

Discontinued.

THE
SPIRITUAL MESSENGER:
A MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM, MESMERISM,
AND OTHER BRANCHES OF
PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CARPENTER.

"FAITH: HOPE: CHARITY." "WITH GOD, ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE."

No. 5.

MARCH, 1859.

VOL. I.

THE FORM AND POWER OF RELIGION.

An interesting subject for the consideration of mankind is furnished by the existence of the multifarious sections into which society is divided under the name of Religion; and perhaps the most striking feature is the self-complacency which exists in the minds of the members of each class respecting the correctness of their own views and the falsity of all others. And further, human nature is so blind that it overlooks the fact that as each section is stigmatised by all the rest, it is impossible that any one of them can be absolutely *right*. Professing Christians have many conscientious scruples against Mahomedanism, and the followers of the doctrines of the Koran have scruples just as well grounded against the practises of those who profess a belief in the Bible. In fact, there are principles which are carried out by many nations who have not the Bible for their guide which ought to put to the blush the professing Christians of the present day. The Koran is looked up to as a living oracle by the millions who follow it;—the Bible is looked upon as a dead letter by a vast number of those who profess to believe its divine authority. We have but to cross the threshold of our Established Church, and reflect upon the doctrines which are there set forth, and for which we pay, to be satisfied that there is no more spiritual vitality amongst its members than there is with many who know not the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We belong to this or the other sect, in the majority of cases, because our parents do; we look upon all others with supreme contempt; we inherit the opinions of our forefathers just as we do their worldly acquisitions, and with very much less consideration as to their validity; and our minds are thus cramped and crippled until the Religion of the day has become a wasted skeleton,—the mere shadow of what it was when it possessed the life and power bequeathed to it by its Founder.

As with man himself, so is it with Religion: to be perfect, there must be a body, soul, and essence, or a *form*, a *power*, and a *life-giving influence*. As with man so with Religion, the soul or living power is too much neglected, and the body or form is too much considered. There is far too much of the form of Godliness, and too little of its power. The soul and

PRICE ONE PENNY.



body of the fashionable Religion of England are divorced. The power of Religion, or the power of the Holy Spirit working in man, disowned by the Church, must be looked for elsewhere: for it has not ceased to exist. We find some of it in the possession of the Mormons: and, if they do not preach the Gospel, they *heal the sick* by "the laying on of hands." Again, amongst the Spiritualists of the present day, we find the *power* of Religion spreading in rich luxuriance, and running wild for the want of organization: here, then, is power without form. But so essential is power to preserve the appearance of vitality, that, in our Established Religion we find its representative, and in no modest guise. Although the sick cannot receive, at the hands of its ministers, the smallest amount of influence for the relief of the *body*, the effect of which would be patent to all, yet, for the cure of their *souls*, they can have an adequate supply of spiritual influence, even to the gift of the Holy Ghost himself, at the hands of the Bishop! It is easy to preach, but it is hard to heal. It is not to be wondered at that our hard-handed sons of toil do not care to think of it. We say again, that religious form and power are divorced: and, until a reunion takes place, the *influence* of Religion cannot cover the face of the earth. The time is coming when Spiritualism will be united to the visible Church of Christ. There *are* ministers of the Gospel who believe its truths, but who seem to halt as to whether they shall serve God or mammon. A little more self-denial and confidence in God is all that is required by those who calmly investigate the outpouring of the Spirit upon mankind, and the day will then begin to dawn when the fruits of Religion will begin to show themselves,—and when we may reasonably look for an answer to the oft-repeated prayer that God's will may be done on earth as it is in Heaven; and then, and not *till* then, will dissensions and sectarianism cease, the mere mockery of power be overthrown, and all nations of the earth hail the social and eternal *influence* of Christianity and follow in the steps of its Divine Author.

THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

Unquestionably the most important subject concerning which mankind is allowed to be interested, is, what becomes of the soul after the death of the body. Theologians are commonly understood to be as familiar with this subject as the artisan with his tools. But a great mistake is made. It seems as though we shut our eyes to God's *Works* because we have the privilege of reading his *Word*. We must consider that the works of the Almighty are to be found throughout the whole universe, whereas his *Word*, as revealed to us, is limited in its range: so that he who ignores the works of God, and has the Bible on his bookshelf, repudiates the greater part of God's providence, and, consequently, misunderstands the rest. All facts in nature are the arguments which the Almighty makes use of to satisfy mankind on certain points; and, if it cannot be denied that man speaks plainer by his actions than his words, neither can it be denied that God does. The Almighty makes known to man his future destiny in the plainest manner possible: but while mankind profess great understanding of the Sacred Volume, they will not condescend to look at the pictures with which God is continually illustrating it. We do not sufficiently consider that we are but as children in knowledge, and that the every-day illustrations of God's providence are as necessary for our understandings as the illustrations in our childrens' primers are for theirs.

In the *Christian Treasury*, for January, 1859, we find an illustration of our position. The following composition, which we extract from page 48, shows the ignorance which is the necessary consequence of man's want of humility :—

DEAD MEN'S SOULS.

WHERE are the dead men's souls? Their dust
To dust returned, the earth received in trust

Till Jesus comes.

Where are the dead men's souls? Asleep?

Or do they vigils keep

By their old homes?

Where are the dead men's souls? On high;

Far distant glimmering upon the sky

Like stars?

Or does the ocean hold them in its grasp

With bars?

Where are the dead men's souls? Does earth

Retain them still, remembering that their birth

Was here?

And as their ashes lie upon her breast

In hope or fear,

Say, does she keep them in her heart at rest

Till Christ appear?

We know not where the dead men's souls may be,

Nor at this moment, nor eternally;

Know only this,

That those who loved their Lord and walked by faith,

Sleep now in Jesus, as the Scripture saith,

In perfect bliss.

Is it not a lamentable fact that the Doctor of Divinity who edits the above-mentioned Magazine offers such an uncomfortable argument, to say the least of it, to induce mankind to think about their after-life? It is just enough to make them think that they may as well think *nothing* about it. But what a different aspect does the truths of Spiritualism put upon the subject? We may know, if we *will* to know, that "dead men's souls" are living *spirits*; and that they neither slumber nor sleep in their never dying energies, which are continually exerted in obedience or submission to the Divine Will. We may know, if we *will* to know, that they are permitted by the Almighty Father of spirits to minister unto us, and to influence us according to their nature and our own desires. And we may also know, by the simple examination of the illustrations of God's providence to man when on the bed of death, that the living spirits of those we loved on earth may, with God's permission, be the active agents in withdrawing us from our material habitation and of introducing us to our Father's house above, from whence we, in our turn, may also become His "*ministering spirits*."

THE RELIGION OF THE AGE.

We have had a partiality for the *Christian's Penny Magazine*, from its commencement: but this periodical, like most others of a similar nature, shows very forcibly the neglect of that living power of Christianity which constitutes its grand feature. In the number for November, 1858, we read that "the religion of the age" is "second-rate," "hollow," "feeble," "uncertain," "inefficient," and "uninfluential." Most undoubtedly it is. We are told that "it falls short of its mark, for the arm that

draws the bow is *paralysed*." Up, then, and be doing, Mr. Editor: you have done much, but you can do more. Go to the Mesmeric Infirmary, at 36, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, and see how the sick are healed *there*; see if it is not by a holy power that the deaf are made to hear, the lame to walk, and the dumb to speak; see if it is not done by "the laying on of hands;" and, when you become thoroughly satisfied that it *is*, tell your readers all about it, and we will venture to say that you will make quite a stir amongst them. Never mind though the circulation of your Magazine *should* fall short of its accustomed amount by a few thousands,—you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have only done that which should be considered as a duty to God and to man. "Yes," we fancy the reply, "but the aged ministers?" Truly: though they might reap less of your profits, which have been so generously devoted to them, the God whom they have preached will never desert them. Again, you know that there is a mighty movement amongst all classes, under the name of Spiritualism, which is in many instances abused by those whom your periodical would reach. Don't tell your readers that it is a delusion into which weak-minded people have fallen, for many of them know better. We beg of you, most earnestly, to give *this* matter, also, your serious consideration. We will give you every facility in our power, if requested so to do. Examine it well: and when you have drawn your conclusions that "ministering spirits," both good and bad, have the power of communicating with mortals, in various ways, set this grand truth forward in your Magazine, and encourage your readers in the use of it, and warn them of its abuse. We consider this to be a solemn duty which you owe to them; and we are confident that, if properly executed, it would be the means of doing much towards making the religion of the day a *first-rate* religion; you would help to render it a *certain* and a *strong* religion; you would find that the arm which before was paralysed would become powerful and steady; and you would be following that good old advice,—"*Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*"

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

It is our earnest wish to help to scatter roses over the path of life, and to do our best to uproot the thorns and briers, for there are too many of them. Another effort in which we shall endeavour to engage will be to throw a little more light upon some dreary-looking pictures that we sometimes purchase, and then to present them to our readers with the hope that they may tend to reflect joyousness upon their features in lieu of sadness. The subjoined picture is to be found in the Magazine which we have just referred to when speaking of the religion of the age:—

A shadow moving by one's side,
That would a substance seem,
That is, yet is not,—though descried
Like skies beneath the stream;
A tree that's ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never ripe;
A wish for joys that never come—
Such are the hopes of Life.
A dark, inevitable night;
A blank that will remain;
A waiting for the morning light,
When waiting is in vain;

A gulf where pathway never led,
To show the depth beneath;
A thing we know not, yet we dread—
That dreaded thing is Death.
The vaulted void of purple sky,
That everywhere extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends;
A morning, whose uprisen sun
No setting e'er shall see;
A day that comes without a noon—
Such is Eternity.

We beg to present our readers with the same picture, slightly altered, so that its colourings may harmonise more closely with the picture of Divine Love to Man, as handed down to us in the Bible:—

The rising and the setting sun;
The glist'ning morning dew;
The hills, and vales, and rippling streams;
The flowers of gorgeous hue;
Affections which entwine the heart;
Scenes which the eye delight;
With hopes of a future better land;
Such are the joys of Life.

The entrance to eternal day,—
To never-ending bliss,—
Where flowers bloom without decay,—
And all is happiness;

That which the Christian longeth for,
E'en with his latest breath;
To all who firmly trust in God,
This joyous thing is Death.

The consummation of our hopes;
The union with our friends
Who are "not lost but gone before;"
The life which never ends;
The state of bliss beyond the grave,
When we our Lord shall see;
Complete and everlasting day;
Such is Eternity.

THE DYING CHILD.

It was Christmas Eve. A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard parting with the pet flower of the household. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the truthful, affectionate, large-hearted, pious child—how could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bed-side, and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," said she at length.

"What, my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked in faint broken tones, "how much do I cost you every year?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied in great agitation; for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please, papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her he replied, though with a shaking voice,—

"Well, dearest, perhaps twenty pounds. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought maybe you would lay it out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the springs of comfort! A beam of heavenly joy glanced in upon the father's heart. The bliss of one noble, loving spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing the brow with solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving smile-gaze into her father's eyes; and, still gazing, she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud clear voice, and with a look of ecstasy,—

"O papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates were opened; and crowds of children came pouring out. Oh, such crowds! And they ran up to me, and began to kiss me, and call me by a name. I can't remember what it was; but it meant, 'Beloved for the Father's sake!'"

She looked upward, her eyes became dreamy, her voice died into a whisper. "Yes, yes! I come! I come!" And the lovely form lay there untenanted of the lovelier spirit.

The Christmas morning dawned. John Lee arose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven."—*The Church, for December, 1858.*

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION:—THE ENTRANCE INTO "LIFE."

FROM JANE TINLEY.

[This communication was given by means of the "Water Bottle," on Sunday Evening, February 13, 1859, after the usual Discourse had been delivered. Our Medium was holding a conversation with some of our spirit friends, by this means, in her normal condition, and it was requested that one of them should give some account of the entrance into spirit-life, from actual experience. The reply was given immediately, "We will bring a spirit who will do so." In less than seven minutes after the request was made, the following was placed in the water bottle by the spirit, and reported by us, as it was read aloud by the Medium. It may be remarked that the words appear to the Medium to pass through the water bottle, as rapidly as she reads them, by entering an aperture in the form of a tunnel on the left side and disappearing through a similar aperture on the right. We consider the methods of holding communion with spirits by means of the "Crystal," "Mirror," and "Water Bottle," to exhibit an interesting feature of the power of spirits. We remarked this, on one occasion, while a conversation was being carried on, and, immediately, the words must have been as it were *thrown* into the bottle,—*"With God all things are possible."* We have to thank a valued friend, K. M., for the first opportunities afforded to us of practically testing the reality of holding spirit-communion by this means. The spirit who gave the following statement is one of whom we had no previous knowledge whatever; her place of residence while on earth was given, but we do not feel justified in stating publicly any more than the fact that it was in Nottinghamshire.—Ed.]

I have left the body about a fortnight. I was lying in bed for several years with consumption. I never experienced, during the whole time I was in health and strength, such happiness as I had the last three years of my life. When first my spiritual vision was opened, I was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and I felt dejected and oppressed. It seemed as though someone touched me on the shoulder, and I felt this for three successive days. One evening, as I was lying in bed, I heard a voice whisper and say, "Jane, be not afraid." I felt rather startled: for I had never heard, nor was I aware, that spirits could come and visit the earth. I called my mother up-stairs and told her of it. I heard the same voice again the next night, and so on for several nights. After this, my spiritual vision was gradually opened. The first vision, I remember, was a little dove: I thought I saw one flying about the room. I could not understand it: my mother said it was a sign of death in the family. After some time, my spiritual vision being opened sufficiently, I could discern the form of a dear aunt of mine who had loved me in my childhood. It was she who first led my heart to God. And so, in all my troubles and afflictions, I had beloved spirit friends ever around me, guiding me and leading me to Heaven. I sometimes, though very seldom, had the temptations of the devil to feel regretful, and to repine at my condition, but then would the good spirits come and give me strength, and draw my mind back again to God. At length, as I was lying on my bed, with my friends around me,—I knew that I must go, that my spirit must leave its earthly home,—I felt the cord snap which connects the spirit with the body. You may often observe that those who die of consumption make a gurgling noise in the throat a short time before the spirit quits the body: this is when the cord is snapped, and the influence is not quite ready to enable the spirit to be withdrawn from the body. It does not continue longer than a moment or two, and the spirit is free. This was the case with me; but I did not leave my body for three hours afterwards. I was round about it, and saw it washed and laid out. I saw it put in its burial clothes; I saw my dear mother weeping; I saw my friends kissing the cold clay. I could not but smile to myself: for I felt how silly it was for them to kiss a body that was useless without the spirit. Indeed, I thought it cruel of them to cry and wish me back again into a body which had caused me so much suffering. I was then, with angels and spirits, carried higher and higher; I went through clouds of light; I went, swifter than lightning, up to a gate—the golden gate of Heaven. There they knocked, and I was borne triumphant within, with angels, archangels, and spirits,—some who had been but a short time, and others longer, in the spirit land,—and so arrived at my blest abode.

The feeling which good spirits have in leaving the body is one of pleasure: such pleasure that you, who have not experienced it, cannot know the feeling. There is no regret. But it makes them sorrowful when they see those whom they leave on earth weeping. Therefore, you who have lost a friend, if you know that that friend has loved God, do not grieve at its departure from a body which is only a house of clay: for, in so doing, you make that spirit unhappy; you fly in the face of Almighty God, who wants the spirit to himself; and, instead of its ascending in triumph to God, you draw it back again to earth. Good night.

If facts be presented to us, we must take them as they come, and be content to examine them, and with a gentle and philosophically humble frame of mind establish for them their due importance in the place they must occupy in our stock of knowledge.—DR. ASHBURNER.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES.

II.

MESMERIC OR MAGNETIC SLEEP.

In continuing the study of the effects produced on the minds and bodies of different individuals, by the exercise of the WILL, the question occurred,—What is the nature of the agency employed? Mesmer said that there exists an ethereal medium by which a mutual relation is maintained between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and *animated* bodies; and that each animated being possesses a magnetism, which he called *animal magnetism*. The truth of this was demonstrated to me by numerous facts. I found that, by placing my hand upon the head of a sensitive person, a state of sleep was produced which defied the attempts of other persons, when vigorously made, to restore consciousness. This is the sleep in which any surgical operation may be performed and the patient experience no pain whatever. I found that this state could be produced by holding the hand of the patient, by looking stedfastly at the eyes, or by simply expressing my *will* by the word "Sleep!" I also satisfied myself that a profound state of sleep could be produced by means of a magnet. I tried this upon the lad whom I have before spoken of, and found that by once passing a common horse-shoe magnet from the head downwards, sleep was produced; and that by making a pass with it in the opposite direction the normal condition was restored. I also found that five minutes sleep, produced by the magnetism of my body, was sufficient to relieve the patient from pain existing in any portion of *his* body; and that, in fact, on restoring the patient to consciousness, he would feel as *I* felt, although, but a few minutes previously, suffering acute pain. Moreover, if these experiments were conducted after any unusual exertion on my part, the effects produced would be proportionately feeble,—it would take a longer time to produce sleep, and the patient would receive less benefit. Hence I was led to know, through my own experience, that which I had previously believed from the testimony of others, that the Mesmeric Sleep is produced by the magnetism of the body, or the invisible force which permeates it, and that this agent possesses CURATIVE PROPERTIES.

A DEATH BED SCENE.

Mrs. MARY M. HARRIS, was born of godly parents, in February, 1830: her father having been a deacon for more than twenty years, in Soho Chapel, Oxford Street. She was a Sunday scholar, and, for seven years, a Sunday School teacher, at this place of worship. In 1853, she was married to a fellow-scholar, and bore an unexceptionable character as a wife and a mother. She was taken ill, with consumption, in July, 1857, and was very happy on a bed of sickness and death. In bidding her friends good bye, she commended her child to their particular care, instructing them to be strict in bringing her up to attend the public worship of God. Just before she expired, she threw up her arms, and, with a beaming countenance, exclaimed, "*I can see my father and my mother! I shall soon be with them.*" "One gentle sigh her fetters broke," and she entered the spirit world, in September, 1857. —*Abridged from The Earthen Vessel, for February 1, 1859.*

REVIEWS.

Six Days' Trance: a faithful account of Six Days' Enjoyment of Heavenly Visions.
G. J. Stevenson, Paternoster Row.

The evidence of the fact that God is fulfilling the prophecy relating to the outpouring of the Spirit is clearly furnished by this tract; and, as it proceeds from a Minister of the Baptist Denomination, it may carry more weight with it in the minds of professing Christians than the facts presented by others who are without the pale of sectarianism, albeit the same God is the author of all that is good in whatever quarter it appears. We find an evident mistake in the dates, but we will set it down as a typographical error.

Remarks by William Howitt, Esq. on Lectures by Rev. E. White, Kentish Town, against Spiritualism. W. Horsell, Paternoster Row.

We earnestly beg our readers to circulate this number of the "British Spiritual Telegraph," No. 4, Vol. 3. It consists of a powerful appeal on behalf of the truths of Spiritualism. We are proud that so eminent a writer has enlisted in the public advocacy of the cause.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

They are winging, they are winging,
Through the thin blue air their way:
Unseen harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.
Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
And behold that seraph band,
Long-lost friends would bright before us
In angelic beauty stand.

Lo! the dim blue mist is sweeping
Slowly from my longing eyes,
And my heart is upward leaping
With a deep and glad surprise.
I behold them—close beside me,
Dwellers of the spirit-land;
Mists and shades alone divide me
From that glorious seraph band.

Though life never can restore me
My sad bosom's nestling dove,
Yet my blue-eyed babe bends o'er me
With her own sweet smile of love;
And the brother, long departed,
Who in being's summer died—
Warm, and true, and gentle-hearted—
Folds his pinions by my side.

Last called from us, loved and dearest—
Thou the faultless, tried, and true,
Of all earthly friends sincerest,
Mother—I behold thee too!
Lo! celestial light is gleaming
Round thy forehead pure and mild,
And thine eyes with love are beaming
On thy sad, heart-broken child!

Gentle sisters there are bending,
Blossoms culled from life's parterre;
And my father's voice ascending,
Floats along the charmed air.
Hark! those thrilling tones Elysian
Faint and fainter die away,
And the bright seraphic vision
Fades upon my sight for aye.

But I know they hover round me
In the morning's rosy light,
And their unseen forms surround me
All the deep and solemn night.
Yes, they're winging—yes, they're winging
Through the thin blue air their way:
Spirit-harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.

SOPHIA HELEN OLIVER.

OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE SPIRIT WORLD.

From a Leading Article in the Family Herald, for Feb. 12, 1859.

In a few brief words we may thus sum up the whole subject. There is a thickly peopled spiritual world, between which and our own a veil is drawn by the imperfection of our bodily senses; and it is a fair and reasonable supposition to believe that it is possible for that veil to be withdrawn at any moment when it may appear fitting to the Creator of every living being. Therefore when every faculty of our minds, every aspiration after higher and nobler things, every vision of the imagination, speaks of the near kindred between the noblest parts of our nature and the inhabitants of the spiritual world, it can be no idle, no vulgar indulgence of superstition, to believe that there may be a mysterious but no less real connection between the spiritual world and ourselves; nor any ground for alarm, but rather a most soothing and supporting thought, that no solitude is actually a lonely or desolate absence of sympathising and loving beings: but that, if mortal friends are far away, there are always around and about us yet purer, nobler, and more exalted intelligences—a little higher, but not apart from ourselves.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. Yes: Spiritualists frequently show a want of Charity concerning the truthfulness of their fellow creatures. We must, individually, try to alter this, and examine well our *own* motives.

S. J. We have not yet received any reply to it. We live in hopes, however, of receiving a defence of the views entertained by Ministers of the Gospel generally, with respect to Spiritual Gifts. Our pages are open to any sound arguments upon the subject; and should any individual demonstrate the fallacy of our views, we will then as earnestly promulgate his arguments as we do our own. All we wish for is the TRUTH, come whence it may: but we believe that if Ministers of the Gospel know that we are sowing the seeds and raising the plants of error, and that they are quite welcome to enter our nursery and destroy them all, the error lies at their own door if they do not do so.

Communications should be addressed to Mr. W. Carpenter, Mesmerist, Greenwich.

Preparing for Publication, —Price 4s. to Subscribers,

A NARRATIVE

Of personal Investigations of the Facts and Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse.
BY A "TRUTH SEEKER."

PRICE THREEPENCE.

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS' DISCOURSE:

Delivered on Sunday Evening, April 25, 1858, through a highly favoured Medium,

AND REPORTED VERBATIM BY MR. W. CARPENTER, MESMERIST, GREENWICH.

W. HORSELL, PATERNOSTER ROW.

LONDON: Published by W. HORSELL, Paternoster Row; and Sold by all respectable Booksellers,
GREENWICH: Printed and Published by WILLIAM CARPENTER.

12 MR 59