



A Splendid New England Story, written expressly for the Banner of Light.

## HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of  
LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

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**I.**  
TO BEGIN WITH.  
In Huckabuck the grass grows up to the edge of the street. In places, it makes a green track, like a railway, through the middle of the road, over which the steady farmers jog to meeting once a week with their wives, sniffing the freshness of the meadows that stretch beyond the stone walls on either side. Peaceful cows, with now and then a melancholy bell in the drove, straggle and graze all along the public ways; and geese, with pronged yokes at their breasts, go munching the tender blades, or turn to poke out their lengthening necks, and hiss at the intrusive passenger. The white-limbed scammers glint in the sunshine; and red-breasted robins sing the whole street to slumber, on summer afternoons, in the swaying branches of the elms.

Let us may not be fortunate enough to know where Huckabuck is, it will be as far to mention, at the outset, that it lies fast asleep on the nourishing bosom of Eastern Connecticut. Possibly it will not be so easy to open the map and put your finger exactly upon it; for, unless I happen to be marvellously mistaken, it is to be found laid down on no existing chart, if I except the solitary one of the township itself, long since projected by the laborious industry of Othiel Ammidown, Esq., and executed at the sole expense of his own invaluable time, and a few penfuls of vivid red ink.

On that notable map of Huckabuck, which the inhabitants were vain to esteem in its day an undertaking worth a deal of talking about, are to be discovered, at a single glance, almost all the desirable farms, building spots, and water privileges, that might be supposed capable of compacting themselves within the limits of any one little New England town; besides, here and there, a thrifty patch of white-oak, available for ship-timber to those who ever expected to stand in need of that commodity—a cedar swamp, stagnant with puddled mud, speckled turtle, and miasmatic material for fevers and a doctor—and barren moss-pastures, rank with gray rocks and mullein, where sheep might be occasionally turned in for a temporary whet to their appetites, or frisky colts suffered to range for the sake of making their young limbs supple with exercise.

Whether Huckabuck, therefore, ought, in justice to itself, to be placed on the maps that schoolboys own and go to sleep over, may still be regarded an open question. It is not absolutely essential, in truth, that its modest name be heralded to mankind through the brass trumpet that some people think the only avenue to renown, since it lies a good deal off the highways of travel, and never permits its head to go crazy with the fuming fustings of men who think themselves born for the special purpose of pulling everything down, and straightway setting it right side up again. Though it is in the world clearly enough, it can hardly be said to be of it; for the circles that spread daily from the great centres of human life, rarely reach even its outer limits, till long after they have broken themselves again into undistinguishable ripples and undulations—with no meaning, the moment they lose their individual form. The little town nods and sleeps, like a quiet old gentleman in his after-dinner chair; or like, its own most worthy representatives on the low bench before the tavern, who drowse in their talk like a row of bending poppies, and deem the world safe so long as its multiplied affairs rest on their broad and willing shoulders.

But faithfully as the Ammidown chart professed to locate and describe the several advantages that were, and still are, supposed to appertain to its soil and surface, it was guilty of many very grave omissions, that will continue to render township maps utterly worthless—in some eyes, at least—until the fault shall be supplanted by an entirely new system of plans and projections. It did not, for example, offer a single syllable, symbol, or otherwise, of the true character and habits of the people themselves; and if such items as these are not esteemed worthy of consideration, a body may well ask what in the world all the land is good for, or to what end is this auctioneering parade of building-spots and mill-sites, cedar-swamps and moss-crisping pastures. It did not tell the world—or as much of the world as ever had the curiosity to take a look at it—how many several houses there were; by whose industrious hands they were first erected; or who, at that time, chose to take up their abode in them. It professed not a single one of the habitable dwellings along the grass-embroidered street, asking people to look down into them, as Asmodeus did, and search for just such family secrets as would satisfy their curiosity.

Alas for it! the map was a superficial affair at best. Mr. Ammidown meant no more by it, than simply to develop, on a broad sheet of white paper,

the hidden capacities of his native place, and set himself, by so commendable a means, in the front of popular approbation. It was esteemed something worth while to be sent to the legislature, in those days; and such a chart was a vastly easier bid for a vacancy than any other scrawling that he might have taken a hand or a fancy to put upon paper.

Still—a truer exegesis of Huckabuck would have given us something besides a hint of the whereabouts of the land and the water. It would have sketched the men, some of them, quite as old-fashioned and moss-coated as the gray boulders that were sprinkled so plentifully up and down their own pastures. It would have touched on the style of their clothes, even; and, in a delicate, but none the less distinct outline, set forth how some were guilty of coat-collars, whose high peaks behind overlooked their very crowns; and how some clung affectionately to a mode of waists, that seemed, like parasite hop-vines, to climb higher and higher with each successive year; and how others protested vigorously against the most trivial changes either in the church or the school-house, declaring themselves certain that they had arrived at the farthest safe limit of social change, and setting down their square-toed shoes with a squarer emphasis against the invasion of everything like new tastes, or new ideas; and how almost all, in fact, jealously watched the upoming of every new sun, fearful of some undefinable encroachments from without, before it should go down again, and leave them safe to go to sleep once more with their drowsy old dogmas for bed-fellows.

Something like this should a proper map of Huckabuck have done; so that the casual observer might, with his own finger, have traced the channel of the town characteristics quite as readily as that of the little Huckabuck river; and followed up with his own eye the windings of that devious town-sentiment—in at one door and out at another, now across a garden, and now into the back window of a neighbor—on which are daily strung, as on a thread, the colored beads of talk and action, that, in one unbroken heap and coil, make up the mass of character by which any town, however small or sleepy, chooses to proffer tokens of its individuality. But nothing like this did the Ammidown map think of undertaking. The plodding population rubbed their eyes, and looked at it with envious admiration; and thought to themselves it was well done, and could not be bettered. And Mr. Ammidown went to the General Assembly, at New Haven, in two or three years' time—and so the bargain was clean and complete.

But behind the barren and inexpressive outlines of that red-lined draught, is really to be found a rich and deeply-marked history. All that the quiet Huckabuckers ever wanted was a historian. And being the first to perceive the lack myself, though still profoundly alive to the sense of responsibility with which such an office is to be properly undertaken, I beg you, good reader—whoever you are—to step in briskly with me over this narrow threshold of my story, and sit down to such entertainment as I may be able to offer you from my own too ill-assorted studies and observations.

### II. ZERA HAWKINS.

Just over the little stream from which the village of Huckabuck takes its name, rises a long line of hills to the eastward, sparsely settled by hard-fisted farmers, who yearly fight hand-to-hand battles with the none too fertile soil, and sometimes eke out the needed twelvemonth income by investing their surplus labor and industry in coalpits. Among this poorly favored class, in days gone by, was a man named Zera Hawkins. He lived in a story-and-a-half red house just within the bushes on a by-road, with a barn bigger than his dwelling in the rear, and a phalanx of moss-spotted apple trees in a rocky little orchard right next his weedy garden-patch.

About two weeks before we have chosen to open our story, he had the misfortune to lose his wife; who left to him an only child, a little girl of some seven or eight summers. They two alone had since that event occupied this ruby domain. Possibly he may have had some ulterior designs in mind respecting the further care of his child and household, but as yet he had not seen fit to make them known to any one of the few neighbors within his reach.

It was on a warm and somewhat sultry afternoon in July, and about fifteen years ago, that he came into the kitchen from his work in the hay-field, heated and perspiring. He sat down in one of the wooden chairs, took off his stained and faded straw hat, which he laid on the floor beside him, and asked his little girl to run to the well just across the yard, and draw him a pitcher of fresh, cold water. Then, on

second thought, convinced that she would not be able to pull down the old well-sweep with her own child's hands, he got up as quickly from his chair and followed out after her. The long sweep, with its weight of stones on the farther end, creaked under the burden of the full bucket on its way to the curb, while a thousand pearly drops dripped back into the resounding deep of the cavernous well, whose tinkling echoes were enough to cool the brow of the most perspiring listener. Eager to refresh himself after so long exposure to the hot July sun, he plunged his face into the brimming flood, and drank it off until he was obliged to desist from want of breath to go on.

"How good!" said he to himself, as he took the pitcher from the hand of his little daughter, and filled it to carry into the house with him. In that instant he felt refreshed. She followed him back into the kitchen, where he proceeded to light his pipe and sit down for a brief summer-afternoon reverie. And while he sits and smokes, we will take our pen, and, looking quietly through the open window, attempt an outline sketch of his face and person.

Mr. Hawkins had a noticeably large head, shaggy with coarse hair; an irregular shaped nose, that denoted a tough and vigorous will; a low and beetling forehead, craggy with its varied inequalities; and a square and massy chin, above which was torn, rather than out, an uncouth and sensual mouth, with coarse, thick lips, and a beard of many day's grizzly growth framing in the whole picture. He threw his small gray eyes repeatedly on the oaken floor; but they obediently roved to the wall, or the chimney, or the window. He sought to fix them on some tree, or rock, or other object out of doors; but they just as perversely insisted on finding their way back to the floor, the ceiling, or the empty fireplace again. Beneath his overhanging brows, they looked as if they were trying to hide their none too abundant light in a cavern.—If such a thing were possible, they were the one ominous feature about his face. Had there been nothing else to strike the beholder with a sentiment that he might purchase by a trifling dis-trust, those twin eyes would have been certain to perform that most unwelcome office.

He wore no other clothes than a shirt, which was pretty thoroughly sweated from out-of-door labor, and a pair of coarse tow-cloth trousers; if we except a heavy pair of cowhide shoes on his feet, against whose hard edges his brown ankles chafed as if it must put him to perpetual pain. There was a visible stoop in his gait already; from his long habit of loading heavy stone, and digging with the shovel, and bending with the scythe in the meadows. His hands were large and bony; hardened with work, and never spared from any demand of toil. As he sat and puffed out his smoke, he held them crossed one upon the back of the other over his knee, while he still kept himself bent a little forward, as if even his brief resting-spells were perforce hardly less quiet than his hours of active exertion.

"Patty," said he to his daughter, "has Miss Larkins been over this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," answered the child, looking up at him with an apparent expression of fear, as she spoke.

"M" was his reply. And he began to blow larger volumes of smoke from his mouth, while Patty moved just without the range of his eyes, and fell to fondling the yellow kitten she had taken out of the sunshine that lay across the floor.

The road wound northward past this little red house, and led you down to the diminutive wooden bridge that leaped the river; and across this bridge was at that same moment driving an individual, soiled with the dust and heat of the summer-day travel, who seemed eager to get to the end of his journey. Mr. Hawkins could distinctly hear the rattle of his horse's hoofs, as they beat themselves on the resounding timbers, and sent the loose gravel sifting down through the chinks into the water. He looked up for a minute, and appeared to be listening.

"That sounds like rain," said he, as to himself, throwing a glance through the door up at the sky. "I must work sharp, or I sha'n't get all my hay in. What did Miss Larkins say, Patty, when she was here? Did she say she should come again pretty soon?"

"She—she—didn't tell me," answered the child, strangely embarrassed, considering it was only her father to whom she was talking.

"M" again subsided the parent, putting back his pipe in his mouth, and puffing still more dense clouds of smoke. His little eyes twinkled with the excitement of his thoughts. Now and then he shook his head knowingly, as if making confidential disclosures to himself; and occasionally he threw a hasty look over his shoulder, to see if Patty might not have caught him at his solitary occupation. A light breeze suddenly sprang up, that rooked ever so gently the tops of the low apple-trees, and began to play gratefully about his temples as it found its way in at the open door.

It was while he was sitting thus thoughtfully in his chair, smoking his pipe in the atmosphere of his usual afternoon quietude, that the wagon that but just now rolled over the little wooden bridge, came rattling up to his own door-step, and a voice called out to know of his daughter if her father was at home. He sprang up himself on hearing the call, and made his appearance in the door.

"Come, Hawkins!" said the driver of the horse, "I want you to get in and go over to John Kagg's with me. We're having a Court over there, and perhaps you can help us a little as a witness."

Hawkins glanced uneasily at the countenance of his companion, as if he might perhaps read his meaning in its features; but every expression there was so settled, and calm, and almost indifferent, that he turned his eyes again as hastily as he had first bestowed them, and consented to ride down the winding road, across the resounding bridge, and up through the village street without offering another syllable. Still, he did not feel altogether at rest. Like most men of similar habits and character, his mind was haunted with vague suspicions, and oppressed by indescribable fears. Such strange feelings beleaguered him, that he even dreaded to break the silence in which they had been riding. He dropped his eyes thoughtfully to the ground, and seemed to be taken up with the whirling revolutions of the wagon wheels; or he tried to lift them up to a level with the horizon, as if interested in the study of such light clouds as were straggling together before the summer wind. But he was careful not to venture a second glance at the face of his companion.

It was not, either, because of any sinister demonstrations which he could trace in its studiously quiet expression; but rather by reason of the bodiless-surmises that, like ghosts, routed his own resolution, and threw him off his usual poise before he knew to what influence he had so suddenly become obedient. When they drove up before the tavern door, and saw rotund and dumpy John Kagg standing there in the middle of a small knot of eager listeners, all of whom looked up quickly as they discovered the officer and his companion approaching, Hawkins began to betray the disquiet that up to that moment he had been able to conceal. A flush stole into his cheeks—his eyes sparkled with a new excitement—and he split the tobacco juice in copious jets over the wheels. But he nevertheless jumped cheerfully to the ground, and accosted his old acquaintances about the door with his usual freedom, in spite of the hard stare which every one of them seemed inclined to bestow on him.

"Come, Hawkins," remarked the deputy, with an appearance of confidence still, "we'll go in, if you will. Mr. Johnson—Mr. Hooley! will you come in with us? Is the Justice here, Mr. Kagg?"

The landlord waddled forward with every possible air of serious officiousness, nodded his head with an indescribable gesture intended to imply profound sagacity, and led the way through the door into a little back room. The moment they were all in the apartment, and the door was shut, the sheriff laid off the mask he had thus far worn to so successful a purpose, and informed Zera Hawkins that he was his prisoner! It was then that the man's hot blood flamed up in his face, like the blaze of a fire. He stammered, and would have spoken; but his confusion made him dumb. He turned about on the handful of men there assembled, and read in their countenances nothing but the silent confession that they too were understood the purpose for which he and they had been summoned there. Finally he recovered his self-possession sufficiently to ask what this was all for; and in answer to his inquiry, was bidden to listen to the reading of the complaint on which he had been arrested, by the official who presided over the exciting scene.

The accusation was, that on a certain night not many weeks before—between only two and three—he had been guilty of taking the life of his wife, while she was sleeping in the bed beside him! In answer to the accusation, he was asked if he had anything to say in respect of his guilt or innocence. Unlike a man, whose nature would revolt at the very thought of such a crime, if he were really satisfied with his own innocence, and who would have protested that innocence with a burning face, and a tongue of indignant eloquence, and an eye of flashing fire—this poor man simply sank down into a silent and seditious manner, and declared, in the most careless and indifferent way in the world, that he knew nothing whatever of the transaction alleged, and that he was not guilty.

They caused him to be seated; and forthwith three individuals came forward, and made such hideous revelations in reference to the unearthed corpse, as not only tended to fasten the damning guilt on the accused husband, but chilled the listener's blood with a creeping horror. Throughout the whole of this narration, the man seemed to sit unmoved, with his arms folded together, and his eyes riveted to the floor. The only evidence of his not being utterly impassable, was the faint coming and going of the blood in his cheeks and lips. His little gray eyes kept their dark secret well.

On a deliberate review of the case, so far, as the sworn testimony of the witnesses had served to illuminate its mysteries, the Justice decided to hold the prisoner for his trial on this charge of murder at the coming term of the County Court; and forthwith placed a warrant in the Sheriff's hands to commit him to jail, and there keep him in close confinement until the day of trial should arrive. Hawkins barely looked up at the officer, as he proceeded to clasp the handcuffs about his wrists, seeming to reproach him for the deceit he had practised; farther than this he showed no signs of even being awake to the bustling and ominous proceedings that were going on around him.

When the prisoner was led to the outer door again, he found quite a large crowd collected. It was curious to note what a revulsion of feeling had suddenly taken place on the part of those who looked at him; even they who had known him the best now shrank from contact with him, as from a blood-stained, guilt-polluted man. Only a single one of all his old acquaintances accosted him after he had climbed into the sheriff's wagon again, and he in pure pity for his hard fate. "I'm sorry for you, Hawkins," said he, resting his hands on the seat and dasher of the vehicle; "I'd never thought such a thing of you!"

The prisoner suddenly shook his head, lifted his manacled hands to brush a rolling tear from his eyes, and muttered broken syllables, while his friend stared in his face and tried to understand. And then he relapsed into his gloom once more, while the sheriff sprang up to the seat beside him, and drove off to lodge him in the jail that formed one of the characteristics of the shire-town of the county. The crowd looked till both were out of sight, and immediately fell to talking the startling affair over among themselves, subdividing their numbers into equals and knots about the door.

The news spread like wildfire all along the street. It was not very late yet in the afternoon, but many a supper was delayed to allow the housewives opportunity to protract their back-door conferences and cross-the-fence conversations about the terrible intelligence that had thus burst like a thunder-bolt upon the little town. There was a hurrying from house to house such as had rarely been witnessed before in all the village history. Men met here and there on the street, or came out from their front doors to accost the passers and ask if there was any more news. Old farmers, who in truth could ill spare the time from their haycocks, came rattling into the village, to try and understand the outlines of this tragedy, of which such vague and unreliable rumors had already reached them. Wherever there were collected knots of men about the street, engaged in discussing the matter, there gathered little boys too, who strained their necks to look up and catch every syllable that was dropped, eager to report it all over again in their own breathless and terrified way at the supper-table.

There was a rather select gathering over at the little store of Mr. Pennybright, where the time passed chiefly in fetching long and laborious sighs, bemoaning the depravity of which all human hearts (save their own) were known to be full, and seriously wondering if the world was coming to an end without the formality of any further notification. Some sat in the backless chairs, and gazed out of the door at nothing upon the ground; others perched in their customary style upon the counter, swinging their legs just as they began to see poor Hawkins swing already; while the staid and sober-visaged Mr. Pennybright himself put back his spectacles upon the top of his head, assumed an aspect of most laborious sadness, and, in his turn, gazed hard at nothing on the floor just beyond his feet.

Old Mr. Malachi—the miscellaneous man of Huckabuck—stopped to tell Mrs. Shadblow the story at her back door, as he came into the yard to get the daily swill for his pig; and with many a slow, wise shake of his head, gave her to understand that it was about as serious an affair as he should himself like to be mixed up with.

Mrs. Shadblow, with whom little Patty Hawkins had long been a favorite, held up both hands, and opened wide her mouth to give adequate expression to her sense of surprise; which, as other thoughts happened to overtake her in rapid succession, she did not do at all, but stood with that orifice thus uselessly exposed for the space of several minutes. But in that time she was most deeply moved. A new purpose was suddenly taken.

The moment, therefore, Mr. Malachi had gone, she hurried across the garden and down the little green lane beyond, to find her husband in the barn. "Husband!" she called aloud, while she began hunting among the sheds, the cattle stalls, and all over the barn scaffolds and floors. "Husband!" she called again, opening one door after another, and diving in her haste into places it would have puzzled an antiquarian rummager to get safely out of. "Mr. Shadblow!"

This last summons brought him. He was just around the back of the barn, looking after his hay there.

"I want the horse harnessed up this minute!" said she. "I want to go over to Zera Hawkins's! You've heard the awful news, ha'n't you? about his bein' took up for killing his wife? Oh, dear! what aint folks a-comin' to—I wonder? We sha'n't any of us next be safe to sleep in our own beds!"

It seems that Mr. Shadblow, being a man punctiliously given to watching his own affairs first of all, had kept himself so closely occupied, all that afternoon in his meadow behind the barn, that the cloud of this dark rumor had not reached him. It

rather followed the course of the street and the roads. So his wife began then and there, and went through the narrative from beginning to end; and, considering that she was but just put in possession of Old Malachi's scant and barren version, offered but a limited story, with her very best setting-out, for the willing ears of her husband. Still, the single fact of itself formed the living heart of a thousand stories, which each auditor could interpret, and expand, and color, as his imagination most readily led him on.

"Well, and what are you going over to Zera Hawkins' for?" he asked, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment and come back to the (with him) main point in hand. "I don't see what you've got to do with it; or with them, either."

"Husband," answered she, in a more calm and in a pleading voice, "pray don't stop me now to ask questions. Either let me have the horse and chaise, or I shall go a-foot! That little girl is what I'm going after! I must see her to-night. You'll be likely to understand my reasons better at some other time."

He had something or another to say about leaving his work for such foolish and unnecessary business as this, and then proceeded to gratify his wife's request. Mrs. Shadblow, in less than ten minutes' time, had climbed up into the high chaise in the yard, and was urging the already over-worked steed at the top of his mettle in the direction of the little red house, just vacated by its unhappy occupant.

Patty was bustling about, like the good little housewife she was ambitious of being esteemed, hurrying to get supper before her father came back.

"Your father won't be here again to-night," said her visitor. "So I want you to go over and stay with me."

The child looked at her in deep surprise; and seemed to wait for a further explanation.

"I'll tell you all about it, Patty, when we get through tea. Come; let's fasten up the doors and windows, and then you shall get into the chaise and go and make a little visit with me. You shall have a nice, good room, all to yourself!"

Nothing but the implicit confidence which the child reposed in her friend, would have been sufficient to allay her suspicions that something had gone wrong, and that she ought certainly to remain at home; and Mrs. Shadblow looked so kindly upon her, and offered in so many ways to do everything to make her contented, that she finally broke away from the bounds of her hesitation, and made ready to begin this most unforeseen journey out into the world.

It was while all the people—men, women, and children—were lining the village street, absorbed in conversation about this stupendous event, that Mrs. Shadblow and Patty drove up before them, and immediately contributed new matter for the general inquiry and speculation.

III.

THE COUNTY COURT.

Esquire McBride was one of the Huckabuck Solons. Besides, perhaps the minister and the doctor, there was no one who was popularly reckoned wiser than he. In the stores and the tavern, men looked up to him, and felt grateful for the drippings of his wisdom, without having to think there was a chance of his coming to them for a fee. In church, it was only he who had weight, and character, and self-possession enough, to turn about and face the choir while they were at their singing; or to stand up with such an air of majesty during prayer, and look down every eye that might presume to fix a timid and most respectful glance on his. Something of this habit unquestionably came with the vastly superior gifts of his profession, as it is supposed to come to quite all lawyers who ever hope to be "successful;" while not a little, by any means, was absolutely known to be part and parcel of that elegant style of manners practised within the green-baize semicircle, which, for the sake of a pleasant and ornamental sort of fiction, people submit to call the Bar.

Mr. McBride was a stirring man in his profession, as every body knew to his cost. By his energy and his eloquence—it would be hard to say which had done the most for him—he had grasped ready emoluments, and was now on the high road to public office and favor. The popular voice pronounced him "a smart lawyer;" what the popular heart might have said of him, supposing it to have been endowed with speech, it would not, perhaps, so well suit my present convenience to repeat. He lived in one of the finest houses in the town already. He stood high—at least nominally—with the inhabitants, and visited regularly with the family of "the minister;" and in times when, in the secreted towns and villages of New England, the minister was a good deal more of a character than the Pope, this was one of the surest passports to respectability, if not to local eminence.

The house of the lawyer stood just behind a couple of stately sycamores, that gave a wonderful look of statelyness, too, to the dwelling itself; while within the limits of its flung white fence grew bushes and flowers enough to have made the heart of the country barrister as soft as that of a woman, a poet, or a story-teller. The walk up to the door was paved with flagging-stone, dug—so people said—from the prolific quarries at Bolton Notch; to which not every individual felt able to go for his supplies, even allowing he had a sentiment for flag-stones at all. There was a monstrous lilac bush just under each window, that in its season of flowering furnished fragrance for the entire street; while it led not a few little boys, on their way to Sunday school, into a desperate bog of temptation, from their eager wish to snap off a spike of the purple blossoms here and there, and stick them into their gaping button-holes. There were snow-balls, too, growing in the yard; and now and then a hollyhock, a bunch of pinks, and a morning-glory against the house. The place suggested at once both the respectability and importance of its proprietor.

Not a week after the discovery of Zera Hawkins' connection with the sudden death of his wife, Lawyer McBride was sitting at the tea-table with his family—which consisted of his wife, two daughters, and son Robert—and having a great deal to say about the probability of proving the accused guilty of the heinous crime with which he stood charged. The rest were eagerly listening to his remarks.

"And by-the-by," said he to his wife, as she handed him a second cup of tea, "I have only this afternoon got a letter from the State's Attorney, requesting my assistance in the case. To be sure, I intended to him in the first of it—the very day after Hawkins was arrested and bound over, in fact, that I should be glad to gull, at the same oar with him, if I could but get the chance, and that I had

for it's going to make a great stir, this trial is, and there will be a good opportunity to bring my name out prominently before the people of the county."

And at the thought of the possible renown which she felt sure her husband would win in the proceeding, Mrs. McBride's eyes dilated and glowed with an expression of unusual satisfaction. When one man goes down, another goes up—the old saying is; and it seemed to promise a verification in the case in hand.

"I don't doubt his guilt myself," he continued—sipping his tea from the spoon with an air of extreme satisfaction. "I don't, doubt it at all. Look at the circumstances. Look at the character of the man. See the very strong motive he had for the commission of such a crime. Why, not more than five or six weeks ago I told him myself that he must bestir himself and raise my mortgage on his place; I told him it had lain long enough, and I had waited long enough, and that he must attend to it forthwith, unless he wanted me to bring a process of foreclosure. Everybody knows, too, that he has been quite as intimate, for some time back, with Miss Larkins as he'd ought to be; and that don't look very well; especially, as she's known to have money enough in her own right to get him out of his tight quarters, and make everything easy again. No one pretends to suppose, as I know of that she had a hand in this crime; yet there's not an earthly doubt of her being the silent instigator of its commission at the last. She'll not be charged with any complicity in the business; nor will she be likely even to be called on as a witness against him; for it's not an easy matter to prove that she knew anything beforehand about it. And still, if he hadn't happened to be discovered just as he was, there isn't a question in the world that they would have been married in less than three months!"

Of those who sat and listened to these opinions of the village lawyer, no one was more silent and attentive than his son Robert; a young lad perhaps three or four years older than Hawkins' only daughter, and the eldest of Mr. McBride's three children. Every word that was spoken sunk deeply into his heart. It was a crime, whose diabolical character and hideous proportions a youthful mind found it difficult to grasp at a single effort of thought. The intellectual and the moral aspects of it were so strangely mixed up, that he could with distinctness comprehend neither. Besides, he had been familiar with little Patty Hawkins since he could go back in his recollection to any one outside of his own household; and to think that her father should have done such a deed—it was almost bringing back the horror of it upon Patty herself!

During the three weeks that intervened before the session of the County Court, Huckabuck was as busy as a bee. There was no cessation to the buzz of rumor and discussion that spread over the length and breadth of the town. Everybody was full of it. All other business was for the time willingly laid aside. Mr. Pennybright's store—which was the Post office as well—formed the focus of the talk, which little by little run out from the doors of that commercial centre, and swirled and eddied like a wave all along the two sides of the street. John Kagg, the oily little tavern-keeper, stuck his hands in the edge of his pockets, shook his head as wisely as if there was a world of something in it worth telling, but which, under the present circumstances, it was of no sort of use to try to tell—tipped himself back to a hazardous angle in his bar-room chair, and squirted tobacco-juice farther across the floor than any of the weed-chewing squad to whose idle prattle he condescended to listen. They were all at it, from the Deacons to the swill-gatherer, old Malachi. He would stand and look into the faces of one and another, wherever he could find them collected, heard up the droppings of their opinions, and start off with them as a sort of stock-in-trade on his professional rounds to the back-doors of the neighbors. And a more useful purveyor of intelligence than the honest housewives found him, as he answered every one of their questions almost exactly to the shade of their liking, no other town than Huckabuck has ever had the good fortune to supply.

Mrs. Shadblow broke the news as softly as—good woman!—she knew how to the heart of little Patty, and daily tried to help her keep up under the weight of so grievous an infliction. It was a blessed circumstance for her that she was so young; in one day the whole of this horror could not find its way into her soul, and darken it with a perpetual gloom; it would require years for her to comprehend its great enormity; and, thank God with the coming years would come also opening reason, and a better, and a stouter heart to endure.

It was a bright summer morning, near the middle of August, when the trial finally came on. The Court was to be held in Brimfield, the shire-town of the County, and some ten miles away to the eastward. Huckabuck got up at least two hours earlier than usual that morning—and that was in the most excellent season, you may be sure. The farmers could hardly see by the insufficient light of the night—for it was not yet dawn—to fodder their cattle. There were a score or more of witnesses summoned on the case from among the inhabitants, each one of whom was expected to communicate all he knew about the habits and general character of the prisoner. Some of them felt uneasy at the thought of offering even the slightest testimony for the defence, lest it might somehow identify themselves with the cause of the criminal.

In primitive and picturesque wagons, in unique gigs and barouches, in dusty-topped old chaises with yellow wheels, in vehicles without form, name or date, all Huckabuck started off at a most seasonable hour, with its bread and cheese in its side pocket, and abundance of hay in the back of the wagon, to attend this momentous trial. The costumes that were dragged out into the light that morning would have given a dash of mirth to even a more solemn occasion, if such an one it were possible to imagine. Yet nobody thought that Deacon Boso's hat, stuck so fiercely on the back of his head, was anything but just the article most in popular demand; or that the scant trowsers' legs of Mr. Pennybright, which might, with trifling alteration, have made creditable breeches of the old-school style, were performing aught but their legitimate functions in trying so hard to creep up to his bony knees. Half the town rode through the dust in its shirt-sleeves; the other half sweltered patiently in the increasing heat, with its heavy woollen coat on, and wiped the perspiration from its forehead with a gay-colored cotton handkerchief. It was folksome travel in that hot sun, but they would have perished had it proved as toilsome as multiplied by ten. Other men would have been likely to protect themselves with umbrellas; the Huckabuckers scorned the thought of being considered effeminate people, and would have the world to understand that their heads were thick enough to defy all the tricks of coup de soleil, or anything else.

When they reached the Court House, coming up in the caravan style they did, it created no little sensation among the throng assembled under the trees, and in the shadow of the houses. "There comes Huckabuck!" said one to another. They found the pleasant town of Brimfield filling up already. A chance to tie a horse where he would be out of the way of sun and flies, was one of the difficult discoveries of the day. All the eligible positions had been secured long before their arrival by those who had got out of bed even earlier than they. So they hitched beneath such young trees as offered their shade, taking their animals out of the vehicles, and leaving them a wider margin on which to whisk their switch-tails, and cool off.

Several small matters had to be disposed of by the court before the case of STATE vs. HAWKINS was called; during which interval the men of the surrounding towns renewed their old friendships on the Green, freely discussed the trial that was about to take place, and crowded around the door of the building to catch a view of the prisoner's face as he passed through on his way up stairs. The Court House was quite an old-fashioned structure, albeit it did not date its existence as far back as some that looked vastly more stylish and modern than itself. It stood fronting a pretty piece of green sward, which formed the village common, with an undecided looking cupola on the top, and an oyster and gingerbread saloon in the basement. The apartment for holding public trials was on the third floor; while the middle one was allotted to lobbies, offices, consulting rooms for the lawyers and their clients, and wood-rooms. Up stairs was already collected a perspiring crowd, who had secured their seats, and determined not to leave them so long as the court was in session.

Within the bar there was law, and lawyers, enough to keep the nation from ever going astray. Young sprigs, with bundles of papers, tied round with red tape, sticking out of their breast pockets; and old, gnarly, legal limbs, knotted and knobby, whispering confidentially in one another's ears, and shaking their heads as if there was nothing more to say. It was noteworthy, to see with what an air of earnestness the multitude kept their eyes fixed upon these gentlemen of the green bag; and how grateful one or two favored ones on the inside edge of the crowd seemed, on being asked by any kind of a lawyer, how their families "did;" and if, on the whole, they were "pretty tolerable" themselves.

By and by the Sheriff, assisted by one of his Deputies, came across the edge of the Green from the jail with his prisoner. All eyes were bent intently upon him, and every voice was hushed. Those farthest from the door began to move up to the steps, eager as children to catch a passing view. Some laid their hands on the shoulders of those before them, and tried to pull themselves up to an attitude that would command a wider survey. Others went butting and bobbing their heads between everybody's shoulders, making themselves as warm and uncomfortable as they could, and putting everybody else into a state of nervousness and vexation. Up stairs the word was whispered from one to another—"He's coming!" and the men who sat perched in the open windows looked down with outstretched necks and highly excited faces over the dark crowd below. It could not have been such a wonderful sight to see Zera Hawkins himself—but it was Zera Hawkins clothed in the dark mystery of his terrible crime.

The spectators made way at the bidding of the officers, and the prisoner was ushered into the middle one of three watch-boxes that faced the bench of the Judge, surmounted with little wooden pickets. The Sheriff stepped before him, and undid his handcuffs; and court, jury, lawyers, and spectators made instant preparations to settle down into patience and quietude.

When the accusation was read by the attorney for the State—at whose right hand sat Lawyer McBride, scratching away with a feathery quill behind a big pile of calf-bound books, you could have heard a whisper anywhere in that packed multitude. There was not an individual who was not painfully aware of the beating of his own heart, on hearing the recital of the several counts in the indictment. There were many among them who held their breath, lest a single syllable in the web of the transaction should escape them.

"What do you say for yourself, Zera Hawkins, in reference to the crime with which you are charged?" asked the clerk, after commanding the prisoner to stand up. "Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

The crowd strained forward to look at that notable prepossessing face of his.

"Not guilty!" said he, in a low voice, with his eyes fixed upon his counsel.

And forthwith the case was open for the statement of the prosecution; and the introduction of the testimony. Not to dwell at too much length upon the conduct of the several parts of the trial, it will be sufficient to record that the attorney for the prosecution laid before the Court and Jury a plain and consecutive history of the case, intimating the positions which he proposed to occupy, and the general character of the evidence on which he expected to rely for the support of the accusation; adding, likewise, a few feeling and eloquent observations in reference to the startling nature of the crime, the deep surprise of the community that the prisoner should ever have been thought capable of its accomplishment, and the voice of warning which it uttered to those present against suffering their passions to go unbridled. Next, the testimony for the prosecution was brought forward, to be weighed and adjusted according to the most exact laws for the admission of evidence.

First, the three individuals to whom had been secretly entrusted the duty of exhuming the remains of the prisoner's wife, were called to the witness-stand. They were asked to give their story, one after the other, and then turned over to the counsel for the defence for cross-examination. Every ear in the room was open to the heart-moving tale.

On examining the body of the deceased, which was done before its appearance had very materially changed, it had been discovered that there was still visible a livid mark, as from a cord tightly drawn about her neck; the features betrayed the usual symptoms of a violent death, especially by such means as strangulation, though not with such obviousness as to sustain suspicion, unless it had been previously excited; and, on a further examination, it had been found that the brain, at last gave up the fatal secret, and told its damning tale of sudden congestion, produced by just such means as the marked appearance of the neck, and throat would naturally indicate. In other words, Zera Hawkins had sensibly strangled his own wife in the silence

of the night, while she lay asleep beside him in her bed!

The prisoner kept his eyes fixed on the floor during this recital, giving his lips a little tremulously, as one and another point became plain, and now and then turning slightly pale; but farther than this, he testified in no way to any emotion that might have been struggling within his heart for utterance. No one there felt as if he could look into that heart, and fathom the depths into which he seemed resolved that no light should come.

All this testimony, medical and otherwise, was gone through, and sifted and picked over by the lawyers on the other side as long as it offered a frayed thread on which to hang a hope for the accused; and then the Judge inquired—it was an inquiry put in a solemn, and even a sad tone—if the State had any more witnesses to call.

"A single one more, your Honor," answered the attorney, beckoning to one of the officers of the court, to let him understand that he was ready.

There followed then a fixed gaze from the eyes of the spectators upon the officer, from which he relieved himself by passing out through the crowd at the back part of the room, and entering a little ante-room, whose door he shut behind him. During the brief time he was absent, the suspense was painful. People knew not what was coming next. They had had horrors enough already; could it be that there were greater ones still in store for them? The prisoner sat uneasily, and kept his hands nervously working on his knees. The jury looked weary even now with the weight of guilt that had accumulated; and appeared to sit in dread of any further revelations, which could hardly strengthen the charge against the accused, and must only increase the horror with which this crime would forever be associated in their minds.

Presently the ante-room door opened again, and the mass nearest it, through which the officer was laboriously forcing a passage, began to sway and roll excitedly. A woman and a child came forward within the bar, the former of whom sat down in a chair which the officer provided. The child remained standing for a moment at her side, leaning in timid confidence against her. Now it was that the prisoner, who threw a glance at the new comers, turned pale indeed. His hands twitched, as if he were overtaken with spasms. His eyes flashed, and snapped, and sparkled, beneath his overarching brows. He began to mutter something inaudibly to himself, but it was lost in the instant's overwhelming confusion. And again he flung a quick gaze at those two persons, and his eyes met the eyes of his own little daughter Patty! It was Mrs. Shadblow who had come in with her, to sustain her heart in the trial through which she was summoned to pass.

The State's attorney looked sadder and more serious than ever; as if the responsibility that weighed upon him was almost too heavy to bear. Mr. McBride, his coadjutor, glanced around among the people, however, with an expression not much unlike one of triumph. The Judge regarded the child with a gaze of wonder, that shaded his features with a settled sorrow. The elderly lawyer, who was the leading counsel for the prisoner, and who was of high repute in cases of a criminal nature, contemplated the introduction of these new witnesses, especially the little girl, with an astonishment that even his practised features were not skilled to conceal. It was afterward said, when the excitement attendant on the event had in a great measure died away, that though he was known to have had a most ingenious theory, according to which he did not at all despair of obtaining a verdict of acquittal for his client, yet when his eyes fell upon the person of that innocent child,—so young, so artless and unsuspecting, and summoned there to testify against her own father,—all confidence in his own power forsook him in a moment, and he felt a conviction that the prisoner was as much doomed as if his dreaded sentence had already been pronounced.

"We have this one witness more, your Honor," said the attorney, rising and gently conducting Patty to the stand, where he requested Mrs. Shadblow to sit beside her.

The Judge laid down his pen, and gave all his attention. The jury bent forward in their seats, to catch every syllable. And the subdued whispers of the multitude subsided altogether, dying away in the stillness of an unbroken hush.

"Patty," began the State's Attorney, in the kindest tone he could command, "I am going now to ask you a few questions. You needn't be afraid of anything, and I want you to speak up loud enough for those gentlemen"—pointing to the twelve jurymen—"to hear you. Is that your father, sitting in that box yonder?"

The child looked in the direction indicated. Her father bent his eyes for an instant upon her. She looked away as quick as she could, and answered,—"Yes, sir." But her voice was faint, and her lips quivered with alarm.

"What is your name, then?" said the lawyer.

"Patty," she answered.

"Yes; and Patty what?"

"Patty Hawkins."

These few questions led to a dispute between the counsel, whether "Patty" should be received as her true name; but as the child seemed to be ignorant of any other from her earliest recollection, it was finally conceded by the other side that "Patty" was but another and a pet name for "Nathana," and that they were quite willing to accept her testimony under whichever one might be elected.

"Now," continued the attorney, encouraging the youngling all he could by his voice and countenance, "I want you to tell those gentlemen sitting there all you know about your mother's death; what you saw on the night she died; and everything else you can remember."

Mrs. Shadblow sat and trembled from her head to her feet. It was to her that the child had first told her story, after her mother's sudden death; and Mrs. Shadblow, in truth, might have taken the credit to herself—since even her husband could not share it with her, so vigilantly had she kept her secret from him,—for having set on foot the earliest investigations into the cause and manner of Mrs. Hawkins' death, and for having brought so dark a mystery into the light.

With another word or two of encouragement, Patty began. Her agonised father, to whom this scene was as great a surprise as to any one else, hung breathless on her syllables, fixing his eyes upon a figure in the faded carpet within the bar, and inclining his ear ever so little towards her.

"I waked up the night mother died," said she, with considerable trepidation, which she slowly began to overcome, "and I heard a noise. I didn't know what it was at first, and I felt scared. I was up and went to my mother's door, and I found her lying on the floor, and she was dead. I called for my father, and he came, and he found her dead, and he

going to call mother; but I didn't call her, and I lay still in my little bed."

"Where was your bed?" asked the Judge.

"It was right by the side of mother's bed," answered the child.

"Well," pursued the attorney, "and what then? What kind of a noise was it that you heard?"

She hesitated a moment, and then answered, "I can't tell, sir; but it scared me, and I laid as still as ever I could."

"Well, did you see anything?"

"Oh, let her tell her own story," interrupted the elder lawyer on the other side, betraying a good deal of excitement during the scene.

"Certainly, certainly," retorted the attorney; "tell what you saw, Patty, if you did see anything."

"I saw father raise up in bed, and pour something into his hand, and rub mother's neck with his hand."

"How long did he do this?" the attorney asked her.

"A good while. And then he got out of bed again, and put the bottle back on the table."

The counsel for the prosecution put a few more questions, calculated to bring out every shade of the story in the proper light, which she answered with perfect simplicity and frankness, and without the least hesitation.

That plain story produced an impression on the Court and the assembly, such as is rarely found recorded in the annals of criminal trials. Men did not trust themselves to whisper to each other, such a portentous weight pressed on their spirits. Their eyes met in silence, and essayed to look the emotions which they could not have trusted to their lips. The Judge looked as if he would weep. The Jury cast their eyes down upon the floor, nor presumed to gaze into the face of the little witness, on whose breath thus depended the life of her own father. The silence that for a few seconds pervaded the court-room was more painful than if every sympathizing heart had cried out in its suppressed agony.

At length the suspense was broken by the Attorney for the State saying that he had no more questions to put, and intimating, by a nod, to the opposite counsel, that the witness was in their hands.

The elderly lawyer at once began his cross-examination; which, being a kind and fatherly man, of warm impulses and quick sympathies, he conducted with a delicacy and tenderness that was touching to all who listened. He gently requested her to go through the few points of her testimony once more; and as she proceeded to do so, he followed her up, and intersected her path, with inquiries that were intended to search out all the uncertainties, and mistakes, and inconsistencies that might be possible to the matter. He labored even to convince her that, as she had so suddenly waked out of a sound sleep, and as the light, too, was at best extremely uncertain, she might in some way be mistaken in what she saw. He was not interfered with, but allowed to take his own course. The child, however, did not swerve by the merest trifle from what she had first stated; and though she was still timid and ill at ease, she nevertheless adhered to her brief story with an innocent pertinacity that implied nothing but truth.

"You say you saw your father bathing your mother's neck?" said the lawyer, dealing with her as mildly as before.

"Yes, sir," she scarcely whispered.

"Could you see her neck, from where you lay in your little bed on the floor?"

"No, sir," was her straightforward answer.

The audience looked round upon one another, and drew a breath of relief. They thought that at last the defence had found ground to stand upon.

"Then how do you know that it was your mother's neck your father was bathing?" put the lawyer, his features visibly lighting up.

"Because," in an instant replied the child, "I could see mother's head, and could see her breast; and her neck was between them!"

The countenance of the questioner fell immediately. The assemblage felt the blow, or seemed to, as keenly as he. "Anything," thought they, "which would give the prisoner even the slightest hope of exculpation." And with a few more very general inquiries, calculated to wear away, in some degree, the untoward impression of the child's last answer, the counsel for the defence said he was through with the witness, and she and Mrs. Shadblow were dismissed together from the room. Her father bestowed one quick glance on Patty's childish figure, as it withdrew through the crowd, and then everything like hope died away in his heart.

To go through the arguments, and pleadings, and appeals that ensued, is needless. It is enough to record that Lawyer McBride appeared to take a devilish sort of delight in the task which he had voluntarily brought his talents, and made an effort to secure the prisoner's conviction, that rather surprised all who sat and heard him through. Possibly he had his thoughts directed to the mortgage which he held on Hawkins' little place, and felt impatient to sweep everything there was left into his own pocket. When a man is once fairly down, there are always onwards enough in the world to go out of their way to walk over him.

The counsel for the accused made a most vigorous and eloquent defence, insisting with extraordinary pertinacity on every point, however trifling and minute, that could in any way make head against the strong tide of testimony that had set in against the prisoner. The effort of the elderly lawyer was especially noticeable. People said he outdid himself. Everybody seemed not less taken by surprise than moved with delight; for black as the guilt certainly looked, it excited pleasurable sensations even in hearts most prejudiced and best convinced, to feel the strong power of a single will and a subtle sympathy over what seemed the immobility of Fate itself. It was like standing on a firm rock and beholding the mad waves break harmless at your feet.

The charge of the Judge—the passing out of the jury, filing off solemnly one after another with the life of a fellow-creature in their hands—the relief the assembly found in a hum of talk again—the order for silence in the court once more—the slow and measured return of the twelve jurymen; each with his eyes cast down; and his face expressive of deep responsibility—the prisoner standing up in his place to hear his fate pronounced by the lips of the foreman—the questions of the clerk; and the answer of the leading jurymen that boomed through the hall; low as that answer was given, like the sound of a distant cannon, all the things are well remembered by the actors and the witnesses in that scene; but they have never been forgotten as they were then, and it is not to be wondered at that the deed which was the cause of all this should have been so long and so fully remembered.

A great weight of suspense was lifted from the hearts of the spectators. The trial was over, and the community felt a temporary relief.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

MORNING DAWNS!

BY CORA WILBURN.

Morning dawns! the earth is singing Recognition's hymn— To the world of light are winging Home the seraphim; Bearing trophies rich and glowing; Shouting victory! Bearing in their hands the laurel Of their ministry. From the palace halls ascending, Where the Kingly might Or has paled beneath the splendor Of the dawning-light; From the hovels where God's children Cry aloud for bread, Floats the pennon wild of freedom, By the angels spread. Where the once loved form reposes, In the churchyard gloom, They have twined undying roses, O'er the shadowy tomb. Where the childless mother weepeth, Gleams an angel's face; Where the widow's tears are falling, Seraphs leave their trace. Where the orphan's tear-dimmed vision Seeks the Evening star, Whisperings from a land Elysian, Greet her from afar. Morning dawns! from myriad voices Swells the anthem high; And the spirit band rejoices In the glory nigh. In the Eden bowers of Heaven, Joyfully they rest; While a chime of welcome ringing, Thrills each angel breast. And they hie to Eden's bowers All the hopes of earth; All the heavenward aspirations That in souls have birth. All of Love's intensest yearning For a life divine; For the heavenly beacon guiding To its sacred shrine. All the golden blossoms twining Round the human heart; Angel inspirations leading, Heavily souls apart. From the marts of gain and pleasure, To the opening gates Of the realms of life eternal, Where the angel waits— Hope and Love and aspiration, Gifts of heavenly birth, Bear they to their sylvan bowers, From the lowly earth. With a star-wreath freshly gathered, From their Paradise; With a splendor newly borrowed, From the illumined skies— Speed again the heavenly legion, And the heart of man Dows in fervent adoration, To the Father's plan. As the angel faces glimmer On his dawning sight; As their solemn benediction Nerves him to the right— Morning dawns! through mist and darkness Soars the aspiring thought; And the soul beholds the glory That its longing sought. Morning dawns! the earth is singing Recognition's hymn; From the world of light are winging Love's own seraphim!

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1857.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MADIELINE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Deep snow covered the ground, and the wintry sun threw faint and flickering gleams athwart the crimson curtains; the cold wind moaned, as if laden with the anguished wail of suffering beasts, and as it swept in piercing gusts around the stately mansion, a young heart wailed in unison with the desolation without; the grief-laden spirit of a young girl bent to the depressing influence, and Madeline wept for the past—for its buried love and joy. The light of inspiration kindled in the depths of her sad, dark eyes; the gushings of song, attuned by angel fingers, rose to her mournful lips; in her pure heart nestled the sweetest humility and the loftiest aspiration; power was given to that silent soul, but she knew it not. She was that saddest of creatures, an orphan, that worst of slaves, a dependent upon the cold and worldly; that most disregarded of beings, in this our republican land—a semstress! She remembered not her parents; no treasured maternal smile, no prayerfully guarded memory of a father's love, came to cheer her solitude. Her earliest recollections were of poverty, hardship and exposure—never of degradation; some benign influence had watched and guided her, no worldly contact had ever sullied the innate holiness of that heaven-allied soul. Wealth could not allure to sin, poverty could not tempt to wrong. But she had felt the piercing winds of winter numb her limbs, and human coldness chill her heart; she had felt the merciless peltings of the midnight storm, and the more merciless denial of human sympathy to her sorrowing tears! Ah, too well she remembered the cruelty that had embittered her life, and as the shrill winds blow in fitful gusts, she bowed her head and wept; and the soft linen fell from her hands, and the seamstress labored not for a while. She remembered how youth first dawned upon her, a glorious revelation of wondrous power and glory; how its purple mantle was cast around her shining form, and through its rosy veil she beheld Elysium, decked with immortal bloom, and saw the ideal forms of beauty reposing in its sylvan bowers; how her heart throbbled with its new-found delight, and her spirit tremblingly unfurled its pinions for a lofty flight! Poor Madeline! sad and disheartening was thy experience; thy trusting faith in aught of earth was doomed to meet with a mocking response. The treasures of thy loving soul were lavished all in vain, and o'er thy erst confiding heart, doubt threw a darkening veil; and sunny Nature withheld her inner revelations, and earth grew dark and cold unto thy tear-dimmed sight. One haunting memory ever arose to trouble, to wrap her soul in shadows; she had loved, as the young and unsuspecting love, with entire devotion, with exalted worship. And he who had won that

young heart's first affection, left her to mourn his absence, to doubt, and fear, and ponder; and while she longed for his return, for his strong arm to lift her from the galling dependence and the fettered lot, he, the false and worldly, wedded a wealthy dame, and left the simple maiden to wrestle with her mighty grief. Sitting alone in the spacious, elegantly furnished room, she recalls that day of misery, when the letter came, announcing his marriage. It came not to her, that fatal misadventure; he deigned not to favor her with the announcement, but sent it to Mrs. Colton, the lady of the mansion, poor Madeline's employer. Well she remembered how vauntingly the proud lady spoke of the bride's wealth and high connections; how her fashionable daughters extolled his choice, though they called her proud and capricious. Then, as a vision, stood the bridal train; and he the perjured one led the stately heiress by the hand; on her face dwelt the impress of supercilious scorn; the very gems adorning her raven hair seemed instinct with a withering-pride; and Madeline, the forsaken Madeline, knew that her heart was cold, and that a just retribution awaited him who took her to his home. Then, in that hour of supreme anguish, and many times afterwards, the soul of Madeline wailed forth—"I am forsaken by all on earth!" and even amid the warring strife evoked by human treachery, there passed a calm and saving influence, there swept a harmonious strain, and a solemnly thrilling voice said "I am nigh!" and the deserted one felt the nearness of her God! Time passed on; mechanically she fulfilled her tasks, but her soul was steeped in bitterness, and life was wrapt in shadow. Mrs. Colton was distant and haughty; her elegant and fashionable daughters disdained to converse with one so far their inferior. The seamstress was left to her own solitary reflections, to her unaccomplished grief. Madeline had never heard Mrs. Colton revert to her husband, to whom she owed her wealth and social standing; but from the conversations of the young ladies she learnt that he had been a cruel, overbearing man, harsh and unyielding. Often, in the twilight hour the lady of the mansion would glide into the quiet sitting-room where Madeline was at work, and seating herself in an arm-chair would fall into a deep reverie. When it grew too dark to sew, the young girl would look at her haughty mistress, and role that with eyes fixed on vacancy she would smile, and stretch out her arms, as if in recognition; then she would lift her handkerchief to her eyes, and gently sob, and then clasp her hands as if in prayer. Yes, there was one sacred chamber in that seared and worldly heart, to which a spirit found admittance; one feeling glowed there, an impress of divinity upon an else callous soul—maternal love and longing! She believed not in spiritual manifestations; she said they were deception, for so said her fashionable friends; she scoffed at the idea of Spirit intercourse, because it was fashionable to scoff; she proclaimed mediums a humbug, for so the Reverend Mr. —, the fashionable preacher of her own select circle pronounced that, unpopular class. But often, when left by her frivolous and disobedient daughters, she sought retirement, that she might recall the face of the departed, the form of her child in heaven, her beautiful and gentle Frank! And she beheld him, though she told no living soul; he stood before her—the same slight form, with graceful bending neck, and arms meekly folded as in obedience to her behest. The brown hair uplifted from his candid brow, as if waved in the breeze, seemed to diffuse around the odors of Paradise. A coronet of immortal flowers twined round that angel head, and celestial garments, the white and azure of infantile purity, robed his adolescence form, but the blue eyes beamed upon the thrilled mother's heart a glance of reproachful tenderness, and a vague trouble filled her soul; why, with all a spirit's yearning love, dwells that reproachful expression in those eyes of heavenly blue? Unmindful of the presence of the humble Madeline, she often spoke aloud, and with reverential awe the orphan listened to the outpourings of a mother's undying love. With deep sympathy for the haughty lady, would Madeline steal from the room, leaving her with the sacred presence. She had heard of the new revelations of a faith that began when human hearts first loved and worshipped, when human spirits first left the earth-portal. But the great, glorious fact of immortality had revealed itself to the external sense, as well as to the inner consciousness; and Madeline, spiritually elevated as she was, pure-minded and impressible, soon felt the influence of higher, intelligences. The spirits of the good and progressed, those in affinity with her own soul, communicated, not alone through the channels of her mind, but by rapping and writing. Folding closely to her heart this precious knowledge, Madeline waited patiently and silently for higher unfoldings, for the spiritual gifts that should render her life a blessing. But the daily trials, the petty humiliations, often bowed to earth the aspiring and unfolding soul; and thus in the evening twilight she sat, still and sorrowful, after the wintry sun had set; while yet the cold wind whistled shrilly, and the first stars beamed forth. As the shadows deepened, a heavenly calm fell on her troubled spirit; the aerial strains resounded, and her listening soul gave forth the response in the prayer of faith. As if to convince her of their presence, the spirits rapped, and with a smile of thankfulness Madeline spoke, deeming herself alone, and questioned her spirit friends. The attention of Mrs. Colton, who was seated in her usual arm-chair, in the remotest corner of the room, was drawn to the strange proceedings. She arose and advanced off-tip-toe, listening intently. "Are you here, beloved guardian spirit?" she heard the young girl say, in low, mournful tones. Three loud raps responded. The haughty woman drew back in wonderment and awe. "Are you here, dear mother?" the medium questioned. Three loud raps responded. "And my father?" the voice now trembled with tears. Again the affirmative raps. Mrs. Colton pressed her hands to her side, her heart was throbbing violently. There was truth in this spiritual intercourse—the evidence was before her. She would investigate, despite of the Rev. gentleman's interdiction. Oh! with her soul's vision she saw her angel boy; could he not communicate to her, assure her of his undying love, and promise eternal reunion? The one sacred chord, in the worldly woman's breast, vibrated at the touch of angel fingers; and with wrapt attention she listened to the sounds, to the imploring appeals of the young girl for heavenly guidance and spirit ministry. In that hour of holy communion, the blinding scales fell from the world-worshipping eyes. She

beheld the orphan girl she deemed so far her inferior, privileged to hold communion, pure and lofty, with the denizens of the spirit-worlds. She heard her, letter by letter, spell forth consoling messages from the departed; and when the poor girl wept for joy that angel friends loved and shielded her; as she wept affection's tears of holy gladness as a spirit father blessed her, and an angel mother renewed her promises, the proud lady mingled her tears unseen with those of her dependant's, and stealing away on tip-toe, she left the room. That evening the elegant and fashionable daughters went to a select party, but Mrs. Colton remained at home, and summoned Madeline to her own room. The conference of the lady and the dependent girl was long; and when Miss Amanda returned home great was her astonishment to behold Madeline, the seamstress, in her lady mother's room, and that lady familiarly holding her by the hand! She shrieked with dismay, and fled to her chamber. The admired and accomplished Amanda, and her no less proud and exclusive sister Celia, were still more astonished when Mrs. Colton admitted the seamstress to the table, and when retiring from company two evenings in the week, she secluded herself with Madeline, and admitted not even her daughters. They were indignant, shocked, beyond measure; and more than ever the poor girl suffered from their taunts and caprices. But Mrs. Colton proved a friend, as Madeline was a ministering angel to her. She could not resist the truthful, soul; the overwhelming evidence it was that soul's mission to lay before her, who knew of Heaven, but from the preacher's lips. The spirit of her child communed with her, and from the lips of Madeline she received sweet messages, loving assurances from her angel boy. With the orphan's hand clasped in hers, she again beheld her Frank, radiant, star-crowned and robed in garb of purity. She felt his touch upon her brow, and his influence upon her soul. As she grew tenderly solicitous of the lonely girl, the reproachful expression died out of the heavenly eyes, and beamed but love and approving joy upon her. The fashionable daughters married, as fashionable daughters do; scoffing at their mother's belief, and pronouncing her a lunatic; they wedded for wealth, and live in the full enjoyment of worldly pleasure, ignoring life's highest, noblest aims. The perjured lover of Madeline lives in continual discord, with the woman whose beauty has assumed the expression of a Nemesis; whose wealth has proved his bane, whose heart is no resting place for his. Disdaining real happiness, he has grasped at a shadow, and suffers the penalty of outraged right. Madeline has become as a daughter to Mrs. Colton, who looks upon her with affection and reverence. One by one, the shackles of prejudice and superstition, the fears of opinion, have fallen from her soul. She is now an avowed spiritualist; Madeline is known as a spirit medium. How much we owe, to you, oh spirit friends! dear angel watchers! and to you, responsive souls, how deep is our gratitude for the revelations given, pure, truthful mediums! Not to the realms of fiction need we wander for material, wherewith to illustrate the power and progress of Spiritualism. Its proofs surround us; on every side can be found, in our daily path, the evidence of its power, and truth, and beauty. PAINFUL PICTURES. The want alone that is likely to be entailed on the community by the existing financial troubles, is not the most there is for us to deprecate and fear. If it were only a matter of bread or no bread, work or no work, it might be easy, considered in one sense, to meet that question; for even death might come in and claim the sufferers as its own, while contamination, as yet, had not reached them. It is the most melancholy thought that forces itself upon one's mind in view of the present disasters, that the very citadel of morality and virtue will be assailed, and in too many instances, not unsuccessfully, by the temptations that present themselves at almost every turn. And when the morals become corrupted, there is nothing left worth living for. A life of virtue is the only life of happiness, as every individual infraction of the law attests. The New York Courier and Enquirer presents the following picture, with others, of the results of these hard times, from the contemplation of which the human mind instinctively revolts. It may be safely assumed that the shading of the picture is the darkest that could be given: "All the writers who have studied this question, whether English, Scotch, or French, unanimously place poverty among the principal and most active causes of female dishonor. No effect is surer to follow distress in the great manufacturing districts of England, than an immense increase of female prostitution. And the same result, it is said, has already become manifest, to a most painful degree, in this city. Every week sees an addition of scores to that army who nightly walk our public streets doing the work of hell, ruined and ruining. Who shall say what intensity of trial has been first borne by these daughters of want, before entering upon their dreadful work? what terrible vibrations in the uncertainty whether hunger can be driven off, or whether sin has become something like necessity, before the despairing mind consents to give up the exhausted frame of dishonor? Said a gentleman connected with one of our charitable institutions to one of these unfortunates, who was manifestly a new comer to the streets—'Why do you do this? Why do you not apply to the benevolent for aid?' 'Good God!' was the half-distracted reply—'Talk to me of benevolence in the city of New York! Why, sir, you must be a countryman!' But a brief while since that young woman was a designer of lace patterns in one of our largest establishments, and a model of industry and good conduct. What human eye weeps over her, sunk to her irrevocable doom? As she falls, so she must lie. Struggle as she may, down she sinks to the bottom, and the ocean of life rolls over her as if no such thing as she had ever seen the light of day. Was it, after all, such wicked madness for that other young girl, three weeks since, on being discharged, to walk straight to her room and let out her life-blood? Mad from life's history— Glad to death's mystery, Swift to be hurried— Anywhere—anywhere— Out of the world! Who shall say that it was no better than the dread alternative of remediless shame and degradation? What man, with a sister, will not say it was better that she should go to her death thus? But what a question to be asked in a Christian land! What an alternative to be imposed upon a child of misfortune in this metropolis of wealth and magnificence."

THE SEAL AND ITS HABITS. There is no question that the seal, like the beaver, is largely gifted with brain-power. This he betrays in his remarkably sagacious movements, indicating a higher power at times than a mere animal instinct, and entitling him to take his position at the head of intelligent and docile animals. The disposition of the seal is decidedly domestic, and there is an expression of downright humanity ever in his features, that provokes a very different feeling from that which is appealed to by the look of other creatures. There is a great variety of stories respecting the nature and habits of this most useful and curious creature, and especially of those peculiar traits which we have thought fit to style domestic. We have recently fallen in with the following touching anecdote, which, as illustrative of this quality, and as giving us a clearer insight into the habits and character of this most interesting creature, we cannot avoid giving a place in our columns. "A young seal was domesticated in the house of a farmer near the sea-shore in Ireland. It grew tame; its habits were innocent and gentle; it played with the children, was familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family. In summer its delight was to bask in the sun; in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into a large oven, the common appendage to an Irish kitchen. A particular disease attacked the black cattle, many of whom died. An old hag persuaded the credulous owner that the mortality amongst his cattle was owing to his retaining about his house an unclean beast—the harmless and amusing seal—and that it should be got rid of. The superstitious man caused the poor creature to be carried in a boat beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. The next morning the seal was found quietly sleeping in the oven. He had crept through an open window, and taken possession of his favorite retreat. The cattle continued to die; the seal was again committed to the deep at a greater distance. On the second evening, as the servant was raking the kitchen fire, she heard a scratching at the door; she opened it, and in came the seal. It uttered a peculiar cry, expressive of delight at finding itself once more at home, and stretching itself on the hearth, fell into a sound sleep. The old hag was again consulted. She said it would be unlucky to kill the animal, but advised that its eyes should be put out, and it then thrown into the sea. The deluded wretch listened to the barbarous suggestion, and the innocent creature was deprived of its sight, and a third time, writhing in agony, was carried beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. On the eighth night after the harmless seal had been committed to the Atlantic, it blew a tremendous gale. In pauses of the storm, a wailing noise was at times faintly heard at the door, which the servant concluded to be the "banshee" (the harbinger of death in a family.) The next morning, when the door was opened the seal was found dead upon the threshold." THE SMALL COURTESIES. Dr. Johnson used to say that if a man sought only for great opportunities to offer, by which he might signalize ourselves, we might wait all our lives; or, in other words, that it is the small things that make up the sum of human existence. And the old cynic and lexicographer was altogether in the right. Nothing is more in demand, in these days of ravenousness and haste, than attention to these small courtesies, too trifling in themselves to be described, that are so powerful in their influence in social life. A husband is not apt to be the same man he was while a lover. A wife grows exacting, or hasty, or dissatisfied, because the fond dreams of her courting days are not fully realized. So things go, better-skeeter. They might move on harmoniously, but for the fatal oversight of the little courtesies—the oil with which the machinery is lubricated. People do not put enough value upon these desirable commodities. They forget how far they go in themselves, and to what limits their results reach, when they become contemptuously indifferent to their valuable efficiency. A late number of Blackwood's Magazine rehearses a very felicitous instance of the uses of courtesy, though the narrative is obliged to expose the then ignorance of one who has since "learned better." The account says:— "A lady of our acquaintance used often to assert that a gentleman, then sleeping with his fathers, had been the politest man of his generation, and as reason for this opinion, told the following story: On returning, once from school for the holidays, she had been put under his charge for the journey. They stopped for the night at a Cornish inn. Supper was ordered, and soon there appeared a dainty dish of woodcock. Her cavalier led her to the board with the air of a Grandison; and then proceeded to place all the legs of the birds on her plate. At first, with her school girl prejudices in her disfavor of legs and drumsticks, she felt angered at having these (as she supposed) unwholesome and least delicate parts imposed upon her; but, in after years, when gastronomic light had beamed upon her, and the experience of many suppers brought true appreciation, she did full justice to the memory of the man who could sacrifice such morose as woodcock's thighs to the crude appetite of a girl; and could thus show his innate deference for womanhood, even in such buffing form. In these small courtesies we must confess that we had ever found the most gallant nation under the sun very deficient. In the abstract of politeness, the Gaul is great; he is grand. We have seen him dash off his hat at a group of ladies every time they passed him, with a frantic enthusiasm, which made us tremble for the brim. We have seen him wave it at their shadow, or even the poodle dog which followed at their heels. Yet, alas! when these deities appeared at the table d'hote, how blind, how insensible was he to their presence! how closely did he hug his well chosen seat, though they were seatless! how zealously did he pick for himself the tit-bits and the dainties, without regard or thought for their delicate palates. INDICATIONS OF PROGRESS. These are apparent in the modified tone of the secular press, as well as in the occasional spiritual sermons and heterodox pulpits. It is no uncommon thing to hear of our clerical brethren preaching Spiritualism to their unsuspecting flocks, without perhaps themselves being aware of what they are doing, so ignorant are the majority of them of what Spiritualism inculcates, that they publicly advocate its principles in the pulpit, and blindly oppose it in private, under the erroneous idea that it is something of an entirely different character from what they have advocated. The invisible powers are not idle. The work goes bravely on. The heaven is working slowly, but with certainty upon the whole mass, and we have only to work perseveringly, wait patiently and confidently trust in celestial Love and Wisdom—to realize the fruition of our highest hopes.—The Principle.

A GREAT SNAKE. We gave some facts in relation to Brazil in a previous Banner of Light, collected mainly from the recent valuable and entertaining work of Rev. J. C. Fletcher. We omitted to say anything of the gigantic serpents that inhabit portions of that land, but take the present opportunity to offer the following narrative. It is rather a tough one, yet it wears the distinct earmarks of truth and reliability. It does not come under the head of ordinary "snake stories." In the province of Goyaz, Mr. Gardner came to the fazenda of Sape, near the foot of the Sierra de Santa Brida, at the entrance to a small valley. The anaconda attains to an enormous size in this valley, sometimes reaching to forty feet in length. The Dr. himself saw one thirty-seven feet long, though it was not alive. It came to its death under curious circumstances, which the Dr. proceeds to relate as follows:— "Some weeks before our arrival at Sape, the favorite riding-horse of Senor Lagorira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the fazenda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueiros, (herdsmen,) in going through the wood by the side of a small stream, saw an enormous scurru suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water. It was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood, and being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half digested state, were found within; the bones of the head were uninjured. From these circumstances we conclude that the boa had swallowed the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattlesnake four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses, swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that previous to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself around it, and afterwards lubricates it with a slimy matter, which it has the power of secreting in its mouth. ANECDOTE OF THE TELEGRAPH. "I think the most curious fact taken altogether, that I ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by a cashier of the Bank of England. You may have heard of it. It may have been in print. I am sure it deserves to be. 'Once on a time,' then, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the Bank of England could not make the balance come right, by just 100L. This is a curious matter in that little establishment; I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it occasions a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known, I am told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes through a whole night. A hue and cry was of course made after this 100L., as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette for want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning, a clerk (in the middle of the sermon, I dare say, if the truth were known) felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. 'He told the chief cashier on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam! and steam with eight-and-forty hours' start given. Instantly the wires awoke. 'Whether such a vessel had left the harbor.' 'Just weighing anchor,' was the answer. 'Stop her!' frantically shouted the electric telegraph. It was done. 'Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully.' They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. 'Let her go,' said the mysterious telegraph. The West Indian folks were debited with just 100L. more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into the boxes or delaying the voyage by an hour. Now that is what may be called 'doing business.'—Greyton Letters. SULPHURIZED OIL PAINT. At a recent meeting of the Society of British Architects, J. B. Daines stated that by subjecting 8 parts (by weight) of linseed oil and 1 part of sulphur, to a temperature of 278°, in an iron vessel, he obtained a species of paint possessing singularly preservative properties. Applied to the surface of a building with a brush, it effectually keeps out air and moisture, prevents deposit of soot and dirt, and preserves the beauty of the stone, wood, or brickwork to which it is applied. It has long been known that a portion of sulphur can be dissolved in oil, but until recently such a composition, as a paint or varnish, has attracted no notice; in fact, its preservative and impervious qualities, when dry, were unknown. It is well known to chemists that sulphur (the substance employed to give body to the oil) is unalterable in the air, and is not acted on by moisture; hence its quality as a preservative for coating the outside of structures exposed to the weather. It is capable of preserving plaster of Paris figures exposed to the air, also monuments, and buildings of the brown free-stone, which are liable to detrition from the action of the weather. It is stated that it improves the color of the stone to which it is applied, as well as preserves it; therefore it is a most useful paint, and deserves to be very generally employed. EMBERY PAPER. The Monitor Industriell mentions an ingenious method of obtaining fine emery paper for polishing metals. Strips of paper coated with fresh starch-size are hung on ropes at different altitudes in a small room, which is afterwards carefully closed. A quantity of fine emery is then blown in by means of a ventilator, through an aperture left for the purpose, by which means a dense cloud of emery-dust fills the room, but only the finest particles rise in the air to a sufficient height for them to be deposited on the upper slips; those of the second row receive a somewhat coarser sort, and so on, while such particles as are too heavy, and therefore too coarse for delicate polish, fall to the ground at once. Thus emery-paper of different degrees of fineness may be obtained by a single operation, and sorted with mathematical certainty.

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

First Page—Huckabuck: An Up-Country Story. Second Page—Continuation of the Story. Third Page—Original Poetry, by Cora Willburn: A beautiful story, by the same writer, entitled, "Madeline"; Pictorial Pictures: The Small Contesters; Indications of Progress; A Great Snake; Anatomy of the Telegraph; Sulphurized Oil Paper.

A NEW STORY.

We are this week enabled to offer the readers of the Banner of Light the first instalment of a New Story, which, from its own character and from the high ability of the author, deserves more than a passing notice at our hands.

"Huckabuck," as its other title indicates, is truly an "Up-Country Story." Its scenes are laid first in the good old State of Connecticut, and afterwards in Boston and suburbs. The characters are very numerous, clearly and distinctly drawn, and are in truth a part and parcel of the stirring history. It may be said of this story particularly, that it is alive from beginning to end with varying scenes, incidents, and characters, that will sustain the deep interest with which the reader sets out with its perusal, to the close. We have rarely read a story, that for plot, characterization, freshness, naturalness of incident, and beauty of style, is so marked a production as "Huckabuck."

In the course of the story the reader will find his interest in little Patty Hawkins deepening and widening, till, almost in spite of himself, he will take her to his heart as his own. Patty is a true and a beautiful creation of the Author. Then there are the other characters—a numerous body of people by themselves.—Mrs. Shadblow, Esquire McBride, with his wife, daughters, and unhappy son Robert,—who, by the way, is the hero of the story,—Old Malachi, the swill-gatherer and miscellaneous man of Huckabuck,—the inimitable Tiptoe Family, a most faithful and capital portrait,—the old bird fancier of Boston, living in the little snugery which the author seems to have taken such a delight in sketching,—all of whom, with yet a host more, will prove most agreeable companions and friends to the reader, and afford him abundant pleasure till he comes reluctantly to the last chapter.

We desire to apprise the readers of the Banner of Light that we have been able to secure this talented and exquisite novel only at a very great expense, for which we shall look to them, for whom of course we furnish it, to reimburse us. We are determined to publish none but first class tales in our columns, and we believe that the readers of this paper will bear us out in our assertion. Thus far we have given excellent first-page stories; in the one we now present, we feel satisfied, both from the widely recognized genius of the author and the natural interest of the story itself, that we have secured a production which all our readers will heartily thank us for.

The author of "Huckabuck" enjoys a wide literary reputation, and his books have proved among the most popular of any issued by our publishers. In all respects, therefore, we can commend our New Story to the particular attention of our readers, and shall be perfectly satisfied with their judgment of what we have at such expense and pains done for them.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"Think of Living," said Goethe. Indeed, it is all that needs to be seriously thought of. Not the gauds and goods, the circumstance, the outside possessions, the taxable properties, and the cumbersome accumulations; but the inner wealth, the real and realizing resources, the exalted qualities, the royal gifts, and the divine influx of spirit and soul. Life is no humdrum affair in this day. It is no piece and parcel of time to be cornered off for our separate and selfish enjoyment. In no sense is it freedom from care, freedom from responsibility, freedom from anxiety, or freedom even from pain. That life would be but a bald and smooth uniformity of days, which counts up no roll of heroic sacrifices, brave deeds, noble endeavors, and painful experiences.

How idle it is for a man to think he will begin to live not until he has secured an abundance of material possessions around him. He is ignorant of the fact that staves him every day in the face, that his highest, and intensest, and most satisfying life is that which he enjoys, unconsciously in a sense to himself, while engaged in the very strife for his possessions. When the passions are stirred the deepest, when the thought is forced into the greatest degree of activity, when feeling, emotion, desire, and aspiration, all yearn most earnestly after that which never has been reached by mortal man, and probably never will be—then it is that life goes at its highest, and the man is capable of coming nearer to God than in all the religious reveries and spiritual jills that sentimental souls so intensely covet.

One man is rich, and another man is poor; but may not life be as great a gift to one as to the other? Must it take so much wealth, or such a height of position, or such a place in the world's careless estimate, before we can begin to know what life is for? What it means, and to what it tends? Cannot one man think, as well as another? Has he not the same free license from God to enjoy, to feast

his soul, to act, to feel, to express, to give forth? Has one man a royalty of will that is denied another? Is not the divinity of conscience as much one man's gift as another's? Is any one, rich or poor, hemmed in and circumscribed by narrow limits, if he will but give free rein to his imagination, to his fancy, or to his speculations?

We do not, then, live in what we have, but altogether in what we are. The great I AM belongs, as a true and proper description, to every created human soul. Worldly wealth, what is it but a light scaffolding, which, rightly used, helps us to build up the edifice higher? but yet no necessity of our being, in the fullest, freest, and highest sense of that being. Who presumes to arrogate superiority to himself? If any, is it for the tricks of fortune? That is but a wretched voucher of superiority indeed. Is it for the more splendid, or more imposing qualities of intellect? They are but gifts, generous endowments, all of them, and continually suggest to us both the beauty and the propriety of humility. There is no superiority, where all may be equal. There are no degrees, where all may aspire alike. Heaven is but the reach of our spiritual hopes, and that, thank God! will lead us on in effort, and prayer, and aspiration, forever and forever.

If men and women would only consent to sit down with themselves and look this matter thoughtfully over, there would exist a much truer apprehension of the thing in the world, and a vast diminution of uneasiness and unhappiness would ensue. We must learn to live, not to others' eyes, ears, opinions, and prejudices, but more entirely to the demands and desires of our own spiritual being. We have yet to put on put off falsehood, pretension, vanity, and to put on the white garments of truth. If we only resolve to be at one with ourselves, to sit at peace in the inner court of our own heart, to cast up worldly circumstance at just what it is intrinsically worth, and to give no ear to envy, malice, or uncharitableness—Life will then be ours indeed. But so long as we chase after phantoms, forever going and forever coming, and still leaving nothing real and nothing tangible behind, so long shall we contrive to cheat ourselves, and to throw away all the splendid realities that the Father has spread around us with such bewildering munificence.

MRS. HATCH AT LYNN.

We have just finished reading one page and a half of the Lynn Bay State, which contains a report of the meeting at Lynn, appointed for a discussion between Mrs. Hatch, under the guidance of the spirits who control her, and any gentleman at Lynn who chose to discuss questions of science with them.

We think the meeting was a failure on both sides, so far as any result was attained. And this failure may be ascribed to the utter lack of shrewdness exhibited by the committee, and the opponents of the medium. If they were candid in the expression of a desire to test the spirits, they lacked the shrewdness to put them to the test.

The subject proposed for discussion was "The Pythagorean Proposition." This the spirits understood to be his moral teachings, and asked if that was the correct construction. The committee refused to answer definitely their question, arguing that they ought to have read the minds of the committee, and to have known what proposition it was to which they referred.

Spirits may read minds, but are they bound to at all times? If the test required had been on the question whether the spirits controlling could read the minds of the committee, and they had asked them the question, that point of test would have failed. Why did not the committee fairly state, before the medium, what particular proposition it was that Pythagoras gave to the world which they wished to have discussed? It was a lack of shrewdness, if nothing more, on the part of those gentlemen to refuse to do so, if they honestly wished to test the capacities of the spirits. It appears to us that the same insignificant quibbling, the same straining at a gnat which has always been exhibited on the part of opponents of spiritualism, characterized the persons figuring on this occasion. Had the proposition been stated fully and clearly, and the spirits had failed to discuss it properly, then their competency must have been tested, and they proved unable to cope with the question. Instead of this, the committee allowed the spirits to speak upon their own understanding of the matter, and open the question in a general manner, the remarks being very proper and to the point, as an opening.

What was then done? Did any gentleman reply, continuing the discussion? Not at all; but announcement was made that the spirits had failed to understand the question. Now here again was the folly which sat enthroned upon the brows of that committee manifested. If it had been their desire to test the competency of the spirits, to have satisfied the audience that in reality no higher intelligence controlled the medium, than that which she possessed, the shrewd controversialist would have continued the discussion, and made an attempt to fairly draw out the powers of the spirits on their own grounds, and driven them to silence or allowed them to have established their claims to intelligence of a high order.

Much valuable time was lost in ridicule, laughter, bestowing of invective; but one gentleman on the Committee, Rev. Mr. Shackford, seemed to have any just conception of what it was their duty to do—discuss upon the ground they had allowed the spirits to take. And he was choked off, swallowed up in the sea of folly which surrounded him, and did not attempt, himself, to carry out the discussion and obtain the victory. Much that was said on the occasion by Mrs. Hatch's opponents, was entirely unbecoming, puerile, calculated to develop no good, and disgraceful to the city of Lynn. Several men gravely advocated their right to say anything they pleased, because they had paid a ninnepence at the door, showing that a piece of silver, however small, was of more value to them than Truth.

Discussion was choked off, and the spirit's competency to discuss that question with any gentleman of Lynn, and, vice versa, is still a mooted question.

Alonso Lewis next attempted to test the spirits, by propounding two questions in mathematics, which, according to established opinions, were incorrectly answered. According to the report, these questions and answers were as follows:

Alonso Lewis—I wish to ask, simply, if in mathematics, there be a possibility of any two lines continuing to approach each other without the possibility of those two lines ever meeting?

The Medium commenced what seemed to be an explanation or elucidation, but Mr. Lewis interrupted, saying that all he wanted was a simple yes, or no.

"No, then," said the Medium.

"Mr. Lewis—I wish to ask whether, if I give you a line across a circle, directly through the centre, you

can tell me what the circumference would be? Or, to make it plainer, if the diameter of a water bucket be one foot, can you tell me how much it is round? It is a very simple thing; ladies can understand it. (Laughter.)

The Medium—Yes. Mr. Lewis—Now, I wish the audience to know she has answered both those questions incorrectly. (Laughter and applause.) I am satisfied now (Renewed laughter.) Any boy who has been to a good grammar school, who has studied mathematics, could have answered those questions correctly; and this is all within the subject presented by the Committee, and which the lady has not touched at all.

Now here again was a capital opportunity lost, of proving the spirits then controlling Mrs. Hatch unworthy of confidence, possessed of no knowledge of mathematics, or to have proved them worthy of credit, and possessed of a knowledge transcending that of mind in human form. But Mr. Lewis entered into no discussion on either of his points, and we can hardly see what he wanted. Indeed he would not listen to the elucidation the spirit commenced to give, but demanded yes or no as an answer. Had the spirits answered his queries as according to established custom they should be answered, where would have been found the proof that the spirits then controlling, knew more than "any schoolboy," when Mr. Lewis says any schoolboy can answer the question.

Mrs. H. answered contrary to Mr. Lewis's understanding, and he had an opportunity to prove the spirits did know more or less than the schoolboy, or Mr. Lewis even, by discussing the point with them, and compelling them, by the exercise of a spirit of honest criticism and inquiry, to have given their reason for answering as they did. We say a capital opportunity was again lost to prove Mrs. Hatch's controlling spirits wise spirits or imbeciles. So far as Spiritualism is concerned, we should have been satisfied in either event, for Spiritualism does not rest upon Trance Speaking in public, or Mrs. Hatch, entirely. Both can draw attention to its phenomena, but something more than either, to our mind, is necessary to prove Spiritual Intercourse to be a truth, to the individual hearers.

With regard to one of the queries propounded by Mr. L., the squaring of the circle, which it is contended by mathematicians cannot be done, Mrs. Hatch uttered a pledge, which was, that in thirty days she would send to Mr. Oliver, a rule by which he could solve the problem. Mathematicians may say there is no chance for this to be fulfilled, as they and mechanics once said a steam engine could not run, or propel a train of cars, at a speed of over six miles in the hour; but if Mrs. Hatch should send a solution of this perplexing question within thirty, or sixty days even, then, indeed, would it be proved that Mr. Lewis was not as wise as the intelligences controlling on the occasion under notice were. We have no belief in this matter, for the spirits controlling Mrs. Hatch, are in duty bound to prove themselves to us, as well as any other class of spirits; and in all matters of alleged spirit intercourse, we are just skeptical enough to ask for all the proof we can expect to obtain, and that to our mind is demanded under the circumstances attendant.

The resolutions passed, condemn Mrs. Hatch as an impostor, which, taking into consideration the view of the case we have taken in this article, formed the crowning act of "An Evening's Folly," a sort of "Comedy of Errors" performed at Lyceum Hall, Lynn, by an amateur company of that city.

Last Friday evening, at the "Meisonson" in this city, Mrs. H. underwent another examination on mathematical and chemical subjects; and although there was more of that decorum and fairness, a lamentable want of which was exhibited at Lynn, yet there was not quite enough attempt made to draw out the spirits. Mrs. H. answered some of the questions proposed to her in a manner at variance with all our experience—totally wrong, if human wisdom is authority; but the persons propounding the questions accepted the answers, without once asking for the cause of the difference in opinion between the controlling spirits and human authorities, which would more fully have elucidated the question of their superior wisdom. There is an homeopathic possibility that man may learn something more than he yet knows, on all these subjects. There were many persons who went away from the Friday evening meeting, convinced that Mrs. H. answered all questions properly, and to the satisfaction of the scientific minds there. Had the points of difference been stated, and discussion ensued, this would not have been the case.

Undoubtedly a public hall, with the variety of mind attending such a meeting, is not the best position in which to place the Trance Medium of our day, with the highest powers possessed by any that we know of. We are better pleased with the moral teachings given through Mrs. Hatch, than with any display of power she has given outside of them. The beauty of her language and the purity of her doctrine will do good wherever she speaks.

DEADLY WEAPONS.

No pretense is more cowardly than that of carrying deadly weapons concealed about the person. If a man is also in the habit of resorting to artificial stimulants, it is as certain as that the sun will rise on the next day, that he will use those weapons thus concealed about him, provided the first opportunity offers. The slightest provocation is sufficient to precipitate the matter. Any sort of a temptation will answer his purpose. If he ever entertains the suspicion that he has been affronted, it is enough. Forthwith he whips out his knife, his dirk, or his pistol, and straightway it finds a free passage into the most exposed part of the unsuspecting victim's body.

None but a coward will carry concealed weapons—a man who is suspicious, in the first place, of everybody else, and who is afraid, in the next place, to entrust his own defence to his own hands. Bullies, braggarts, garroters, assassins, midnight depredators, burglars, graduates of prisons—these are the men of whom we expect such things. It is a part of their usual practice. It is entirely in keeping with the thorough badness of heart that is their unfortunate characteristic.

But do all men wish to be classified with these? While they pity them, are they also desirous of emulating their examples? Are they willing to hear comparisons instituted between themselves and the rogues and assassins?

But more than this; wherever this secret habit is practised, there the law very soon loses its majesty. There is a perpetual conflict between law and lawlessness. Neither of them can make any concession to the other, unless it be an entire and total one. Both cannot occupy the field at the same time. If men in the community are generally given to carrying deadly weapons about their persons, it will soon

come to be understood that to these weapons the appeal is to be made, and, of course, the law falls to the ground. Order, peace, public morals, safety, the honor of society—what becomes of the whole of them then? Where have they so suddenly gone, as if they had never crowned the efforts of the true men and women of the present age?

We trust we may not live to see the day, when the wrongs of society are redressed by the strong hand. We shall still continue to hope and to pray that the spirit of justice and order may rule everywhere over the land. Every manner of influence that it lies within our ability to control, we shall not cease to employ for the safety, the peace, and the highest welfare of all. We denounce all these attempts that are at present making on the part of certain persons to put down violence with violence. That is in keeping with the true mocratic spirit, from which we have nothing to expect but the speedy overthrow of all that we now have. No lasting advantages are to be gained by such ill advised measures. While we submit to the authority of Law, let us all unite at least to make that Law majestic and supreme.

TWILIGHT.

The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight. I see the lamps of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me, That my soul cannot resist, A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

LONGFELLOW.

JUDICIAL MURDER.

In one of the Courts of New York city there was sentenced, only last week, a young man who, in a fit of intoxication, had committed a murder. He was but seventeen years of age. So young a victim to the united power of the law and his own irresponsible passions, it is not permitted us often, thank Heaven! to place upon record. A youth of such tender years,—the adored of his mother and his sisters,—guilty of the single misfortune of intemperance, and in that fit of intemperance doing a deed of which he says he knew nothing,—it is all a pitiful, pitiful tale to tell, and these are melancholy parts of a story that we would it had never fallen under our eyes to read.

This young lad is to die. His death will carry ignominy with his name wherever it may hereafter be spoken. It will break the hearts of his poor mother and sisters, and send them weeping to an early grave. It already calls forth expressions of the tenderest pity and the profoundest regret from the community at large, and provokes the closest and most thorough discussions relative to the spirit of laws that sustain so cruel an enforcement of their conditions.

No one doubts that he was guilty of having committed a murder; he does not even deny that much himself, though he continually avers his total unconsciousness of ever having performed such a deed himself; if he did it, he says he must have done it when he knew nothing of what he was doing. No one, either, desires to palliate in any particular the guilt with which he has thus unhappily stained his soul. No one, in fact, harbors the least degree of malice towards him, or would see him put to torture, or punished with cruel violence, because he carried swift woe to the heart of another, and an innocent and totally unsuspecting man. The crime was his entirely; the deed was done by him alone; the guilt stains none but him; and the consequences must rest on his unhappy soul.

But there is another matter, in connection with this, and one in which the public mind interests itself in spite of all the suggestions that are thrown out for it to refrain from meddling with what legally does not belong to it to consider. The question will arise, and it will go round and come back again,—What is the need, and what the justice of taking this unhappy lad's life? Cannot the laws be established and rendered honorable except at a sacrifice, which, like this, is so revolting to every idea of humanity? Does justice rest upon cruelty? Is it necessary to expiate crime, and unconscious crime, too, in a way that offends the sense of humanity, and sends a shudder to every sympathizing soul? The heart best answers these inquiries. We know that justice is represented as blind, and trying to hold her scales evenly; but there seems to be no need that she should be blind to the better and nobler part of our nature. If we must err in the administration of our laws, better, in a case like this, to err on the side of mercy. There is no call for cruelty, in the middle of this age of free inquiry, large intelligence, and generous sympathy. Men begin to demand other things than what they have in past generations been passively contented with. They demand that if any progress has been made in society, in religion, in morals, the laws and constitutions shall breathe the true spirit of that progress, and mankind shall be esteemed, not food for the passions of one another, but aspiring immortals, pitying the ignorant, helping the weak, laboring with the faithless and the untrue, and doing all that man may in this life do towards bringing down Heaven indeed to the earth. Will the execution of this lad help such a consummation?

THE SIAMESE.

They are a very curious people, and many of their customs and forms of social life are well worthy of every intelligent person's investigation. They are amiable in their dispositions, considerate and courteous to strangers, and contented and happy among themselves. The people of Siam are mixed in their origin, having come from many countries; and therefore in certain localities they may not be found all that is thus described. Yet these are their main characteristics. Their affections are very tender and lasting, particularly those that exist between parent and child. The sentiment of filial attachment is a controlling one in the whole of their lives. A stranger observes it not less in the dwellings of the rich and powerful than in the huts and hovels of the poor. It is a blessed and blessing influence, which makes that peculiar state of society more beautiful, perhaps, than many other conditions that we consent to call more highly civilized.

The Siamese are believers in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; and therefore consider the destruction of an animal, into which they hold that a human soul can enter, nothing less than absolute murder. They likewise regard all cruelty to brutes as a sin.

debts, he may sell her, or pawn her, to pay his indebtedness, unless she may have chanced to bring him a dowry. In that case, she cannot be either sold or pawned, and is held in much higher esteem than if she had come to him portionless.

The Siamese have a plurality of wives, though all of them do not occupy the same domestic position. There is, in truth, but one legitimate wife; it is she who has become so only by virtue of the Siamese marriage ceremony, called the Khan-nak, which, though a civil form, nevertheless makes one woman only the wife, and her offspring alone legitimate.

The negotiations for a wife, are quite curious and interesting. A third party, or regular negotiator, is employed by the bridegroom to intercede with the bride's father, make all arrangements concerning the dowry, and establish other necessary matters pertaining to the new event. If the efforts of this third party turn out to be successful, then the future bridegroom, accompanied by his friends in a regular procession, goes to the residence of the future bride, and offers liberal gifts of flowers and cakes, fruits, garments, and jewelry. It is not to be supposed that the garments are very numerous or valuable; for the whole attire of a Siamese lady consists of nothing more than a piece of linen cloth wound around the loins, a scarf about the neck, and a broad palm-leaf hat as a protection against the sun. The jewelry, however, is more expensive, as a Siamese woman has a perfect passion for ornaments, and the more costly the bridal trousseau, the better. They adorn their persons all over with jewelry, wearing bracelets, rings, and such articles, even on their ankles and feet.

As soon as the ceremony of presenting and accepting the bridal gifts is over, and the marriage is considered all arranged, the parties are considered to be what we term "engaged." The next thing in order is for the bridegroom to remove his residence near the bride elect. There she attends upon him, and it is her duty to convey even his meals to him for three days previous to the inauguration of the marriage ceremonies.

If ever it should so unhappily eventuate that a divorce takes place between the husband and the wife whom he has taken to his bosom, she is entitled to the dowry which she brought him, none of which he is permitted to touch. In dividing up the family, if there happens to be one, the practice is primitive indeed. If there is but one child, it belongs to the mother; if two, the second belongs to the father; if more than two, the odd numbers go with the mother, and the even ones with the father. Thus Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, would go with the mother; while Nos. 2, 4, 6, would belong to the father. This is a most summary way of arranging the differences on so vital a matter, and, numerically considered, a perfectly equitable one; but whether it can be said to harmonize with the principles and sentiments of parental natures—that is a different affair. It almost suggests the story of King Solomon, although his way of dividing up a family appears to carry the theory of equal distribution rather too far into practical application to make it popular in any quarter.

"TURKEY TRACKS."

There is a pretty country story with the above title in the last number of the Atlantic Monthly; but that is not what we were coming at. We were going simply to speak of the various turkey presentations that were made in our midst, on the return of the dear old festival which we affectionately call Thanksgiving.

The proprietors of the Daily Advertiser gave a turkey to each of the hands in their office; the Post people had their usual quota of fun out of a similar presentation to "Uncle Saunders," the veteran negro ex-engineer of the establishment, who responded in a speech that is entirely worthy of his fame and ability; Messrs. F. A. Jones & Co., presented a fat turkey to every housekeeper in their employ; and, not to mention too many more, the President and Directors of the Boston and Worcester Railroad gave no less than four hundred and sixty-five well-fattened specimens of the same kind of poultry, weighing in the aggregate 3793 pounds, to the employees of that corporation who had families to provide for.

Mr. Twichell, the President of the road, made a long address to the company of men who assembled to receive their annual gifts, and gave a general review of the affairs of the road in their management during the past year. He alluded to the hard times that prevailed, spoke of the reduction of their salaries, including his own too, praised the men for their general faithfulness during the year, referred to the difficulties with which they had been obliged to contend, and, before closing, presented a gold watch to Mr. Seth Ellis, who, while at his post, had his hands and feet badly frozen.

Remarks were also offered by Ex-Governor Washburn, Peter T. Homer, Esq., Geo. S. Hale, Esq., William Parker, Esq., formerly Superintendent of the road, and others. The occasion was one of much interest, affording sincere gratification to both donors and recipients.

We like, above all things, to chronicle such affairs as these. They show that the good is not yet all dead in the human heart. They speak volumes for the increasing disposition among people of all classes, and every position, to treat others with more fraternity, as if we were born to live together in this world, and not entirely alone. Anything that goes to prove the presence of the better, the nobler, the generous qualities, in the intercourse of man with man, we shall ever note with sincere pleasure and satisfaction. No time is more fit for the display of these beautiful kindnesses and charities, than the good old-fashioned Thanksgiving time. It becomes doubly blessed when it is associated with such kindly deeds one toward another.

PATRIOTIC FEELING.

In Richmond, Va., the equestrian statue of Washington, which was purchased by the citizens of that place, arrived recently by vessel from abroad. It is the design of the people to erect this statue in Capitol Square, as an enduring and appropriate testimonial of their devoted love for the Father of his Country.

An announcement had been made, though not upon any particular authority, that as soon as the box containing the statue should arrive, it would be hauled from the vessel to Capitol Square by the people. The contractors, however, declined to permit this, fearing for the safety of their most valuable charge. Accordingly it seemed to have been given up altogether, as nothing further was said in favor of it.

On Tuesday of last week, therefore, the statue having arrived at the wharf, the contractors began their work of removing it by horse power. They were going along with it finely. The statue was sliding its way as fast as it safely could straight up the

fol Square. They had got on about two squares with it, when a rumor went abroad of what was being done. This started everybody out to see the great sight. They assembled in sudden crowds. They stopped the horses right where they were. In their patriotic impulse they put their own hands to the ropes, and drew the statue safely all the way up to its place of destination. Gov. Wise and the Mayor were called out, and addressed the crowd in patriotic speeches. The statue will be uncovered and inaugurated on the 22d of February next.

AID FOR THE POOR.

Rev. E. M. P. Wells has brought out his annual pamphlet, rehearsing but a fractional part of the good he is doing among the poor in Boston, and inspiring increasing confidence among the friends of humanity in his methods of alleviating cases of want and suffering. In his pamphlet address to the public he calls upon those who sympathize at all with his movements to aid him with what they can. The receipts of his "Poor Box" last year were \$411,17, which includes, it ought to be mentioned, \$827,39 contributed by himself. Of this personal contribution he gave \$400 from his own salary, and \$427,39, earned by lectures, marrying people, tuition, &c. Can any man or missionary in Boston show that he has done a greater work during the past year than he?

This amount—\$411,17—has been used on more than ten thousand occasions. Neither the expenses of the chapel, or of the family of Mr. Wells, have come out of it in any particular. He has been the means of giving away some twenty thousand meals, the recipients of which were three-fourths of different denominations, and not attendants upon the regular services at St. Stephen's Chapel, at which he officiated. He has likewise distributed 1233 loaves, 1050 parcels of groceries, 1067 pairs of shoes and stockings, besides clothing, fuel, bedding, and other necessaries of life.

It is the calculation of Mr. Wells that a single dollar, according to the manner in which he has been obliged to spend his dollars, will purchase fifteen meals, and twenty large-sized loaves of bread, or ten lodgings, or nine parcels of tea and sugar, or two new articles of clothing, or three-quarters of a week's care of the sick, or a week's rent, or a parcel of fuel. In his appeal to the public, he closes with the following words, which we copy in the hopes of aiding to extend the work that he has so generously and so bravely carrying on. He says to us all:—

"You can give me something to do with. You know that I have never asked you, personally, for a dollar; give me, then, something without compelling me to apply to you personally. Thousands and millions which you rejoiced in, when I thus asked you a year since, have been swept from you. Of that mass of wealth, no longer yours, you can give nothing. It is gone. Let that pass, and go on with more wisdom for the future. 'Love not the world,' supremely; 'Use the world' as not abusing it.' Remember what too few, of late, seem to have remembered, but what their own daring experiment has demonstrated to be true, that 'the love of money—the love of it—is the root of all evil.' At what time, for the past twenty years, can we select any quarter of a year, in which the usual causes of disaster, storm, steam, fire, famine, and pestilence, all together, have caused so much deep suffering as the love, the overweening love of money, has caused for the quarter now ending? May Almighty God, our common Father, be with you, bless and prosper you, for the sake of His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ!"

DETACHED COMMUNICATION.

We find in *Le Spiritualiste*, of New Orleans, an able monthly, printed entire in French, the following portion of a communication, purporting to come from Montesquieu. The facts of our cause, it seems, are not confined to the impulses of the American nation, but, as truths, they travel over the wide world. The following is very fine in its style and tone.

"Because we have told you that all the just shall be placed in the ranks of the good spirits, from the time of their arrival in the invisible world, whatsoever may have been the belief they held during life, do not conclude that all religions are equally good, nor that it is equally well to follow one as another. The end of any religion should be, not only to make men better in order that they may be happier after death, but also to insure their happiness on earth; to soften, and as it were, the time of trial which they are obliged to pass here, and to furnish them the simplest means of accomplishing their mission; as did Jesus, in the moral precepts which he taught. Now, we ask you if the Catholic religion, for instance, had ever attained this end? We will not here speak of the millions of men it has murdered; all the world knows that from the moment she ceased to be persecuted, she became the persecutor, and it does not enter into the plan of this communication to give details with which history has already made you familiar. What we would prove at present, is, that it is impossible for one who is a Catholic, in all senses of the word, to be happy on earth. In fact, sum up all the childish duties that the Church imposes on him, and say if a man, actuated by the strongest desire, can conform entirely to them, without being a hypocrite, or becoming childish, and finally falling into idleness? It is true, it is said in the New Testament, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;' but should we take literally all that we find in the Evangelists? Did not Christ speak almost always in parables and allegory, and did he mean by that, that it is absolutely necessary to be imbecile, in order to be a Christian? No more than he meant we should tear out the eye that had been the cause of offense, or cut off the hand that had been the instrument of sin.

The Catholic, to believe, sees himself left with this alternative, either to believe himself at all, or to renounce his reason, and live constantly in cruel fear with regard to the future life. They tell him that if he dies guilty of a single mortal sin, he is deprived of grace, and eternally damned, and there is not a man living who does not commit at least one little sin every day, and who is not addicted to one or two of those charming 'capital sins,' of which he is questioned in the confession. He does not pass a day without sinning, as he thought, word, deed or omission; and his mind, torn by the idea that death may surprise him before he has time to confess, makes him incessantly fear being delivered to the flames of hell for eternity.

Is not this a sad, sad view? Is not this the sword of Damocles? Think you a man living in such a state can enjoy one moment's happiness? Indeed, no! You do not believe it, and you are right; such an existence would be unsupportable! Thus, the greater part of those who call themselves Catholics,

are so only in name; they are simply the indifferent.

Among practical Catholics, there are yet some who always find means to reconcile their duty to religion, with other personal interests; they take care to choose for themselves obliging directors; men with elastic consciences; doctors, who find in their religious pharmacy receipts for every kind of ill; hypocrites, in fact, who, pretending that they are the means of reconciliation with heaven, use, without scruple, this jesuitical morality, in order to put their penitents more at their ease. Those who allow themselves to be directed by this class of confessors, are perhaps the only happy Catholics. Seculars of the approbation of their spiritual guides, they pass tranquil days in waiting for the eternal happiness which they cannot fail to obtain, if it is reserved for the poor in spirit.

For ourselves, we think the only religion that can render man happy on earth, is that which, stripped of all the absurdities which swarm round the others, confines itself to teaching him that he should conduct himself according to the rules of justice and of right; that he is never permitted, under any pretext, to wrong his neighbor, and, above all, he should do unto others as he would they should do to him. That religion, which God has graven on the heart of every man, is no other than natural religion; that which Christ has confirmed; in one word, Spiritualism.

MONTESQUIEU.

L. K. COONLEY—PERSONAL.

Boston, Nov. 31, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—I have been laboring as a trance speaker, and sometimes as a clairvoyant examiner, and healing medium, in this vicinity, for the last four months. I am now about to travel West, in the same delightful employment. In bidding adieu for a season to my many kind friends, permit me to return my deep, heartfelt gratitude for their many favors, and the universal warmth of generous feeling with which I have been received. May harmony prevail in your midst. May self be forgotten, and the good of the holy cause in which we are engaged be my aim here and hereafter. L. K. COONLEY.

This gentleman, a trance speaker, clairvoyant, and healing medium, who has been laboring in Portland for the past two years, with the exception of a few months of late, which have been passed in this vicinity, is about starting on a tour in the Western and Middle States.

We have been acquainted with him for some time, and we take pleasure in commending him to the favorable notice of the friends who may be called upon by him in his journey. He is an upright, humble man, not laboring for money alone; but we believe, first for the good cause. Although he does not class himself among the brightest stars of the new dispensation, as a speaker, he has given satisfaction to the audiences he has addressed, and has spoken in more circles and public halls during the few past months, than any speaker we know of. As a clairvoyant for the examination of diseases, he is good, and possesses much power as a healing medium. We have no doubt he could work his way to the good offices of the friends with whom he expects to labor, without our notice, but we think it our duty to aid the deserving worker in his field of labor, and therefore send this message before him, that the way may be prepared.

Mr. C. will act as agent for our paper, and his receipt for subscriptions will be duly honored by us.

THANKSGIVING PASSED.

Thanksgiving dinner passed; in consequence my heavy mood required a transient rest; When I awoke with rich contentment Of seeming dinners was my vision blest, The dessert through I my friend with yellow vest, A port wine punch suggested, with a smile; He thought a lemon peel would give it zest, And bade me wait, and have the thing in style. I sought to pass the acedulous, tropic fruit, And turned some boiling coffee in my lap; My after speech no polished car would suit; Suffice to say, 'twas such as broke my nap. No loss without some gain—a lesson in that rest— You're apt to lose your wine, while waiting for the zest. EQUINE.

MR. A. B. WHITING AT THE MELODEON.

The subject of the afternoon discourse was "The Influence of Spiritualism on the Individual." The lecture was well worthy of full report. It embodied the principle of goodness in life, and showed the powers which a firm belief would exercise over the individual. Spiritualism, he claimed, would have a noticeable effect from the practical nature of its teachings. A subject for a poem was chosen—An Apostrophe to Pope, the Poet—this was handled in a masterly and able manner. In the evening the subject treated upon was, "The Progression of the Human Race; the poem was, Human Destiny. A large audience was in attendance.

Mr. Whiting, who is advertised to lecture on Thursday evening, Dec. 3d, in the Melodeon, Tremont Temple—who is noted for his improvisations—is said to be controlled by the spirit of a celebrated Italian poet, who sometimes improvises in his native tongue. It is hoped that by request he may be prevailed upon so to do, for taking into consideration Mr. Whiting's antecedents, such a display would be a remarkable test to every reasonable mind of spirit control. His performances when in the trance state are truly wonderful, and not less worthy; and we would advise every one who would look into the claims of Spiritualism, and its developments, to attend his lecture.

NO-NOHING.

The Boston Courier is dumfounded entirely. It professes to believe Spiritualism a "stupendous delusion," and declares that it is continually leading men and women captive; yet when we fairly and freely made them an offer to go into an investigation of the character of the communications which we weekly receive from the Spirits, they merely laugh at us for thinking them such fools as to spend several days in conducting such an investigation, and turn the whole thing into open ridicule!

How much is the opinion of such a paper, then, worth on any subject? What do all its hard sayings against spiritualism and spiritualists go for with conscientious and thoughtful people?

SCALDING MILK.—The Devonshire mode of managing milk, whether intended for the churn or otherwise, is to scald it immediately, as it is strained from the cow. After this operation it does not sour so soon, even in summer; and if it is intended for butter-making, you have sweet milk for family use, after the cream is taken off. In winter, the cream that is taken from scalded milk will not require more than fifteen minutes churning to bring it to butter. *Should you like to know more of this, send for our paper.*

Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The Ballet Troupe has enlisted for another week's garnering of honor's wreaths. The week was opened on Monday by an attractive combination, "The Soldier's Rille," and "The Golden Horse." On Wednesday evening Mlle. Lamourcaux took a benefit; and she was anticipated from her standing as a favorite, and she drew a large audience.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—This place announces another of its fine spectacles, which is to be produced with all the combination and elegance of scenery for which it has long enjoyed a proper reputation.

The foundation of this spectacle is based on the familiar play of the "Naiad Queen." A brilliant success is heartily wished it.

HOWARD ATHLETIC.—This is the last week of the little players, and that opportunity which may not again occur should be embraced in paying them a visit. Miss Quinn, the young prodigy, made her debut at this place, in the character of "Hamlet," and "The Actress of All Work," in the latter of which she sustained six characters.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—This place continues to receive its quota of attendance, and Miss Lucille seems to possess that talent which is destined to create a sensation wherever she may go.

ORDWAY HALL holds forth inducements such as no other place yet has done—a social, home-like entertainment, where everybody can go and hear the very best offered in the minstrel line.

"TROUBLESOME ANIMALS."

The Boston Post, in noticing a clothing establishment in this city, remarks that "boys are troublesome animals, but must be clothed and taken care of." The editor of the Post being a father, it is supposed of course that he knows. Still, we go for allowing them to be "troublesome animals," and even applauding their colly friskiness and willfulness, rather than choking them up to such a pitch as many of the over-trained youth of these times are reined in to. Give us a hearty, honest, homely, out-and-out boy, before all your wonderful specimens of from six to ten years, who can repeat history farther back than we ever heard of, and know all the great speeches of all the great men who ever put their stout shoulders to the machinery of a government.

There is nothing greater, or better, than Nature. It makes no difference whether you look for it in a boy or a poem. This excessive discipline, and over-anxious training, wears everything off, so that there is no nap left to the cloth. We like to see a boy, even, that is an "animal," rather than one of your big-brained, pale-faced precocities, who startles you out of all sorts of propriety with his profound interrogatories, and makes you feel as uncomfortable in his presence as you would in that of the learned ex-chancellor, Lord Henry Brougham. We much prefer the old style of boys to the Young America juveniles that try to turn our very society upside down with their impudent airs and the aid of their mothers.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Information is received of the confiscation, by the Austrian government, of all the property of Louis Kossuth within its reach.

That is the last mean act that a tyrannical government can perform towards a wronged exile. They have broken up his family, driven him from his native soil, hunted his relatives out of the nation, taken possession of his hearth and home, and now they have been fortunate enough, after long twistification and winding searches, to find some other little waifs of property that had till this time escaped them. An act like this, at so long a lapse of time after the stirring events that first incited it to, signifies on the part of the government the possession of mean, narrow, cruel, and revengeful qualities that every honorable government would desire to be free from. The civilized world will brand it with the character it so richly deserves.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN LOWELL.

A friend informs us that he was present at a circle in Lowell, last week, where the manifestations were very convincing. Raps were heard as loud and of nearly the same tone, as would be produced by striking a persons fist upon a table. Sounds were heard resembling, very accurately, the sawing of a board and driving of nails, while the hands of the persons in the circle were upon the table. The circle consisted of ladies and one gentleman, one of the ladies being the medium.

It was suggested that the persons composing the circle should remove from contact with the table, so as to give opportunity for any one, or all, to examine the place where the sounds originated, which was done. All who desired to see, could see, and no perceptible difference in the quality or quantity of sound was heard.

MASSACRE OF EMIGRANTS.

The steamer Northern Light brings news, which we give in another column, that the recent reported massacre of a party of 118 emigrants through the southern portion of Utah to California, was undeniably perpetrated by the Mormons, and that they are glorying in it as if they had performed an act of peculiar acceptability to the Almighty. Abundant proofs were furnished, previous to the sailing of the steamer, to sustain this point, and the people of California were becoming incensed to a degree not usual even with them.

It is estimated that at least five hundred persons have been slain this year on the way from Salt Lake to California. This statement must be greatly exaggerated, but enough has already been done in the way of barbarism to arouse the passions of the people of California to the highest pitch of intensity.

WISE CONCLUSION.—I have come to the conclusion, says Professor Upham, if men, or women either, wish to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity—and which, by expanding the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.

One of the most attractive places in Boston for a lady or gentleman to obtain a sumptuous meal, or light refreshment, is at A. J. Hall's Dining Rooms, Nos. 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue. There is every thing to attract the eye and taste, and the attendants are prompt, courteous, and agreeable. Our friends should remember Mr. Hall's neat little box of a place, and go and get a dinner there.

A French chemist of note professes to have discovered a cheap and practicable method of disintegrating wheat and other grain by chemical instead of mechanical means, so as to produce fine and admirable flour without a mill of any kind. A commission has, it is stated in a French paper, been appointed to examine the nature of the flour chemically, so as to ascertain its character, as compared with flour which has been produced by crushing and grinding.

An effort will be made at the opening of Congress to abolish the practice of electing special chaplains, and substitute the election of some of the State Legislatures of inviting the pastors of the city to officiate in turn.

Late European Items.

The steamer Fulton, just arrived, left Havre on the 17th, and Southampton on the 18th ult. She brings four days later intelligence.

The Fulton has eighty-one passengers, \$220,000 in specie, ten boxes valuables, and one hundred and fifty-six tons of French goods on freight. The Cunard steamship Europa, from Boston via Halifax, Nov. 4, arrived at Liverpool on the 16th.

The good effects of the suspension by order of the government of the Bank Charter Act, were still showing themselves everywhere throughout Great Britain. The money market was firmer, and the demand for money at the Bank of England was less pressing.

Several prominent houses had been compelled to suspend payments, but in the list of failures we do not recognize any engaged in the American trade.

The breadstuffs market at Liverpool, London, and throughout England, continued exceedingly dull, and quite a panic had prevailed. The prices were merely nominal, even for choice qualities, whilst inferior was totally unsaleable.

The Wolverhampton and Staffordshire Bank has stopped payment, occasioning great excitement in Wolverhampton. The liabilities of the Bank are estimated at from 400,000 to 500,000.

INDIA.—The latest news from Delhi, via Lahore, is to the 3d of October. General Greathed, with a column 2000 strong, sent in pursuit of fugitives, was to move on to Anop Shekur, on the way to Rohilund. General Wilson had resigned the command from ill health, and was succeeded by General Penny. The Dinapore mutineers have, it is feared, got far up the country as Banda. Nana Sahib is believed to be in that neighborhood, exciting the Gwalior mutineers to join him. The Madras column, in falling back upon Jubbulpore, had attacked and defeated the revolted 62d. Anxiety was felt for the garrison at Saugor, which comprises a number of women and children.

The king of Delhi was a prisoner in his own palace. On the night of the 21st September the queen's health had been drunk by the conquerors in the palace at Delhi, the cheers being taken up by the Ghoorkas. Lieut. Gen. Burn was governor of Delhi. Gen. Outram telegraphs, on the 2d of October, that the insurgents are too strong to admit of withdrawal from Lucknow. Sick and wounded, women and children, number more than 1000.

After making disposition for safety of garrison, Gen. Outram proposes to retire on Cawnpore. He adds, that two additional brigades with powerful field artillery, will be required to withdraw with the garrison or reduce the city. Communication between Cawnpore and Lucknow still interrupted.

The predatory tribes on the Gograif have plundered the police post on the Lahore and Mooltan road, and caused a temporary interruption of postal communication. Detachments of horse and foot police attacked the plunderers, and killed a great number, including their chief.

A body of Ghoorkas, 1400 strong, under the command of Capt. Bidden, attacked the insurgents at Mundree, in the vicinity of Azimghur, on the 19th of September.

The enemy were defeated and driven out of Mundree with a loss of 200 men.

The advance guard of the Madras column engaged the mutineers of the 62d Bengal native infantry, near Jubbulpore, on the 26th of September, and killed 160 of them. After their defeat the mutineers barbarously murdered Lieut. McGregor, who was a prisoner in their hands.

There has been an outbreak of the Rheels in Khandeish, and also in Nassick, but stringent measures are in progress for the suppression of such movements. On the 4th of October Lieut. Henry, the superintendent of police, attacked the Nassick Rheels at Sonwur, and drove them from their position, but he was himself killed in leading his men to the assault.

In Guzerat, Chundup, a village in the Mahes Kaunta, has been stockaded and the authorities defied, but the disaffection has not spread to other villages. With this slight exception all Guzerat has remained perfectly quiet.

In Bombay itself a few Sepoys of the 10th regiment and marine battalion have been detected in plotting against the government; two have been tried, convicted, and blown from guns; three more are in custody and under trial.

The Pacific Coast.

The mail steamship Northern Light, from Aspinwall, on the 21st of November, with 603 passengers, the usual California and Pacific mails, and \$2,118,672, including \$366,000 for New Orleans, and \$7000 for Havana, arrived at New York on the 20th.

The mails and passengers from New York and New Orleans, November 6, left Panama for San Francisco on the afternoon of the 16th ult., all well.

The Northern Light, on the 6th ult., 4 A. M., off Cape Florida, passed the U. S. M. steamer Star of the West, bound for Aspinwall.

The most important item of news by this steamer, is the display before the public of a large amount of evidence going to show that the party of 118 emigrants massacred in the Southern part of Utah, while on their way to California, were murdered by Mormons. Mr. George Powers arrived a few days since at Los Angeles, from Salt Lake, and reports having heard many Mormons threaten to kill Gentiles passing through their country. He met a party of Mormons and Indians going towards a Mormon settlement from the scene of the massacre, and they had in their possession bundles of clothing and other articles, apparently the spoils of the murdered; and the whole party appeared to be on very friendly terms with one another, and all in high spirits. Mr. Powers also states that, in San Bernardino, he heard Capt. Hunt, a man of authority among the Mormons,

say he "was glad of the massacre, and believed the hand of the Lord was in it, whether done by red skins or whites. P. M. Warren, of Genesee County, New York, who came through about the same time with Mr. Powers, believes also, from numerous facts observed by him, that the Mormons are guilty of the bloody crime.

Messrs. Abbott and Fin, two gentlemen who have lately been at San Andrea from the Humboldt river, report great hostility on the part of the Mormons toward emigrants coming to California by the Southern Pass, and great friendship with the Indians, who had made attacks on emigrants. Mr. Abbott says five hundred emigrants have been killed this year on the road between Salt Lake City and California, by the Indians and Mormons, but this estimate is much exaggerated.

There was a little brush of a fight between the settlers at Honey Lake Valley, east of the main divide of the Sierra Nevada, and the Indians, but peace has been restored.

The newspapers contain reports of the discovery of coal veins in Sonoma County, near Petaluma.

The arrival of the steamer John L. Stephens at San Francisco, on the 2d ult., with the news that the drafts forwarded by the house of Messrs. Sather & Church had been protested, caused considerable excitement. Many of their depositors took out attachments, and the officers proceeded to serve them. At one o'clock on the morning of the 3d, the doors of the banking house were thrown open, and those having claims against the house, were invited to present them and receive payment. A considerable amount of money was paid out, and at half-past nine A. M. the bank closed, but will probably resume payment in a day or two.

There was also a steady run on the house of Talant & Wilde, and several other bankers, but they have all paid thus far, and it is thought the panic is now over.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors on the 29th of October, the City and County Treasurer was instructed to forward to New York, through Alesop & Co., the interest on coupons falling due in that city on the School Bonds.

The United States District Court, on the 21st, confirms the claim of Juan Cristosomo Galindo to 8000 acres of land, lying one league south of the town of Santa Clara.

The shaft of a quartz lode at Sutter's Creek, Amador, is 815 feet deep, and is supposed to be the deepest in the State.

Nicaragua.—El Centro Americano, of Granada, to Oct. 31, and the Gaceta Oficial of Inaugura, to Oct. 24, had been received. The Gaceta contains a declaration of war against Costa Rica, which states that the government will preserve its rights to the whole line of transit from San Juan del Sur, as well as to the District of Guanacasta.

Another decree in the same paper, names Don Gregorio Jueres, and Don Basilio Cortez, as chiefs in charge of the government during the time Generals Martinez and Xeres take charge of the army. Don Marcario Alvarez is named Secretary of War. Gen. Tomas Martinez has been appointed Commander-in-chief of the army.

A letter is published from Col. G. F. Cauty, (no date or place,) calling on Col. Segundo Cuaremas, commander of the fort of San Carlos, to surrender to him, in the name of the Costa Rican government. In case of non-compliance, his orders are to blockade the fort and starve it out. Report says that Col. Cauty is on the lake in one of the steamers, and that he had been fired on by the Nicaraguan forces.

It is also said that Mr. Carey Jones, who is in Granada, supports Nicaragua in its resistance to the claims of Costa Rica.

A recent order of Col. Totten, to the effect that the Panama Railroad Company would demand payment in American coin or its equivalent, has created considerable excitement at Panama, and public meetings have been held to denounce Col. Totten's conduct to the President of the Company. Col. T. is a passenger in the Northern Light, and will, therefore, be present to defend his acts before the Company.

Flashes of Fun.

"The 'debt of Nature' should never be paid, if it can't be collected without an execution.

Smith would forget himself, sometimes, in a great thought. One morning Smith came down stairs very lame, slept sound enough, but in a bad position—forgot himself, put his coat, vest and pants to-bed, and hung himself over the back of his chair. Once went to whistle out a temporary lynchin, fell awful of an unusual idea, used up all the wood, and cut his finger clear to the bone before he found his mistake.

It is complained that the Great Eastern can't get over the bars at Sandy Hook. If so, why don't the people go and let the bars down?

A correspondent of the old school, probably, writes us in an amiable mood as follows—

Ma. EDITOR—Yow-ve hed mi tu dollars a puty gud yler on hanp so fit tu ford is equivalent i dont want yer ould paper because I am ur the id yow aint want a bit—an yew kin send it to the devil.

years in hast.

On Mr. Saxe's principle he must have changed his address, and we will see it properly directed.

"Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Brown, is fond of kissing, very."

"Mind your seam, Julia; who communicated such nonsense to your ears?"

"I had it from his own lips; ma!"

"Why is it" said a French soldier to a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French for honor?"

"I suppose," replied the Switzer, "that each fight for what they most lack."

The man who ate his dinner with a fork of a river, we understand, borrowed for temporary use its principal mouth. He was last seen amusing himself spinning a mountain top.

"Jamie, it's meself knows how they make a cannon."

"How's that ye does it?"

"Faith, an' they take a large hole and pour hot brass around it."

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapt in thought" that he was tied up, labelled, and sent off in the first "train of idiots." The lightning struck the car he was in, but fortunately he was conversing with the conductor. After arriving at the depot he was "moved to tears," but finding it a little damp, he returned again.

If a chicken pie contains fowl-in-pieces, is any dif'—twixt that and a gunsmith's store?

Correspondence.

PROPHECY.

Woodsrock, Vt., November 23, 1857.

Mr. Editor—In the last number of the "Banner of Light," and in a note appended to the second chapter of a tale, called "The Orphan of the Temple, or the Riddle of French History," you quote, in an article from Blackwood, from the pen of Professor Gregory, some remarkable prophecies of German and French seers.

The most remarkable instance of the development of the faculty of presentiment, is incontestably the prediction of M. Cazotte, at a dinner at Paris, of which you make mention, and which I have transcribed from a work in my possession; should you think it likely to interest your numerous readers at the present crisis, when the public mind is agitated by, and led to the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, you can publish it.

The author says, "I have spoken upon the subject with a person of rank, who sincerely loves the truth, and who was well acquainted with Cazotte; and this individual assured me that Cazotte was a man of great piety, and endowed with a high degree of knowledge; that he frequently predicted the most remarkable things, which were always fulfilled; and that he testified, at the same time, that they were communicated to him by means of intercourse with spirits.

The narrative before us was found among the papers of the late M. La Harpe, in his own handwriting. This La Harpe was a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, in Paris, that storhouse of satire on religion, and of Voltairian absurdity! La Harpe himself was a free-thinker, who believed nothing, but who, before his end, was thoroughly converted, and died in the faith and hope of the gospel.

I will relate the narrative in La Harpe's own words. He writes as follows:—

"It seems to me as if it were but yesterday, although it happened at the beginning of the year 1788. We were dining with one of our colleagues of the academy, a man of genius and respectability. The company, which was numerous, was selected from all ranks—courtiers, judges, learned men, academicians, &c., and had done justice to the ample, and, as usual, well-furnished repast. At the dessert, Malvasier and Constantia heightened the festivity, and augmented, in good society, that kind of freedom which does not always keep itself within defined bounds.

The world was, at that time arrived at such a pitch, that it was permitted to say anything with the intention of exciting merriment. Chamfort had read to us some of his blasphemous and lascivious tales, and noble ladies had listened to them even without having recourse to their fans. After this, followed a whole host of sarcasms on religion. One person quoted a tirade from Pucelle; another reminded the company of that philosophical verse of Didrot's, in which he says: "Strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest!" and all clapped applause. Another stood up, elevating a bumper, and exclaimed, "Yes, gentlemen, I am just as certain that there is no God, as I am certain that Homer is a fool;" and, in reality, he was as certain of one as the other, for the company had just spoken of Homer and of God, and there were among the guests those who had spoken well of both the one and the other.

The conversation now became more serious. The revolution that Voltaire had effected was spoken of with admiration; and it was agreed that it was this which formed the principal basis of his fame. He had given the tone to his age; he had written in such a manner, that he was read in both the antechamber and the drawing-room. One of the company related to us, with a loud laugh, that his hair-dresser, while powdering him, said, "Look, sir, although I am only a poor journeyman, yet I have no more religion than another!"

It was concluded that the revolution would be completed without delay, and that superstition and fanaticism must make way for philosophy. The probable period was calculated, and which of the company would have the happiness of living during the reign of Reason. The more aged lamented that they dared not flatter themselves with the idea; the younger ones rejoiced at the probability that they would live to see it; and the academy, in particular, was congratulated on having prepared the great work, and for being the focus, the centre, and the prime mover of liberty of thought.

A single individual had taken no part in all this pleasant conversation, and had even very gently scattered some jokes upon their noble enthusiasm. It was M. Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but who, unfortunately, was completely taken up with the reveries of those who believe in a superior enlightening. He now took up the discourse, and said in the most serious tone: "Gentlemen, rejoice; you will all become witnesses of that great and sublime revelation which you so much desire. You know that I apply myself a little to prophesying. I repeat it, you will all see it!"

"There requires no prophetic gift for that purpose," was the reply.

"True," rejoined he, "but perhaps something more for what I am now going to tell you. Do you know what will result from this revolution?" (that is, when reason triumphs in opposition to revealed religion.) "What it will be to you all, as many as are now here? what will be its immediate consequences, its undoubtable and acknowledged effects?"

"Let us see," said Condorcet, putting on an air of simplicity; "it is not disagreeable to a philosopher to meet with a prophet."

"You, M. Condorcet," continued M. Cazotte, "you will give up the ghost, stretched out on the floor of a subterranean prison. You will die of poison, that you will have swallowed in order that you may escape the executioner—of poison, which the happiness of those times shall compel you always to carry about you."

"This, at first, excited great astonishment; but it was soon remembered that the worthy Cazotte sometimes dreamed waking, and the company burst out into a loud laugh.

"M. Cazotte," said one of the guests, "the tale you relate to us is not near so amusing as your "Devil in Love," (Le Diable Amoureux) is a pretty little romance, written by Cazotte."

"What devil has suggested to you the dungeon, the poison, and the executioner? What has this in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?"

"This is just what I tell you," replied Cazotte. "In the name of philosophy, in the name of humanity, liberty, and reason, will it come to pass, that such will be your end: and reason will then certainly

triumph, for she will have her temples; nay, at that period, there will be no other temples in all France than the temples of reason."

"Truly," said Chamfort, with a sarcastic smile, "you will be no priest of these temples."

Cazotte answered: "I hope not; but you, M. Chamfort, who will be one of them, and are very worthy of being so, you will open your veins by twenty-two incisions of the razor, and yet you will die only some months afterwards!"

The company looked at each other, and laughed again.

Cazotte continued: "You, M. Vioq. d'Azyr, will not open your veins yourself, but will afterward cause them to be opened six times in one day, in an attack of the gout, in order to make the matter more sure, and you will die the same night! You, M. Nicolai, will die upon the scaffold! You, M. Bailly, on the scaffold! You, M. Malcherbes, on the scaffold!"

"God be thanked!" exclaimed M. Raucher, "it appears that M. Cazotte has only to do with academicians; he has just made dreadful havoc among them. I, heaven be praised!"

"Cazotte interrupted him: "You—you will die on the scaffold, also!"

"Ha! this is a wager," resounded from all sides; "he has sworn to exterminate us all!"

Cazotte—"No; it is not I that have sworn it."

The company—"Shall we be then under subjection to Turks and Tartars? and yet!"

Cazotte—"Nothing less. I have already told you that you will then be under the government of philosophy and reason. Those that will treat you in this manner will be all philosophers; they will be continually making use of those very expressions which you have been mouthing for the last hour; they will repeat all your maxims, and, like you, will quote the verses of Didrot and Pucelle."

"The guests whispered into each other's ears: 'You see clearly that he has lost his reason,' (for while speaking thus he continued very serious.) 'Don't you see that he is joking, and in all his jests he mixes something of the wonderful?'"

"Yes," said Chamfort, "but I must confess his wondrous are not very pleasing; they are much too gallow-like. And when shall all this take place?"

Cazotte—"Six years shall not pass over before all that I have told you shall be fulfilled!"

"You tell us many wonderful things,"—it was this time I (La Harpe) that spoke—and do you say nothing of me?"

"With respect to you," answered Cazotte, "a wonder will take place that will be at least quite as remarkable. You will then be a Christian!"

A general exclamation!—"Now I am at ease," said Chamfort; "if we only perish when La Harpe is a Christian, we are immortal!"

"We, of the female sex," said the Duchess de Grammont, "are fortunate in being reckoned as nothing in revolutions. When I say as nothing, I do not intend to say that we do not interfere in them a little; but it is a generally-received maxim, that we, and those of our sex, are not deemed responsible on that account."

Cazotte—"Your sex, ladies, will be this time no protection to you; and however little you may be desirous of interfering, yet you will be treated precisely as the men, and no difference will be made with respect to you."

The Duchess—"But what is it you are telling us, M. Cazotte? You certainly are announcing the end of the world!"

Cazotte—"That I know not; but what I do know is, that you, my lady Duchess, will be drawn to the scaffold—and, and many other ladies with you—upon a hurdle, with your hands bound behind you."

The Duchess—"I hope, however, in that case, that I shall have a mourning-coach."

Cazotte—"No, madam! Ladies of higher rank than you will be drawn upon a hurdle, with their hands bound behind them."

The Duchess—"Ladies of higher rank? What, the princesses of the blood?"

Cazotte—"Of still higher rank!"

A visible emotion now manifested itself through the whole company, and the master of the house assumed an air of displeasure. It began to be evident that the joke was carried too far.

The Duchess de Grammont, in order to dispel the cloud, let the last reply drop, and contented herself with saying, in a most jocular tone, "You shall see he will not even leave me the consolation of a confessor!"

Cazotte—"No, madam, none will be given, either to you, or any one else. The last sufferer to whom the favor of a confessor will be granted"—(here he paused a moment.)

The Duchess—"Well, who will be the fortunate mortal, to whom this privilege will be granted?"

Cazotte—"It will be the only privilege he will retain, and this will be the king of France!"

The master of the house now hastily arose from the table, and the whole company with him. He went to M. Cazotte, and said, with deep emotion, "My dear Cazotte, this lamentable joke has lasted long enough. You carry it too far, and to a degree in which you endanger yourself, and the company in which you are."

Cazotte made no reply, and was preparing to depart, when the Duchess de Grammont, who still endeavored to prevent the matter being taken in a serious light, and labored to restore hilarity, went to him and said, "Now, Mr. Prophet, you have told us all our fortunes, but have said nothing of your own fate."

He was silent, cast his eyes downward, and then said, "Have you ever read in Josephus, madam, the history of the siege of Jerusalem?"

The Duchess—"Certainly; who has not read it? but do as though I had never read it!"

Cazotte—"Well, madam! during this siege, a man went seven successive days upon the walls round the town, in the sight of both the besiegers and the besieged, and cried out incessantly, with a mournful voice, "Woe to Jerusalem! Woe to Jerusalem!" On the seventh day, he cried, "Woe to Jerusalem, and woe to myself, also!" and in the same moment he was crushed to death by an immense stone, hurled from the enemy's engines."

After these words, M. Cazotte made his bow and departed."

Thus far La Harpe.

I have sent you this remarkable prediction, without any comment upon it, as I think it contains its own.

Yours, in the cause of Truth,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

There are at this time over four millions of dollars in the vaults of the Boston banks—the "real hard stuff!" Won't spring open with a 2:40 trade?

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD: BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

[CONCLUDED.]

A Party of Table Turners.—Who are you?—A Trip to Paris.—The Spirits exorcised.—Holy Water and Priestcraft at a discount.—The Spirits in Old Ireland.—Dublin, Cork, and Blarney.

An English gentleman, whom we shall call Tompkins, and who, besides being deeply versed in the sciences of psychology and mesmerism, was a bit of a wag, gave Mrs. Hayden an invitation to attend a party of table-turners at the house of some friends in Harley street, who were deeply interested in the phenomenon of table turning, but who entertained a holy horror of spirit manifestations or rappings, declaring most solemnly that they would not visit Mrs. Hayden for the world. Tompkins was inclined to indulge in a little sport at the expense of his friends; prevailing upon Mrs. Hayden to accompany him in company to the rendezvous of the "table turners," who numbered fifteen persons. At the moment the circle formed, Tompkins and Mrs. H. made their appearance, and without a more special introduction than a "lady friend," they took their seats among the rest.

Scarcely had they done so ere the table took an upward tendency, to the great delight and astonishment of the company. Again the table raised itself in the air, and revolved in the circle. This was table-turning in its perfection; everybody was in ecstasies; the success was complete. Now, then, is my time, said Tompkins to himself, and at once proposed that the circle should try the experiment of obtaining the vibratory sounds or raps. Some of the party freely assented, while others strenuously objected. Tompkins was in the majority, and the minority reluctantly consented to make the trial with fear and trembling. One only, of the whole number, had the courage to interrogate the invisibles (a young lady), to whom a response was given, and at her request the name of a departed friend was spelled out, which was no sooner declared by her to be correct, than more than half the circle left the apartment in a perfect stampede—one elderly gentleman rushing to his room and locking his door to keep out the spirits. The lady, undaunted, continued to question her unseen friend; but before she had asked a half dozen questions, two thirds of the company had dispersed, declaring that it was all the work of the devil. One gentleman became a little suspicious that Tompkins and his "lady friend" were enjoying themselves at the expense of their fears, and insisted on knowing the name of the "lady friend," but T. was silent. One lady declared her belief that Mrs. Hayden was a sorceress, and that nothing would induce her ever to be in the presence of the medium. Tompkins was laughing in his sleeve, and enjoying the state of affairs prodigiously; amid the confusion of the circle, he excused himself, and departed, well satisfied to pay five guineas for his share of the amusement.

On the 2d of August, in company with two American friends, we procured our passports at the office of the United States Minister, James Buchanan, and started for Paris, via New Haven and Dieppe. Leaving London by the eight o'clock train, we arrived at the ancient city of Dieppe at five, P. M., where we remained over night, and early in the morning continued our journey by the Chemin de fer, stopping for an hour at the old city of Rouen, and entered the gay and beautiful capital of the French empire at four P. M., where we remained some two weeks, visiting the most celebrated "sights" in that truly magnificent city and its suburbs, being so fortunate as to be present at the great review on the 14th, and grand fetes on the 16th of August, in honor of Napoleon the great, which were sights rarely witnessed in one's lifetime.

During our short stay we gave several complimentary seances to persons to whom we bore letters of introduction. At one only of these parties did anything of particular note occur, the facts connected with which we will briefly narrate. We received cards of invitation to be present at a soiree to be given by a gentleman who had shown us some attentions during our visit. At this party there were a large number of persons present, among the rest a Catholic priest, who had been privately invited to "lay the spirits," as it had been presumed that Mrs. Hayden would favor the company with "some manifestations of her peculiar powers." The circle was formed all round, and the raps were soon heard on the table, to which the very Rev. Father listened for a few moments, with an air of one who thought himself something more than a man, and then gathering himself in his assumed dignity, he spread himself for the great task which he had so readily accepted; viz, to work a miracle. The majority of the company were Catholics, and it was truly humiliating to observe with what superstitious awe, men, otherwise intelligent, looked on in their blind faith, expecting to see their priest cast out devils under the very shadow of the Madelaine. He at first commenced operations by asking some questions in French and Latin, to all of which they (the spirits) were pleased to return correct answers, much to his surprise. At length he asked, "Esprits bon?" (are you good spirits) to which simple question there was no response. For a moment the priest was silent, and then asked, "Esprits mauvais?" (are you bad spirits). To this inquiry a quick and loud response was returned. The circle were horror-struck, some crossing themselves and shrinking back from the table. At this juncture the holy father stood erect, and commanded the spirits to descend into purgatory, and return no more forever. Much to our disappointment and chagrin, profound silence succeeded the awful casting out; and although we repeatedly and earnestly requested our invisible friends to respond to our questions, "not a sound was heard." On the other hand, the priest was elated with his success, and, delighted at our discomfiture, he said to the company in a pompous manner: "Ne vous ai je pas dit que je les exorciserais?" ("Did I not tell you I would exorcise them?") Having relieved himself of so much egotism, he gave us a look which seemed intent to convey the idea, "Mrs. Hayden, your occupation is gone," and then strode into the adjoining room, where he was followed by the principal part of the company. We, as a matter of course, felt anything but gratified with the result, not for a moment calling to mind the old saying of "Let him laugh who wins."

Five minutes had barely elapsed after the above performance, when there was a call for the alphabet by raps on the table, and on asking an explanation, the spirits desired us to recall the priest, which was done, greatly to his surprise, for he had evidently fully persuaded himself that the spirits were daily laid.

"Que voulez-vous?" (What do you want?) he asked. "To give you some advice, and to inform you that we stopped rapping that you might exalt yourself only to fall the lower in your own estimation."

"Pourquoi m'avez-vous dit que vous étiez caprifs mauvais?" (Why did you say that you were bad spirits?) "Because no one is truly good."

Following this he received a communication, purporting to be given by the spirit of a bishop, who was shot on the steps of the Madelaine during the last revolution, while endeavoring to quiet the excited populace; at the conclusion of which the priest departed, quite crest-fallen, exclaiming, "Extraordinaire!" (very extraordinary) evidently convinced that however easy a matter it might be to impose upon spirits in the flesh, with holy water and Latin prayers, it would require something far more potent to silence those who had entered the golden gates of the eternal city. The pleasurable reaction in our own minds can be better appreciated than described by our feeble pen; the company also seemed to have suddenly lost half their respect for the Rev. gentleman.

We were promised by one high in authority that if we would prolong our stay for a few days an audience should be obtained for us with the Emperor and Empress, but as no definite time could be fixed upon, and as we had already tarried beyond the allotted period, we returned to London by the way of Havre and Southampton, well pleased with our visit to the French metropolis.

Stopping only for a few days in London we crossed the Irish channel, passing two weeks in Dublin, from thence to Cork and Blarney. At the latter place we visited the celebrated Hydropathic Institute of Dr. Barter, St. Anne's Hill. At this establishment were a large number of patients from all parts of the kingdom, at the request of several of whom, seconded by Dr. Barter, we gave a seance to a party of sixteen persons, the majority of whom were well pleased with the result. The only opposition to the circle being manifested by a Rev. Mr. Russell, of Southampton, a cant-well of the church, who although not present at the seance, used his best efforts to raze the house about our heads—endeavoring to influence the patients against us, and arrogantly dictating to Dr. Barter that we should be made to leave the house forthwith, to which insolent demand the doctor informed him that we were his guests in the private apartments of his house, and if he was dissatisfied he could himself leave.

It was proposed by several of the gentlemen that a committee should be chosen to wait on the Rev. gentleman, to inform him that his presence was distasteful to the majority of them, and asking him to accept of his congé; but out of respect to his invalid wife, the proposition was not acted upon.

Satisfied that the people of old Ireland were not prepared to accept the truth of Spirit manifestations, we a second time returned to London, and prepared for our homeward voyage; and on the 14th of October, just a year lacking two days from the time we first landed in the Old World, we embarked on board of the "City of Manchester," and arrived at Philadelphia on the first of November.

During the spring of 1855, we were strongly urged by two or three interested parties to again visit Europe, and, on the assurance of a wealthy man in London, who promised to aid us with his "influence and his purse," (both of which, unfortunately for us, he forgot to do, causing us to be heavy losers in the end,) we finally consented, and made immediate preparation for our voyage.

Previous to our departure, a public meeting, complimentary to Mrs. Hayden, was held at Tremont Temple. The character and purposes of which will be seen from the following preamble and address:—

PRELIMINARY.  
Melton Hall, Boston, }  
March 27, 1855. }

A numerous and intelligent audience having assembled in pursuance of a public call, to offer a testimonial of respect to Mrs. W. R. Hayden of Boston, (a medium for communications from the spirit world) on the eve of her departure for Europe: Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury, was called to the chair, and A. E. Newton, of Boston, was chosen Secretary.

The purposes of the meeting having been stated by the Chairman, the following Address to the People of England was adopted without a dissenting voice, and directed to be signed by the officers of the meeting, and placed in the hands of Dr. Hayden and lady, to be used as they shall see fit on arriving at their destination.

A. E. Newton, Secretary.

The address being too lengthy for insertion, only the following brief extract, which relates to Mrs. Hayden personally, is here given.

"Mrs. W. R. Hayden, long a resident of Boston, and one of the earliest and most reliable of those through whom we have received sensible evidence of spirit presence, and to whom instrumentally, many of us are indebted for our first demonstration of an immortal existence; she is a lady of unexceptional reputation, and cannot fail to impress all who make her acquaintance with her excellent qualities of head and heart, and her entire sincerity and truthfulness as regards the phenomena which occur in her presence. These consist mainly of certain peculiar sounds through which intelligence is transmitted, and thus a sort of telegraphic communication is established with the invisible intelligences."

On the 11th of April we sailed from Boston in the steamer Asia, arriving at Liverpool on the 23d, after a delightful passage of twelve days. An account of the voyage was published in the Spiritual Telegraph shortly after we reached London. On our arrival, we took a house at No. 14 Connaught square, Hyde Park.

During our absence, much of the interest in the phenomena had subsided, the minds of the people being occupied with the Eastern war, consequently the callers were not numerous. Our reappearance in the metropolis caused some surprise, as certain evil-minded persons, through the press and otherwise, had circulated the report that the "spirit rappers" had been forced to quit London and would never return. Our expenses being very heavy, and our wealthy friend (?) not fulfilling his liberal promises, added to which the extraordinary conduct of a foppish charlatan, now in Europe, we decided once more to return; and on the 9th of June re-embarked in the Asia for Boston.

CHAPTER XVII.  
A few words of parting.—Conclusion.—Farewell.

Know, Reader!—The hour of parting has at length arrived. Once more we stand beneath the waving stars and stripes on the green hills of the Western World. Once more are we beneath the roof of our own home, (how musical is that little word,

Home, to the wanderer's ears) surrounded by friends. But before we say to you that one word which separates so many for the last time in this world—Farewell—suffer us to hold you by the hand for a few short moments, to offer our grateful thanks for your patience in journeying thus far with us over land and sea, amid the storm and the calm, cloud and sunshine, beset by the dark demons of superstition, error, bigotry, and malice—cheered on in the saddest hours by the bright messengers of Hope and Love, and the smiles of those dear ones whose dwellings are in the sweet vales and on the rosy hill-tops of Heaven! Oh! is it not consoling to feel and to know that we are only journeying here, like the good pilgrim Christian, to a happier clime.

If perchance, here and there, in these hastily written pages (which have been penned in the hours when most people are sleeping), you may think we have dealt harshly, be assured we have written "more in sorrow than in anger." We have the satisfaction of knowing that, however severely we may have condemned, we have done so justly. Our enemies knew that we were but two humble individuals—"strangers in a strange land"—almost friendless at first, with a strong public prejudice against us, and that they had little to fear from us in the way of retaliation, and therefore were lavish in their license of abuse.

When the murky ink of these lines shall have become dry, all personal feeling will have been blotted out, if not obliterated, from our memory. When we lay down our pen we shall endeavor to bury their misdeeds in the grave of the Past, forgiving them as we desire to be forgiven. To the many kind friends and generous hearts that received us with a true English welcome, we shall long cherish in fond remembrance with the deepest feelings of gratitude and love, ever building up monuments in our memory to commemorate their good deeds. And we cannot refrain from inscribing on these pages the names of a few of our more prominent friends, as a slight tribute of respect. To the learned John Ashburner, M. D., a kind-hearted and noble man, we were indebted for many favors and much instruction. To the venerable Robert Owen, the peace-maker and the friend of all mankind, whose life has been devoted to the good of his fellow-men and whose high example and noble virtues are worthy of all emulation—the beauty and simplicity of whose character is like unto a light placed on the hill-top, which will continue to shine brighter and brighter through all coming time—for the wisdom of his counsel we acknowledge our profound gratitude. To Mr. Featherston, and his truly amiable lady, who opened wide their hospitable doors, and did all that they could to aid us when we most needed it,—to them we tender our heartfelt thanks, and may their days be those of peace and happiness. To Dr. Charles W. Hoynland and his benevolent partner, who were most attentive on all occasions alike, in adversity and prosperity; to Sir Charles Isham, one of nature's noblemen; to the noble Countess of Zetland; Mrs. De Morgan, Mrs. Westland Marston, Rev. J. E. Smith (since deceased), we owe for their sympathy and aid. As a poor recompense we thus publicly tender them our thanks.

We do not complain that the English people were slow to open their doors to us, for when once they did so, they never closed on us again.

Many persons will doubtless ask the reasonable question:— "In what good did your mission, if such it can be called, result?"

To all such inquiries we answer: Much, very much, in our estimation; it sowed the seed of more good in a few months than all the preaching of an army of clergymen would have effected in the same length of time. It opened the minds of many to new and important truths—that there is a higher and nobler destiny for man than has ever been dreamt of before in the philosophy of the sages. The spirit manifestations have solved the great problem, "If a man die shall he live again;" a question that has been asked for ages without a satisfactory answer. They have given wisdom to those who have sought it. They have demonstrated the important fact that spirits can and do exercise power over physical matter. The spirit manifestations of the present day have done more within the past ten years to enlighten and satisfy the minds of men in regard to the immortality of the human soul, than all the preaching for the last eighteen centuries. The spirits are breaking down the iron walls of superstition. They are opening the doors of the dark prison-house in which the naturally free and aspiring mind of man has been incarcerated by those "twin jailers" of the Church, Priestcraft and Ignorance. Spiritualism is teaching men to be individuals, to think and to act for themselves without authority—to know and to feel that every one, no matter how low or how high, must work out his own salvation without fear or trembling. The age of fear is past. Therefore, with a bright hope and a stout heart, press onwards and upwards on your glorious destiny, amid the countless worlds of the universe.

Now, dear reader, our task is done, and we must bid you an affectionate adieu, for our way lies along another path; but, like all streams, time will bring them together again in that vast ocean to which we are all speeding on. In conclusion, may all the blessings of life be yours, is the earnest prayer of your co-laborers in the good work.

WM. R. HAYDEN.  
MARIA B. HAYDEN.

IRON ORES IN THE UNITED STATES.

A very limited idea is entertained of the immense wealth our country possesses in its ores, especially in that of iron. Within the bosom of our own domains we have enough to satisfy the largest possible wants of centuries. As yet, iron ore has been worked to any large extent only in the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio. In the coal measures, however, of Alabama, Western Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois and Missouri, iron ores are found mixed in abundance; and they are worked considerably at this time both in Missouri and Tennessee. There is coal enough in Illinois, as well as in the other States that have been mentioned, but comparatively a small number of furnaces have as yet been built for the manufacture of iron in that State. The future of the iron interest in America we hardly dare think of, so grandly will it outstrip all our present undertakings in that line. Nature has distinctly pointed out what it is to be, by locating the coal measures and the iron ores together as she has. Thus fuel will never be wanted for the production of the metal from the beds of clay are likewise found with those of iron, offering every facility for the manufacture of blooms, retorts, and furnaces of all kinds. We are abundantly rich in these things. The human mind has never yet stopped to consider their influence on the ages that are yet in store.



Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long, That on the stretched forefinger of all Time, Sparkle forever.

THE QUEEN'S GUEST.

I have the honor of being a guest of her Majesty, and ranking as first-class debtor of Leworth Prison. How I got the invitation, which had to be regarded in the light of a command, and implicitly obeyed, may form a curious chapter of contemporary prison history.

down, heavily cased with bars, two deal tables (on one of which I am writing,) a large range with no fire, and a few wooden benches. Not a single article for accommodation, save a sink to wash up plates, and a tin bowl in which to perform my ablutions.

a theory indicates certainly an advance upon all those most commonly entertained, but it is hardly likely to supersede them at present.

The Busy World.

The Kansas Question.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says Gov. Walker had his second interview with President Buchanan Nov. 28th, but each remained fixed in his own opinion.

Amusements. BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquette, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6:15 o'clock; performances commence at 7 o'clock.

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