satisfactory and conclusive to all reasonable persons in the city who know the parties. Mr. Grymes was one of the most distinguished lawyers in the land, and, as he says, his opinion was law.

Mr. Burke was formerly one of our largest and most influential merchants. Although retired from business, his name is a household word in New Orleans. He is a gentleman that does not 'jump at conclusions,' but investigates thoroughly all subjects in which he becomes interested. I say this much in regard to his position, in justice to him, and for your own satisfaction. The publication of the article referred to, will do much good. Some say, 'he must be crazy—a man of his sense—to be humbugged.' &c. Others are induced to investigate for themselves—and upon inquiry, they find that there are hundreds among us who are 'humbugged'—their most intimate friends, whose advice and judgment they will rely upon on any other subject."

(From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.)

SPIRITUALISM.

BY GLENDY BURKE.

I am fully aware of the position which an individual assumes who comes before the public in the character of a teacher. It is not, however, in such capacity that I appear, but in that of an inquirer after truth, in the examination of decidedly the most important subject that can be presented for human investigation. I have been led to examine the subject of modern Spiritualism, purely in its intellectual manifestations, from having listened with profound attention to the lectures of Mr. Foster, at Armory Hall, which were remarkable alike for their erudition and eloquence. My progress has been of intense interest to me, and the developments throughout have been of the most satisfactory character. I have realized to my mind positive evidence—which is far beyond faith—of the immortality of the soul and the immediate communication of departed spirits with us here on earth. Whatever may be the teachings of the Bible, or however widely views may differ among various denominations of the Christian church, there can be no doubt that Spiritualism fully satisfies the minds on those points of all who will calmly and truthfully examine it.

To become perfectly satisfied, in addition to manifestations submitted to me here in New Orleans, I sought to secure a test to remove doubts most likely to arise from the supposed influence of personal contiguity, or what is ascribed by some to thought-reading! I therefore addressed a communication to the spirit of an old and intimate personal friend—now some time departed—I mean the late Col. John R. Grymes, of New Orleans. I determined to keep all knowledge of its particulars to myself, and mentioned to only two or three confidential friends the fact of having thus written—but to no person whatever was the communication in question ever submitted. I transmitted that letter, under cover of an under-envelope, to prevent its being read by any external means, to Mr. Mansfield, at Boston, on the 31st of March, requesting him, in a separate letter, as a medium, to procure for me a spirit-reply thereto. The envelop which covered my letter to Col. Grymes was without any superscription, and was carefully sealed with wax, and impressed with my private seal, to prevent its being opened without detec-

lish. It was never opened, as the following facts will establish:—

On the 19th of April I received through the post office, in reply, a sealed package from Mr. Mansfield, having the Boston postmark of the 10th. My letters are placed in the box of Wm. E. Thompson, Esq., and are usually handed to me, as this was, at his office. I opened it and found it to contain my blank sealed envelope, returned to me without superscription, and the seal unbroken. It had never been opened. I requested John M. Chilton, Esq., to open it, which he did, in the presence of Mr. Thompson, Esq., and the under envelope was found within which enclosed my letter to Col. Grymes, as before stated. That letter was then read by Mr. Chilton and Mr. Thompson, and is the same herewith published. Besides this unopened letter thus returned to me, the reply thereto from Col. Grymes, written by the medium or mediums, Mr. Mansfield, was likewise in the package, (which was also read,) together with the old envelope with which I had covered my sealed communication and my letter to Mr. M., which old envelope bears the New Orleans postmark upon it.

I refer to the two gentlemen just named to corroborate the facts so far as they are stated to have occurred in their presence. They occupy adjoining offices.

In my letter to Mr. Mansfield I had simply requested him to transmit to me such answer as might be dictated in reply to my enclosed sealed communication, not in the slightest manner intimating to him that I was intended or what were its contents! He could not, therefore, have been otherwise than totally ignorant of them, for never having shown the letter to any one, and it never having been opened to him, until returned to me and opened by Mr. Chilton, its contents could never have been known to Mr. Mansfield or any other human being but myself. Even had the contrary been the case, and Mr. Mansfield had made himself acquainted with the contents, the complete identity both of character and brief history of Col. Grymes, but slightly known at best to any stranger, would seem to make it impossible for the reply to have come from any other source than the one it indicates.

I submit the correspondence, and it speaks for itself. It has proved as surprising to me as it must to others; while, if it serves as an incentive to the investigation of Spiritualism on the part of others, one of its chief objects will have been accomplished. For it costs as nothing to investigate, while the recompense may prove of infinite value to those who truthfully undertake it; there being no subject of investigation which furnishes material for deep and abiding interest equal to that which intimately concerns our personal welfare on earth and eternal destiny hereafter. Then, if such investigation proposes to afford results which may be to his advantage and never to his disadvantage, surely he who turns contemptuously away from its consideration must indeed be a madman. Should it fail, however, of conviction, the inquirer is never made worse by the inquiry. Do not, therefore, denounce that of which you may be entirely ignorant. Denounce it when you have found it worthy of your denunciation, after an impartial investigation, but not until then.

LETTER TO COL. GRYMES.

"NEW ORLEANS, March 31, 1853.

"DEAR COLONEL:—My attention has recently been drawn to the consideration of the subject of modern Spiritualism. So far as my mind has progressed in its examination, most favorable impressions have been made upon it of the harmonical character of the philosophy it inculcates, and the evidences it affords of the immortality of the soul. Tests of various character are deemed necessary to meet the requirements of the various organizations of the human mind; and these tests, we are assured, are afforded to win from error those who seek truth for its own sake on the most important subject to man.

It is not, therefore, the prompting of superficial curiosity which has impelled this communication, but a higher and nobler purpose has led me. God in His infinite and boundless love to man has so constituted his mind that he cannot be content with ephemeral hopes and assurances of faith regarding his destiny. He must have something more, for it is a divine law of his organization, written upon his soul, to call for evidence which shall not be rejected, and that law, like all others, must be fulfilled.

Tell me, then, of your spirit. Does it live, and live forever? Tell me of a hereafter, and the true philosophy to govern man and prepare him for final happiness.

In all truth and sincerity, not in idle seeking, and to use your response for my own and others' good I have thus written these lines.

G. BURKE.

To Col. John R. Grymes."

REPLY.

"MY DEAR BURKE:—God be praised that you have thought proper to seek this great pearl of priceless value. You have dared to be a man, to say to the skeptical, and I may well add, infidel world, that, as for Glendy Burke, you dare investigate the subject of Spiritualism; let the world say what it might, come what would, you have resolved and re-resolved to investigate the subject for yourself; believe and know for yourself; in fact, I may say, you have undertaken it in right good earnest.

Now, Burke, if you will but heed your impressions closely, you shall yet become a medium source, through which you may, of your own dear self, converse with your dear departed. Your organism is of that investigating character, not believing any assertion without sifting it thoroughly before you accept it, but when your senses are reasonably convinced of its practicability or truth, you are not so bigoted as not to openly avow your opinion, though you meet the frowns of the whole world. Thus far, you say, in your examination of the subject, you have been favorably impressed, yet you say you are not convinced, beyond doubting that this intelligence may not be through or from some unseen or undiscovered law or principle of nature which may yet be developed through scientific investigation. Excuse me; you do not say so in your letter to me, yet, I read that in your mind. You do say, 'tests of various character are deemed necessary to meet the various organizations of the human mind.' What shall I say by way of test that shall not only convince you of my spirit identity, but the inhabitants of my dear, dear once earth home, New Orleans? Time was when John R. Grymes talked and was listened to in your city—his word was law, because it was truth.

But my mind reverts to my boyhood times in my Virginia home; and passing from that to a later period of my earth-life, I find myself a resident of Louisiana; this was prior to its having been an independent State! I was then a feeble instrument with many others, most of whom have passed on to spirit-life, in the then most public transactions of the State affairs. Further on, I find myself fighting the battles of your country; later on, defending the just and legal rights of my General, the Hero of New Orleans, who was afterwards President of the United States. I mention these facts, just that I credit myself for having accomplished much or little; no, no; but that you may have sufficient evidence of my identity.

Oh, ye inhabitants of my not long since happy home, New Orleans! if there is one city on your vast universe that the spirits of the departed are in abundance hovering over, anxious for its conversion, it is that city! Already has the great and glorious work commenced; and you will witness such an overturn of religious teachings, dogmas, creeds and superstitious idolatry, that in ten years you could not be made to believe that such teachings as are in any of your religious societies promulgated, could ever have been taught! The day has dawned when the people will think for themselves. Though you may experience some pretty sharp shooting from Priest, Clergy and Professors, fear not; for the company that is for you, though by most mortals unaccounted for, yet they are ten to one of those who dare to oppose.

Oh, my dear Burke, you have much reason to praise our Heavenly Father that you live in this

age, when your eyes behold so great a salvation! You ask me if my spirit lives. Judge you for yourself. Spirit-life will find you when earth or mortal life leaves you!

Your only safe manner of proceeding yourself is to follow the dictates of reason and that given you by your spirit friends: *Love to do right, love man; but love God supremely!*

I have said more, dear Burke, than I intended to have said when I kind of I do still exist in spirit, then I hope still further to correspond with you. Call on me wherever you go, and I will try to communicate. Then, after saying, investigate every inch, rather take not a step that you do not know where you step; by so doing, you will become settled and grounded as you go along!

Now, one word more, then I close. You must not stop to criticize my manner of communicating! I have done as well as I could under the circumstances which surround your mind and the organism through which I communicate.

Then, adieu, till I come again!

JOHN R. GRYMES.

April 9, 1853."

SPIRITUALISM.

The following sensible and just remarks are from the Albany Argus of the 28th ultimo:—

MEASRS. EDITORS.—I find the following in the Atlas and Argus of yesterday.

LOREN SOT WISLEY.—Thomas Kline, of St. Louis, for becoming a convert to FARRIS SPIRITUALISM, loses his wife in a divorce suit, and has to pay her \$3000 a year alimony.

I would ask, in all candor, what, do you know of Spiritualism, that authorizes such imputations on their character? Are they an immoral class—are they "Free Lovers?" Do their doctrines tend to subvert public morality—and if so, in what respect?

I have mingled among Spiritualists, more or less, for years, in the character of an investigator of certain phenomena; and, so far as I am able to judge, they are behind no class of people in the country, in the practice of all or any of the cardinal virtues. Do you charge them with being "Free Lovers?" Sensualists? Certainly, the paragraph I have quoted, and many similar ones have heretofore appeared in your paper, import as much.

So far as regards the conduct of the man mentioned in the above paragraph, I know nothing, but I do know that Spiritualism is in no wise responsible for it; and I protest against the almost daily slanders of the press, against the character of a very numerous and highly respectable class of the American people. That there is occasionally a weak-minded man found among them—a fanatic—is undoubtedly true, as in what class, sect, or even profession, is there not? You denounce Kallioch in strong terms, and undoubtedly with justice, but you did not go out of your way to denounce the whole Baptist denomination.

It is a pitiable bigot who would attribute either a constitutional bias in an individual, or a common weakness of humanity, to the particular creed or theoretical belief such individual may adopt—unless such creed canonizes the fault of a virtue.

It was Jefferson, I think, who said, that he whose conduct is right, his religion cannot be wrong; and you, in an able article defending Roman Catholics of this country against Know Nothing proscription and intolerance, eloquently enforced the same idea. And Spiritualism tends, as it does to nothing else, to enforce the principle of individual freedom and individual responsibility. Spiritualists demand that they may enjoy the common right of religious liberty.

But is not, after all, the same common, vulgar prejudice, that has persecuted reformers and reformers since history began, the author of all the slanders against Spiritualists, as a class? It must be so, for a man may belong to any class or sect but "Spiritualists," and be guilty of any crime, and it is not even hinted that the class he belongs to is in the least responsible for it. For instance—a New York paper chronicled, a few days since, the insanity of a printer, under the head of "Another Victim of Spiritualism;" and in the same column of the same paper, the insanity and crime of a Baptist clergyman are recorded under the head of "Unfortunate."

Truly yours, VERITAS.

SPIRIT POWER.

SALEM, MASS., 1853.

MEASRS. EDITORS.—I have been a close investigator of the spiritual phenomena for several years. And through the evidence which has been presented to me, I have become satisfied of the truth of spirit intercourse, sufficiently to make me interested in the various manifestations and communications which appear in your valuable paper.

But there is one manifestation which I have never heard satisfactorily explained; and which, if you can yourselves, or through Mrs. Conant, have solved, it would interest me as well as many others. It is this. How do spirits transport material objects, often to great distances—and what conditions are necessary to the evolution of this phenomenon?

Now, a friend of mine in Salem, who is very successful in obtaining wonderful feats of spirit power, tells me that within a few months he has had papers and other substances brought to him, at the house of a medium, (Mr. J. A. Bassett,) and that the articles have every evidence in themselves that they were brought from a place not less than 1200 miles distant. Not only this, but it has been a common thing with him to have articles brought to him from Boston and other places.

The interest in Spiritualism has not decreased in Salem at all, and we hear of as many new converts to the faith as the revivalists make. There is now, as there has been, a great deal of opposition from sectarian bigotry, which has characterized most of the sects, ever since Salem received its name.

Dr. J. A. Bassett has been very successful in the sphere of healing, and has thus made many converts who would not be convinced in any other way, and carries out in his practice the perfect character of a practical Christian Spiritualist.

Fraternally, M. C. L.

These manifestations are not very common, yet there are some mediums who assert that they take place with them, and instances have been known where their statements have been corroborated by respectable witnesses. It has been stated that persons having peculiar powers as mediums are selected by spirits for these manifestations—that they draw from the medium a larger share of material life, whereby they are enabled to invest their own form with sufficient materiality, as to enable them to come in contact with material things—to handle them. That this materiality, belonging as it does to the animal form of the spirit of the medium, must, of necessity, return to air, from whatever part of space it may be carried by the spirit operating. In fact, it forms a telegraphic wire, as it were, connecting the spirit producing the manifestation and the body of the medium. The spirit, by means of this, takes possession of any object he wishes to carry, and when he has control of it, he allows the material force to return to its owner. If it is a bouquet of flowers—the spirit forms material matter belonging to the medium he is operating for, about his own hand, for instance, which renders the spirit hand sufficiently tangible to hold material things, and as this borrowed materiality is not, and cannot be, severed entirely from the mortal form which owns it, it

returns again, to it, and none other, as soon as the spirit who has used it for a specific purpose relinquishes his temporary control.

Probably there are other theories—for we do not think any of us are yet capable of really understanding fully this mode by which spirits operate in their various manifestations. Truly did Paul say, "Now we see through a glass darkly." We cannot know the realities of spirit life are visible to us as inside the veil. We may know that these manifestations occur, but the precise method by which they are made it is not always possible for us to understand fully.—Ed.

A MANIFESTATION.

The Haverhill Gazette, of May 22, contains a communication from one of its readers who signs himself "Philosopher," touching some spiritual manifestations in that vicinity, from which we quote the following paragraph:—

"Sometime since, a person in this town was desirous of procuring a certain medicinal herb known as 'adder's tongue,' but failing to find it at the druggists, and being informed that it could be found in a certain piece of woods in Bradford, went, a few days since, in company with three other persons—one of whom is a medium, so called—in search of the herb. After searching unsuccessfully for some time, the party sat down for the purpose of consulting the spirits, to ascertain if the herb really did exist there. It was not long before the medium was influenced, and suddenly started running at a rapid rate some distance through the woods till he came to a small tree, which he involuntarily clasped with his hands, and held it firmly, till his associates arrived. Only one of the party, and that one not the medium, was acquainted with the appearance of the herb, and while the medium held fast to the tree a search was commenced, which resulted in finding the much desired article, about four feet from the tree. After this was gathered the medium moved in another direction, and stooping down began to pat with his hands upon the dry leaves that covered the ground. The leaves were removed and more of the same herb was found beneath them, just springing up, which was also gathered. This operation was repeated several times, and invariably with the same success. This occurrence is a well authenticated fact. What power was it that thus directed the parties successfully in their search?"

The editor of the paper himself vouches for the truth of the statement made.

Late Foreign News.

Steamship City of Washington, from Liverpool, arrived at New York, brings news of considerable importance. A resolution had been proposed in the House of Commons by Mr. Cardwell, and in the House of Lords by Shaftesbury, censuring government for the publication of their despatches to the Governor General of India, in regard to his proclamations to the people of Oude. Ellenborough assumed all the responsibility and resigned. His resignation was accepted. The resolution was to be considered the day after the sailing of the City of Washington.

The House of Commons had disagreed to the amendments of the Jewish bill, and admitted Baron Rothschild as a member of their committee to confer with that of the Lords.

Sir Henry Bulwer has been appointed Minister to Constantinople; and Hon. Edward Erskine Secretary of Legation at Washington.

The Times says the resolution of censure will be supported by Lord John Russell and the Peelites party, as well as Palmerston.

Speculations were rife as to whether the ministry would resign or dissolve Parliament, in the event of the passage of the resolution.

The second election of the fifth circumscription, Paris, resulted in the success of the opposition candidate. The Paris Conference has been further postponed a few days.

M. Diaz, the Spanish Minister of the Interior, has resigned.

India.—The Calcutta mails of April 9th arrived at New York on the 4th of May. Lucknow was perfectly tranquil, and not a single armed man was to be seen. The 4th Bengal Light Cavalry, 100 strong, had been brought to a court martial at Umballah; 60 were sentenced to be hanged, and the remainder to be transported for life. A hot-weather campaign in Rohilound is considered inevitable. A strong force had marched for Bareilly. Col. Seaton's force had encountered and beaten the rebels, taking three guns. Another despatch from Malta says Rohilound was in possession of the rebels, who were said to be 100,000 strong. An amnesty was offered in Oude to all who returned to their allegiance, mutineers excepted.

Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

[NEW SERIES.]

ENIGMA—NO. 32.

I am composed of 110 letters.

My 107, 37, 44, 83, 14, 42, 9 is a pillar in Africa.

My 6, 22, 103, 13, 83, 15, 32, 99, 86, 46 is a monument in Egypt.

My 90, 105, 29, 36, 59, 60, 105 is a temple out from a rock.

My 101, 21, 84, 97, 56, 70, 77, 14 is an island in Oceania.

My 83, 15, 83, 60, 84 is noted for its large University.

My 110, 77, 16, 101, 94, 69, 37, 41, 30 is a large volcano.

My 23, 103, 107, 9, 20, 54, 80 are wandering tribes of people.

My 34, 15, 70, 32, 37, 27 is the birth-place of a Latin poet.

My 48, 24, 31, 49, 93, 22, 58 is a large cave.

My 9, 4, 59, 62, 92, 80, 41 is a large church in Europe.

My 49, 81, 40, 31, 12, 92, 6, 86, 69, 46, 54, 100, 27, 42 is a great natural curiosity.

My 21, 101, 49, 15, 82 is a noted hero in the early wars of America.

My 41, 42, 109, 72 is full of singing.

My 110, 15, 41, 1 we could not do without.

My 107, 68, 1, 14, 31, 103 expresses power.

My 85, 93, 61, 9 is a heathen deity.

My 2, 60, 63, 85, 70, 108, 23 is an editor of a paper.

My whole, find out.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. JOHN S. CARRER.

ENIGMA—NO. 33.

I am a word of 34 letters.

My 7, 32, 15 means to fix in the mind.

My 8, 13, 27, 20, 3, 13, 26, 22, 29 means extenuate, or make light.

My 2, 33, 18, 8, 1, 28, 10 means liable to mistake.

My 16, 5, 12, 34, 4 is a small bottle.

My 25, 6, 17, 26, 31, 8, 24 is a kind of cloth.

My 11, 30, 23, 25, 18, 6 is a house for persons devoted to religion.

My 21 is used as a numeral.

My whole is what all should do who write for this paper.

PAWTUCKET, R. I. EMMA.

Answers to enigmas received will appear in our next. The Children's Department is limited this week, owing to a great press of other matter. Our young friends must have patience.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.

Mrs. M. MUNSON, Medical, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 3 Winter street, Boston. See advertisement.

Mrs. DICKINSON, Trance and Healing Medium, 88 Beach street, Boston, May 15.

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 3 to 5 P. M. Terms 60 cents a session.

Mrs. M. E. EVANS, healing and developing medium, may be found at No. 29 Pleasant street, Charlestown. Terms for each sitting, 50 cents. April 17.

Mrs. SAMUEL UPHAM, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass. March 13.

Mrs. L. R. NICKERSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time desired. She will also attend funerals. Address Box 515, Worcester, Mass. Feb. 27.

Mrs. ROSA T. AMES, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address No. 82 Allen street, Boston. She will also attend at the funerals.

Mrs. DEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Room No. 30 Elliot street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 4, and from 7 to 9 P. M.

Mrs. SARAH A. MAQUON, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main st., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Cade. Jan 28.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

Mrs. R. HAYDEN, No. 5 Hayward Place, Rapping, Writing and Test Medium.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, trance-speaker, will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium, Address J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. J. S. TOWNSEND, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, 81 Broadway, N. Y.

Mrs. J. S. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoyant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. R. MONTGOMERY, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. Smo Jan 16.

Wm. R. JOCELYN, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. H. SPOKER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

GEORGE M. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Williamsville, Kentucky, Conn.

Advertisements.

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

ROOMS TO LET.—Two Rooms in the premises occupied by us, No. 31-2 Brattle street. They will be finished to suit occupants, and each will make a genteel office, for any one desiring it. May 22.

ROOMS.—PLEASANT PRIVATE ROOMS MAY BE OBTAINED by respectable parties on application to No. 42 Harrison Avenue. 39

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Parker's Sermons of Immortal Life, 5th Edition—Price, 10 cents. Parker's Speech delivered in the Hall of the State House, on the Present Aspect of Slavery in America, and the Immediate Duty of the North, Price, 17 cents. Also, Parker's two Sermons on Revivals, and one on False and True Theology—Price, 8 cents each. Just published, and for sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, where may be had all the various other writings of the same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale or retail prices. May 29.

PARKER'S THEOLOGY.—The Rev. Theodore Parker's Sermons on FALSE AND TRUE THEOLOGY, delivered in Boston, Feb. 14, to which is added the Prayers offered for his Conversion, and which are so pointedly referred to in his Sermons on Revivals. Also, published this day, the 28th thousand of Mr. Parker's two Sermons on FALSE AND TRUE REVIVAL OF RELIGION (April 1838). Retail price, 10 cents. Sent by mail by the publishers at the rate of one penny per copy. Rates by the thousand may be obtained by addressing WM. L. KENT & Co., Publishers, No. 5 State street, Boston. May 29

TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.—An ornament to a parlor, or Library, and useful for constant reference. The Franklin Institute, and the Franklin Institute, and sold cheaply by MOORE'S NIMS, Manufacturers, Troy, N. Y. May 29

NEW YORK HEALING MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT, No. 14 Pleasant street, entrance on Spear Place, Boston. Mrs. J. Heale the Black and reveals the Past, Present and Future. Terms for Examination, \$1; Revelation of Events, 50 cents. Hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. May 22

MRS. M. A. LEYON, M. D. MIDWIFE AND LADIES' PHYSICIAN, No. 36 Beach street, Boston. Mrs. L. has changed from FALSE AND TRUE THEOLOGY, the examination of discharges and spiritual communications, either by Writing, Rapping, Tipping, or Entranced. Persons sending half must enclose \$1, and two stamps. Information given upon other subjects by letter, \$2. Medicines for every ill, put up as the Spirit directs, and sent by express to every part of the world, at the lowest price, by laying on of hands. Patients attended at their residence. N. B.—Persons in indigent circumstances considered. May 15

A MOST STARTLING DISCOVERY.—The original Gospel of Jesus, translated from manuscripts in Latin, found in the Catacombs of Rome! Edited by the Rev. GABRIEL BARNUM. This Gospel is contained in Matthew from his own mouth, and those of PETER, MARK, LUKE and JOHN, and lastly revised by PETER. Also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; The Last Epistle of PETER to the Chaplains; The Acts of PAUL and the Jewish Sanhedrin, and the history of Jesus, by PETER. Also, the real New Testament, adorned by divines to have been lost in the early ages of the Christian Era, is found, and free from human interpolations, and here presented to the world. Price, 75 cents. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.; BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston; and EDISON SMITH, 5 Shattbury, Virginia street, No. 11 Central Row, Hartford, Conn. May 15

SPIRITUAL TRACES.—Now ready, a series of SPIRITUAL TRACES, by JUDITH EDMONDS. No. 1. Appeal; 2. Letter to Bishop Hopkins; 3. Newby; 4. Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse; 5. Certainty of ditto; 6. Speaking in many Tongues; 7. Intercourse with Spirits of the Living; 8. False Prophecy; 9. Trance; 10. Trance; 11. Trance; 12. Trance; 13. Trance; 14. Trance; 15. Trance; 16. Trance; 17. Trance; 18. Trance; 19. Trance; 20. Trance; 21. Trance; 22. Trance; 23. Trance; 24. Trance; 25. Trance; 26. Trance; 27. Trance; 28. Trance; 29. Trance; 30. Trance; 31. Trance; 32. Trance; 33. Trance; 34. Trance; 35. Trance; 36. Trance; 37. Trance; 38. Trance; 39. Trance; 40. Trance; 41. Trance; 42. Trance; 43. Trance; 44. Trance; 45. Trance; 46. Trance; 47. Trance; 48. Trance; 49. Trance; 50. Trance; 51. Trance; 52. Trance; 53. Trance; 54. Trance; 55. Trance; 56. Trance; 57. Trance; 58. Trance; 59. Trance; 60. Trance; 61. Trance; 62. Trance; 63. Trance; 64. Trance; 65. Trance; 66. Trance; 67. Trance; 68. Trance; 69. Trance; 70. Trance; 71. Trance; 72. Trance; 73. Trance; 74. Trance; 75. Trance; 76. Trance; 77. Trance; 78. Trance; 79. Trance; 80. Trance; 81. Trance; 82. Trance; 83. Trance; 84. Trance; 85. Trance; 86. Trance; 87. Trance; 88. Trance; 89. Trance; 90. Trance; 91. Trance; 9