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SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses
of H. W. Beecher, will be pub-
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EDWIN H. CHAPIN'S SERMONS.
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Written for the Banner of Light.

COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILKINSON.
CHAPTER VI.
AWAKENING.

Over the world, with weary footsteps straying,
With fading heart that vainly longs for rest,
Kissed by the breeze of some's midnight sighing,
In hazy mists, o'er the soul's unrest—
As time sped on, the novelty of change and travel
lost its charm, even for the young Cosella, who
raptly yearned for home quiet and repose. Al-
though so much of the beautiful, rare and sublime,
in art and nature, was presented to her view,
to impress everlasting upon her soul their images of
poetic beauty, their powers of inspiration, yet, true
to the first great dictate of a woman's heart, Cosella,
while yet a child, longed, wept and prayed for home.
She turned with listless woe from the lavish mag-
nificence of East river life, from its dazzling display of
wealth, its architectural wonders, that, though in
ruin, bore the impress of sublimity, fraught with
olden legends and the antique records of that storied
land. From the art galleries of Italy, from its
inimitable palaces and sites renowned in song, the child
turned, with sighing heart, to gaze upon the hamlets
embosomed in the flowery vales, the cottages nest-
ling amid the forest's depth. Amid Nature's scenes
of grandeur and of still repose so longed for the
artist's power, that she might retain those glowing
sunset tints, that she might imitate those awaying
branches, rustling to the evening gale; catch the
last sunlight reflection upon the rosette, floating
clouds above the sea; that she might immortalize
the human face, when truly divine it gleamed with
the seraphic illumination of pity, goodness and love.

From the great deep with its mysterious voices
telling that firming soul of God and life, the child
turned her fervent gaze up to the burning stars, and
in one ecstatic, far off, shining, silver orb fashioned
for herself a life of hereafter, a home amid the
beautiful. From the busy mart, the artificial life of
cities, she turned, in contemplation, to the humble
wayside homes, and sighed regretfully that such a
resting place was denied to her.

Again and again the deep was traversed, the
great cities of the earth passed by, the mountain
windings followed, and the placid rivers gazed upon,
and still no home repose awaited the longing, weary
heart of Shina and Cosella; still the demon of am-
bition, the raging thirst for gold, the shadow and the
uncrossed, dwelt in the darkened soul of Manasseh, and
urged him on to endless wandering.

There are those who say that there exists no
standard of right; that conscience is educational,
a conventional thing, that lives not of itself. Cosella's
awakening soul, her thoughts, her aims, her mo-
tives, were a living example to the contrary. Her
sense of honor, truth and justice was innate—
strengthened, it must have been, from above—
while all around, from earliest childhood, threatened
with subversion every aspiring thought. Intuitively
she recoiled from the maxims and sophistries of
Manasseh, delivered with so much holyunction.
Her quick understanding pondered over the vacilla-
tions, the superstitious teachings of Shina; and
earnestly, promptly, lovingly, the truth was ac-
cepted, revealed and understood by that angel-guarded
child. Ever the voice within repelled the theories
of renegades of a dread and fearful God; ever the
child's soul turned lovingly to the God of love, en-
shrined in beautiful forms, in all surrounding
Nature's vastness and loveliness; ever that still,
small, untaught voice applauded loudly whatever
reached its inner shrine, that was all true and pure;
ever faithfully it turned from the man-made laws
that fettered, to the God-mandate that gave righteous
liberty.

At twelve years of age, Manasseh's character
stood partially revealed before her, and she felt
increasing the vague fear, the shrinking mistrust,
that ever bound her in his presence. She knew him
as dishonest, untruthful, compromising with the
world. From the narrow, fettering creed he taught,
from the wearying ceremonies, with their gurgling,
soul void, Cosella turned with ill disguised repug-
nance, and from her own soul sought the light and
guidance; and there truth spoke unambiguously: "Thou
shalt not deceive either God or man!"

Thus slowly developed in that neglected cell
the germs of thought, of artistic beauty and poetic ex-
pression. Those truths came, bringing glorious tri-
umphs, early won, and religion, pure, untrammelled,
unfurled her snowy banner, and love inscribed his
mighty name. The influences of earth could not
content against the angel mother's guardianship,
nor win the victory from angel hosts.

Too early, alas, the cloud weight of premature
thought rested on Cosella's brow, and that moment
of inquiry of the future pressed on her child heart
with foreboding gloom.

Ever from her soul arose a cry, voiceless but
mighty, freighted with earth's heaviest burden of
woe and longing—a cry intense and prayerful, that
in its response would be gifted with divine power to
save—the human heart, cry for love!

For she found it not in Shina's arms, close nest-
ling to her heart; something was wanting in that
most devoted affection. Cosella often turned her
tear filled, asking eyes up to the starlit heavens,
and mutely questioned them.

Thus, early was the soul-tied link between her
spirit and heaven; the attractions of the upper world
enfolded, unconsciously, her being; the music of the
spheres rolled over the listening, unfeeling heart;
the altar flame was lit, unknown, within the secret
deep recess; the spontaneous, eloquent, oft wordless
prayer, was the tribute of an inspiration freely
given; the dreams of night and waking were revela-

tions from an inner source; the star worlds glistened
with magnetic, soothing power; the ideal realm, the
true, the beautiful, unfolded to the dreamer's sight.
Against its charmed walls the serpent forms of
worldly wrong sought vainly for admittance. False
religion, mammon-worship, and the host of untruth-
ful thoughts and images, could not approach the golden
door, could not breathe in the fragrant atmosphere
of the poet's, the dreamer's guarded realm.

Thus, world-travelled, yet unworldly-wise, the soul
light deepened in the child's dark eyes, and the
thought-cloud rested on her brow; strange thoughts
dwelt in her mind, unspoken, uncommunicated, sev-
er to the ear of night, the breast of ocean, the keeping
of the clouds. The faint bloom on her cheek deepened
with the vague, delicious, growing hopes; it
paled beneath the foreboding shadows that drew
ever near. And thus Cosella emerged from child-
hood, and stood upon the threshold of a new life, a
novice to the world, with even then a shadow of dis-
trust lingering on the sun-lighted path; even then,
with a presentiment of mighty trial, turning from
the great, open, beckoning, changing world, to the
ever radiant dream-land, the music world of song,
the whispering of spirit life.

The stars of heaven look down upon the placid
river; the ocean waves its crested head, the giant
palm bends whisperingly to the murmuring waters.
There, strange and dazzling with its gilded spire,
the tall pagoda stands amid enveloping foliage, and
clustering fruit trees. The boat glides idly with
the current and Cosella sits with folded hands and
upraised brow, her soul communing with the unseen
world. Thus run her thoughts, amid the silence of
the night, the strangeness of that Indian scene.

"They say that thou art afar off, great God! I
am thrown in majesty, with kingly pomp and power.
I cannot hope for, believe in Thee, thus. To me, thou
art everywhere; love, beauty, poetry, warmth, and
song! Thy voice is in the wind, in the thunder's
roar, in the outburst of the fall; thy might and glory
manifest in all! And here, oh Father-spirit," the
girl touched her heaving breast, "here in this heart
I feel thee, life, power, aspiration, strength, and love!
The spirit worlds, for I feel they are innumerable,
they are all ladders of ascension, worlds of chang-
ing, unfolding beauty; neither can be stationary, nor
heaven monotonous. Action, knowledge, wisdom,
love, and power, all is in the soul; can it be quenched
by death, extinguished by the hand of God himself?
No; ago after age I shall progress, unfold
and know! I shall become angel, seraph, spirit of love
and knowledge! I shall tread the mazy pathway of
the stars, I shall learn of the mysteries of life, I
shall know of love, and behold my God in higher
forms of thought and being. Spirit-life! Worlds
of mysterious beauty! Tremblingly, fervently, I as-
pire to your opening portals! Open, oh, golden gates
for me!"

Then over the rapt enthusiast's face there passed
a gleam of radiant light, and low, exquisite melody
drifted downward from the starry orbs, and faint
dew-sown in Cosella's awakening heart.

Apart, with gloomy brow and fixed eye, sits Man-
asseh, and his heart is troubled with the mercenary
cares of life. He fears no longer the living veils
of Percival Wayne; but luring and mocking
voices urge him on his restless course; gold the
guardian—wealth the purchase of tranquillity. The
stilled moans of conscience break through the iron
armor of his soul. Successful in spilling the blood
of the innocent; traveling in ease and luxury, still ill at rest;
for he dares not seek a wife; but drags over the
wide earth, the unwilling wife; the dreaming and
unfolding girl.

"Soon," he mutters, gazing fixedly at the young
Cosella, "soon she will be a woman; she is strictly
attentive to her prayers, to every ordinance of our
holy faith, but she is not zealous as I would have
her. She is abstracted, dreamy, fanciful; she in-
herits much of his nature—comes yet upon his
name! She braves me, too! she will not lie for me.
When I bade her affirm an assertion I made yester-
day before the European we met at the village, she
refused to do so, whispering that she would not tell
a falsehood for the world. Had Shina dared to do
this, I would have felled her to the earth! But she,
this pale, fragile girl, her eye gleams with her moth-
er's fiery spirit. I dare not touch her in anger, but
I will yet curb her soul."

Never, never, to wrong Manasseh; for angelic
guidance and guard her by thy power!
Shina sits gazing sadly upon the young girl, who be-
holds her not, unwrapt as she is in dreams. "She
loves me," murmurs the melancholy lips, "but her
thoughts, her strange, peculiar feelings, are but her
guard; she guards them watchfully, she tells me not her
girlish dreams. Oh, Ella, darling! once, when I am
laid to rest, thou wilt love me better!" the soft eyes
are filled with tears, but Ella sees not, her gaze is on
the distant worlds.

The boat ways to the current, the night wind
sighs, and spicy odors from the forest's depths are
borne to the river's banks. The silence of night
envelops the scene; the wanderers drift on.

The sun shines on the golden bosom of the Egyp-
tian Nile, blazes over the sacred plains of Palestine,
and lights the wanderer's pathway through the sandy
desert. On the Red Sea's track the ancient song
of Israel is sung by girlish lips, and like the Mir-
iam of old, Cosella stands upon the headland's top,
and renders praises to the Lord of hosts. By the
pearl islands, the palm groves of Persia, lingers the
awakening heart; not all enthralled by superstition
she dares to worship in silence the visible glories
of the Great pervading Spirit; she cannot confine to
given form or shape. Past the rocky coast of Ara-
bia, and past the Green Sea's beauty; images of po-
etic reverie, sweet food for song in years to come.
All swiftly passing, merging, once more into the
boundless expanse of ocean, the grandeur and solitude
of the overruling skies.

Again for month's the wanderers lived upon the
sea; the soothing calm, the sublimity of the storm,
alike welcome to the fearless girl, who revelled in the
tempest's power, and called in glee unto the throst-

ling waves. Then, as an island paradise beckoned
the shores of flowery Java, and beneath its burning
skies, amid its gorgeous growth of fruit, and flower,
and foliage, loitered harmlessly the fearless Northern
girl, with rosy cheeks, and elastic step
of health and youth.

But Shina bent to the fatal breath of its perfumed
airs. For months she lingered in the grasp of fever;
then pale, emaciated, sadly smiling as usual, she
was restored to health. Wildly, madly, had she
prayed for life; wildly, despairingly, had Cosella
entreated for her to God, and for a while the boon
was granted. They were nearer to each other than
before, for the girl had watched by the sufferer with
all a daughter's devotion and untiring love. What
Manasseh's thoughts were, none could tell. Strong
and unbending in his will-power, he yielded not to
disease; he overcame fatigue, and braved the chang-
ing and unhealthy climates. With his usual supersti-
tion he attributed his exemption from disease to the
favor of Providence, bestowed in reward for his puni-
tious observance of the laws of Moses. It was to
his temperate habits, his abhorrence of swine's flesh,
that he owed his manifold escapes from malignant
illness. But, although favored with health and
strength, his soul was darkened with remorse and
fear—with threatening superstitions—at times with
tormenting scepticism. Fearful of the hereafter, Man-
asseh often hoped that the immortality he feared
would prove a dream; he impudently prayed for
annihilation when the earth life should close, for the
words "reward," and "punishment," rang in his
guilty soul like knells of doom.

Not long did the wanderers rest; again the flat
went forth; again the white sails fluttered in the
face of the light-hearted Cosella; again the prayer
arose from Shina's tortured heart, for home and rest.
The grouping islands passed, the long days over, the
shores of summer-garbed Australia met the delight-
ed eyes of the weary voyagers, and again poor Shina
sighed, "Would that we could here find a home!"
But it was not to be.

For a little while only they rested among their
people, of whom there was a number in the prin-
cipal cities. Once more mother and daughter lis-
tened delightfully to the chanting of the ancient
songs of Israel. Upon many of her race Cosella
looked with the supreme disdain of the untouch-
ed heart, that has not yet learned its first lesson
of charity; many of them had been sent from the
land of their birth for theft and plunder, for various
delinquencies against law and order; to the honor
of Israel be it said, not once in a hundred years is
one of her children found guilty of taking life. Oppres-
sion, cruelty and inflicted wrong, have brought forth
wars, repelling traits of character; but the Israel-
ite, he will never so fallow, so degraded, shrink from
blood guiltiness!

Upon the mixed community of that strange, far
land, the innately true and just Cosella looked with
repugnance. She withdrew from society as much
as possible; she sat much alone, listening abstractly
to Lydia Elstov's strange discourses, for amid
the many changes of her wandering life, that val-
uable personage followed her young mistress; submit-
ting, as she said, with "the courage and invincible
fidelity of a Jewish martyr, to all the horrors
of traveling in heathen lands among idolatrous
worshippers, and eating things against her blessed con-
science of right, the holy law and the prophets of
Moses;" but it was self-interest, not love, that linked
her to this family; for Manasseh gave handsome
presents, and she bore all insults meekly, and fol-
lowed their fortunes with a view to making her
own.

Cosella was not surprised, though Shina was,
when one day she presented herself before them,
with a demure countenance, but determined air,
saying:
"Mistress and Miss Ella, you know I've been
serving you faithful and unchangeable for a number
of countless years of time, as was spent journeying
in heathen lands among savage beasts and birds of
prey, and all sorts of dangers to soul and body.
Miss and Madam! Now, as I am safely landed
among the chosen people, and meet nothing unbra-
gous to my immediate designs of settling in life
and plenty, I feel it a Scripture duty to look out for
the old age that is coming, though there's no signs
of it in me, in my personal presentation; but I can
enter the mercantile community on my own respon-
sibility of comprehension, and keep the Sabbath and
the feast and the fast days holy, and rest my weary
body, without being tossed about on fishes' backs on
the great ocean, and sleep without fears of Christian
robbers and Indian snakes, and earthquakes, and
floods, and mosquitoes, ma'am. If you please, I
wish to apply for my discharge from the honorable
duties of my situation, as is becoming too bur-
densome and disadvantageous to my years and
standard of health. Will you speak to the master,
madam? for I do dread and despise to be brought
in circumstance with his fugitive mind."

Cosella laughed outright. Shina, smiling sadly,
said:
"I thought you would always remain with us,
Lydia."

"So I thought, madam; but fate ordains the
changes of mortality," replied the waiting woman.
"I must obey the dictatorial rules of over-occupa-
tion, conscience, as bids me forsake my sine and
break no more commandments. I've been thinking
a great deal lately, and I see the enormities of my
misdeeds toward our holy religion, and I believe in
repenting while we're young,
and turning our thoughts to religion, and laying up
a little money for the rainy day. Besides—" here
Lydia begged a little, while with her handkerchief
and apron-strings—"there is a young, honorable,
well-to-do gentleman, has been paying me com-
plimentary expressions on the fascinations of my ap-
pearance and style of toilette (toil-t); and—
and, madam, and Miss Ella, I heard this morning
that his attentions were to matrimony, and I con-
sulted with my own discrimination of intellectual
knowledge, and made up my mind—"
"To marry the young man?" interrupted Cosella,
with a mischievous smile.

"Yes, miss, yes, madam, I shall be a honored and
respected lady. Mr. Isaac Moses Poodlestock—"
"What?" burst in again the young girl with
hearty laughter, that could no longer be restrained
—"Mr. What?"

"Isaac Moses Poodlestock, Esq.," gravely replied
Lydia. "I think it highly indecorous, and unman-
ageably ungenteled in a young lady to laugh at a
gentleman's name and title in that way. He's a
gentleman every inch, and would be a prince if
justice was done in the world. But I'm engaged,
anyhow, and I think it only common civility and
manners to congratulate and give presents to a
young bride."

"But this is very sudden, Lydia," said Shina.
"We have been here only three months; how long
have you known the gentleman?"

"What's the odds, ma'am?" sharply responded
the woman. "I can't afford time to waste in in-
vestigations and spendthrifts of persons; he is an
English Pole, and a gentleman, and a finished tip-top
Hebrew scholar. Has learned to kill poultry, and
writes as fine as a microscope; he's got a new and
old clothes' shop, and signs in the kiro (choir) of
the synagogue. Why shouldn't I marry such a
man? and he loves me, and vows I'm beautiful to
the sight. Oh, Miss Ella! he writes such poetry;
you'd go into convulsions of admiration, you love
lyrics so. 'What he says jingles just like snow-
balls.'"

"You ought to love Isaac very much, Lydia,"
said the mischievous girl, taking up her mother's
pet-dog.

"Why, Miss?" queried the puzzled Lydia.

"Because he is a part of your intended's name—
poodlestock," laughed the merry Cosella. But Lydia
fired up at this innocent sally.

"Young ladies that are only chits of girls, without
school knowledge, or accomplishments of music and
fine arts, esters, ought to hold their tongues, and
not speak before older and wiser personages endow-
ed with perspicuity of sight and strongholds of under-
standing; children ought to play with skipping
ropes and dolls, and leave the reflections of mature
time and wisdom to the regulations of those that
know and to the Lord. I'm my own mistress, Miss
Ella; I'm no black Hindoo salamu, bowing Hottentot;
neither am I a salamander or a rattlesnake, or a
constricting hob! I'm a rationalized individual,
considerably elevated above the humbleness of my
mental capacity, by the finer construction of my
optical delusions! I'm a free thinker, Miss, and I
sist afraid of the Great God of Persia, nor of all
the evil spirits in the immissible universe. I'm a
daughter of the covenant of Jacob and Beau; I'm a
true religionist, and no now-fangled dog or neck-
breaker; I'm going to find the master, as I can't
reason with that young giggler!"

Angry and excited, Lydia bounced out of the room.
The gentle Shina held up her hand deprecatingly;
but Cosella's mirth could not be restrained. She
laughed over the dog, until thoughts of the shaggy
terrier, her first canine friend, sent a melancholy
shadow to her face; poor Solmo rested on the Indian
ruler's bank—her tears had watered the spot.
With Solmo's remembrance arose many longings
of the past—the vivid panorama of her first mem-
ored wanderings. Cosella grew pensive and silent.

Lydia was married to Mr. Isaac Moses Poodlestock
and received from "the master" a handsome bridal
gift.

In a few months the wanderers sped forth again;
now, that for years no tidings had been heard of
Percival Wayne, Manasseh feared not to call his
young and growing daughter, Cosella.

It wanted a few days of her sixteenth birthday,
when they landed at the beautifully situated, rural
town of Santa Lucia, in South America. The tropi-
cal shores were luxuriantly robed with their gorging
flowery vestments; the graceful cocoa skirted the
sea-washed banks, the crimson coffee berries glist-
ened ruby ripe in the sun; the delicious odors of
the mango and the guava were drifted out to sea.
Blue and dazzling gleams the unclouded sky of beauty,
but as she stepped upon the green, inviting shores,
Cosella's heart was filled with foreboding, with sad-
ness deep and unutterable.

CHAPTER VII.
THE DAY OF THE NEW LIFE.

"Euthanasia! dreamer such the names
This sea bottom on thee,
For the great nature, doing birth
In world-wide sympathy;
For the vision clear, the spirit brave,
The heart that warm, the better
And the voice that sweety the better-
For freedom and reform."—Grace Cheswood.

In the town of B—, in England, in a plainly
furnished room overlooking a modest garden, and
the distant winding river, sat two friends inter-
changing thought and planning hopefully for the
future. They were both men in middle life; the
dark hair of the one was interwoven with many sil-
very threads, and lines of care and thought had
deeply furrowed his brow; but his eye beamed
brightly, with a quiet, holy, serene joy, a sweet
smile of satisfaction ever played around his firm,
well shaped mouth. Years of toil and study had
beaten his frame; it was growing erect once more
under the influence of a new born hope and faith.

His companion was younger, more erect, of more
majestic presence. A great grief, borne hopelessly
for years, had paled his cheek and settled his im-
pression on his brow and lip; but the large, blue eyes
beamed hope, encouragement, undying faith. There
was about this man an irresistible attraction; it
called little children to his knee with one asking
glance; it won tenderness, confidence and respect,
from young and old. It was the attraction of good-
ness, nobleness, purity and strength, calling to its
own heart the good and true, to share with them
the treasures of a mightily dowered soul; calling
to its side the helpless and the erring, to impart the
strength, the hope and faith they lacked. Young
girls looked up to those soul-rendering, tender eyes,
and trusted him with all their sorrows; oppressed
and degraded women clung to that life and hope
bestowing hand, and learned great lessons, and
turned thenceforth to the light of peace and virtue.

Men hardened in crime, in the fashionable vices of
the day, looked on him with reverence. There was
something in the tones of his voice, never to be for-
gotten, if once listened to; it never borrowed one
accent of anger; low and sorrowfully, as if laden
with tears, it dwelt upon the follies, the vices of
man, the wrongs, the deprivations of women. Elo-
quently clear and thrillingly melodious, it spoke of
an era of light, joy, love and harmony, soon to dawn
for earth. Wherever he had traveled, loud blessings
followed him; and, though many smiled in derision
at his enthusiasm and prophetic hopes, a few tried
hearts fully understood him. Among their number
first and nearest, ranked Almon Fairlie, his friend
and correspondent for many years. Now, after a
three years absence, they met again—these thought-
brothers, these kindred souls—and with a woman's
tenderness and solicitude beaming from every fea-
ture, Percival Wayne addressed his friend:

"I see you looking more hopeful; joy and faith
dwell in your eye, my brother! and my heart is
gladdened, that the new life's dawn is around you,
too. I have been across the ocean, to far India, to
China—I have met with responsive souls in every
place. Wherever I go—among the heathen, the poor
idolaters, the varied beliefs—everywhere the same
sure-founded hope of immortality, the evidences of
spirit communion, at which our learned societies
laugh in scorn; everywhere the idea of a God—all
spirit, all pervading; everywhere glimpses of beau-
tiful truths, amid the superstitions and vagaries of
mind. And you, my brother, how have you fared in
your experiments? By day and night, have I lis-
tened to the welcome sounds that at first arrested
our attention, and many loving messages from the
immortal dwellers have I received. But that I dare
not give this joy, this knowledge, this wealth of love
to man—that troubles me; for oh, how blest were
earth, if the truth, beauty and holiness of spirit-
communion, the certainty of life unending, were ac-
cepted by all!"

Over the fine face swept a shadow of regret; tears
trembled in the large blue eyes, tears of tenderness
and sympathy for beauteous man! The glow of en-
thusiasm faded from each hope-lit feature; and
sadly quivered the tender mouth; great thoughts
surged in the longing heart, thoughts freighted with
the Christ-love, for the redemption and happiness of
humanity.

"I have fared well," responded Almon Fairlie;
"for I seldom go beyond the limits of my garden
wall. I cannot speak of these things to the people
around me; they look at me in silent wonder, and
think me crazed. And this not from the unlearned
and stupid, but from the intellectual and the think-
ing few. Oh, Percival! man is so steeped in gross
materialism, while the churches promise heaven and
rest and forgiveness for all sins, by late repentance
and another's atonement, what need is there to de-
velop the spiritual faculties, to work for salvation
ourselves, to bring the spirit-realms to our homes
and hearts? A hopeless task, my brother! A
thankless office to endeavor to enlighten the under-
standings of men, who live in ignoble ease, bound by
their fettering creeds, content to eat and drink and
pray as they have been told to do—prayers of the lips
only, the soul hath no part in them! Percival, I
sometimes despair of the race."

"Not so!" said his friend, and knew the glow of
love and confidence irradiated the pale, spiritual
face. "There is hope for all. What say our spirit-
friends? There is in every soul the germs of angel-
hood; we, blinded brothers, behold it not. See, Al-
mon, I have dealt with bandits, and found honor and
fidelity among them. I have held intercourse with
men convicted of deep, heinous crimes; there was
darkness, blight upon their souls, but God was still
there, one ray of His divinity, one sun-flash of His
consciousness was revealed. I bowed before it, even as
I was, enshrined in an erring, fallen brother's soul.
I have met degraded women, lost to virtue, shame, re-
flection; the obdurate heart could not be melted by
prayer or entreaty; they defied the world! But one
of these I saw bend over the early violets, and from
her hard eyes fell tears, the human tributes of affec-
tion. I heard her story afterwards. The early vio-
lets had been her mother's favorite flowers, they
had been placed in that mother's icy hand, and had
decked her bosom for the grave. The ever whisper-
ing, ever watchful angels entered that poor girl's
soul, with the fragrance of those early violets, and
by the open door, entered the victorious hosts of
heaven! She is now one of the redeemed ones of
earth. Another I saw fondly caressed by a little
child; and beneath that angel spell, the long post-up
waters were set free. That wept, and her tears were
healing balm. That child had led the erring one
to peace. Oh, Almon! there is much—all to hope
for in humanity, for it is a part of God!"

Almon replied not, but looked appealingly to
Heaven. At last he said:
"Come, our meetings for the last three years have
been of the spirit only. Let us renew our sittings;
perhaps our spirit-friends will favor us. Do you
remember, Percival, our first experiment with the
sounds, when first we tested the intelligence?"

"Do I remember? Shall I ever forget it—that
twilight hour that brought peace and certainty to
my soul? Since then, alone as I stand on earth,
have I not been blest with spirit visitants, with music
from the spirit-home, enriched with treasures of
knowledge, with the wisdom transcendent; all of
earth and Heaven, the glorious assurances, 'I love?'
Oh, at that moment the face of the long-suffering
one was illumined by the light within! It was en-
wrapped and beautiful. The glow of inspiration rested
fall upon it; the low, deep, fervent tones were soul-
fraught with melody; foreknowledge of the heaven
the spirit years for, settled upon the longing heart.

"Come, friend!" he held out his hand, which was
cordially taken and held by Almon, who drew up
a small table before them both. Soon, the tiny raps
were heard, and a smile, sweet and peaceful, stole
across to the tall worn face of Percival's friend.

"We come in love!" was spelled out, for they had
learned the first lessons, and had studied how to
hold communion with the invisible intelligences.

"We would teach you of charity, forbearance,

gentleness. Love is the watchword to the stoniest
heart."

"Soon, a few years more, and our mission to earth
will be acknowledged," was rapped out in reply to
Almon's interrogatories.

"This method of communicating is tedious. Your
friend will speak for us." Almon, settling back in
his chair, looked tenderly upon his friend, folding
his hands and intently listening.

The eyes of Percival Wayne closed slowly; a peace-
ful smile stole over his face; again the heart glow
illumined it. Inexpressibly sweet and loving came
the words:

"Cast all thy sorrows in the Father's bosom, thy
fears unto the winds; for strong and mighty and
predominant is the power of good, and it shall rule
forever. Weep not for the counsel unheeded, the
loving words repelled, the truth unanswered; they
live and breathe the word, the thought, the motive,
from age to age, eternally! See, the pure sunlight
falls over desert places, o'er flowery beds, o'er good
and bad alike in its impartial love. But on the
flower's heart it rests a glowing blessing, calling
forth its choicest perfume; ripening the golden fruit
it comes; calling forth the pure heart's songs of
welcome. Over the arid waste it falls a brightening
power; on the cold rock it plays; perchance, amid
its jagged fissures, calling forth some timid blossom,
a tuft of grass. From human souls, hard, cold and
callous, the emblem of human love may call forth
some hidden flower, some angel-blossom crushed and
faded by the storms of life, the iron hand of man's
oppression. Oh, seek not for the evil, but for the
good that is of God; and in the cherishing and up-
holding of one virtue, one spark of Deity, you over-
come a multitude of sins.

Even now, the dwellers of the spirit-worlds are
marshaling; for the loud, glad proclamation has
gone forth that we can return to earth, and impress
with noble, loving thoughts, the souls of those we
love. A few years more, as you count time, and
from the mountains and valleys, cities and villages
of the New World, will the Truth go forth, pro-
claimed by the lips of noble, fearless men, of im-
pugnable and high souled women. There will be an-
tagonism, opposition, suffering; but Truth will pre-
vail. The new light, will dawn for countless hearts;
the belief of a progressive life, of a heaven of affec-
tion and action will be accepted by the true and
good; and the ignorant, the bigoted and the oppo-
nent will follow in due time.

There is work for thee in this cause, Almon Fair-
lie! When thy aged mother shall have passed away,
the last tie that binds thee to thy native shores
shall be broken, and thou wilt be wholly ours! In
the ranks of reform, the champion of bold, fearless
speech, the revelator of things beautiful and high
and holy, thou shalt be found, thou weary toiler!
strengthened for the good cause, endowed with new
life and youth and vigor. In the New World lies
thy future field of labor; there thou, too, Percival,
shalt meet with the crowning joy of thy life. Fare-
well, my brother!"

The eyes of the speaker unlosed; he returned to
outward consciousness. The friends silently em-
braced; then they spoke much of the future, and of
the Truth about to be given to mankind.

That night, with the starlit heavens above, the
husband stood beside his wife's grave; but he wept
no more. No disappointment paled his cheek, no
hopeless sorrow mired in tear-floods on the sod, but
joy and full fruition of an earthly hope dwelt in his
breast. He leaned upon the marble tombstone; with
outstretched arms and voice that trembled, not with
fear but tenderness, he called in tones sweet, trust-
ful as love's earliest invocation—"Come, Lea, come!"
He saw her with the spirit's eye, white-robed and
star-crowned, with the lustrous, Oriental eyes that
shone on his heart; with the swaying grace of her gir-
lish figure, the majesty of step that became her so
well; with the raven tresses decked with gilded
and glistening flowers; with the light of purity
above and around her, the impress of a divine hu-
mility upon her perfect face.

The pride of earth was gone; the majesty and in-
nate power of spirit possessed its place; but exalted,
and intensified, loe beamed from every lineament,
spoke to the soul of him, her chosen one, long ere
her lips unloosed.

Life warm, breathing, musical, the language of
another world spoke to the listening soul:

"I am with thee day by day, my Percival! I
shelter thee from danger; I watch thy every step in
life. Never on earth could I have been to thee as I
am now. I would have kept thee by my side for-
ever; now thousands shall bask in the glory of thy
spirit, and gather strength and will from thee! Thy
love shall bless the human race. In the New World,
Percival, blooms the garden of thy life; I shall be
with thee in thy labors; I will welcome thee there.
There, hands as loved as mine, an eye as loving
shall greet thee; fond, youthful lips shall press thy
weary brow; one worthy of affection be folded to
thy strong, brave heart, my Percival!"

"Oh, Lea! never, never! I never shall love but
thee!"

The dark, gloriously lustrous eyes of the spirit
looked love into his soul; a sweet and re-creating
smile wreathed the fine rosy lips:

"You do not comprehend, and I may not tell thee
yet. Thou wilt not give my place to another, for
spirit law forbids. The record of our marriage is
preserved by angel hands; it is eternal. While
God's kingdoms last, I am thine, and thou canst
choose no other bride. Ours was on earth a union
of the spirit; rejoice, rejoice for in the ever-unfolding
worlds beyond, to you shall wander hand in
hand, soul joined to soul eternally!"

He knelt before the spirit, often velling his dazzled
sight from the resplendent light of love and joy
that broke from the dear, familiar face; for still his
glorified features were familiar, the purple gleam
upon her raven hair, the peculiar smile, the wide
forehead, the easy, gliding, swan-like motion, all so
like Lea, the earth-woman bride, the wife of one short
year!

Knelt upon the summer carpet of dewy grass,
and fragrant blossoms, with the hand of his spirit-

Lewis B. Monroe. We are pleased to learn that this gentleman—who some time since retired from his connection with the Spiritualist Press—does not design to withdraw from the sphere of his relations and duties as a public teacher of our beautiful faith and philosophy. He has only left the Editor's chair for the lecture room, where he is sure to become distinguished, unless we greatly over-estimate the intelligence and refinement of our numerous public assemblies. As Mr. Monroe's eloquence and power of propriety will not permit him to advertise his own peculiar claims to public attention, (it is only on this subject that he hesitates to speak the truth), his real merits may possibly be overlooked by those who are accustomed to estimate every man by his own verbal pretensions, or otherwise by the questionable standard that each individual is pleased to set up for himself. But among those who know Mr. Monroe as we have known him, his quiet disposition and unobtrusive manners will not enable him to escape the recognition of those gifts and acquirements which qualify him for a wider field of usefulness than he has hitherto occupied. Nor will such appreciative minds suspect us of using the language of unmeaning compliment, or of bestowing praise without discrimination when we testify that he possesses a rare combination of intellectual, moral, and personal faculties, attributes and qualities, developed by study and harmonized by careful and conscientious discipline.

Mr. Monroe has for some years been a teacher of Music and Elocution. As an instructor he has at least been moderately successful. Indeed, one could scarcely fail in such a public capacity, who combines dignity and grace of person and manner, with the rare endowment of a deep-toned, musical and skillfully modulated voice. A number of our most popular speakers have been the pupils of Mr. Monroe, and they doubtless owe the graces of speech and action, which render their public efforts both pleasing and effective, to the important suggestions and judicious training they have received at his hands. If the pupils thus hold the multitudes by the magnetic spell of their eloquence, and win golden opinions from the Press, it only remains for their preceptor to realize the success that is rendered inevitable by the adaptation of the person to the place and the duty.

SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some of the Swedish Seer. The public mind has been turned toward the current Spiritualist phenomena, the sealed books of Emanuel Swedenborg have been opened to the common mind. Modern Spiritualism should date from the advent of the great Seer, who was, doubtless, the most learned man among the really inspired teachers of all ages and countries. The following paragraph from a letter, recently written in London to an American journal, will interest our readers:

A few days ago, I inquired as one of the thousand old books about for any of Swedenborg's works, and was told that there was of late a great inquiry for Swedenborg's works, but that none were offered for sale. From thence I went to the tomb of the great man of learning and piety of whom there is any record. Swedenborg died in London in 1792, and was buried in the vault of the Swedish Lutheran chapel in Primrose Square, where he lies in a quiet, not little square, not more than eighty yards out, and the little chapel, surrounded by two strong iron railings, stands in the middle of the church yard. Two old men in attendance attended the great gates of the chapel, and we entered the precinct of worship I remember to have seen. On the northern side wall there is a seat with the motto: "Swedenborg's works are the guide pointed out to us to the spot where his remains lie in three huge coffins. I learned that the number of visitors to the tomb is nearly increasing, and although his doctrines and faith were not quite in harmony with those of the Lutherans, that nevertheless, his memory was much revered by this congregation. The house where he last lived and died was in the neighborhood, but he was not known to the little holes was taken of him in London, for he lived in great modesty and quietude, occupied with his imperishable works, which are now attracting the attention of his own men of all lands.

Horrible Effects of Superstition. A correspondent of the Texas Ranchero, writing from Rio Grande city, gives the following account of the inhuman treatment of an infatuated woman, suspected of bewitching a man who was incurably diseased.

"There is a man living at Osmagro, (Villa Nueva), named Ambrosio Ramirez, who has been for some time suffering from a lunatic disease. As he has been unable to recover by the medical treatment he has received, both himself and wife concluded to be bewitched by an infatuated woman named Antonia Alana. An American citizen, and a resident of Bonn, or a few miles from Bonn, writes Ramirez the father of this Antonia Ramirez, who is one of the most wealthy Mexicans on the river, owning a large tract of land and much stock on this side, sent a party of men to the house of the poor Antonia Alana, to kidnap and take her to Osmagro. This they did in the most brutal manner. They lassoed her, and dragged her on the ground until they reached the house, and they did not allow her to get her things together until she had been laid on the ground. They beat one of her daughters badly for interfering to protect her mother; and at another for the same reason, but finally succeeded in taking the old woman across at Bonn. She was taken to Osmagro, severely beaten, and her body smothered with thorns of prickly pear, and this beating, etc., repeated for the space of some weeks. This treatment of the witch did not improve the patient, and the witch doctor then told them that they must burn her; that the sick man told plagues upon his head, and that he saw as she was under the ground, and that he would procure and he, the witch doctor, would put them out, and this was actually done. The poor woman was tied up and covered with thorns, and she was taken to this hill-top tortura unless she was a lady, but that she remained no possible chance of her recovery, and I understand, the soon afterward died."

Before we pass a summary and vindictive sentence on the author of this family, it may be profitable to consider that our pious New England ancestors did similar things in their day—all in the name of God, and for the good of humanity. It is worthy of observation that Modern Spiritualism, by revealing the Shadow Land—explaining the occult powers of Nature—Man—and by making us familiar with our true relations to each other, together with the nature and measure of the influence we exert reciprocally—is giving a death blow to the vile superstitions of the Dark Ages, and rapidly bringing the realm of mystery within the domain of science. Those who oppose the progress of Spiritualism are therefore fostering the foulest superstitions, and thus striving to prolong the old Night. "They know not what they do."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Spring has Come! April reminds us of some capricious maid who waits impatiently and sighs for the warm embrace of an absent but expected lover. Her heart is full of promise; the violets bloom in her eyes; and her bosom is a cage of singing birds. Like waves of light that come and go in rapid succession—when broken but still moving clouds float between us and the blue heavens—her inconsistent smiles appear, and are followed by alternate frowns. She tries the temper and the complexion of the fairer creation; plays rudely with their wealth of bright curls and light costumes. But we welcome and cherish the fair visitor from the South land, sleek as she is. She is bewitching as she is capricious; and we allow her to laugh and weep at pleasure and without a cause, like a foolish girl in whose heart the half-awakened lover murmurs with changed and uncertain tones. In her gentler moods she is irresistibly agreeable. The April winds are tempered by her warm, inspiring breath; and they blow softly, like aromatic airs, out of the beautiful lands of Summer and of Song.

After all that has been said of the inconstant one, she is the minister of Hope and the angel of the Life. While she bends tearfully above the graves of the buried souls, her gentlest breath wakes the dead. Come near, to-day, O breath of the Spring! with the inspiration that warms the heart. Breathe on the cold forms of Nature, and fan to life the ashes of our buried hopes.

"Blow from a trumpet of calm in thy mouth, Blow more sunshiny than shadows, Blow butterflies out of the South."

How betwixts into the meadows! The clove on a white From faces loathed with pain. Soft wind, thou art laden with showers, Do blow the fresh dew into bloom, And into foam the foam of flowers; Blow the bee out of his golden comb, And blow away The cloud that darkens my heart to-day."

Gold and Grains. The elegance of Edward Everett's rhetoric usually excites our admiration quite as much as the independence of his thought or the originality of his views. Truth is not more valuable because it rides in a gilded vehicle, though it is quite likely to attract more attention for the reason that multitudes are able to admire while few are qualified to discriminate. The following descriptive passage from one of Mr. Everett's Agricultural speeches, is certainly very sprightly and beautiful:

Drop a grain of California gold in the ground, and there it will be caught to the end of time. The clove on a white flower is not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of ore (bleached gold) into the ground, and it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up an emerald green through the soil—expands to a vigorous stalk—reveals in the sunlight itself more glorious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes—rounds its slender whippers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rattle of his sweetheart's garments, still to follow, and spins its velvet of golden gleams, displays its fancy tassets, surcharged with glittering dust, and at last, rises into two or three magnificent tapers like this, (an ear of corn) each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one distinct with the same productive powers.

The Poet's Blessing. The noblest gifts of Providence are far more equally distributed than many people are accustomed to suppose. All breathe the same vital air; the sun shines alike for the proud and the lowly; the humblest watcher may gaze at stars of the first magnitude; and Immortality is the common inheritance of Man. If we mistake not it was Jerold who gave expression to the general idea in the following lines:

"When on the quiet of my lonely hours, Some softly whispering inspiration steals; And I least think that he whose gifts he feels The deepest mortals of the Muse's powers? Nay, for the sunlight that glides up the towers Of yonder temple, in the shrouded twilight hours, The beauty of the primrose, and anemone, The faint fragrance in the violet's 'hairs'—For every cat, and lily, and rose, and thistle, And though the world the trifles may disdain, Still e'er the poet's pen shall rain, For joys abundant in his pleasant ways."

The chief blessings that crown our life do not come homo to the mind and heart in the splendor of worldly circumstances and imposing ceremonies. We meet them in the humbler walks and ways of men. It is written of "The kingdom of Heaven"—with its priceless and imperishable treasures—"It cometh not with observation." But the pearls gate open within, and we enter through the depths of a silent conviction and a speechless joy.

Mosaic of the Shells. The poet whose spirit was alive and awake to the great organ music of the spheroid, heard the stars Nightly to the listening earth, Repeat the story of their birth; And every one whose soul is attuned to the sublime harmonies of Nature, may feel and inwardly comprehend the song. Authentic history does not record the origin of artificial music and musical instruments. We wander about in the wild regions of Mythological Romance for the Shepherd's pipe, and the simplest form of the Lyre. It is said that Jubal invented the last mentioned instrument, and he was worshipped.

"When he struck the choroid shell, His lute-like tones he whoso whiff feels, And wondering, on their faces fell, To worship that celestial sound; Little he thought that he should there could not dwell, Within the hollow of that shell, Which spoke so sweetly and so well."

The worshippers of Jubal who found God in a shell, were wiser than modern Athletes, who never find him at all. As he is in all things, every object in Nature is a Divine teacher. There is primitive music in the general habits of Ocean, and a rude Sanscrit language is spoken from the abyss. The deep voices are never silent, and there is no pause in the mysterious music. Every empty shell that the wild waves bear to the shore, inherits that mystical tongue, and breathes—in audible murmurs—the chorus of the sea forever.

Breaking and Thawing. Some susceptible youth, who was greatly charmed with the person and dexterity of a young lady whom he met at a skating club, sent her a valentine, in which he introduced the following stanza from an English poet:

"Her heart is like a frozen lake, On whose cold brink I stand; Of yonder bank my spirit's mate, And into me by the hand; And lead thou, loving hand, To where the ice is thin; That I may break beneath my foot, And let a lover in."

That fellow kicks over all the poetry of the heart by approaching his lady-love feet foremost and rough-shod. When the process of conglomeration occurs about the fountain of the affections, the philosophical lover does not attempt to "break the ice"—he melts it by the moderate but steady fire of his quiescent passion.

Harris on Modern Spiritualism. The Discourse delivered by Rev. T. L. Harris in the Institute on Edwards street, Portman Square, London, in January last, has been published in a neat pamphlet of forty-eight pages, and is for sale by Munson at the New York office of this paper. As this discourse has occasioned considerable discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, and various and contradictory reports have obtained currency in this country, the pamphlet will doubtless be extensively read among Spiritualists and their opposers. The best way to obtain such correct information as will enable us to do justice to all parties, is to read the discourse carefully, and then judge. We shall most certainly adopt the course we recommend to others. All orders should be addressed to T. L. Munson, who will supply all other Spiritualist Books and Reform Publications.

NEW BOOKS. "THE AVOIDABLE CAUSES OF DISEASE, INANITY AND DEPENDENCY," by John Ellis, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Western Medical College, Ohio; author of "The Origin of Malaria and its Violations." A Book for the People as well as for the Profession. The Prevention of Disease is more important than its Cure. New York. Published by the Author. Room 20, Cooper Institute.

It affords us no little pleasure to meet with a Medical Author whose mental vision is not obscured by an unwieldy devotion to some accredited theory, or his faculties and capacities for independent thought shocked by ordinary professional methods. Such a gratifying exception to the general rule appears to be furnished by Dr. Ellis, in the book under review. Having met with many pathological treatises, all inculcating the same general views; appealing to our reverence for the past and our faith in the infallibility of doctors, rather than to enlightened reason and the records of modern discovery, we frankly confess that we were slow to look into the volume before us. But having, so far conquered our disinclination as to commence an examination of its contents, we soon realized that the superior claims of this work entitle it to a careful perusal.

Here is an author who regards the diseases and deformities of human nature from an enlightened and spiritual, as well as from a scientific point of view. His vision not only embraces the external domain of common observation, but it also comprehends the more interior causes of vital derangement. He does not overlook the abnormal exercises and gross perverts of the human faculties and affections—always the most prolific sources of disease. He has not fallen into the common error—especially common among medical authorities—of presuming that man is a senseless, automatic machine; and that the physical functions of human existence, sustain no relations to inward, spiritual forces, and existing moral states. His system of pneumatics is not restricted to the subtle fluids of animal bodies, but it takes hold of our spiritual individuality. He recognizes the fact that the active forces of our being are all within, and that—in the last analysis—they are all spiritual. Entertaining these funda-

mental ideas, Dr. Ellis was, of course, far better qualified to write a fresh and useful book, than many who have preceded him in this department of scientific literature. Without intimating that the work before us unfolds a complete philosophy of the causes of disease, or that it attempts to explain all the laws of vital dynamics, we are, nevertheless, satisfied that Dr. Ellis has furnished the public—in the present conjuncture and in constructive treatise—with a valuable contribution to the sum of popular knowledge; and accordingly we commend the result of his labors to the attention of our readers.

We must not omit to notice the fact that the mechanical part of this handsome 12mo. volume of three hundred and forty-eight pages, is the work of two young ladies, who recently established themselves in the printing business at No. 8 City Hall Place. In these days when idleness is so very fashionable among young ladies who are cultivated and developed after the popular modes, the enterprise and industry of the Misses HOTT—who are not only remarkably intelligent, but as delicate in person and manners as they are refined in thought, feeling and speech—are entitled to the highest commendation and the most substantial encouragement.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF IRON RAILINGS, &c., &c., manufactured by the New York Wire Railing Company, Hutchinson & Wickersham, 312 Broadway. This is a magnificent super-royal quarto of one hundred pages, bound in muellin, containing an immense number of unique and beautiful designs, from the simplest to the most complicated, of every variety of durable and ornamental iron work now in use. The patterns are elegantly lithographed, and accompanied with all necessary explanations. This book, which was prepared and published at an expense of several thousand dollars, was chiefly designed to exhibit and advertise the graceful and permanent structures—too numerous to be mentioned, and too various to admit of description—which are manufactured at the mammoth works of the proprietors. The form REVELATION was never so fully and exquisitely translated before. In the number, variety and beauty of its artistic illustrations, this book far surpasses any similar work ever published in this country.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF ST. DOMINGO; with a Description of the Agricultural, Commercial and other advantages of the Republic, and containing some Account of its Climate, Seasons, Soil, Mountains, Principal Cities, Rivers, Seas, and Harbors. By W. B. Courtney, Esq. New York: published by Anson P. North, 115 Nassau street.

The object of this 12mo. volume of 148 pages—as defined in the Author's preface—is to interest the American public in the Mineral, Agricultural, Commercial and other resources of Dominica. For the last two years the Author has been familiar with the subject, and from information derived from the early histories and Colonial accounts, from much and continued converse with gentlemen long residents of the Republic, from visitors and explorers recently returned from that country, as well as from the voluminous correspondence of citizens of the United States, at present engaged in explorations and mining enterprises there, he drew like the result of his researches and inquiries before the reader.

The book furnishes a brief, reliable history and a faithful description of the country, including its natural and political Geography and Topography, (illustrated by a colored map), Climate, Soil, Productions and Population. With the Author's extensive information, his liberal and comprehensive views, the well known freedom of his thought, and the manly vigor of his style, it is scarcely necessary to say that the book is both entertaining and instructive. Moreover, as gold is the great incentive to rapid locomotion, we may anticipate a movement in that direction. But those who would proceed understandingly should first read the book.

"DYNAMIC LETTERS," by Baron Reichenbach, translated from the German by John S. Hittell. New York: published by Calvin Blanchard.

This is a pamphlet of 83 pages, containing many of the interesting facts and curious experiments developed by the learned German in the course of his investigation in a new and productive field of scientific inquiry; and published in detail in the larger work by the same Author, entitled "Dynamics of Magnetism, &c." While we are by no means prepared to accept the Baron's hypothesis respecting the supposed existence and actual discovery of a new, impalpable, and universal force in Nature, we yet regard his work, in its experimental character and phenomenal instruction, as replete with a peculiar interest and important instruction. The present publication is the thing for the multitude, who do not care to purchase or to peruse the larger work.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. Miss B. T. Amey has been severely sick with a lung fever, which has prevented her fulfilling her engagements at Cincinnati and Terre Haute; but she is in hopes to be able to be in Chicago during the month of May.

Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, Ohio, are requested to address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

Friend Cluer, and his daughter Susie, will hold three meetings at Lowell, Sunday, April 23d.

HENSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.—These talented and faithful laborers in the Reform field, are engaged in preparing for publication a volume of poems. It will merit an extended sale.—Herald of Progress.

Because the Penobscot river was not free of ice on the 6th inst., a Bangor editor says, "somebody will be spluttering round here in a new hat, yet and boots at our expense." Probably said editor used "the weed."

The Mechanical Bakery in Baltimore is now in complete running order.

Letters from Rome confirm the statement that the allocution pronounced by the Pope in the Secret Consistory of the 26th ult., included the excommunication of Victor Emanuel, without naming him. It specifies his acts, which, it says, have incurred the censures pronounced by the Councils against the plunderers of the church.

The Boston Herald says that melodramas and sensational pieces still occupy the stage of the National, where Williams and Hampton are doing their best to please the public. Patriotic sentiments are enunciated, virtue is rewarded, and vice punished, nightly, to the delight of boxes, pit and gallery.

"Hay is so cheap in Chicago (seven and even five dollars a ton) that speculators are buying it up and sending it by railway East and South."

DISCOVERY OF A NEW PLANET.—Mr. R. Luther, under date of March 25th, writes as follows to Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge University: "I announce to you the discovery of a planet of 14 1/11 magnitude, made by me on the 24th of March, at 11 o'clock, at Bilk: position 189 deg. 29 min. M 3 deg. 51 min."

PARLOR OPERA.—The Draytons, at the New Melodrome, are doing a fine business, which shows that their unique entertainments are appreciated by the public.

The King of Sardinia has issued a proclamation releasing the inhabitants of Savoy and Nice from further allegiance.

The poor birds are not a very bold race, and yet a great many of them are very bold. "I saw a bird," said one little fellow the other day, "was John an Editor?" "Why, Sammy?" "Because the Bible says he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life."

The ancient wooden building on Washington street, opposite Milk street, was built in the year 1656, and is consequently two hundred and forty years old.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

"Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No doubt of it, madam; I have heard the dead March in Saal."

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; to befriend none; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to destroy all the finer feelings of one's nature, and to be rendered mean, miserable, and despoiled, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease, disappointment, and a miserable death.

Mr. Holmes Greenwood, a revolutionary patriot, died at Providence, R. I., on the 9th inst. He was 95 years of age on the day of his death.

As an instance of the necessity of investigating cases where relief is asked for, Rev. Mr. Hunt, at a meeting held in London, recently said—"Not long ago, a woman took him in with a pious story that her husband had not had a day's work for six months. It was true, for he was a night watchman."

The play of "Hilo Beard" at the Museum has been, of course, a success. John Davis as Hilo Beard, and Miss Mary Shaw as Fatima, deserve especial mention for the superb manner of their performance. This week Miss Joy Gougenheim is the star, and she bids fair to win a place in the hearts of the Museum-goers.

A French writer has said that "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

Time steals away with unregarded wing. The soul bears her, though she cease to sing. In the Cambridge Police Court, recently, two boys, who were arraigned for breaking and entering the saloon of Wm. Whitten, Bridge street, escaped punishment through the incompetency of the proprietor of the place to appear as a witness, he avowing his disbelief in the existence of God.

The task of fitting out the Great Eastern for sea is being proceeded with as rapidly as possible. So we shall see her, after all.

By the telegram we learn that the Henry Clay statue was inaugurated at Richmond on the 12th. The ceremonies were very imposing, while the military display was one of the finest ever witnessed there. The crowd of strangers was immense. Mr. Barbour's oration was a masterly tribute to Mr. Clay. The statue is a beautiful work of art.

Newstead Abbey, Byron's English home, is to be sold at public auction on the 18th day of June next.

A beautiful woman who has the qualities of an accomplished man, is, of all conversations in the world, the most delicious. In her is to be found all the merit of both sexes.

The San Francisco "Family Circle" does not reach us. Have not seen it for a long time. If you desire an exchange, pass it along.

Dogs are said to speak with their tails. Would it be proper to call a short-tailed dog a "stump orator?"

You Constantia to Concordia went, When you shone of eight years ago; From the D. S. States they were sent, To enter you name San-Dora.

But you Constantia were knocked about, 'Till they thought it most discreet, Like you Britanians in '75, To hastily retreat.

Mexico.—Intelligence from Vera Cruz to the last had been received at New Orleans. Miramon had not arrived at the capital. The French Minister had been instructed to co-operate with the English Minister in bringing about an armistice. The wildest excitement prevailed at the capital regarding the seizure of Marin's steamer. The Brooklyn arrived at Vera Cruz on the 27th ult.

TROUBLES AT ROME.—A son of Rev. Dr. E. Hall, of Providence, R. I., and Horatio de V. Gleditsch, the U. S. Consul at Rome, were wounded during the recent massacre of the people by the armed police of that city. The last surgical reports sent to the government make the number of those wounded in the affray to be 147.

What letter of the alphabet does a child first list? T.—THE BORE.—All our readers will remember Saxe's humorous poem on "The Bore of the Sanctorum." This is the first stanza, which anybody may apply to himself who chooses:

Again I hear that breaking step, Will tread on my sanctified feet; Too well I know the oozing sand, That utters a bore. I do not tremble when I look, On the masses of my feet, But Heaven defend me from the tread, Who comes—but never goes.

A despatch from Rome says that in case of evacuation by the French, Rome will be occupied by the Pontifical troops, and the Neapolitan troops will enter the Marches. 3000 Papal troops are concentrated at Ancona.

A drunken man is a greater sinner than any that is to be found amongst all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no creature which appears more despicable and deformed in the eyes of all reasonable persons than a drunkard.

Spiritualism is the fruits of the spirit of the Father coming up through the material, living organisms of the world, and culminating in a manifestation through man, bringing him nearer to the Divine source.—Saxton.

A despatch from Vienna says the Austrian Cabinet had addressed a note to the Cabinet of Turin, strongly protesting against the annexation of Tuscany, Parma and Modena to Piedmont, maintaining her incontestable right to oppose an act which, in despoiling the legitimate princes of the States, would also destroy the right of succession which these same treaties secured to the House of Hapsburg.

The following notice, says the Salem Gazette, may be seen in a blacksmith's shop, in the town of Essex: "No Horses sold on Sunday except Sickness and Death." "Jo Cox thinks these horses must have been a matched 'span."

THE PENITENT FORGIVEN. TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE." Sir.—The following Poem was given through the mediumship of Mr. J. R. Squire, under three distinct phases of Spiritism.

We had received several important messages, when it was intimated that a spirit who was present wished to communicate. I asked if the spirit wished to say the circle. The answer was "No." A lady sitting at the table, who sees the spirits, described the spirit as a tall female, with long black hair, of a Spanish cast of countenance, and of heavily lined face. I called over the alphabet, and recited the first four lines by "raps." They were so faint, however, as to make it tedious to proceed, when Mr. Squire's hand was moved, and with great rapidity the next verse was written: "O companion that the writing was illegible, and the lady 'soer' said, 'The spirit is trying to entrance the medium.' Immediately after, Mr. Squire dropped the pencil, his eyes closed, and he proceeded to speak in a calm and measured tone of voice, and dictated the remaining verses of the poem, without the alteration of a word, and I do not say but that your readers will think with me, that it is unusual matter, and worthy of a place in your Journal.

"My heart, like some fair spirit in Eden's bowers, Will hover o'er me again with love; and tear, Like morning dew upon the opening flower. Will keep the pink and bright and fresh for years. That I have wayward been, I know and feel, And I am sad, oh earth! from thee afar, And like the poor idolaters who kneel, And through the midnight prayer their flaming star. With feeble voice I lift my sorrowing prayer, And feel that love again which made me blind, I trembling stand; while all the amber air Is loud with welcomes, 'Thou art not alone!'"

Great God! and is it true I am not lost? I see thee not, but some invisible leads My spirit on. The Him, who suffered most, I kiss the scourge, though all my being bleeds! I'd rather live outcast from all my kind, Walk earth's most desolate and barren sod, Than feel that love again which made me blind, To barren life, hope, happiness, and God!

But all that sweetest word is all the chain, Which unto earth God drops and from heaven, Which touches all our hearts and binds again. It is this eye sees from God's own lips—Forgotten!" April No. of London Spiritual Magazine.

NORTH.—All notices of lectures and lectures' appointments, published on our seventh page, must be received as early as Wednesday; and matter intended for our fourth, fifth and eighth pages must be received as early as Friday morning, to insure insertion.

To Correspondents. J. P. D. HARRIS, Ohio.—We have no occasion for the service of the Harrow you refer to. B. B. L. STONEMAN.—Do not remember to have seen the poetry you allude to. G. H.—Harriet's paper, but will procure a copy, and attend to your suggestion next week. J. L. P. CLEVELAND, Ohio.—Owing to the perplexities attending engagement, several Misses, have been misled, yours among the rest. We will attend to it immediately, and give you the desired information.

MEDIUMS' MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION. The third meeting of Mediums interested in the formation of an association for mutual improvement was held in the Drawing-room of the BARNARD of Alton, and about twenty-five were present.

A constitution was adopted, and a committee of five, of whom Dr. Charles Main was chairman, was appointed to nominate officers for the permanent organization of the Association.

It is proposed to have every professional medium in the city to join, and if possible, to secure their attendance at the next meeting, at the same room on Friday next, 20th inst., at which time Dr. Wellington (by unanimous request) will deliver a lecture on "The Influence of Electricity on Human Health, and on the Development and Usefulness of Mediums," which will be illustrated by good apparatus and drawings.

CONSTITUTION. Article 1st.—The Society shall be called the "Mediums' Mutual Aid Association." Article 2d.—Its objects shall be to afford opportunities for mutual improvement, sympathy, and aid, and to secure conditions favorable for the development and instruction of those who use medium powers professionally as a business or means of support.

Article 3d.—All such professional mediums, and the wives or husbands of such mediums, can become members by signing this Constitution. Article 4th.—The officers shall be a President and Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five members, whose several duties shall be such as are usually performed by such officers.

Article 5th.—The Association may elect honorary members not professional mediums by such vote as may be determined at the first meeting, after a general effort shall have been made to obtain signatures to this Constitution. But in all the business of the Association, only professional mediums shall vote.

Article 6th.—After notice has been given at any regular meeting, this Constitution may be altered at the next regular meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

Next meeting will be held at the Banner of Light Drawing Room on Friday evening April 20th.

One Hundred Dollars. The undersigned will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best POEM descriptive of Spiritualism, to be published in "THE COURT OF DEATH," the Poem to consist of not more than 100 lines—the award to be made by three distinguished American Poets (to be hereafter named), on or about the 4th of July next. The names of the authors to be entered by mail till after the decision, and only the selected one to be made public.

G. O. COLTON, No. 37 Park-row, New York.

COURT OF DEATH. This sublime Poem, by BERNHARDT PEARL is now on exhibition at the COOPER INSTITUTE, From 5 to 7 o'clock P. M. Description given at 4 and 8, Admission 25 cents. PAMPHLET COLORED ENGRAVINGS of the Painting (size 23 by 31 inches) may be obtained on subscription at the price of 25 cents per copy. Mail subscribers will add four letter stamps to pay postage. Engraving rolled and sent with perfect safety. Five copies for \$1 without stamps.

G. O. COLTON, No. 37 Park-row, New York. April 21.

JUST PUBLISHED. "MODERN SPIRITUALISM: ITS TRUTHS AND ITS ERRORS." BY BERNARD, delivered in London, January 15, 1860. 12mo. pp. 48. Price 12 cents. Postage 2 cents. New Church Publishing Association, 42 Dinecourt st., New York, who will issue on May 1st, the first number of Vol. 2, of the "BARNARD OF LIGHT." Edited by Rev. T. L. Harris. Price per year, \$1.50. April 21.

ASTHMA. THE INSTANT RELIEF AND PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint, BY FENNETH'S BROMOCHAL CIGARETTES, Made by O. D. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 NASSAU STREET, N. Y. Price, \$1 per box; sent free by post. FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. April 11.

J. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS. Answers to sealed letters, and all other communications, Terms invariably \$3 and four stamps. Address, Chelsea, Mass. April 21.

FOLLOWER'S PILLS.—Epilepsy and fits of all descriptions, are in most cases referable to irregularities of the digestive organs, and may be cured by the use of healthful, natural activity, and vigor, by the use of the pills, and constipatory peroxides will cease. Sold at the manufactory, No. 20 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 50c. 50c. and \$1 per bottle. April 21.

READY FOR DELIVERY ON Thursday, April 19th, THE GREAT DISCUSSION OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, BETWEEN Prof. J. STANLEY GRIMMES AND LEO MILLER, ESQ., AT THE MELODEON, BOSTON.

Questions: 1. Do Spirits of departed beings hold intercourse with men on earth, as claimed by Modern Spiritualists? 2. Can the various phenomena known as Spirit Manifestations be satisfactorily and philosophically accounted for without admitting the agency of departed human beings?

REPORTED VERBATIM FOR US BY JAMES M. POMEROY, PHONOGRAPHER. Price 25 cents, single copies. \$15 per hundred copies. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the retail price.

N. B.—News Dealers can order of their Agents in New York and Boston. BERRY, COLBY & CO., Publishers, 8 1/2 DRAVING STREET, Boston. April 7.

ADA L. HOYT'S CIRCLES FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS, AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT Drawing-Rooms.

Having fitted up spacious rooms on the second floor of the building No. 21 1/2 Brattle street, for public spirit manifestations, we announce that circles for SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS through the mediumship of ADA L. HOYT, (MRS. COAN) will be given at the above rooms.

ON TUESDAY AND THURSDAY EVENINGS, of each week, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock, until further notice. The celebrated Ballot Test, about which so much has been said by M. V. By and Prof. Orin, will be performed.

N. B.—Investigators whose names are listed, or whose daily avocations preclude them from devoting the hours of day to investigating this phenomena, will derive much satisfaction at our evening meetings, as all have an opportunity of receiving satisfactory tests.

Admission 25 Cents. PRIVATE SEANCES. Miss Hoyt will give private sittings at the same place, every day, (Sundays excepted) from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim to be given by the spirit who has been heard through Mrs. J. C. ...

Answers of Letters.—As one medium would in no way ...

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one ...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.—The communications given by the following spirits, will be ...

- Thursday, March 23.—Fidelity to the Cause; ...
Friday, March 24.—What does Modern Spiritualism ...
Saturday, March 25.—A letter in spirit from W. F. Johnson ...
Sunday, March 26.—Total Evidences; ...
Monday, March 27.—Nathaniel Horton, ...
Tuesday, March 28.—What are the occupations in spirit ...
Wednesday, March 29.—Lawrence G. ...
Thursday, April 1.—Invention; ...
Friday, April 2.—Stephen Hensley, ...
Saturday, April 3.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God; ...
Sunday, April 4.—Michael Agin; ...

Eternal Forgiveness.

"How is it possible for the sinner to receive pardon ...

This is a question we have received, and which we ...

Nature gives eternally to all her creatures, and the soul ...

Now, then, when the spirit passes through the change ...

All things are possible with God, which come within ...

Now, then, when the spirit passes through the change ...

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I was born in England, and I had some folks ...

I can't think of the man's name who keeps the house ...

I know all about these things before I died. I know ...

I'll look here, you may say I was drunk and fell ...

I have a father here, and I have had communications ...

I can't say much about it, but I'll tell you what ...

I've done the same myself, so I'll stand it. I've a ...

I'm off, skipper, I'm going. Is it easy to go? Well, ...

Samuel L. Lenderhurst. The spirits who crowd around here present a great ...

So, then, our questioner, we charge you, are we ...

I want to talk to you, but I did not think I should ...

I'm not the best man that ever lived, but I make ...

R. D. Wainwright. My Son, I would inform you of a change that is ...

James Glasgow. I was born in Hallowell, died in Boston, in 1859 ...

Charles Johnson. Can you tell me the best way to do just what I wish ...

What does Modern Spiritualism teach, and what reward ...

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he man, and witnesses every act of his life, will not ...

I can't think of the man's name who keeps the house ...

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have seen him. The only thing to make my children ...

I can't think of the man's name who keeps the house ...

I know all about these things before I died. I know ...

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MESSAGE VERIFIED. Messrs. Emerson.—In your issue of April 7th is ...

I can't think of the man's name who keeps the house ...

I know all about these things before I died. I know ...

I'll look here, you may say I was drunk and fell ...

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How is it possible, when they write teaches us this ...

one can ever laugh, without having first dropped the ...

I can't think of the man's name who keeps the house ...

I know all about these things before I died. I know ...

I'll look here, you may say I was drunk and fell ...

I have a father here, and I have had communications ...

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