

# BANNER LIGHT.



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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.

BY JEREMY LOUD,  
AUTHOR OF "DOVECOTE," "GABRIEL YANE," & C.

### 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 sycamores 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 Othniel 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 fain 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 muck, 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 oray 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 projected 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-cripping 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 garroled not a single one of the habitable dwellings along the grass-embroidered street, asking people to look down into them, as Ammidown 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 upooming 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—wherever you are—to step 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 domicile. 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 disobediently 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 perchance be offended to distrust, 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 leading 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 racket 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 shan'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 as a little as a witness."

Hawkins hesitated a moment, to think of what

service he could be in a lawsuit of any sort; but curiosity getting the better of other considerations, he jumped at so promising a chance of gathering a little harvest of news, and felt flattered besides at the thought of making himself an object of even a moment's importance in a public trial. His resolution, therefore, was instantly taken. He stopped to throw on his jacket, and lingered another minute to leave a few directions for his child about taking proper care of herself in his absence.

As soon as he got into the vehicle,—whose occupant we should have before told was the deputy-sheriff of the county,—he began his inquiries respecting the matter on whose behalf he had been so unexpectedly summoned. But the officer was extremely chary of his answers, offering only such as were of the most evasive and unsatisfactory character, and telling his questioner he would understand all about it as soon as he got into the court-room. "It's rather a sudden thing," said he, in a confidential and whispering sort of a way. "Some people never expected it, I guess. We'll say nothing about it, though, till we get there."

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 splirted 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. Hoadley! 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 well 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 sullenly 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 Hawkinses! 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 shan'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







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.

### Written for the Banner of Light. MORNING DAWNS!

BY CORA WILBURN.

Morning dawns! the earth is singing  
Recognition's hymn—  
To the worlds of light are winging  
Home the seraphim;  
Dawning trophies rich and glowing;  
Shouting victory!  
Dawning in their hands the laurel  
Of their ministry.

From the palace halls ascending,  
Whom the kingly might  
Of has pale beneath the splendor  
Of the dawning light;  
From the hovels where God's children  
Cry aloud for bread,  
Floats the pennon wide 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 chant of welcome ringing,  
Thrills each angel breast.  
And they bear 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,  
Heavenly 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 them 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  
Bows in fervent adoration,  
To the Father's plan.

As the angel faces glimmer  
On his dawning light;  
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 worlds of light are winging  
Love's own seraphim!

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20, 1887.

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 beings, 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 seamstress!

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-sent 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 blew in stifling 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 shrinking 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 throbbed 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 but 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 missive; 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 shadows. 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 uncommunicated 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 note 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 it 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-form. 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 on 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 implore 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 dependent'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 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.

### PITIFUL 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 that 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 apais; 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 we waited only for great opportunities to offer, by which we 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, helter-skelter. 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 woodcocks. 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) uninviting 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 budding 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 puddle dog which followed at their heels. Yet, alas! when these deities appeared at the table d'hôte, 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 infest 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 asked, '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 deterioration 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.

### EMERY PAPER.

The *Moniteur Industriel* 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 slats; 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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"BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON."

There are other firms in this city with a similar address to ours, which creates confusion, and the above is the more simple mode of addressing us.

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## 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. Shadlow, 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 portraiture,—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 place 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 stages 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 learn to 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 nineteeen 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 at 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 is 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 who 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 by 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 "Meisnon" 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, gutrotters, 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 mobocratic 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 blown 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.

Husbands in that nation hold their wives in much higher esteem than in some other of the eastern nations, yet they still consider them as part and parcel of the domestic apparatus. If a husband is in

debt, 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 elect 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 3798 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 the work of removing it by horse-power. They were going along with it slowly. The statue was sliding its way as fast as it safely could straight up the



lot 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 increased 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 \$111,17, which includes, it ought to be mentioned, \$927,39 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—\$111,17—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 officiates. He has likewise distributed 1233 loaves, 1050 parcels of groceries, 1067 pairs of shoes and stockings, besides clothing, fuel, bedding, and other necessities 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 been 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 we 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, as much as possible, 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, then, sees himself left with this alternative, either to believe nothing 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 catechism. He does not pass a day without sinning; by 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. Secure 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.

MONTEQUIEU.

#### 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 sleep with rich consciousness 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 delicious, tropic fruit, And turned some boiling coffee in my lap; My after speech no polished ear 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-THING.

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 Spirit World, 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.

#### 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 Ballet," and "The Golden Herse." On Wednesday evening Mlle. Lamoureux took a benefit, and as was anticipated from her standing as a favorite, 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 ATHENAEUM.—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.

ONWARD 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 checking 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 to it, 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.

WIRE 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 everything 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 custom 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 late 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 600,000.

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 Owalior mutineers to join him. The Madras column, in falling back upon Jubulpore, 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 Ghorkas. 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 from the garrison or reduce the city. Communication between Cawnpore and Lucknow still interrupted.

The predatory tribes on the Gograiva have plundered the police post on the Lahore and Multan 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 Ghorkas, 1400 strong, under the command of Capt. Bidden, attacked the insurgents at Mundree, in the vicinity of Azinghur, 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 Jubulpore, 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 Bheels 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 Bheels 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 Maheo Kaunta, has been sacked 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 29th.

The mails and passengers from New York and New Orleans, November 6, left Panama for San Francisco on the afternoon of the 10th 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 Fine, 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 Alsop & 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 Cristobal 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 315 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 de 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 Guanacaste.

Another decree in the same paper names Don Gregorio Junco, and Don Rasalia 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. Tonins 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 Cuarema, 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 lynchpin, fell afoul 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—

MR. EDITOR—Yew-re hed mi tu dolers a puty gud wile an hant so fit tu fured its equivalent i dont want yer cold paper becaws i am ur the ide yew alint onist 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 mesil' 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 ideas." 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—twist that and a gunsmith's store?



## Correspondence.

## PROPHECY.

WOODSTOCK, 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 storeroom 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 Constantine 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 Didot'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 enlightenment. 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 undeniable 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 Didot 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—you, 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-couch.'

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 explicit 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 fete 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 seance 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 Madeleine. 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 esprits 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 Madeleine 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 raise 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 seance; 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:—

## PREAMBLE.

Meineken 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. F. 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 we are 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. Hoyland 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 great beds of clay are likewise found with those of coal, offering every facility for the manufacture of bricks, 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.



LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWER.

From vale, and hill, and shaded nook,  
From sloping bank of bubbling brook,  
From leafy bowers, where through the hours  
The wind sings sweetly to the flowers,  
We come with varied form and hue,  
In deepest gold, and softest blue;  
From secret woods, from wild abodes,  
From spots that line the dusty roads.  
And strewn in rich confusion o'er  
The poor man's humble cottage floor;  
Our grandeur wild, our beauty mild,  
Attracts the wonder of the child;  
From mossy beds at early morn,  
We're plucked, some fair one to adorn;  
But at the Ball, we fade and fall  
In dust and heat of crowded Hall.  
On us at eve, a dewy tear  
Doth fall, lest sunlight parch and scorch,  
And on the air floats nature's prayer,  
And we, too, have the Ruler's care.  
Oh! would that man our pages might  
In humble spirit read aright;  
Each leaf reveals, each petal seals,  
That truth whose power all sorrow heals.  
The verdant field doth everywhere  
Bear emblems of the Father's care;  
The blade of grass, man's powers surpass;  
He will not learn, alas! alas!  
The grandeur of the ancient oak,  
God's majesty hath ever spoke;  
But gentlest power, in every hour,  
Like perfume, leaves the tiny flower.

Squires.

The Messenger.

Henry Wield Atkinson.

Nineteen years I have been in the spirit world, and although I have known, ever since I came here, that I could communicate with the people of earth, I have never had a desire to do so. Yes, nineteen years ago, I knew there was a way for spirits to commune with those in mortal form. Now, I presume, many situated as I am, would have availed themselves of an opportunity long ere this of coming to earth. But, for reasons just and good, I have delayed. Now I find pleasure in coming, and, with your permission, I will inform you why I come.

Forty-seven years ago, I deposited 5000l. in the Bank of England. After depositing that amount there, I was taken sick, and traveled for the purpose of finding health. I was abroad some five years, returned again to England, and lived by myself, for I was a bachelor—yet I had a mother living at that time, two brothers, and two sisters—but I lived alone, because I preferred so to do. Now, I do not wish you to charge me with the term of miser, ere you know who and what I am. After returning from abroad, I lived upon what I gained by my profession. I was an artist, not one who is found upon fame's hill, but a humble artist, dwelling in an obscure part of London, clothing and feeding himself by the small remuneration he received from time to time. Thus I lived, until I was called for to go hence. My disease was brain fever, induced, probably, by over exertion; I labored hard day and night at my easel for five months, in order that I might come up to time in finishing a picture I had promised one of the lords of London. I finished it, and it was the last time I ever swept brush across the canvas. I told you I died of brain fever; being most of the time out of my head, I failed to inform my friends that I had money in the Bank of England, and to this day it remains there, the crown holding it, because no one presents the claim for it. Now you will ask: Why did you not present yourself to give the knowledge before? A short time after my death, my mother died and my sisters; my brothers were left; they are wealthy, and were when I was on earth, but I presume if they had seen me begging at their door, they would have given me only as any other beggar; for, you must know, there was little sympathy between us. They were wealthy; I was poor, until I had accumulated that I have told you of. But I had enough, and did not fail to take care of myself. Now, if I had given this knowledge before, my brothers would have claimed the money, but as they had enough, and were misers, I determined I would never give this knowledge to the children of earth until they were cold in body. Now they are dead to earth, and now it is my time to come.

My name was Henry Wield Atkinson. I was called Wield, after my grandfather, my mother's father. Now, you see, the money has remained on deposit a goodly length of time, and, therefore, it is a comfortable sum by this time, and somebody besides Queen Victoria may be benefitted by it. I have no near relations on earth. My sisters had no children. My brother who was married, had no children, and one never married. I know of no one but a nephew of my father's, who is now residing in Glasgow, Scotland. He, in all probability, has seen many winters and summers. I never saw him on earth, but have since here. I would like to make smooth his passage down the stream of life, for I have learned he is surrounded by poverty; and what is best of all, he has a kind, loving disposition, and prays God that he may send some good angel to relieve his suffering. Now I do not call myself a good angel, but if Satan be induced to perform a good deed, he has shaken off the cloven foot, and is no longer Satan.

The name of this nephew is James Atkinson. Whether he has another name or not, I know not. He is at present residing in Glasgow, but how long he is to remain there, I know not, for time seems to be storming his castle. If this cannot be claimed for him, it may be obtained for some one who is no connection, although I am told no one but an heir or legal connection of the family can legally receive it. If this is so, I suppose it must go to make up the sum of pounds, shillings and pence that go to make up the support of the lords and ladies of England. I wish to benefit my own, but if I cannot I have other purposes in coming, which I will not reveal now.

This money was deposited on Monday, and by going to certain media in London I can ascertain all dates in relation to it, and return to you soon.

November 20.

To-day, I, as a spirit, was wandering through those edifices of brick, styled Harvard University. In my wanderings I chanced to come across a marble image. That image represented the father of the American nation. I paused to consider upon it; and, while I lingered there, a mortal came leisurely walking by, with book in hand. I stepped behind him and glanced at the book. I found it was the Bible. I considered no more, but went back to the image, and there I found a dead statue, representing one who is in life, who belongs not to the dead portion of humanity. Truly, there was a strong resemblance there between the spirit, and the still, cold marble, and I looked within that marble to find, if possible, intelligence—to find the hand that had so curiously and so wonderfully carved this beautiful statue, but it was not there—it had done its work, and gone.

And, as I paused at this statue, my friend with the Bible, passed me. He, too, paused to contemplate the image, and I, too, contemplated him. I saw intelligence beaming from his countenance; his eye was upturned, as if he would view the real, instead of the marble. As he gazed upward, I gazed within the soul, and there I found one whom I shall call Jehovah. But Jehovah did not seem to fully manifest himself through the material organism, for I found an antagonistic principle inhabiting it, also, which I shall call the spirit of Evil, or false doctrine. Jehovah sat within the soul, with humility, yet with majesty and power, calmly waiting the time of the Jehovah beyond, while the spirit of Evil was constantly striving to rise above his master, striving to illumine the countenance, to nerve the arm with hatred towards certain members of the family of Jehovah. I looked again—I beheld the spirit of the man, the spiritual part of this human, this divine structure, and I found him harmonizing with the spirit of Evil,

and failing to be identified with the Jehovah; thus forming upon the surface a mixture of good and evil. This the eye that was not divested of mortal clothing could hardly see, but the spirit who had laid it aside could plainly discern. And I compared him with the marble statue, and I said, this piece of mechanism is the work of God, and this statue the work of man; how is it that the statue fully identifies the real, the spiritual, the God principle, while this work of Deity only partially fulfills his mission. And I must needs search further. Therefore, I looked again, and I beheld the emotions or the soul of the man sending forth her fires, and those emotions partook of the soul, formed the external covering in part—fashioned it, so to speak; gave forth ideas which bore hatred upon their surface, and I answered my own question:—

God did indeed breathe life into this mortal form; He had indeed set his seal there, and had taken up his abode there, but man had so far forgot himself, so far lost sight of the light within, that he had harmonized with the principle of Evil, and they had driven Jehovah from his throne.

I asked, why does not Jehovah assert his right? why does he not come forth in power, and still this wild tumult? I received an answer from the great Diviner of all Thought, and it was this:—

Time belongeth unto me; all time I claim as my own; and it is well that I suffer this storm to rage on. In due time I shall come forth, and this poor representation of myself will fully represent me. I shall be identified with the spirit here, and the evil shall bow before me, for it is written, all shall bow before the King of Kings. Therefore, oh spirit, fear not—in my own time I will fashion the spirit. Go study the statue, and teach the children of earth to worship at the shrine no longer; teach them, as they fashion with the hand, to fashion with the soul, also, and let the gems which come forth be such as shall sparkle at Jehovah's fountain.

He ceased, and I was left to wonder why the man did not find some ray of light within the volume he was perusing, that should light, up the labyrinth of his master.

Again the voice came forth:—In my own time will I unseal the seven seals of this book, and he shall learn and understand.

Learn this lesson, mortal, whether Hebe bound in the soul of Error or of Wisdom, He is God! Whether He be found in heaven or in hell, He is God, and will save His own in His own time. Seek on, pray on, watch on! and when the angel, called Death, shall knock at the tottering threshold, welcome him in this way—by presenting to him your souls, pure and spotless.

Eighteen hundred years ago the spirit who has now communed with you, filled a mortal organism; and were the instrument he uses sufficient unto his power, he would minister unto your necessities; he would fill your soul with wisdom. Once my Master said, "Oh, ye of little faith!" calm me Humility—for I sit in an humble position, though far, far from you, in a heavenly sphere.

Nov. 20.

Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and to all the nations of the earth.

Thus and thus spake the angels to the shepherds at night; thus they sang praises to the Deity, because one was born in purity, who was to give forth principles that nations should bow down to. To-day how true it is; all the nations of the earth should rejoice because of this Saviour. Even now we may view Him through the dim vista of time, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger, surrounded by the beasts of the field. He, the type of Deity—he, the Holy One, speaking in thunder tones in this wise, that God can dwell among the lowly! Behold him as he cometh forth—and he walked among the sinners of the day, without raiment—his soul all unclad, and his body a type of the soul. Meekness shone forth upon his countenance, and a holy, sublime confidence, beams from every feature. Faith, such as has never yet been seen since that time. Behold him walking thirty long years amid the children of earth. You find him not among the chief priests and Pharisees, unless he be brought there by his accusers. But look for him among the lowly, and there you will find him, feeding the poor, healing the sick, raising the dead. Again follow him up the steep of Calvary. Your ministers tell you he died, that he might wash out your sins—that you might live. He died because the light had shone amid dense darkness, and that darkness had crucified it—not that he might become your Saviour, except you walk in his footsteps, and become his students in meekness, purity, and all those virtues that shone in him. In his natural death, behold a most beautiful type of his submission to the Deity beyond him. Having yielded up all, he at last bowed beneath the scourge of death, and smiling, amid his sorrows, he cried out, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Beautiful in life, thrice beautiful in death! and you of the nineteenth century are taught to worship this man as God; it is well—if you find God in the flower, worship Him there; if you find God in that temple He hath created in His own image of intelligence, worship Him there; if you find Him in the majestic forest tree, worship Him amid all its luxuriant foliage. And, in all your walks in life, wherever you find God, take off your shoes. Seek Him not in the highest heaven or in the lowest hell, for He filleth all space; seek Him where you will, and find Him there.

Down deep within the innermost chambers of the soul of thine enemy, behold thy God; and, if thou beholdest Him, fail not to worship Him there. Oh, let not the false fabrications that mortal hands, and gross minds, that man hath reared about you, cause you to wander from the paths of Truth. Let not the dying, decaying, tottering foundation of man be your support. Rather place your feet upon the rock that passeth not away, that suffereth not from time, that your foundation may be firm, abiding, everlasting; and when, as you walk through your earth sphere, temptations gather around you, like gloomy clouds across the sky, ever keep upmost in your soul the words of your Divine predecessor, Christ: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

And again, if you serve the Lord your God, you cannot serve mammon; therefore, temptation shall flee away, and you shall be firm in every good word and work.

This glorious morning of the millenium is yours, and yours that you may profit thereby; yours that you be no Scribes or Pharisees; yours that ye be worshippers of Him who hath commanded you to worship in spirit and in truth.

Even now you mortals are permitted to dwell in a day hallowed by many prophets. Christ has come again in like manner as he came before—for, he said, if I go away, I will come again.

Long years have you watched for him; did he not tell you he would come like a thief in the night; did he not say, if I come, shall I find faith upon the earth? He will know that when those principles were again promulgated upon the earth, few, indeed, would be his followers, and that he should again find faith only among the lowly.

Look not for your God as located in the heavens; seek out no particular form, for He dwelleth in that which cometh forth spontaneously. The great fountain of all life, all goodness, all perfection. We see Him not, except we see Him within ourselves, and let us ever strive to keep the windows of our souls clear as crystal, fair as the moon, that those coming to us may look within and view their God. Let not all the creeds of earth, those bubbles which are floating upon the ocean of time; cause you to waver or falter in the great march you have undertaken. Know you, that the Great Principle which parted the waters of the Red Sea, can part the waters of all opposition, and you, like the Children of Israel, shall come forth untouched by them.

Know you that the arm of Him you confess, and we trust, do indeed serve, is indeed mighty, and reacheth to earth and graspeth each child, each principle, each particle of himself. Slowly your minds are expanding under the hands of progression; least after leaf is being turned back and time is making its impress upon each time; seek not to hurry, for in

due time the Great Principle will show you of His wisdom and His power, that you may worship Him as He desires, in spirit, and in truth.

We look abroad in your earth-temple, dedicated as you say to the living God, and we find there war, bloodshed, contention; we find that the battle-cry is ever sounding in the mind, and that the trumpet is ever calling to arms—to arms! This is the cry which is going forth silently to you, yet loudly to spirit ears, continually. Outside the so-called sacred walls, we hear the groans of the dying; we hear the outpouring of some orphan or widow's heart. Do they who are the servants of God go forth to aid? no, unless they be children of their faith. These are Christians, the followers of Divinity! these are they who are like whitened sepulchres, clean without, and foul within. Yet God is there, and if He is there He will come forth in time; He will cause the desolate places to blossom like the rose, and the darkened soul to praise Him in His own way.

Therefore seek not to hurry the living God; His is the only right and true way; yours must be in subjection to it.

Thou mighty source of Love, thou Infinite Being of Wisdom, we draw near earnestly beseeching thee to bless thy children everywhere. We pray thee that thou wilt cause thy children who dwell in light to give forth that light to those who sit in darkness, that they shall feel thee near. We pray thee, oh thou source of love, to incline the souls of those who are sitting in darkness to wisdom, to incline their stiff necks to bow before thee—to open the windows of their souls that light may shine within, that they may be filled with love, and joy, and peace.

We pray thee, oh immutable source of truth, that thou wilt so inspire thy children, that they will stand twice before they speak once, and know that what they speak is from thee.

Our Parent—for we love to add that endearing title to Thee—we pray Thee that Thou wilt bless Thy children who are suffering from disease. Oh, our God, do Thou so enlighten them that the principle, "know thyself," shall be written on each brow, in each heart, that man be no longer a subject of evil and disease, but of purity and health.

Oh, God, bless the condemned ones of earth, who have been condemned in the halls of justice in the earthly sphere. We pray Thee that love may take the place of revenge to them, and that love may cause them to lay down their blackened armor, and to put on an armor of burnished gold.

Oh, God, do Thou so enlighten those who are placed in rule over this nation, that they shall rule in the love of Thee and all that Thou hast created. We pray Thee that the wild tumult of war may cease; that the broad banner of Peace may ere long wave over Thy children. We pray Thee that Thou wilt especially interfere in behalf of those who are filling their souls with the musty learning of the past, that Thou, in Thy wisdom, wilt send divine messengers of love to open their souls, that they may no longer pore over the past but penetrate into the present and the future; that they may cast into the embers of the past their learning, and henceforth peer into the volumes of their own souls and in the volumes of Deity, and find wisdom comprehended therein.

We pray Thee that they may be taught to call naught uncommon or unclear that Thy fingers hath touched; that they may greet Thee, not only in the past, but that they may seek Thee even in the way-side.

May Thy blessing rest upon all that we may have failed to mention; knowing that Thy love hath filled the universe, we rest upon Thee, we repose in Thy arms.

Children, may the blessing of the Great Eternal abide with you.

We asked if the spirit would give his earth name.

My name is hidden in the clouds and buried beneath the surface of the earth. In time it shall come forth, and that time is God's, not mine.

William Cromwell.

The subject who presents himself for your consideration this afternoon, is hardly worth considering, yet happiness is sweet, and those who are without it, are generally striving to obtain it. I was born in the year 1492. My native place was Great Britain. Yes, I was born before this part of the material sphere became inhabited by civilized children of God. I died in the year 1622, and, strange as it may seem, I have been on earth all the time that has been rolling on since. Progression has done its work for me as well as for you. The grains of sand from the shore of time build me a castle, and through that castle I have looked, and learned the ways of mortals.

The name I bore when I lived in a mortal body was William Cromwell. I had no title. Mayhap it would not be amiss that I give you a sketch of my life. The first ten years of my earthly existence were passed in London. After that time I travelled through France, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, and nearly over the Old World, so called by you. My father died when I was nine years of age, mother when I was ten, and I was left to the care of an uncle. He had much wealth, and bestowed many kindnesses upon my nephew. I was taught to serve God under the Roman Catholic faith. I worshipped him amid temples of stone, surrounded by all that fashion and gold could procure. But, alas, that religion, like all I see at the present time on earth, was a bubble, that was broken by the ill wind of death; and he who had clung unto it, found he was sailing upon an uncertain sea, without even a compass to guide him on through the future. And I now return to earth for the purpose of obtaining a compass, that I may no longer sail without one. I desire to understand whether I am going, and where I am to land; and I come here to-day that I may bear off with me a prize worth coming for.

Twenty-seven days ago this very day, this very hour, I spoke through a medium in my native land; but the company I met with there were not congenial to me. I was repulsed rather than drawn to them, and that I sought to obtain I failed to obtain there.

I needed no compass to guide me hither, for those that are already coming and going, are a compass to the wayfarer in the spirit life. I come to purchase light, and care not what the price may be, I want the article. If it be the light that cometh from Almighty God, I expect it without money and without price; if it cometh from earth, I expect to pay for it.

We asked, can you not find light in the spirit world?

Mortal, I must first pass through the natural world ere I can obtain a compass to guide me through the spiritual world. I have not yet told you how I yielded up my spirit. Even upon my hands—my spirit hands—I find the dark stain of murder still making gloomy the surroundings, shutting out the light of heaven; for know you mortal, I murdered my benefactor, that I might gain his wealth; that I might be clothed in fine linen; that I might be myself without restraint. And with his gold I paid for pardon. I paid for pardon, I say, but he who received the price of pardon was able only to receive, not to give. Yes, five thousand pounds in gold I paid the head of the church that I might be forgiven; that he might pray for me, that my sin might be washed out. Ah, the gold, the silver, and the fine linen are worthless to me. Were I on earth again, the possessor of all the world, I would freely give it could I wash out the stain I find spotting my garments. And I know not whom to pray to now; I have no confessor, no, for the grave holds him as it holds me.

He is dead, I am dead—he may be unhappy, but I know it not, for we are not dwelling together. My sins have fallen upon myself, and as I have no confessor I must wait until the Great Confessor of all shall send me one through whom I can appeal to Him. I am not worthy, I am not worthy! I see revolving in your minds something like this—why do you not pray to God yourself. I am not worthy, mortals. One purer and more holy than I, must be my mediator. I dare not lift my soul to Him; I dare not cry to Him. I was not taught so to do on earth, and now I cannot do it; I must have one to pray for me, or else I remain forever and ever in darkness. Oh, if I were a confessor, I should then work! then I should not seek to find my arms—I should rise to God. As yet I have found none. Mine has been a life on earth, still mingling with the people in their pleasures, in their crimes, but not in their prayers. I have desired with a constant desire for happiness, but I must expiate my own sin.

One present clothed in shining garments tells me that you are my confessor—that life that is the Great Confessor hath sent me to you, that I may here get my first light from Heaven. Oh, how wise is the Creator! He veils himself from mortals and directs his subjects to their resting place. His ways are not our ways—who shall understand them? Light cometh from this mystery, and a lamp to guide the way.

Oh ye mortal confessors, you who are standing between the dead and God Almighty, know you how you are situated? know you that you have lifted my soul from hell? Rejoice, that one is caught up to Heaven! Rejoice that the mortal part of one man has been freed from despair. Oh, little did I think in coming I should receive so great a blessing! And now I go with the shining one who presents himself to me, to my God and joy eternal.

Samuel Looko.

You seem to be perplexed in regard to your last visitor, (William Cromwell), and if you have no objection, I will explain as best I can. I have been in the spirit world but a short time, but I have learned sufficient since I have been here to give you knowledge of this thing. The spirit has been in the spirit life hundreds of years, as he tells you, and is yet in darkness. Now, how can this thing be? Why, my dear, good friends, if he had been ready at any time to have cast off the dogmas of earth, he would have been free. He said, I desire light; but he would not receive it, and when we were sent to him, he wanted it in his own way. He is like the Baptist who cries, God give me light, but he prescribes the form in which he will receive it. He scouts the idea of receiving it in the simple rap, tap, upon the table, as unbecoming a spirit, too undignified for God.

The spirit told you he belonged to the Catholic Church. He has never sent forth the prayer to the Great Creator since he left earth, and then it was sent through his confessor. He has not dared to pray to God, for he thought if he did, it would be mockery, and he would be sent to hell. Even the confessors he prayed to when on earth, have been sent to him, but they had gained light, and they told him to pray to God, while he said, "go your way, you are evil." He wanted to go to heaven his own way, and there are millions on your earth in the same way. Go to the Methodist, and he will tell you he wants light, but he wants it in his way; the Baptist wants it in his way, the Universalist in his way, or through his own church.

Now, you should be willing to receive light from God as he sees fit to send it. This unfortunate one has been in misery many years, not by the will of God, but by his own will. He entertained false ideas on earth, and has entertained them until now. The angel that came to him told him to confess to you, and if he did so, his time in purgatory was ended, and he could go forth free. Now he must be rid of this error ere he can go farther on to happiness.

Why will you wonder at such manifestations? God has formed the way, and has said, come. He cannot break His own laws, and mortals must walk in that way, if they would be saved.

Much might be said upon this subject, but it would take a much more competent spirit. I cannot give you eloquence; you must take it as I give it.

I passed from earth in the year 1855. My native place was Claremont, N. H. My name was Samuel Looko. I was a carpenter by trade, studied the Bible much, and belonged to the Baptist Church. But as soon as I got to Heaven, my dear, good mother told me I had been living in error, that there were no Baptists in Heaven, no Methodists, or Universalists there. And, as my mother never lied to me on earth, I followed her guidance then.

The churches are well enough for those who are not developed up to a higher light. It is well enough for such to hear the minister, and cling to the church; but the man who is beyond the church, is happier far than the churchman.

Nov. 18.

James Barber.

Hallo, boys, where did you hail from? You don't mean to say this is Boston, do you—then I am a long way from home. What day of the month is it? what year? Well, have I been dead seven years? My God, have I? In 1850 I sailed from New York in the brig Mary; and I sailed in November, so I must have been here seven years. We were bound to Rio, and every soul on board was lost. The brig was a perfect wreck. I was blown off the rigging, but every soul came about as soon as I did, for every man went down. My name was James Barber. I belonged on Long Island. I had cousins in Boston, one that was a broker, and another a trader; I never saw them but once, and that was when I was quite young. I have a brother in Mobile. My mother has come to the spirit land. My father's name is John, my brother's name is Charles—there were only two sons of us, and my brother was some three years younger. I'll fix it so they can get the paper that is published in. Father was a trader in clothing on Long Island, and in New York, at one time, and I stayed with him as long as I could. I was the eldest scholar in school, and always wanted to go to sea from the first time I saw a boat. Father was sick one time, and I said, Charley, I'm going to sea. What will I do here all alone? said Charley. I don't care about business, said I, I'm going. So I left, and shipped on board the ship Arabella, Captain Johnson. I remember just as well what he said to me. Is your father willing? said he. Yes, sir, said I, wants me to go for my health. Well, I got round him, but when I got out to sea, I told him the truth, and said, My boy, you'll be sorry for this; and he put the hardest of the work on me. When I got into port, I left. The Captain wrote me after it, and said he expected I would desert. I made seven or eight voyages after that, when I went in the Mary, and was wrecked off Hatteras. My father is old, now, and Charley is with him. He was a home child, and I was not. Since I have been here I've been flunking about everywhere, but the worst of it is, I think I would like to go to some place, and I get there, but I get disappointed, for I can't see. I went to a medium in Mobile, and gave a communication, but she said it was spelled wrong. Well, said I, spell it right, and send it to my father; but she said I might be a dark spirit, and would not. I gave her a blessing, and left.

Well, I want my father to know I'm alive and happy, and I want him to go to a medium, and I will tell him where. My father lives at the northern part of Mobile, and this medium is about three-quarters of a mile from him, to the south—if my father inquires of the head clerk at the store of my brother where there is a medium, he'll tell him, I think, and if he goes, I'll do something, rap, write, or do something, and that will make her sorry that she turned me away, and show her I was true. My father thinks of me almost daily, and wonders if I am not in some part of the world. I have not been exactly happy, for I have been afraid I should be sent to hell, but they tell me not, and I believe it, now. Father carried me to a printer once, to put me to a trade, to keep me at home, but I told him my eyes were bad, but it can't be so hard as going to sea. I talked him off of it, for I was always a good talker.

Well, all day to you.

Nov. 17.

Margaret Ellen Moore.

I come to bear tidings across the Jordan of death to my mother. I come to whisper peace to her soul; I come to bid her rejoice that the arm of salvation is high. Oh, my mother! she who taught my infant footsteps to walk in the way of peace; who taught me first to pray to the great Father. She prays for light, that I may come to her to give her some evidence of the immortality of the soul. And in answer to that prayer, I sent, that I may raise her above the world, and point out to her a more

beautiful path to walk in. I sleep in body, yet I am awake in spirit. The cold, dark tomb, cannot confine my spirit. No, I dwell in light, in warmth, in happiness, and peace. I rejoice that I am cut loose from earth; that no more of its sorrows I shall taste.

Four years ago I died of consumption—I had lingered long, and I was all ready to go, for I felt sure some angel arm would welcome me, angel voices greet me, and therefore I was ready to go.

I have no brothers, no sisters, no father on earth; no, they are all with me in spirit life. Mother is all alone on earth, and we are all anxious to speak with her, and make her happy too.

My mother dwells in Boston, Mass.; it was there I passed out from my mortal existence. My name was Margaret Ellen Moore. My father's name was John Moore. My mother's name is Mary Ellen Moore.

Nov. 19.

John E. Thayer.

A retrospect of the past sweeps over my soul, filling it with gloom. I am unhappy; I long to be free—I am in a strange country, among strange people. They do not understand me—I do not understand them. When I lay sick, I thought I prepared myself for the spiritual world; but it appears I failed to do it, and it seems because I did not know how to prepare myself. I am miserably unhappy! I lived on earth like a bubble; now the bubble has burst, there is nothing for me to rely upon. They have buried me in the cold, dark tomb; they have shed the last tear, uttered the last farewell, gone away sorrowing, and will not again look at the body they once held dear. I go to see them, but they see me not. They hear not the sounds I make. I alone know that I am there. To my friends I am a phantom—a nothing. I daily cross the threshold of the place I once called my home, but no one greets me, no outstretched hand welcomes me; they are deaf, while I am dead! They loved me, once; they love my memory still, but me they know not now; they have buried me; cast me out—save only in remembrance. The only part of me that ever lived to love, they care nothing about. They hope, they suppose I am in Heaven, and happy, but where that is their narrow conceptions have never found out. Ah, my own! how shall I tell them I live? By coming here, influencing what is called a medium, and sending them a communication through a religious or secular press! This is the gulph Abraham spoke of. Ah, I recollect it now. I long to go to them, but I cannot! Dark, indeed, my lot seems to be; but I am told in the future I shall be happy. But I never can be happy until I communicate with my friends. Knowing, as I do, that I can do so, my restless spirit will never be satisfied until I can clasp them again to me. I love them too well—had I loved them less, I might stay away.

I feel sad, somewhat disappointed, and very anxious. My friend, you are a stranger to me—may I ask whence you came, and who you are? I have heard of your brother, but would know from your own lips the truth. I am John E. Thayer; I have great confessions to make, but not now! I have much to say ere I can rest, but not now! I have made my own bed, and on it I must repose or suffer. God is just and will do right. Tell my brother I live, and tell him in the name of the God of heaven and earth, to cast off the evil and error that clings to him, and live only for God. Tell him to cease seeking vitality from the material earth; tell him to cease drawing riches from the very heart's blood of the children of God! When I see my own travelling in the same path I trod, and to the same hell I have passed to, how can I rest! Now God calls upon me for the talent He gave me, and what have I to give Him? the records of a mispent life; a worn-out ledger, telling of deeds of wrong, not of love—this only have I to tell of a life on earth! I have no reward, for I merited none, and I now stand with a multitude of like subjects, waiting my turn to come, to influence my fellow man to do right, to pray for forgiveness, and in time go on to happiness myself.

The body that God once gave me to serve Him in, is now rotting beneath the soil, and I, in spirit, am looking down upon it; and what have I done with it? How many naked children of my God have I clothed? how many broken hearts have I healed? None! And how many tears of anguish have I wrung from bleeding hearts? Oh, God forgive me! Were I on earth I would use my hands to earn my daily bread; I would earn my own by the sweat of my brow, instead of the heart-drops of my fellow men. Oh, my God, aid me in my progress to Thee, forgive me my errors, for I am ready to take up every cross, and to walk in the path Thou hast marked out for me. Farewell—I will come again.

Nov. 16.

James Arnold.

How do you do? You do not know me, I suppose. Well, I know you; I've seen you before, and have communicated through this medium before, but it is a long time ago. My name was James Arnold. I knew you in California, and in Boston, too. I went out to California something like a year after you did, and met you at San Francisco, and upon the American River. I called at your house twice. I died in California, on the Pacific, travelling this way. I had just started—I suppose it was fever which carried me off. I had been sick some time. As I came from Boston, as you did, I thought you would recognize me. Some of the time I drove omnibus, some of the time I drove team, and at last was on the police in Boston. I have been in the spirit land three years, about.

I owe you for four boxes of pills and two packages of powders; now see if you don't recollect me. I told you I wanted more than enough for myself, because there were others in the mine who needed them. You put my name down, as I told you I had not enough to pay for the medicine, but would call when I came down. When I came down I was brought, so I had no time to call. All I can say is success for you.

Nov. 19.

The above was directed to a friend who was at our circle with us, to witness the manifestations. At first he had no recollection of the party, but at last remembered him, and remarked that he thought he had his name still in his memorandum book, a debt or for the medicine spoken of.

He had forgotten the circumstance, like others of the same nature.

Honora McGinnis.

I'd like to be prayed out. I am so unhappy. My name is Honora



## Pearls.

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

Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven!  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven  
That in our aspirations to be great  
Our destinies we read their mortal state  
And claim a kinship with you; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a  
star.  
All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep;  
But breathless as we grow when feeling most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep;  
All heaven and earth are still, from the high host  
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain rest.  
All is concentrated in a life intense,  
When not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is its all Creator and defense.

Keep your temper in disputes. The cool hammer fashions  
the red hot iron to a shape needed.

When winter came, and cold and still,  
The ice-fog forged his frozen chain,  
And over snow-clad vale and hill  
Midnight assumed her solemn reign,  
Forth looking from my window bars,  
Through the striped limbs I saw the stars.  
Thus earthly loveliness, like summer leaves,  
Gladden but intercept our view;  
But when bereft, the spirit grieves,  
And hopes are crushed and comforts few;  
Lo! in the depths of sorrow's night  
Beams forth from far celestial light.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another  
without a few drops falling on one's self.

Still sighs the world for something new,  
For something new,  
Imporing me, imporing you,  
Some will-o'-the-wisp to help pursue;  
Imporing me, imporing you,  
For something new.  
Each pleasure faded fades away,  
It fades away,  
Nor you, nor I, can bid it stay;  
A dew-drop trembling on a spray;  
A rain-bow at the close of day;  
Nor you, nor I, can bid it stay,  
It fades away.

The present is a bright speck between the darkness of the  
future and the twilight of the past.

## THE QUEEN'S GUEST.

I have the honor of being a guest of her Majesty,  
and ranking as first-class debtor of Lewworth 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.

Just two years ago, I was as comfortably off as  
any literary man of moderate aspirations could wish.  
Though not enjoying the aura popularis of notoriety,  
I had enough of the solid pudding, and was biding my  
time to make my notch in the London catalogue.  
Now, I am a prisoner for debt, and doubtless held  
up as a warning to all honest men in the small  
watering-place where I reside. Against this decision  
I wish to protest, and know no better opportunity  
of making my story known, and setting my character  
right, than by giving a straightforward account of  
the circumstances to which I owe my incarceration.

Some malicious spirit, envying my good fortune,  
imbued me with a feeling of patriotism, if I may  
term it so, and when an opportunity of serving my  
country in the East was offered me, I gladly accepted  
it. I entered one of the foreign legions, under a  
verbal agreement that my services would be required  
for three years, and so much longer as the war might  
last. My outfit cost me, in round numbers one hun-  
dred and fifty pounds—one hundred and twenty to  
my tailor, and twenty odd to my boot-maker—these  
items, representing the equipment I was directed to  
procure by my commanding officer, I served in the  
Crimea just six months, until the dogs of war were  
muzzled, and, during that period, paid off ninety  
pounds of the amount; and, considering that my  
entire pay was under a pound a day, and I had a  
wife and child to support, I do not think I can be  
accused of extravagance. I received two months' gratuity in Persia, as a final acknowledgment of my services, and had to await the Paymaster's good pleasure for three weeks at the Hotel de l'Europe, which made a considerable hole in the sum total. When I arrived at home, I was worse than penniless, for I had sixty pounds of debt hanging over me. I naturally applied to the War-Office to carry out the arrangement under which I entered, and was laughed at for my pains. My agreement was verbal, so I had no appeal: while a portion of the men who had served under me, having secured a written agreement, were bought off with six months' gratuity. Mind, I do not desire to raise any compassionate capital by complaining of government: I know that government, to exist, must be unjust, and that individual hardships weigh but little against the common weal. I, therefore, determined to work off any liabilities of debt by my own labors, and fortunately succeeded in recovering a portion of my literary engagements. My tailor brought me a bill to accept for the amount I owed him, which has been renewed until it has reached fifty pounds, while my boot-maker took out a writ. With the latter I arranged for payments by instalments, and set to work. In February last, I was attacked by a dangerous illness, which confined me to my bed for a month; and when I recovered, I was ordered to the sea-side, as my only chance of a permanent cure.

I need not remark that, in many callings besides literature, a man may make a comfortable livelihood while on the spot, but once gone, his place is soon filled up. Editors of papers have something better to do than writing to contributors, and my work fell off. Still I succeeded in keeping my head above water. I worked very hard at a novel, and was so fortunate as to sell it; and this, with periodical contributions, kept the wolf from the door till the day before yesterday. I was arrested without a moment's warning by my boot-maker, and carried off to Lewworth jail, with just five shillings in my pocket, my wife and child being left to starve, or go to the work-house. I was carried off eighteen miles in a gig, and handed over to the governor, who, I am happy to say, I found absorbed in "It is Never Too Late to Mend," and doubtless profiting by its lessons. By him I was transferred to a turnkey, and soon found myself the only first-class debtor in the place. But I may as well describe my habitat more closely.

I was seated in a room, bearing considerable resemblance to the kitchen of a country inn, minus the fiery smell; there are two semi-circular win-

dows, 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. Had it not been for a good Samaritan, in the shape of the sheriff's officer, who arrested me, I must have eaten such food as my five shillings allowed me to buy, off the table. I had not even the resource of chop-sticks. In this day-room there are two doors with immense locks, and in the centre another open door leading into the exercising yard, which is just thirty paces long, as I can tell, from my repeated pacing, to a nicety. Were I a pedestrian—in training to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours—I could not desire a better ground; but as a poor scribe, I cannot appreciate the advantage. In this room, I am locked up, without books, almost without money—for what object I cannot presume to say—for if my boot-maker thinks to obtain his money by these means, I can only remind him that a man who has nothing, and can gain nothing, can pay nothing.

I must say that the turnkeys do their spitting gently. One of them has lent me a volume of the Illustrated Times, as mental food, while another buys me mutton steaks, which he fries, I dare not ask in what sort of grease, as my bodily sustenance. Otherwise, I am perfectly alone. It is only fashionable boot-makers who, now-a-days, take advantage of imprisonment for debt, and to my punishment is added solitary confinement. If a sweep were to be locked up with me, I would be proud to shake his sooty hand, for his presence, at any rate, would dispel many evil thoughts. I have entrusted my razor to the care of the turnkey, as I might succumb to the whisperings of the demon, and think it better to remove temptation. But if the day time is bad, night is incomparably worse. At nine o'clock I am conducted to a whitewashed cell, twelve feet by eight, containing an iron bedstead with a straw mattress, and the usual appurtenances. I presume, of a criminal's cell. Here I am left to sleep, if I can, till six in the morning, securely kept in by an iron open-work door, and a heavy wooden one locked over that again. I shudder to think what would be my fate if I were taken ill, for no shouts would penetrate the walls of what is justly termed a cell. At nine in the morning, I am expected to attend chapel, and I may find solace for the remainder of the day in tobacco and a quart of strong ale. If time hang heavy on my hands, I can scrub out, the day-room, which the regulations order me to do once a day. However, so long as my five shillings last, I prefer hiring a poor debtor to do this for me, as well as to make up my bed, which is so mysteriously packed up, that I cannot yet learn the modus operandi. During daylight the hours seem lengthened into days, but so soon as the gas is lighted they run away only too quickly, and that miserable nine o'clock arrives, when I am locked up for nine hours, to wish that I had committed forgery; for, in that case, I should not be worse treated, and my wife, at any rate, would have something to live upon during my imprisonment.

And now that I have described faithfully the treatment I experience, because I was idiot enough to run into debt, I should like to be told what benefit is derived from my incarceration. I dare say my punishment is very well merited; men have no right to owe money which they cannot pay; but why should my wife suffer at the same time? Had I been in London, the imprisonment would have been a mere farce. I should have been looked up at Slomans, then removed to Whitecross street, or, if I preferred it, to the Queen's Bench, sure to find jolly companions in each remove. If I wished to be dishonest, I could, by means of a sharp attorney, file my schedule, and bully the commissioner out of my protection, and then step over to France, and snap my fingers at my creditors. The punishment, therefore, is unequal; because I happen to be arrested in the country, I am exposed to treatment which only falls to the lot of the criminal in London. Seated in my cage, visitors come and stare at me, and shake their heads pitifully, while I cannot venture to raise any objection, or, in all probability, my quart of beer would be stopped. I happened once to have a friend in Whitecross street, and, faith! six quarts of beer a day did not satisfy him. Lewworth jail is under the inspection of the county magistrates, and that fully accounts for the difference of treatment.

I need not say more; I have tried to describe one of the phases of imprisonment for debt, and by no means the pleasantest, and am striving to regulate my mind into the conviction that I am fairly treated. But I cannot succeed; and when I remember that directors of public companies who have lined their pockets at the expense of shareholders, are walking about London at their ease, and, at the most, have the Bankruptcy Court to face, I consider it harsh that I should be treated as a criminal, because I cannot pay some eighty pounds; which I owe, not through any fault of my own, but because I yielded to the insane notion that a British government could, under any circumstances, behave fairly. It is probable that many men will be disposed to enter the service under the present aspect of affairs in the East. One word of warning to them. In any arrangement with government, let them be careful to have it in black or white, or they may run a strong risk of being turned off penniless when their services are no longer required, and of finding themselves first-class prisoners for debt, because they have not paid for the boots they wore out in her Majesty's service.

### NOVEL THEORY IN SCIENCE.

A writer in one of the scientific monthlies in the East contends that the two great kingdoms in nature, the animal and vegetable, have one common origin—the organic cell—the distinctions between the two kingdoms every day disappearing, most of the organic products which were thought to distinguish the animal from the vegetable having been found in both; and motion even no longer separates the animal from the vegetable world. The property of matter appears to be most incessantly occupied in the minutest organisms—the motion of the minute cilia of vegetables, the contraction of the leaves of the sensitive plant, &c., being familiar instances. The only distinction between the lowest orders of the two kingdoms, the Protozoa and Alga, is that of the former possesses to a certain extent voluntary motion. In the vegetable kingdom the rudiment of nervous apparatus, or a cell-generating nervous force, has not been discovered, although there are evidences of the existence of a force requiring the same condition, namely: heat, moisture, oxygen and a germ. In the lowest order of animals the rudiments of a nervous cell cannot be discovered; yet these beings possess the attributes of vitality and even nervous force. These facts point to the conclusion that nervous force is entirely distinct from the vital. Such

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, and now there is but little or no hope of a compromise. The Governor says he could not influence a single man in Kansas to vote for the constitution, so great is the popular prejudice there to the whole proceeding. His idea is, that Congress should promptly pass a bill, similar, in all respects, to the Minnesota Territorial bill, providing for a State Government in Kansas. This would avoid the whole difficulty, by doing away with any action whatever on the proceedings of the late Convention. Letters just received show the overwhelming popular opposition in the Territory to the Constitution.

**BOLD ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY BY A MAN DISGUISED AS A WOMAN.**—On Saturday evening, says the Journal, as a gentleman in company with a lady was crossing Cambridge bridge, his attention was attracted to a person in female attire who was reeling against the railing and moaning bitterly. The gentleman had passed the stranger, when, leaving his companion, he returned at her request and addressed the "female," who appeared to be in deep distress. Receiving no response to his inquiries concerning the cause of her affliction, he approached and laid his hand on the shoulder of the individual, which was no sooner done than the stranger wheeled about and made a pass at the gentleman with a slung shot. The blow fell short of the mark, just grazing the head of the astonished philanthropist. He demanded an explanation of the strange conduct, whereupon the "female" disclosed a revolver, which until now had been secreted in a fur muff. He concludes that if he had been alone the individual would have shown himself to be a daring robber.

**THE U. S. FINANCER.**—The President and Secretary Cobb have been revising the Estimates, and have adopted reductions which they suppose will diminish the aggregate to fifty millions of dollars, exclusive of certain large objects of expenditure, which are technically termed contingent, but which are certain to occur. The expenditures of the first quarter of the present year were twenty-three millions. The total amount of appropriations, definite and indefinite, is believed to be eighty-two millions of dollars. The aggregate revenue will be about fifty-five millions.

Mr. Willis, the suspended Cambridge student, lectured at Springfield, Sunday the 22d, afternoon and evening. The discourse purported to come from Edgar A. Poe. After Poe had finished, Peter Sken Smith, brother of Gerrit Smith of New York, publicly gave in his adhesion to the spiritual faith. So says the Hartford Times.

A bill has been passed by the Parliament of Holland, after a nine years' struggle, proscribing the Bible and its teachings, and even the utterance of the name of Jesus in all the public schools.

An old gentleman, named Joseph Woodman, from Boston, stopping at the City Hotel, in London, C. W., got up after retiring to bed, and in the dark, fell down stairs, and broke his neck. He died almost instantly.

Mr. Radsell, one of the parties concerned in swindling their creditors, at St. Louis, was arrested a day or two since in New York, and was committed to await a requisition from the Governor of Missouri. About \$17,000 worth of the missing property has been recovered in New York.

One of the New York detectives is having a daguerreotype taken of every noted rogue who falls into his hands. If every scoundrel in New York is thus complimented, the daguerreotypists of that celestial place of residence must be driving a remarkably brisk business.

B. F. Neally, a grocer of Lowell, hung himself deliberately, in his store on Thanksgiving evening, leaving a wife and daughter.

The Washington Star is informed on authority in which it places confidence, that both the English and French governments have taken occasion to protest, through their ministers at Washington, to this government, against Walker's second expedition to Central America.

List of patents issued from the United States Patent Office, for the week ending Nov. 24:—

John M. Batchelder, of Cambridge, Mass., and Luther L. Smith, of New York, N. Y.—For improvement in the preparation of engraved metal plates for printing.

Stephen P. Brooks, of Boston, Mass.—For improvement in piano fortes.

Elisha K. Collins, of Cambridge, Mass.—For improved machine for cutting shingles from the bolt.

Thomas Hill, of Waltham, Mass.—For improved arithmometer.

David Elliot, of Pembroke, N. H.—For improved washing machine.

Obadiah Rich, of Cambridge, Mass., assignor to Peter Cooper, of New York.—For improvement in preparing glue stock.

Reissue—George P. Reed, of Waltham, Mass.—For improvement in watches. Patented, April 14, 1867.

**LAND IN VIRGINIA.**—The Norfolk Herald cautions, rates many cases to show the increasing value of lands in lower Virginia, and the large profits made by the cultivation of farms in Norfolk, Elizabeth city, Princess Anne, and adjacent counties. The lands are increasing in price every year.

**NAVY.**—The U. S. sloop-of-war Jamestown is now ready for sea at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and has been ordered to prepare and be ready at any moment to sail for the Gulf of Mexico.

The Liverpool and Philadelphia and New York Steamship Company and the Glasgow and New York Company will, in view of the hard times, withdraw one-half of the number of vessels under their control.

As an illustration of the success of farming in Aroostook county, it is said that Mr. Levi Berry raised this season on seven acres of burnt land, in Smyrna, 200 bushels of excellent wheat from 14 bushels of seed. He has sold the wheat at \$2.20 the bushel. The cost of clearing the land did not exceed \$10 per acre. Mr. B. has 300 acres cleared, and this year cut 200 tons of hay. He has eight barns to contain his crops.

A gentleman just from Superior, up North, says that two weeks ago he waded in snow that was knee deep, between Stevens's Point and Superior.

## Amusements.

**BOSTON THEATRE.**—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager; Parquette, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at 7 o'clock.

**HOWARD ATHENEUM.**—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. Return of the MARSH CHILDREN. The Curtain will rise at 6:14 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Amphi-theatre, 15 cents; Family Circle and Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

**NATIONAL THEATRE.**—W. B. ENGLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. TITCOMB, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7:12. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 10 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

**BOSTON MUSEUM.**—Doors open at 6 o'clock; performances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2:12 o'clock.

**ORDWAY HALL.**—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday Evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7:34 o'clock.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mr. W. B. WHITING, at the Melodion, in the trance state, in the Melodion, on Thursday evening, December 3, at 7 o'clock. At the close of the lecture, the controlling spirit will improve a poem, through the organism of the medium, the subject to be selected by a committee appointed by the audience. Singing by the Misses Hall. Admission ten cents.

BOSTON.—A. B. WHITING (the celebrated trance speaking medium), of Michigan, will speak at the Melodion on Sunday next, at 2:12 and 7 o'clock. P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

Meetings for free expression of thoughts upon the subject of Spiritualism, or other subjects bearing upon it, at 10:15 o'clock A. M. Free.

Mrs. HATCH at the Music Hall.—Cora L. V. Hatch is announced to speak at Music Hall, next Sabbath afternoon and evening, at 2:12 and 7 o'clock P. M. Prices of admission as usual.

There will be a circle for manifestations at the Hall, No. 14 Bromfield Street, on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Admission, 10 cents, to pay expenses.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission free.

A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

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

THE DAVENPORT MEDIUMS have returned, and are located at the Fountain House, where they hold circles each afternoon and evening, Sunday excepted.

MEETINGS in Chelsea, on Sunday, morning and evening at Fremont Hall, Wilmismet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock.

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

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commissions, and proper notice in our columns.

Mrs. LANGFORD has returned to this city, and may be found at her rooms, No. 5 Temple street, where she hopes to meet with her numerous friends in her capacity as medium. St. H. N. BARRARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. K. COOLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

WM. R. JOCKLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

MR. AMOS DRAKE, Union, Mo., is authorized to take subscriptions for the Banner.

B. M. MITCHELL is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper.

H. F. RIPLEY, Canton Mills, Me.

R. K. TROT, agent, Weymouth, Mass.

A. LINDSAY, M. D., Laconia, N. H., is agent for the Banner.

## Advertisements.

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

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square. T-25 Sept. 18

### DENTISTRY.

W. D. & A. BROWN, DENTISTS, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston. WILLIAM D. BROWN. AMOS BROWN.

Nov. 21

MISS MUNSON will hold circles for development and communication from spirit friends, on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, commencing December 1st, at No. 8 Winter street. Persons wishing to join either of these circles, will leave their names at that place.

Terms—One dollar for two hours; opening at 7 o'clock precisely. 8t Nov. 21

ROBERT R. OROBY, No. 6 ALDEN STREET, BOARDING HOUSE. A gentleman and wife and single gentlemen, can be accommodated with board; also, transient boarders. Splendid view and a quiet home, with circle privileges, evenings. 45c Nov. 28

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE DIVERSITY OF SOCIAL PARTIES AND FAMILY CIRCLES.—Paris to Paris. A New and Laughable Game, being a True and Amusing What Belonged to Jonathan Todd.

This New Game for Home Amusement consists of a book of 24 pages, with 100 printed cards, all enclosed in a neat box. It contains endless transformations of wit and humor. There is nothing about it in the least degree objectionable to any class, religious or political; it is equally well suited to all ages; its use can be learned by anyone in a moment and it may be played by any number from 2 to 20. Price 50 cents. Sold at all the Book, Periodical and Fancy Goods Stores. A. WILLIAMS & Co., Publishers, 100 Washington St., Boston.

Dealers should supply themselves immediately, in order to be able to meet the demand during the Holiday Season. Nov. 14

A NEW WORK FOR SPIRITUALISTS, PHILOSOPHERS, and Reformers.—THE EVANGELIST: Being Suggestions, Theoretical and Practical, designed to promote Man Culture and Integral Reform, with a view to the ultimate establishment of a Divine Social State on Earth. Comprised in a series of Revelations from organized Associations in the Spirit-Life, through JOHN MURRAY BRAD. Vol. I, embracing papers on Social Reorganization, Electrical Laws, Elementary Principles, Education, Agriculture, Health, Government, and Miscellaneous Topics. Edited by A. E. NEWTON. Price \$2.00.

S. T. MUNSON, Agent for New York, 5 Great Jones Street. Nov. 14

MRS. L. COVENT, WRITING, SPEAKING AND PER-SONATING MEDIUM, No. 63 Harvard street, will sit for Communications between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M. and 2 and 10 P. M., or, if desired, will visit families. Terms moderate. Nov. 14-17

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM. ROOMS No. 15 Tremont Street, Up Stairs, (opposite the Boston Museum). Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes. May 31-17

MRS. KENDALL HAS TAKEN ROOMS AT No. 16 La Grange Place, where she offers her services to her friends at a Writing and Seance Medium. See also for her sale spirit paintings of Flowers. Nov. 7

MRS. WILSON, DEVELOPING AND HEALING MEDIUM. 151 Meridian Street, East Boston. Terms, \$1.00 per visit. The poor considered. 6th Mo 1867

## BANNER OF LIGHT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

is published in Boston every Saturday, and contains in a Quarto form the largest and most COMPLETE CUMULATIVE OF ATTRACTIVE READING, comprising Capital Stories; Off-hand Sketches of Life; Historical Pictures; Thrilling Adventures; Home Circle; Ladies' and Children's Department; Agricultural Facts; Mechanical Inventions; Art, Science, Wit, Wisdom, the Beauties of Poetry, and a General Summary of Political and Social News.

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Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies will receive one copy in addition.

From the above there will be no variation. Sample copies sent free.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Those desirous of receiving this paper by mail, are informed that money sent in advance letters will be at our risk.

SOLICITORS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In order to protect the public from imposition, every agent who is authorized by us to collect subscriptions, is furnished with receipts by us. The public are cautioned against paying subscriptions to any person not having the same.

LECTURERS and Agents furnished with these receipts on application to us.

Persons writing us on business, or editorially, will please direct their letters as follows:—

"BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston."

There are other firms in this city with a similar address to ours, which creates confusion, and the above is the more simple mode of addressing us.

COLBY, FORSTER & CO.

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.—ALL THESE REMEDIES are compounded according to Mrs. Mettler's directions, given while in the trance state, and are purely vegetable, and perfectly safe under all circumstances.

Mrs. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP.—For an impure state of the Blood, derangement of the Secretions, Bilious Obstructions, Unequal Circulation, Sick and Nervous Headache, Inactivity of the Liver, Constipation of the Bowels, Irritation of the Mucous Membrane, &c. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

Mrs. METTLER'S DYSPEPTIC CORDIAL.—A Stomach and Bowel Corrector.—Price, per bottle, 50 cents.

Mrs. METTLER'S CHOLERA SYRUP.—For Cholera, Cholera Pains, Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, Bilious Stomach, Fever and Ague, and internal injuries. Price, per bottle, 50 cents.

Mrs. METTLER'S NEURALGIC MIXTURE.—For Bilious Obstructions, Headache, and all diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Cough, and all diseases of the Respiratory Organs. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

Mrs. METTLER'S HEALING OINTMENT.—For Burns, Scalds, Fresh Cuts and Wounds of almost every description, Boils, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Swelled and Sore Breasts or Nipples, Swelled Swelling-Fingers, Chapped Hands or Chaffing. Price, per box, 25 cents.

Mrs. METTLER'S REMARKABLE AND UNPRECEDENTED LIMENT.—For Lameness and Weakness of several parts of the human system, Contracted Muscles and Sinews, Rheumatic, Neuritic and Neuralgic Affections, Calfs and Cramps, Joint, Spasmodic Contractions, &c. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

S. T. MUNSON, Agent, 5 Great Jones Street, New York. Nov. 14

NOW READY, WARREN CHASE'S NEW BOOK: THE LIFE OF THE LONE ONE; OR AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD'S CHILD: Being a history of the successful struggles of an ambitious mind to rise from a dishonorable birth, subject to poverty, limited family, scorn, contempt, and rivalry, to usefulness, distinction, and fame.

The book contains an accurate likeness of the LONE ONE, in which thousands of persons may see the familiar face of a distinguished and popular lecturer of the nation.

For sale by W. B. ENGLISH, at No. 14, 15, and 16, by BAZAAR, 14 Bromfield street, Boston; sent by mail, postage free. Oct. 17

A LADY, HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED AS A LECTURER and Teacher of Singing, the Piano, Organ, and Violoncello, desires to find a home for herself and her mother, where the services of both would ensure them a comfortable and permanent residence. The younger lady would require the privilege of occasional absence in her capacity of a public Lecturer, and she could act as Organist in the neighborhood, if required. Highest references exchanged. Locality no object. Address S. YOUNG, care of S. T. Munson, Publisher, 5 Great Jones street, New York. T-25 Sept. 18

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROFESSOR HUBB may be found at his residence, No. 18 Osborn Place, leading from Beacon street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored with answers to questions of their Past, Present and Future, as may be given him in the exercise of this Natural Power, with which he feels himself endowed.