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MUCKABUCK:

AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

3 Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY JEREMY LOUD. AUTHOR OF "DOVEOUTE," "GABRIEL VANE," &c.

PART X-TOWN ORATORS-CONTINUED. A pause for a reply from the other side; which, considering that no other side had yet presumed to show its head, was likely to be a pretty long one.

"Mr. President," went on the orator, "I haven't said in the fust on't. I take my position on this single pint-that Courts have as good a right to grant divorces as they have to legalize marriages; and from that pint I defy the opposition to move me!" Which defiance he testified by crumpling up his notes in a sorry wad, and shaking his rubicund looks indiscriminately over his face and eyes. "Yes, sir," he repeated; "I defy them! Mr. President, I b'lieve I'm done!"

And he sat down in another man's lap, in consequence of his unwillingness to turn his back on the ladies. At which the boys began to titter, and the men to indulge in a hoarse growl of a laugh. When Mr. Porringer called out-"Order!"-again, and notified "those boys" that if they came there to "make fun," they'd pretty soon find themselves mistaken and "put out."

Next he called on Mr. Chinkapin.

Mr. Chinkapin wasn't there. He hadn't been there; and probably didn't mean to come there at all. He thought he'd rather keep his "arguments" on the matter to himself.

Then came Mr. Ammi Popkins' turn. He was ready for the fight, and full of it already. He got up, and held himself in that dangerous position is nothing but the back of a bench. He began by asying, "Mr. President," twice. Then looked round the room. And finally his eyes rested on the countenance of the defiant other side, represented in the | wa'n't out this evening to speak on it. I shall look militant person of Mr. Redheaded Bildad.

He remarked, to begin with, that he thought the affirmative hadn't brought forward no arguments at all: in fact, they was wus than none, for there wasn't top nor bottom, head nor tail, to 'em-take the ends of his ears the wrong way, such a volume 'em which way you would. As for bein' defied by of linen had he put into them. He took off his overthe affirmative, he didn't see why one side couldn't coat, displaying a very spruce and napper-tandy style defy as well's t'other. At which Mr. Bildad shook of dress underneath, and drove right into the middle his head at his antagonist, and observed in a loud of the room like a circus-rider into the ring. whisper: "I'll fix you; old feller!" And immediately the auditory settled down for the evening could be discussed more thoroughly." The two disintellectual exercises had really begun.

ought to have none. It was a gross violation of at all. diff'rent; but let 'em think they can git divorced the way to be washed!

a condition of silence again. Mr. Popkins took courage to go on, for he felt con-'o' comfort and contentment as peaceable as twin times it's only because they've got into a little quarlams. See how families is made to suffer all over rel; but courts ought not to think they can adjust Bos the cryin' children, that ha'n't got no fathers courts having the power entrusted to thom; but I and mothers no longer, and no ruff to their little don't go in, sir, for having them use it just because heads, an' no schule to go tew every day—like this they know they've got it. The great trouble seems committed in our towns and cities, tew dredfle to ment. think about or to menshum, only jest because the . "As for depriving courts of this power altogether, Courts have got the power to grant divorces to who, sir, I think that to do such a thing would be to do a ever comes arter 'em! Look'n see how the founds monstrous wrong. How cruel, to compel persons to tions of society. yes, of society, Mr. President, is a live together all their lives, when they'd no more gettin broke up! See the mit crable creeturs that ought to than a cat and dog! How unjust to set go alone through the world to their graves, and glad up legal force, where there isn't affection! How to git tew the end o' their fast journey at that! wicked to interfere in matters where no human law What is't all owin' tew, I want to hak, air? Is it can ever hope to reach!

tax on dogs that's been laid by our last legislatur'? Is it because o' hard times, Mr. President? or because the money market's got tew tight to go alone? or because all our Californy gold is carried off in got much more to say on this question, as I think I No, sir; no, sir! It aint owin' to none o' these kind o' things; but it's because—an' I want you to mark what I say, Mr. President-it's because so many people git divorced from their wives! which they never'd dew, if there wa'n't no power in the Courts to divorce 'em! That's the cause o' the trouble to society, Mr. President-this divorce business; an' I defy the other side to say it 'taint! an' I defy 'em equally, tew, to prove anything they dew say! Therefore, Mr. President, and for these reasons, I argue that Courts hadn't orter have no power to separate a man or his wife. If they're oncet married, let 'em stay put till one side or the other dies off-sitting down as he wound up-and makes room for another customer.

> And he went down twice the distance he calculated on, in getting to the oak bench beneath him with a good round bump! when he finally reached his hard seat, and an honest grunt that made downright fun for everybody in the room. His opponent laughed, of course; but the discomfited man whispered him spiritedly across the floor-" Never mind! that don't hurt my drayment none!" True, but all hands thought it must have hurt him.

> "The question is now open for general debate," said the President, in a voice of extreme moderation. "Please to offer, any one. It's an interesting question, very; and I'm sorry the other regular debaters to the audience, however, to carry on the discus-

> No one seeming to be over anxious to come to the scue, Capt. Teenty got up. His shirt collar

into a state of contentment, for it looked as if the putants for once met on common ground, and eved his little figure with all the contempt they could The negative furthermore proceeded to remark, crowd into their countenances. "I wish," he conand without the help of a volume of notes, too, that tinued, "I could have taken more time than I have as for Courts havin' a right to part wimmen from taken, to study it. What I shall say, I fear, will be their lawful wedded husbuns-it was no such a as crude as crude can be." Which the regular parties thing; they didn't have no right; and they hadn't to the debate told their neighbors they didn't doubt

divine law. Marriage was somethin - was some. "Mr Aresident, on reflection I think any condid thin'-for himself he couldn't exactly pretend to say mind will take both sides of this question. Bewhat—but it was somethin' that was too sacred to cause "—lifting his forefinger argumentatively—"as be tampered with. Men ought to know whether I look at it, there seems to be two sides to it; and if they're goin' to like their wives well enough to live so, then neither one can be all right, or all wrong. with 'em all their days, before they git married; I don't pretend to doubt, sir, that this business of and jest as shore as they find out they can't git getting divorces is a great deal overdone. I don't divorced, and there aint no hope of 't, jest so shore think but what it is overdone, and we know it is they'll be kerful in enterin' on so ticklish a relation. overdone. And yet that shouldn't be reason enough That's it, he added; let folks only know what to do away with the system altogether. For. Mr. they've got to expect, and they never'll try anything President, people will separate from their wives, as long as they can't live with 'em; and they can't jest for the askin', and there's about as much sense agree to live with 'em any longer than both parties an' reason in 'em as there is in a flock o' sheep on | will promise to live together in peace. Talk of compelling two persons to live together, when they cant't The boys laughed, and the President peeled two of and won't bear one another's society! Sir, it's monhis largest knuckles in bringing the variets back to strous! it's proposterous! it's absurd! it's criminal I

"But whatever the courts do, they ought to do it fident he had the sympathy of the ladies with him. very carefully. In fact, they can't be too careful. A He observed of matrimony, that in that kind o' good many of these cases are brought up from wrong business a man don't always know when he's well motives. I don't doubt it. Nobody doubts it. The off; nor a woman nuther. But oncot let both sides husband wants to be divorced, just because he's got see there wa'n't no git away from it, when they'd tired of his wife; and the wife wants to be divorced, gone intew it, and they'd fall tew and chaw the out just because she's got tired of her husband. Somethe country, said he, jest because of this miserable quarrels better than anybody else, and here I think yes, this miserable fashun of gittin' divorced, sir! they're all wrong in interfering. I go in, sir, for schule kept by you, Mr. President—an no bread to to be in moderation in this business. Courts ought put into their mouths, nor butter to go with it, to follow the golden mean, instead of going to ext author, sir! Look o' the horrerble works that's tremes. That is my opinion, sir. That is my senti-

tew the Maine Law? or the Nebrasky Bill? or the ! "No, sir! I am heartly for courts be-

ing allowed to hold on to this privilege; but for having them use it with a great dead of discretion. Even a blessing may be abused find virtue can turn into vice, as quick as new milk into curd. Shakspeare says the devil can quote Scripture for his purand desires.

"Therefore I conclude, Mr. President, that the two sides of this question are both right, and both wrong. I am of the opinion that courts should have the power to grant divorces, but that they should use it with all due circumspection and carefulness."

And he trotted back out of the ring, and put on blanket.

After a short pause, up rose the younger brother of Capt. Teenty; a young man with a florid face and sumption that exactly ruined all the influence he and private morals, and gave notice in the same might otherwise have enjoyed.

that he said related particularly to the question, un- ring, a pair of towels, and a Bible. On leaving, less it was what he offered so blandly and smilingly everything they brought with them was to belong about "the ladies;" and in fact that was all he got to him, except "the books"-for which Mr. Tiptoe up for. He had a great deal to remark about smiles did not probably have so decided an inclination as and tears; bright eyes; chivalry; the age of poetry; for the silver. and the land of flowers. Twice he essayed to quote a scrap or two of verse from some favorite author. but his memory was in each case sadly treacherous, and he wound off before he reached the point of his quotations with an &c., &c., and so on. The glances he bestowed on "the sex" who were in the schoolhouse that evening he intended for deadly ones; but novertholess all seemed to survivo, and none were observed to be dragged out in a state of stupe. faction. His large teeth were unexceptionable in their whiteness, and he kept presenting them in the place of arguments. He ducked, and bowed, and smiled. He walked towards the president, and he walked away from him. He put first one hand beneath the tails of his coat, and then the other. And when all his rhetoric, flowers, bows, smiles, struts, and grimaces were fairly run through, he resumed the seat he was ever much ready to relinquish for a privilege in the Little Comments.

No other individual offering to give the question a boost along on its way to elucidation, and the silence becoming too oppressive for comfort—to say nothing about the heat from the stove, and the smell from the tallow candles-Mr. Porringer twice asked to know if any one elso desired to offer any remarks; and as it was very plain that nobody else did, he proceeded to give the subject over into the hands of the auditory for a settlement, on the true democratic rinciple of majorities.

'please hold up their right hands!" A clear majority of the males elevated their hands. "Those in favor of the Negative, do the same!" he requested again. And even a greater number than before put their hands up, leaving out of the count the boys by tude for business; especially for this very business the door, each of whom went two hands on that side of the subject. "I thought," said Mr. Porringer, "that there was a majority for the affirmative: but I see I was mistaken. There might ha' been; but certainly there was more for the negative!" and so it was decided.

A majority for, and more than a majority against! That was Huckabuck all over! Nobody could have given so clear and satisfactory a decision, unless it might have been our good friend Deacon Soso. For composite work, there were few men who could get much in advance of him.

"One thing is certain," remarked Robert McBride to his little party, as they were picking their way home again; "if we haven't got a town-pump in Huckabuck, our Lyceum gives us all a chance to spout !"

> XLTIPTOE & CO.

to be made the centre of a new kind of influence had left them; led to the table thrice a day, to pick One thing opened the way for another as naturally up such crumbs as Miss Sally deemed good for their as it could. First a few summer visitors dropped juvenile stomachs; allowed to go nowhere out of the in; and said they liked the place well enough to scanty limits of a little lot close by to play; concome again. Then a little weazen man happened ducted in solemn procession to the meeting house along, and hunted about among the houses off the each Sunday, and always twice a day in rain, shine, road to see if he could find one to suit him. And or snow; frowned upon, lectured by the hour, and then he went away, and finally brought his sister talked at by Mr. Tiptoe and his sister together; back with him. And they rummaged from the top checked, hampered, brow-beaten, and bullled in a to the bottom of a two story white house for a couple | moral way from Sunday morning to Saturday night; of days, discussed the affair in all its possible bear frozen and thawed alternately, or fried and never ings, and concluded to take a lease for three years at suffered to cool off; hungry, home-sick, and heartleast, and perhaps for five.

worth speaking of. With his sister Sarah, too, for a Tiptoe was kind enough to overlook all their letters companion. And with four little boys as pupils, home, lest they might bring his pedagogical skill who were going to board out what they could of one into disrepute by reason of their frequent errors of hundred and fifty-six dollars a year, and try and grammar:-what was there in the wide world to make good the deficit by pretending to lay in a stock | cheer them on their steep way to learning, or to keep of scholasticisms and pedantic refinements.

made a pretty sorry experiment of presching once in Treshing glimpse of the better things to be hoped for his life, and finally given over the occupation as not in the hereafter? altogether suited to his constitution and capacities. Whether the result was owing to indigestion, derangement of the liver, or an undue laxity of the cere- themselves, expecting to find that the responsibilities, bral tissues, will probably never be known. At any which they were only too glad to shift on other rate, he was gloomy. His preaching was sadly shoulders, are every one thoroughly and consolenshadowed in its influence by the sluggishness of his tiously assumed. Fashion is doing a great work in bile. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy, thus depriving young children of the sweet and nat-And he set forth his doctrines in the same uncer- ural home influences, and will probably continue in tain twilight in which he had himself first experi- that service until the evil grows too great to be tolenced their truth.

Since quitting his clerical duties as a regular occupation, Mr. Tiptoe had followed the lighter and less responsible calling of a traveling book-agent. Occasionally he would stop over a Sunday in some by place, and fill the pulpit of a poorly paid and sadpose; and so I don't doubt that courts, and men and ly overworked missionary; but as a general thing women, can tell wrong stories to suit their own wants | he wished not to be considered a regular laborer, or to be relied on except in case of an extreme emer-

Tired at length of travel, although he managed by the means to put a great deal more money in his pockets than he would, if he had stuck to his profession, he bethought himself, with the ready assistance of his sister Sarah, of a plan to retire to some his overcoat as quick as a pony could take on his still and sleepy New England town, and there open a model boarding school for "a limited number of boys;" who would—he promised in his advertising card-be free from contact with vice and temptalight brown hair, his head very erect, the starch in tions of every sort, and remain strictly under the his shirt-collar as glossy as Crown blacking on one's tutelage and roof of their instructor. He additionbest boots, and a general air of importance and pro- ally engaged to look very sharp after their public paragraph that they would be expected to bring one His address was as florid as his face. Nothing silver spoon apiece, one silver fork, one silver napkin

> There happened to be enough who believed in what the Rev. Mr. Tiptoe stated, to muster four boys for him to begin with; whom, as before hinted, he took compassion on for the sake of getting back one hundred and fifty-six dollars per head each year, and who, he guaranteed, would come out of his Huckabuck hopper all made over now, and prepared to begin somewhere in life and dig a big hole for themselves. Which, seeing how much Mr. Tiptoe had done for himself in that way, was a proposal worth a vast deal of consideration.

> The master of these four boys was a little man, with a hard, dry face, and a yellow and sickening complexion; neither of which attractions could ever have helped bespeak a very favorable impression on their affections, or awakened an exceedingly ardent desire for such learning as he proposed to show them the way to. His eyes were black and pieroing, and land durthing but all additional advantage to his countenance. He wore his dark hair smoothed down over his head, even concealing some of that frontal development which Nature never designed should be kept out of sight. And a somewhat square chin, always protruded as far as it could be taught to go, helped determine the character of the man, of whom his young pupils had already formed a pretty accurate conception.

His sister Sarah was just the partner in business "All those in favor of the Affirmative," said he, ing as he. In executive activity and energy, she was far his superior. If her trim little figure, her two lank and stingy curls-one on each temple-and her sharp nose and chin were intended to expose anything in particular, it must have been her aptinow in hand. Nobody better fitted than Sally Tiptoe for the training of small boys. Nobody better calculated to keep off the blue-devils of indigestion, or to break up the destroying habit of gluttony. Or to get fat on the skimmings of water gruel. Or to strengthen good habits and purposes in youth by keeping them out of the way of bad ones entirely. Miss Sally Tiptoe was a sine qua non to the establishment of her brother, and he knew it. And to testify his gratitude for her assistance in a brotherly way, he let her take the management of affairs into her own capable hands, content to stand back and look submissively on, or now and then to obey the significant hints that fell from her eyes, her lips, and her ned.

Four poor little boys in a rambling old house in the country; away from all their city friends and relations; cooped up from day to day in a closet-like chamber, with a table and a chair in it, two wooden By-and by Huckabuck became attractive enough benches, and walls as bare as plaster and whitewash sick by intervals, yet without the power of bringing When Mr. Tiptoe did come to town, it was an event | their wrongs to the notice of their friends-since Mr. them in heart till they should finally have passed Mr. Tiptoe was properly a Rev. That is, he had this first ugly stage of existence, and caught a re-

Still parents continue to banish their boys to such Siberias as too many of these "select schools" prove erated any longer.

Old Malachi happened in at their back yard one lay, not long after they had begun business, in quest of their quota of swill. This was a tribute that almost every family in town willingly paid to the support of his pig. Opening the kitchen door rather suddenly, Miss Sally found herself right upon him before she thought of it.

"Mercy!" she shricked, in a low tone. "Who's iere ?"

"Oh, don't be skeerd, marm! don't be skeerd! I never hurt nobody yet; and taint at all likely I'm goin' to begin with a little woman like you, marm !-'ve come arter your swill; that's all. Would you be so good as to let me have what slops, and crusts, and mush, and things, you throw away two or three times a week, provided I will but come arter 'em? Only just set 'em away in some old keg or 'nuther, where no cats nor nothin' won't git at 'em, and it'll be all right, marm, and I'll, thank you int'o the bargain besides!"

"Swill!" exclaimed Miss Sally, shaking her curls more than there was any need of. "What do you want of our swill, pray?"

"My pig," was his laconic reply.

"Umph! Do you s'pose we are in the habit of casting things, in our family? A very great mistake, sir, you are laboring under! We eat up all our provisions, I wish you to understand. We never throw things away. We mean to be economical, whatever our neighbors may be. No, we have'nt any will to give away !"

And she was about shutting the door in his face. "None to give away, hey?" repeated he, with an ll-suppressed laugh. "Beats all, though! What dew ye dew with it, then? Don't keep no pig, 's I see! Can't—he! he!—can't—he! he! he!—cat it yourselves, 'xuotly ?"

This time Miss Sally shut the door in good earnest. She stood on one side of it, muttering and growling about the audacity of beggars in general. and of this beggar in particular; and he on the other side, tittering in a dreadfully silly manner about the cuteness of women in the gross, and of this woman in especial. The two pictures—the outer and the inner one-were well worth sketching on omething besides paper.

Every chance the boys got, they would sneak off out of reach and hearing. They soon learned to consider the house a jail; and themselves unhappy jail-birds. Whenever they could manage to sly off beyond the sight of the square old chimney, it was high holiday with them; for which they of course were afterwards made to pay a price out of all sort of proportion with their pleasures. Stolen pleasures. boys think-and some men and women are of the same opinion-are sweetest. Mr. Tiptoe's boys thought so, certainly.

noon, to reach a neighboring orchard unobserved, they divided themselves into a couple of squads of two each, and began a short series of rambling adventures with which they meant that neither Mr. Tiptoe nor his sister should have anything to do.

Coming at length to a high board fence that divided a neighboring garden from the grounds whose freedom they had taken, they saw the head and shoulders of a fat, lubberly boy hanging over the top of the same, with his thumb stuck in his mouth, and the remainder of his countenance distorted with a half melancholy grin.

"Hilloo!" called out John Grace, the larger of the two, to his companion. "Look up there?"

Where " inquired the other, and instantly

brought his eyes to bear on the stranger. The intruder, Sam Propp, a boy recently apprenticed to Ellery Zigzag to learn the science of making trousers-merely replied to their attention with a bolder stare, while he changed one thumb for the other, and continued to haug the tighter by his disengaged hand to the top of the fence.

"Who are you?" asked the big boy, John Grace. "Don't you know me?" returned Sam.

"No. Who are you? Do you live in that house?" "Yes. I'm Sam Propp. Old Zigzag lives in here. an' I live with him. But I don't like to. Don't you wish you lived with such a man? Crackey !"-and ne blow out a soliloquizing whistle, the better to convey the full delorousness of his meaning.

The two visitors began and put him as many quastions as he thought it was fair to answer; and then he turned upon them and paid off their obligations

"Be you the boys that go to Mr. Tiptoe's?" said he. They told him they were the very ones that looked up to that gentleman's fatherly care and protection. "Does he lick ye any?" was his second inquiry, which he made with a great deal of undisguised sympathy. They simply gave their heads a shake apiece a little to one side, and left him to infer what he felt inclined to. "Umph!" was his supplementary comment.

After a pause of some minutes, no part of which went unimproved by either side in the way of making additional observations, Sam began again :---

"Git enough t'est, over there?" The two boys looked in one another's faces. One countenance was wholly doleful, and the other humored the pretensions of a sickly smile.

"Old Malachi says Miss Tiptoe won't give even the swill away; he says the makes the boys eat it !eat what the pigs out ! Bay, does she?"

The boys-laughed outright, and assured him it was not so .bed as that; but they might as well live on will sa on what they did, though, sometimes.

"What dew ye have, then?" asked Sam, clinging now by both hands to the fence, and flattening out his heavy chin on the edge of the top board. " Meat and pertaters? Does she give ye bread an' butter. though?"

The larger boy, in whose bosom a miniature rebelhion had been brewing now for several weeks, struck out boldly for himself, and made a clean breast of it.

No." said he, with emphasis; "we don't get nothing!" Mr. Tiptoe would have cuffed him for his grammar, if he had overheard him. Miss Sally gives us fried pudding for breakfast, with molasses. but without any butter; and then we have a little bit of meat, and some rice, for dinner; and for supper-we-"

"We jest look round the table!" helped out the other one.

"Yes, that's what we do; and top off with a glass

of water!" "I guess that's what makes ye so fat," drily sug-

gested Sam. "Eh! Isn't it so?" "P'raps," answered the younger; "though I don't remember as I've had to have my trousers let out

since I've been here!" "Don't the old woman never shet ye up away

from supper?" asked Sam again. "Sometimes she does; but then, supper's such a small affair, we never should miss that much!"

Sam laughed in his turn; and had rolled up his eyes preparatory to making another inquiry on some new point equally interesting, when he caught the echo of a shrill female yoice, screeching somewhere in the neighborhood of the back stoop. "Sam-u-el! Sam-u-el!"

"There! that's for me!" said he to his new acquaintances. "I'll see you agin somewhere: when the old woman hollers, there's nothing to do but go!"-and he clambered hastily down the high fence, skinning his lower limbs of their cheap satinet integuments on the way, and picking the slivers out of his hands the whole distance back through the

What a queer chap!" said the larger of the two boys, as soon as he had disappeared.

"Yes; but he knows Sally Tiptoe pretty well, for all that! How do you s'pose he found out so much about her?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. They know everything in these country villages-so they say. Anyhow, they do up here in Huckabuck!"

Which was in the main pretty true. What one didn't happen to know, another did; and what was not a part of the common stock, was hardly worth the pains of trying to find out.

But there was one single matter that just at this particular time, and in fact for a considerable time afterwards, they none of them could pretend to have any acquaintance with; a something, too, that was by no means suffered to remain a secret from the public in the case of other people, and could not long be expected to remain one in this. The reader will best get at it by putting his car down to the kevhole of Miss Sally Tiptoc's door, and listening to what she and her brother had to say.

"Now, Nathanie" " observed she-and an eye where the ear was, woul have betraved her industry over the heel of one of his old stockings-" Now Nathaniel, I want to hint something to you, that I wouldn't have anybody else know for the world. Will you take it as I mean it?"

"What is it then?' Say on, or I sha'n't know what you do mean !"

She hitched her chair a little nearer his. "There's that rich widow Banister! Have you

ever thought what a prize she'd be for you?" The topic was plumply stated, and she looked up in his face to see what effect it had. He responded by giving her one long, steady vacant stare. There was no anger in it; no disappointment, to think that his only sister had so misinterpreted the ways of his heart; no look of chiding to bid her take care of herself and not meddle with his affairs. There was nothing in it at all.

"You'd certainly stand the best chance," said Sally. "That's plain enough."

"Why should 12" asked he beginning trifle interested. "Why should I?"

Depend upon that, now !"

"Because: just consider it for yourself. Aint you a Minister? Haven't you got those three expressive letters-R. E. V .- before your name? And don't you know that ladies don't always get a chance to marry a professional gentleman-especially a Minister? These rich ladies, now, are just the ones to set their cap for Ministers! Oh. you needn't tell me. Nathaniel: I've seen enough of that matter, in my short day! I know what the vanity of the sex is, quite as well as you do! And I tell you again-it isn't every lady, let her be as rich as she may, who is rich enough to marry a Reverend!

Mr. Tiptoe fell to cogitating. Here was a new field suddenly opened to him, and all by the talent of his indefatigable sister. It was a real California placer. A little attention-some considerable share of flattery-a determination to impress the innocent object of their conspiracy with a deep sense of his own importance intellectual and otherwise a final whisper and sigh-and lo! the thing was done! He became a rich man from that day, and all his former relations with the world were changed! He abjured what he could not but esteem his present humiliating posture; no longer harbored the stingily bestowed benevolence of other men; set up his own carriage; and tipped his hat, or ducked his head, only to such as had their feet shod with silver like himself! What a magic change! And all to be brought about within the compass, perhaps, of a few short weeks or months! Really-really; it might be worth a serious thought; which the Rev. Mr. Tiptoe proceeded at once to bestow upon it.

"There's no use, Nathaniel." observed his sister, ." in standing and shivering on the shore. If you expect to do anything, you must plunge in. The ladies aint partial to timid people, you know."

No, he didn't know that Nevertheless, he laid a hand carefully on each knee, lest his acute sister might remark that they were a trifle given to shaking, and perseveringly listened to what she had to offer further.

"This is a glorious chance, Nathaniel," said she: s and don't let it be said of you, that you let it slip without turning it to good account! Only think. now; a fortune, with a beautiful widow-or a wretched little ragged school, at six hundred dollars or so a year, and poverty and hard work all your life! That's for yourself to choose from. Which will you take?" .

"I'm spre," he answered, gingerly; "I'd rather

have the money, by all odds!" "And so had L So bestir yourself, and be ready to take a hint now and then from me : for I shall be on the lookout, lest somebody else may out in before you... There's no safer way, Nathaniel, than to be in good season about, these matters. Look

to the Surrente of the election in and a thirty in the st

very thick in the path I mean to tread between here you know! A little exertion, and the thing is all on her feelings. over with!" .

Upon which, she motioned that he would have the kindness to leave her to herself.

XIL

IN FULL FEATHER.

Having by this time got along far enough to seriously think of doing something for herself in the world, Patty communicated to Mrs. Shadblow her resolution to try and get a school somewhere for the nmmer. '

"And why not this very one in the brick schoolouse ?" asked her kind friend. "There's nothing n the world to hender, I'm sure, Patty!"

"Except that they may not allow me to," she

uggested. "They! Who's they?"

"Why, the Committee." "Well, and who be they ?" persisted Mrs. S.

"They are Deacon Soso, ---"

" Poh!"

"And Mr. Zigzag, ---" "Nonsense!"

" And Capt. Teenty."

"Fiddlesticks! Now, Patty, don't you go to carin' one mite about them! Do you jest do as you want to, and they'll give you no trouble, I know. Land sakes! As if you wa'n't capable of teaching a little summer deestrict school! I won't believe it, if they every one come and tell me so themselves! Another thing. Patty: if you can get this place jest as well as not, why, I'd a great deal ruther you would; for Mr. Shadblow begins to complain a great deal, you

know, and seems to feel you are such a burden. But you know I don't think so. You know I'd be glad to have you stay with me all my life, jest for your good company. But he feels so poor sometimes, I think if you'd start out and try and do something for yourself, he'd perhaps get better of it. And yet, he's as well off as any man might wish to be, and needn't lift his hand again to work as long as he lives. But he's so peevish, you know!"

Patty had long understood the trouble, and formed her determination to help herself just as soon as she could fall in with an opportunity.

The application having been once made, of course there was nothing left for her but to submit to her examination." Seeing, however, that she proposed simply to instruct a handful of little girls in plain sewing, to teach a row of a, b,-abs their alphabets and perhaps a column or two of monosyllabic lore, and to brush the flies off the faces of the little ones who stretched themselves out on the hard benches and slept through the summer days-it was not to be feared that the committee would be extremely hard on her. Higher than reading and spelling she did not design to go with her pupils. It would be mere fun for her, such work as that

But the future is not always exactly what we map it out on our mental charts.

Patty was summoned to attend one evening at the parlor of Deacon Soso-an evening in the latter part of May-in order to undergo an examination into her capabilities as a teacher. Her heart fluttered as she left the door of Mrs. Shadblow, nor was it helped to put itself in much better order by being told " not to be afraid of 'em; for they wasn't near so much as they thought for !"

When she reached the house of the Deacon, she found him and Capt. Teenty already scated, leisurely discussing the prospects of the coming grass crop. The door was open, and the bland air of the evening drifted in and out pretty much as it chose. The Deacon's wife had stuck some laurel boughs, starred all over with their beautiful blossoms, in a big broken-nosed pitcher, and set it down between the two brass andirons on the hearth.

"Ah! Good evening!" said the Deacon, showing er in. "This is Capt. Teenty!"

She dropped a graceful courtesy, and sat down in the first chair she could find.

The Deacon proceeded to hem and haw as if it vere his intention to make a full day's work of it. The Captain twirled one thumb over the other in his lap-now backwards, now forwards, but all the time swiftly over and over-sunk his chin deeper between the points of his shirt-collar, and sat up in his chair like some awkward graven image, waiting to be approached.

" Wal!" remarked the Deacon, "I s'pose you've

come down to be egramined, hey?" Patty replied with a nod only.

"M! Yes. Wal. You feel pretty well prepared, hey? Think you can answer all our questions, ready, prompt, and right off, do ye? Think you can go through it without halting any?"

She smiled very faintly, and expressed herself quite unable to say.

"Yes. Wal. It's always best to know beforehand if you're pretty sure to go threw a thing. However, we are willin' to try you."

At that moment Ellery Zigzag came rolling and shuffling in through the entry, the Deacon from his chair calling up to him: "Come right along, Mr. Zigzag! We're all here, I b'lieve! Come right in this way!" Which order he obeyed with as much alacrity as his nether limbs permitted, and finally found a seat to his liking near the window. He made up all sorts of faces conceivable before he sat down, pulled each coat tail as far away from its neighbor as he could, bestowed on Patty a scowl, a liquids; the diameter of the earth, and the distance sneer, a half nod, and a grunt, and remarked to whomsoever it might concern that he meant to have come over earlier.

"Oh. you're in very good season," said the Deacon. We hadn't begun our examination yet." After a minute's pause, during which no victim of the Autoda-Fe ever experienced more trepidation than did Patty before those three wise men of Huckabuck, he again observed to his companions: "Wal: I s'pose there's nothing to hender our beginnin' this business is there?" Captain Teenty saw nothing; neither did Mr. Zigzag. "Wal, then," he resumed, "s'pose we begin."

village Committee, the Deacon opened the examination with a question or two of his own, and then requested the other two members of the Committee to follow him up just as and when the inclination seized them. And something like the following was heart would sink. She would have given anything the irregular order of exercises in the Deacon's

"School-keepin'," said the chairman, "is a great in Mrs. Shadblow's bosom.
work, Miss Patty; a great work it is, indeed.
And in order to see if you are anyways fit for such anything about spellin'?" She thought she did a callin', we shall proceed to ask a few questions of know a little something about it, and remembered ye; on grammar, and history, and jography, and with a glow of satisfaction, that for years she had

And a breathing spell long enough to let his and the widow Banister's! 'A bird in the hand,' formidable announcement make its due impression

"Can you tell me. Patty Hawkins," he began,

how many sounds there is to the vowel E?" She hesitated. That was something she hadn't thought of Finally she shook her head timidly, signifying that she could not.

"Nor how many to the vowel 0?" "No, sir,"-in a mere whisper.

"M! I thought not," returned the Deacon, crossing one leg over the other and throwing his arm over the back of a neighboring chair. And he nodded to his companions, to hint for them to take up the subject where he had left off.

"What's the name of Alexander's famous warhorse?" inquired Mr. Zigzag, making up such a face as a man does after bolting a dose of Epsom salts.

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't know that ! Why, there aint a child in the school you want to teach, but what knows that ! Bookefalus, then. Try and remember it. Bookefalus. Now can you tell me what's the diff'rence between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen?"

"Yes, sir; I could if I had a slate here," she answered.

"Oh, could, hey? Very well, then. I'll take it for granted you could. Then you think there is a difference?"

"Yes, sir; a great deal."

"Can you tell," inquired Captain Teenty, after folding his arms over his breast as far as they would go, "how many Presidents we've had?" The Captain was a big hand at the political bellows, and rather, prided himself on being able to rattle off great men's names in the presence of public bodies. Patty began to count them up; and finally re-

turned him a correct answer. "Now," he continued, "can you tell how many terms they have all served together?"

"No, she could not."

Mr. Zigzag thereupon congratulated the Captain on his success with a sardonic smile and bethought himself of some other puzzle that he might put next, to help dishearten and distract her.

"What is the number of Chapters in Proverbs?" asked Deacon Soso, with a loud Hem! at the end of his question.

"Thirty-one," she answered promptly.

"Is that right?" persisted the Deacon. "Yes, sir; thirty-one."

He got up and opened the Bible that lay on the able between the windows, and declared she was right, after all. The Deacon himself had an idea there were about fifty; but he said nothing about

"You couldn' tell," he continued, "how many pounds a bushel of pertaters weigh, could ye?" She couldn't, and she confessed it. "Nor how much pint weighs?" No. nor that either. "Wal," said he, "remember this, then; 'a pint's a pound, the world round!' A pint is a pound, you see."

"A pint of fine shot?" suggested Patty, with nuch timidity still.

Hem! Yes, a pint of anything! Remember that, and it may be of some service to ye! Another thing .- who was the father of Zebedee's children?" Patty tried to smile, but could n't quite make out. and said-"Zebedee." The Deacon bowed most complacently, and thought he might possibly be

induced to sign her continuate yet.

"You understand "not about grammar, and parsing and so forth winquired Mr. Zigzag. She thought she did.

"Where have you learnt it?"

"At Mr. Porringer's school," of course; there was nowhere else for her to go. "And 'rithmetic, too ?" he continued. Yes, some-

thing of that as well. "And jography?"—Certainly.

"How is Connecticut bounded?" asked the Capformed him.

"Capitals?" he called out

"Hartford and New Haven."

"All right!" added the Captain; and Mr. Zigzag took up the matter. "What years does the Legislatur set at Har'ford?

Can you tell?" "Every other year."

"Yes, but what years are those ?-the odd, or the

even ones?" Patty was ashore there, never having had a relative absent at Hartford at a time to help her fix the proper date. So Mr. Zigzag told her how it was. Whether he expected her to teach the little /girls how to work so important a fact into their samplers, he did not go on to say. Then he asked her the name of each State capital in the Union : and the year when the American Revolution was begun, and that on which it ended the names of such constellations in the heavens as she might have happened at some time to hear of, and of the different tribes of Indians in the United States and Territories; at what time in the year Vermont people made their maple sugar, and how many slaves there were, all told, in the Southern States; the names of the Patriarchs, the Apostles, and the Prophets; the number of verses in the hundred and nineteenth psalm, and the names of the present representatives of the State in Congress; when the voice required the rising inflection, in reading, and when the falling; when certain consonants became mutes, and when of the moon; what would be the product of five and three-quarters multiplied by five and three-quarters; and how long she really believed a mouse would live under a glass receiver, in case the air was entirely exhausted. In all these questions, Mr. Zigzag showed his remarkable intelligence as an individual and adduced convincing proofs-if any were needed -of his eminent fitness to form one of the educational board of a hopeful town like Huckabuck.

Some of his inquiries Patty pretended to make some sort of answer to: but the greater part of them she met with no more than a silent shake of her head, and a look of despair gathering as fast as By virtue of being chairman of this important it could over her pallid countenance.

"That's enough," said Mr. Zigzag, rubbing the ivory head of his cane against his chin. "I can see how it is !" At this generous notification. Patty felt as if her

in the world, if she could at that moment have ran away from all mankind, and hid her face and cried

sharp after me, then I sha'n's let the grass grow frithmetic, and such things, Hen!" been able to "spell down! brery boy and girl in

ened up a little.

"FELLOW!" said the Deacon. "Spell that!" Patty did so.

try and spell another word: Pelopennesus!" She spelt it correctly.

ain't right: it's got two 8s in it!" Patty hesitated, and then told him he must be

mistaken. But he knew better. "Oh, no," said he, with a toss of his hand: "two

Ss; two Ss; I know, I should think." And Captain Teenty tried her. "Kamtschatka!" trembling girl,-what chance was left her, pray?

in the palms of her hands. She felt much as the sixteen, setting forth in the wide world to make a lishment, undergoing the operation of a sitz, a came first of all from her soul; and looked through douche, or a packing between drowned sheets.

with as much zeal as ever. Though the Deacon rial. And Captain Teenty essayed something which them doubly interesting. he thought to have considered politeness. But Mr. Zigzag let loose all his pent furiousness, and did the was very kind, and generous, and manly, and all that, in Mr. Zigzag,—seeing that Patty's only desire was to instruct a little infants' school, where her heart would be called a thousand times into employment while her head would once. But the village tailor was not at the farther end of human intelligence, nor did he sit just then at the top of human judgment. There were men who might be presumed there might be men who would possibly find someout of the world.

When at length all the questions had been put, ranging from spelling to pure mathematics on the one side, and from the boundaries of Huckabuck to the surroundings in space of the farthest fixed star on the other, the august body of examiners looked significantly at one another,—nodded two or three times apiece,-dropped their eyes to the pitcher of laurel blossoms on the little brick hearth, -and began to snuff. A stranger to their mental habits might have thought this was the way they usually set their intellectual forces in motion. Then followed a silence, that, to Patty at least, was awful. The Deacon thrummed the rounds of the chair-back with his heavy fingers; the Captain folded his arms tight, as if he were afraid of bursting, unless he thus hooped himself in; and Mr. Zigzag rubbed the white ivory head of his cane against his hirsute chin, and looked at Patty as if he could not find language to express his astonishment at her presumption.

"Wal," said the Deacon at last; "what do ye

think, gentlemen?" Captain Teenty rather turned round upon Mr. Zigzag for an answer, perhaps on the principle that age

should go before ability.

"I don't know," said the latter; "I don't know!" and he began a low humming noise in his throat, as if there was where he kept his thinking wheel reolving.

"Will she pass?" asked the Deacon, giving him full time to spin out his hum to its longest limit.

"M!-m!" he observed. "Hardly! I should think-hardly! M!-m-m!"

"For my part," returned the Deacon, "as long as she's the only one that's made application,"-speak ing with extreme deliberation,-"and the school ought to begin by Monday, at least,-I say, taking these things into con-sid-e-ra-tion, I think I should have no great objection to sign her certificate."

"Nor I," pretty soon added Capt. Teenty. "M! m! m!" said Mr. Zigzag, running his blue eves fiercely over the floor, the walls, and the fur-

"What do you say, Mr. Zigzag?" finally inquired the Deacon.

"Oh, well; I've nothing to say about it. The majority have given their vote already, and I couldn't very well hope to alter it."

"But I took the circumstances into consideration. you see," broke in the Deacon. "Under different circumstances, I might not be so willing, you know; but as it is. — hem! hem!"

So as Mr. Zigzag made no additional objections. and as they furthermore had taken the pains to impress Patty with the fact that she was admitted to the dignity and emoluments of a teacher through no special merit of her own, but altogether by their and scratched off a hieroglyphical certificate of capacity, in all occupying the short space of about twenty minutes. After taking it into the kitchen and showering it with ashes from the fire-place, he brought it back and delivered it to Patty, observing. as he stood before her, that there was a document start in the world, that would! She at least hoped so: and, folding it neatly together, thanked the three Willows and Anna after her. worthies in as many words as she dared venture, and hurried home to tell the good news to Mrs. happy enough; but her good friend Mrs. Shadblow thought herself a vast deal happier.

intrude on the reader's attention anything like a to the church. The moment they started, the heavy and appearance, perhaps this is as proper a time as instantly the bolls all over the wide-spread town set to be understood.

womanhood. Her figure was slight and graceful, formed beneath their graceful arches; Over the and altogether after the best models of nature. heads of the dense crowds of men that were enthand.

Despite her early afflictions, her heart had always on the public green from all quarters of the Union; kopt itself fresh and innocently gay. Her hazel shattering their chimings against the walls of the

Mr. Porringer's school. Har face accordingly bright. knew how to look, into them in the right way, and the ready smile that rested about her month was contagious of the spirit with which it was informed. Patty was a girl destined to make her way by the "Oh, no," returned the wily old mouser, " 'twasn't force of her affectionateness and truth; and still that kind of a fellow I meant! Felloe, is what I there was not wanting enough of energy, and deciput out. Something 't belongs to a wheel. Now sion, and negvous perseverance, to carry her forward all the surer to the point at which she might choose to aim. Good sense lay at the bottom of her char-"No." said the Deacon, "that ain't right: that acter, and formed the basis for all the traits that were fortunately built upon it.

Her hair was auburn, or dark brown, and her

complexion healthy and fair. The forehead expressed decided intellect; while the mouth, and chin, and the easy and graceful carriage of the head, indicated faculties competent always to confer attractiveness said he. She spelt it; but the Deacon thought it and beauty on her mental qualities. She was young, could n't be right, and Mr. Zigzag knew it was n't. and still there was something womanly about her. Under the circumstances, the Captain did not care | She testified in her hastiest speech to a ripeness of to assume the responsibility of the casting vote. judgment much beyond her years, without giving But Patty was right, for all that. She could have room for suspicions of affection or anything else spelt them all out of their own names, had she felt equally disagreeable. Trials had no doubt out her inclined. But three wise men against one poor, character to so early a test, as to make it in a degree premature: but the instance was a rare one of a The perspiration ran down her temples, and stood young girl like her, having reached the age of but medical student did; who, on being asked by the place for herself, and eager to accomplish all the examining board what he would do if about to give good offices with which opportunities might present person a sweat, answered without any hesitation her. To sum up the whole, Patty was handsome -"Put him where I am!" Patty might very rea. more by the force of her manners than by reason dily have imagined herself at a water-cure estab. of any special physical endowments. Her charms every expression of her face so undeniably, that you They recovered themselves again after a little could not gaze into that face and say she was other time, which had been duly improved by a whispered than she seemed. Simplicity and sincerity beamed conversation between them, and fell to their work in her eyes, and spake ever by her tongue. And the timid air with which she seemed to address you, lent grew a trifle more cautious, and a trifle less dictato- just enough of true modesty to her manners to make

She took possession of the old schoolhouse on the following Monday, bright and early; with a face rabest he could to puzzle and confound her. Which diant with joy at the prospects that were so unexpectedly drawing over her life.

But there was still a drawback, as there almost always is. Mr. Zigzag could not forgive Patty for her success in getting a certificate from the committee; he certainly did not intend any such look for her. So to make her as uneasy as he could in her new experiment, he must needs send over his mischievous boy, Sam Propp, to the school; and told to know a little something, by the side of him! and him explicitly, that if the schoolmistress did not make him learn more than Mr. Porringer ever did. thing left to learn, here and there, after he had gone he would try and know the reason why! And in this transaction, the boy, unlimited as were his satanic acquisitions, certainly appeared much more of a saint than his canting, hard-eyed master.

> XIII. BACHELOR OF ARTS.

In the latter part of August, Robert McBride would take his Degree on leaving College, Commencement Day, therefore, was a fixed star in his proud father's heavens, and had been since the time his son first crossed the threshold of home. His mother and sisters were in quite as great a flutter, now the important day had approached so near, the former counting with positiveness on attending with her husband, and the latter making their heads a little giddy with nothing but the hope of the thing.

Mrs. McBride had written to her son to enjoin on him a thousand needless precepts concerning his public appearance at the time so eagerly looked for. and exhausted the ample store of motherly counsel in advising him how to dress, how to stand up before the auditory, how to speak, and how to appear generally. Indeed there was hardly any end to her

affectionate injunctions, suggestions, and anxieties. An old friend and schoolmate of hers, with whom of late years she had been in pretty regular correspondence, she prevailed upon to meet her in New Haven, feeling almost as anxious that she should behold her son's triumph, as to be a witness of it herself. And at the last moment, Mrs. Willows wrote in reply that she should certainly go on to Commencement with her daughter Anna, where nothing. would afford her greater pleasure than to fall in with

Judge and Mrs. McBride's company. In the elm-shaded old town of New Haven, the annual Commencement Day of Yale College is a day well worth going to see. If the visitor has the good luck to secure rooms in that capacious caravanserai that faces the square known as the public green, he will have had a pledge of at least one day's enjoyment from his windows, such as few other towns on the American Continent can afford him. The Fourth of July is something there, of course: but Commence.

ment Day is, of all the rest, the Day of the year. On this last morning of Robert's connection with his Alma Mater, he was out of bed betimes, and had run down to the hotel before breakfast to wish his father and mother Good Morning. Later, he managed to steal just time enough to slip off again and exchange a word with Mrs. Willows and her pretty Anna, and to receive additional advice from his doating mother on the subject of bravely deporting himself through the trying scenes that were to ensue.

* It was an exceedingly warm morning, and the heat seemed hardly to abate until a very late hour in the afternoon. The large brick church was opened at an early hour for the admission of ladies only. crowds of whom, with parasols and fans, were fast special favor,—the Deacon pulled up to the table filling up the capacious body of the building. The galleries were jammed almost as soon as the doors were opened. On one end of the broad platform, that had been temporarily erected, the relatives and near friends (on the female side only,) were invited to seat themselves, where they could have a better chance to judge of the literary performances of those that most young women would be very glad to get in whom they were interested. You may be very sure hold of: and that if anything would give her a good that Mrs. Judge McBride had seasonably mounted to that privileged locality, and dragged along Mrs.

After the procession of Officers, Alumni, distinguished Friends of the College, and Under graduates, & Shadblow. How one of them cried that night while had formed in the beautiful yard of the College, the other laughed, and how both cried and laughed headed by a fine musical band from New York, all together, is not in this place to be told. Patty was the while discoursing airs that ravished the souls of many a young Student in that long dark line, they began their slow march down through the College As I have up to this point carefully forborne to avenues, and wound round the square on their way description of Patty Hawkins' personal manners bell in one of the neighboring steeples struck, and any that may come after, to hint somewhat on a in their musical jangle. It was enough to make the topic that certainly ought at some point of the story dullest heart dance in the bosom of the listener. Now here-now there; up the street, and down the street; She was now just coming forward into young over the leafy tree-tops, and along the sylvan avenues

oyes expressed a world of affection to those who houses, and sending sweet echoes. like musical the Mains Logic on the Release willy on the to all the earlier of the Court for courts led countries of the Mains Logical Court for the Court

and the state of t P. Sugar

dreams, far out over the placid harbor seaward; the the middle seat of the carriage, expounded in his score of bells kept up their rythmic pulsations, sing- peculiar pulpit-accent to the young and levely Reving and swinging in the still air of the summer erend Mrs. Clinoline, who occupied the opposite morning, and enchanting all hearts with the sounds | middle-seat, a few passages of rumor relative to of their own contagious joy. There was nothing like "Oartheth, my love, and Mithter John Eth-corr." A it anywhere. All thoughts of business the citizens bandy vagabond, with a head like a Datch cheese, in had given over. It was to them, as it was to their thousands of visitors, a clear holiday,

When the crush and crowding at the church door were over, and the special policemen had gone in period much degenerated, was courted by the best with their long staves to look a little after the com- society, by reason of what he had to hint, when not fort of the vast auditory, the venerable old President rose in his place and offered a prayer. After this Joon Scott." The engine-driver himself, as he apfollowed a voluntary on the organ; and then the plied one eye to his large stationary double eye glass regular exercises of the day began.

I shall make no attempt to go through with a nar ration of them, since I should reckon as certainly on the fatigue of my readers as the collegiate officers ought in justice to reckon on that of the audience, on the same oceasion. It will answer my purpose to hint a word or two of Robert's style of acquitting himself, and then leave the matter altogether.

When he walked up the short flight of carpeted steps, and felt himself at last on the platform, the into an open space, a howling wilderness of idle men. single point of observation now for the eyes of between two and three thousand people, he experienced a rush of sensations he had never before known in his life. The blood drove to his brain, and his sight mon. Coom! Daug it, coom, t'harses and Joon for a moment seemed to fail him. His breath came quick and short. The perspiration broke out in the palms of his hands, and he verily feared he might forget the first words of his part before he began.

Stepping to the foot of the rostrum on which the beloved old President sat, he delivered himself of the bow at which he had been practising for a full week before his mirror, and passed and bestowed his attention on the auditory. How the fans fluttered! How the ribbons trailed this way and that in the breeze thus awoke! How thick were the heads, and the faces! How bright were the eyes! All around him wherever he gazed, on this side and that side,faces, heads, fans, and eyes! Some listening; some whispering; some smiling; some looking exceedingly tired. Still the fans a going without a pause. Still the eyes sparkling, and flashing, and concentrating their bright rays upon him, as if they would search him through and through.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

SONG.

I rose in morning's purple light, As sunlight kist the check of dawn Who smiled, and blushed as passing on She tripped adown the airy height.

The harebells and the violets blue. And the morning glory's tinted cup, Through whispering zephyrs lifted up, And robins sang as morning came in view

The placid waters of the streams Went singing through the leafy conse. Where fell like rain eve's dewy drops, Each radiant with its thousand beams.

Came from the distant verdant hills, The mingled tone of beast and hird, And all the wood were softly stirred, And echo all their silence fills.

'Twas such a morn of peaceful bliss, Whose glory seemed like tears long past, But freed at last, and widely sent In harmony to bless a world like this, That Angela sauntered down the lane:

A light more glorious in her eyes Than that which stretched along the skies To greet the dusky west again.

With peace her being seemed replete; She here the seal of twenty years-An April hour of smiles and tears; And daisies kist her tripping feet.

The home which claimed her as its gem, Forgot its griefs in pleasure's wiles, And read a language in her smiles-The flashings of their diadem.

Che Moncaster Baces.

FROM "THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES."

. Goodchild, yielded up their tickets at a little rotten Keepers flushed with drink, and some not. but all smoke and ashes,) deep in the manufacturing bosom of Yorkshire. A mysterious bosom it appeared, upon a damp, dark, Sunday night, dashed through in the in occasional drunken songs and straggling yells, ing of the engine, and the part-singing of hundreds the neighborhood opens its mouth at intervals. and of third-class excurtionists. whose vocal efforts spits out a man too drunk to be retained: who there-"bobbed arayound" from sacred to profane, from upon makes what uproarious protest may be left in hymns, to our transatlantic sisters, the Yankee Gal him, and either falls asleep where he tumbles, or is and Mairy Anne, in a remarkable way. There carried off in custody. seemed to have been some large vocal gathering near to every lonely station on the line. No town was as it were out of the earth, of all the obscene creavisible, no village was visible, no light was visible: tures, who sell "correct cards of the races." They but a multitude got out singing, and a multitude got may have been coiled in corners, or sleeping on doorin singing, and the second multitude took up the steps, and, having all passed the night under the hymns, and adopted our transatlantic sisters, and sang of their own egregious wickedness, and of their their blood at the same time; but, however that may bobbing arayound, and of how the ship it was ready be, they spring into existence all at once and toand the wind it was fair, and they were bayound for gether, as though a new Cadmus had sown a rasethe sea. Mairy Anne, until they in their turn became horse's teeth. There is nobody up to buy the cards : a getting out multitude, and were replaced by another but the cards are madly cried. There is no patrongetting in multitude, who did the same. And at age to quarrel for; but they madly quarrel and fight. every station, the getting in multitude, with an artistic reference to the completeness of their chorus, discloses, is a fearful creature in the general semincessantly oried, as with one voice, while scuffling blance of a man; shaken off his next-to-no legs by into the carrages, "We mun aa' gang toogither!"

the lonely places were left, and the great towns were nothing on him but a ragged pair of trousers and a neared, and the way had lain as silently as a train's pink glazed-calico coat-made on him-so very tight way ever can, over the vague black streets of the that it is as evident that he could never take it off. great gulfs of towns, and among their branchless as that he never does. This hideous apparition inwoods of vague black chimneys. These towns looked, conceivably drunk, has a terrible power of making a in the cinderous wet, as though they had one and all gong-like imitation of the braying of an ass: which been on fire and were just put out—a dreary and feat requires that he should lay his right jaw in his quenched panorama, many miles long.

enterprising and important commercial centre it next-to-no legs, and with much twirling of his lformay be observed with delicacy, that you must either rible broom, as if it were a mop. From the present like it very much, or not at all. Next day, the first minute, when he comes in sight holding up his cards of the Race-Week, they took train to Doncaster.

of luggage, entirely changed, and no other business tain, and Your Honorable Worship-from the present than race-business any longer existed on the face of minute until the Grand Race-Week is finished, at all the earth. The talk was 'all of horses and "John hours of the morning, evening, day, and night, shall Scott." | Guards whispered behind their hands to star the town reverberate, at capricious intervals, to the tion-masters, of horses and John Scott. Men in cut- brays of this frightful animal, the Gong Donkey. awaycoats and speckled cravats fastened with peculiar No very great racing today, so no very great pins, and with the large bones of their legs developed, amount of vehicles : though there is a good sprinkunder tight trousers, so that they should look as ling, too: from farmer's carts and gigs, to carriages much as possible like horses' legs, paced up and with post-horses and to fours-in-hand, mostly coming down by twos at junction stations, speaking low and by the Yord from York, and passing on straight moddly of horses and John Scott. The young cler through the main street to the Course. A walk in

a fustian stable suit, attending on a horse-box, and going about the platforms with a halter hanging round his neck like a Calais burgher of the ancient engaged in eating straw, concerning "t'harses and on the engine, seemed to keep the other open, sideways, upon horses and John Scott.

Breaks and barriers at Doncaster station to keep the crowd off: temporary wooden avenues of ingress and egress, to help the crowd, on. Forty extra porters sent down for this present blessed Race-Week. and all of them making up their betting books in the lamp room or somewhere else, and none of them to come and touch the luggage. Travelers disgorged All work but race-work at a stand-still : all men at a stand still. "Ey my word! Deant ask noon o'us to help wi' t' luggage. Book your opinion loike a Scott!" In the midst of the idle men, all the fly horses and omnibus horses of Doncaster and parts adjacent, rampant, rearing, backing, plunging, shying-apparently the result of their hearing of nothing but their own order and John Scott.

Grand Dramatic Company from London for the Race-Week. Poses Plastiques in the Grand Assembly Room up the Stable-Yard at seven and nine each evening, for the Race-Week. Grand Alliance Circus in the field beyond the bridge, for the Race-Week. Grand Exhibition of Aztec Lilliputians, important to all who want to be horrified cheap, for the Race Week, Lodgings, grand and not grand, but all at grand prices, ranging from ten pounds to twenty, for the Grand Race-Week !

Rendered giddy enough by these things, Messieurs Idle and Goodchild repaired to the quarters they had secured beforehand, and Mr. Goodchild looked down from the window into the surging street.

"By heaven, Tom !" cried he, after contemplating it, "I am in the Lunatic Asylum again, and these are all mad people under the charge of a body of designing keepers!"

All through the Race-Week, Mr. Goodchild never divested himself of this idea. Every day he looked out of the window, with something of the dread of Lemuel Gulliver looking down at men after he returned home from the horse-country; and every day he saw the Lunatics, horse-mad, betting-mad, drunken-mad. vice-mad, and the designing Keepers always after them. The idea pervaded, like the second color in shot-silk, the whole of Mr. Goodchild's impressions. They were much as follows:

Monday, mid-day. Bacco not to begin until tomorrow, but all the mob-Lunatics out, crowding the pavements of the one main street of pretty and pleasant Doncaster, crowding the road, particularly crowding the outside of the Betting Rooms, whooping and shouting loudly after all passing vehicles. Frightened lunatio horses occasiocally running away, with infinite clatter. All degrees of men, from peers to paupers, betting incessantly. Keepers very watchful; and taking all good chances. An awful family likeness among the Keepers, to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thurtoll. With some knowledge of expression, and some acquaintance with heads, (thus writes Mr. Goodchild,) I never have seen anywhere, so many repetitions of one class of countenance and one character of head (both evil,) as in this street at this time. Cunning, covetousness, secresy, cold calculation, hard callousness and dire insensibility, are the uniform Keener characteristics. Mr. Palmer passes me five times in five minutes, and, as I go down the street. the back of Mr. Thurtell's skull is always going on

Monday evening. Town lighted up : more Lunatics out than ever; a complete choke and stoppage of the thoroughfare outside the Betting Rooms. Two of the many passengers by a certain late Sun- Keepers, having dined, pervade the Betting Rooms. day evening train, Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis and sharply snap at the moneyed Lunatics. Some platform (converted into artificial touch-wood by close and calculating. A vague echoing roar of "t'harses" and "t'races" always rising in the air, until midnight, at about which period it dies away train to the music of the whirling wheels, the pant. But, all night, some unmannerly drinking house in

Tuesday morning, at daybreak. A sudden rising. same set of circumstances, may all want to circulate Conspicuous among these hyenas, as breakfast-time drink and devilry, bare-headed and bare footed, with The singing and the multitudes had trailed off as a great shock of hair like a horrible broom, and begrimmed right paw, double himself up, and shake Thus, Thomas and Francis got to Leeds; of which his bray out of himself, with much staggering on his to the windows, and hoursely proposing purchase to And instantly the character, both of travelers and My Lord, Your Excellency, Colonel, the Noble Cap-

Goodchild to day than the Course, so he walks in the Gong-donkey, and correct cards. Symptoms of yeswrong direction. Everybody gone to the races. Only torday's gains in the way of drink, and of yesterday's children in the street. Grand Alliance Circus de losses in the way of money, abundant. Money-losses serted; not one Star-Rider left; omnibus which forms very great. As usual, nobody seems to have won; the Pay-Place, having on separate panels Day here but, large losses and many losers are unquestionable for the Boxes, Pay here for the Pit, Pay here for the facts. Both Lunatics and Keepers, in general very Gallery, hove down in a corner and locked up; no low. Several of both kinds look in at the chemist's body near the tent but the man on his knees on the while Mr. Goodchild is making a purchase there, to grass, who is making the paper balloons for the be "picked up." One red eyed Lunatic, flushed, Star young gentlemen to jump through to-night. A facied, and disordered, enters hurriedly, and cries pleasant road, pleasantly wooded. No laborers work. savagely, " Hond us a gloss of sal volutile in wather, ing in the fields; all gone "t'races." The few late or soom dommed thing o' thot sart!" Faces at the wenders of their way "t'races," who are yet left Betting Rooms very long, and a tendency to bite nails driving on the road, stare in amazement at the re- observable. Keepers likewise given this morning to cluse who is not going "t'races." Roadside inn- standing about solitary, with their hands in their keeper has gone "t'races." Turnpike-man has sone pockets, looking down at their boots as they fit them "t'races." His thrifty wife, washing clothes at the into cracks of the pavement, and then looking up toll house door, is going "t'races" to-morrow. Per whistling and walking away. Grand Alliance Cirhaps there may be no one left to take the toll to-mor ous out, in procession; buxom lady-member of Grand row: who knows? Though assuredly that would be Alliance, in crimson riding habit fresher to look at, neither turnpike-like, nor Yorkshire-like. The very even in her paint under the day sky, than the cheeks wind and dust seem to be hurrying "t'races," as of Lunatics or Keepers. Spanish Cavalier appears they briskly pass the only wayfarer on the road. In to have lost yesterday, and jingles his bossed bridle the distance, the Railway Engine, waiting at the with disgust, as if he were paying. Re-action also town-end, shricks despairingly. Nothing but the apparent at the Guildhall opposite, whence certain difficulty of getting off the Line, restrains that Engine pickpockets come out handcuffed together, with that from going "t'races," too, it is very clear.

more Keepers. The latter very active at the Betting game, but still of jails being in bad taste and arbi-Rooms, the street in front of which is now impassa- trary, and how would you like it if it was you instead ble. Mr. Palmer as before. Mr. Thurtell as before. of me, as it ought to be! Midday. Town filled as Roar and uproar as before. Gradual subsidence as yesterday, but not so full; and emptied as yesterbefore. Unmannerly drinking house expectorates as day, but not so empty. In the evening, Angel ordibefore. Drunken negro-melodists, Gong donkey, and nary where every Lunatic and Keeper has his modest correct cards, in the night.

On Wednesday morning, the morning of the great Thurtell's hair-thinking it is his own. In the wax-Lunatic is shaving himself. In the serious stationand drinking neat brandy in an atmosphere of last Angel-who in the guise of extra waiters for the glasses. An hour later. Down the street and up Rooms it is like a great struggle at a theatre doorin the days of theatres; or at the vestibule of the hour later. Fusing into this crowd, and somehow and brick-makeresses jolting up and down on planks; drags, with the needful grooms behind, sitting crossedarmed in the needful manuer, and slanting them: selves backward from the soles of their boots at the it would seem, the Gong-donkey-metallically bray and slobbers itself to sleep. ing, when not struggling for life, or whipped out of Friday morning. Early fights. Gong-donkey, and

streets, and there is no one left in them but Francis Goodchild. Francis Goodchild will not be left in the wax chandler's, and the serious stationer's; for them long; for he too is on his way "t'races."

hind him, and comes out on the free course, with its cushion, but not nearly so full of pins; whole rows agreeable prospect, its quaint Red House oddly of pins wanting. On the great event of the day, both changing and turning as Francis turns, its green Lunatics and Keepons become inspired with rage; grass, and fresh heath. A free course and an easy and there is a violent scuffling, and a rushing at the one, where Francis can roll smoothly where he will. and can choose between the start, or the coming-in, from a swaying and menacing crowd, protected by or the turn behind the brow of the hill, or any out friends, and looking the worse for wear; which is a of the way point where he lists to see the throbbing rough proceeding, though animating to see from a horses straining every nerve, and making the sympathetic earth throb as they come by. Francis much to flow from the pincushion towards the railroad delights to be, not in the Grand Stand, but where he the rills swell into rivers; the rivers soon unite into can see it, rising against the sky with its vast tiers of little white dots of faces, and its last high rows ter, past the Itinerant personage in black, by the and corners of people, looking like pins stuck into way-side, telling him from the vantage ground of a an enormous pin-cushion—not quite so symmetrically as his orderly eye could wish, when people things the Lord will bring him to judgment. No change or go away. When the race is nearly run turtle and venison ordinary this evening; that is all out, it is as good as the race to him to see the flutter over. No betting at the rooms; nothing there but among the pins, and the change in them from dark the plants in pots, which have, all the week, been to light, as hats are taken off and waved. Not less stood about the entry to give it an innocent appearfull of interest, the loud auticipation of the winner's ance, and which have sorely sickened by this time. name, the swelling, and the final roar; then, the quick dropping of all the pins out of their places, the revelation of the shape of the bare pin-cushion. and the closing in of the whole host of Lunatics and Keepers, in the rear of the three horses with brightcolored riders, who have not yet quite subdued their to explain; but you see, gentlemen, there was a gengallop, though the contest is over.

Mr. Goodchild would appear to have been by ne means free from lunacy himself at "traces," though | wine, and in the night he "took the horrors," and not of the prevalent kind. He is suspected by Mr. got up; and as his friends could do nothing with Idle to have fallen into a dreadful state concerning him, he laid himself down, and groaned at Mr. Idle's a pair of little lilac gloves and a little bonnet that he door. "And he on groan there," Mr. Idle says; saw there. Mr. Idle asserts, that he did afterwards "and you will please to imagine me inside, 'taking repeat at the Angel, with an appearance of being lunatically seized, some rhapsody to the following effect: "Oh, little lilac gloves! And oh, winning its great sporting anniversary, offers probably a little bonnet, making in conjunction with her golden general representation of the social condition of the hair quite a Glory in the sun-light round the pretty town, in the past, as well as in the present time. head, why anything in the world, but you and me! Why may not this day's running-of horses, to all the rest: of precious sands of life to me-be proonged through an everlasting autumn-sunshine, bines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, without a sunset! Slave of the Lamp, or Ring, strike and is often considered a very valuable appendage to me yonder gallant equestrian Clerk of the Course, in the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain and the scarlet coat, motionless on the green grass for case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold scals ages! Friendly Devil on Two Sticks, for ten times sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I ten thousand years, keep Blink-Bonny jibbing at the open it, and find that the works-without which this post, and let us have no start! Arab drums, power, elegantly furnished case would be a mere shellful of old to summon Genii in the desert, sound of those hands motionless, and those figures without yourselves, and raise a troop for me in the desert of meaning—are made of brass. Investigate further, the Collector's door-plate at a turnpike,) that I, with | what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which hair, may wait by her side forever, to see a Great St. motionless, and its hands, figures and embellish-

peculiar walk which is never seen under any other At night, more Lunatics out than last night and circumstances a walk expressive of going to jail. daily meal of turtle, venison, and wine, not so crowded as yesterday, and not so noisy. At night, the theatre. St. Leger, it becomes apparent that there has been a More abstracted faces in it, than one ever sees at great influx since yesterday, both of Lunatics and public assemblies; such faces wearing an expression Keepers. The families of the tradesmen over the which strongly reminds Mr. Goodchild of the boys at way are no longer within human ken: fifteen and school who were "going up next," with their arithtwenty guinea-lodgers fill them. At the pastry- metic or mathematics. These boys are, no doubt, cook's second-floor window, a Reeper is brushing Mr., going up to-morrow with their sums and figures. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thurtell in the boxes O. P. Mr. chandler's attic, another Keeper is putting on Mr. Thurtell and Mr. Palmer in the boxes P. S. The firm Palmer's braces. In the gun-smith's nursery, a of Thurtell, Palmer, and Thurtell, in the boxes Centre. A most odious tendency observable in these er's best sitting room, three Lunatics are taking a distinguished gentlemen to put vile constructions on combination-breakfast, praising the (cook's) devil, sufficiently innocent phrases in the play, and then to applaud them in a Satyr-like manner. Behind midnight's cigars. No family sanctuary is free Mr. Goodchild, with a party of other Lunatics and from our Angelio messengers-we put up at the one Keeper, the express incarnation of the thing called a "gent." A gentleman born; a gent manugrand Race-Week, rattle in and out of the most factured. A something with a scarf round its neck, secret chambers of everybody's house, with dishes and a slipshod speech issuing from behind the scarf; and tin covers, decanters, soda-water bottles, and more deprayed, more foolish, more ignorant, more unable to believe in any noble or good thing of any the street, as far as eyes can see, and a good deal kind, than the stupidest Bosjesman. The thing is farther, there is a dense crowd; outside the Betting but a boy in years, and is addled with drink. To do its company justice, even its company is ashamed of it, as it drawls its slang criticisms on the represen-Spurgeon temple-in the days of Spurgeon. An tation, and inflames Mr. Goodchild with a burning arder to fling it into the pit. Its remarks are getting through it, are all kinds of conveyances, and horrible that Mr. Goodchild, for the moment, even all kinds of foot-passengers; carts, with brick-makers doubts whether that is a wholesome Art, which sets women apart on a high floor before such a thing as this, though as good as its own sisters, or its own mother-whom heaven forgive for bringing it into the world! But, the consideration that a low nature needful angle; postboys, in the shining hats and must make a low world of its own to live in, whatsmart jackets of the olden time, when stokers were ever the real materials, or it could no more exist not; beautiful Yorkshire horses, gallantly driven by than any of us could without the sense of touch, their own breeders and masters. Under every pole, brings Mr. Goodchild to reason: the rather, because and every shaft, and every horse, and every wheel as | the thing soon drops its downy chin upon its scarf,

correct cards. Again, a great set towards the races, By one o'clock, all this stir has gone out of the though not so great a set as on Wednesday. Much packing going on too, up stairs at the gunsmith's. there will be a heavy drift of Lunatics and Keepers A most beautiful sight, Francis Goodchild finds to London by the afternoon train. The course as 't'races" to be, when he has left fair Doncaster be- pretty as ever; the great pincushion as like a pinlosing jockey, and an emergence of the said jockey nleasant distance. After the great event, rills begin a lake. The lake floats Mr. Goodchild into Doncaslegibly printed placard on a pole that for all these

Saturday. Mr. Idle wishes to know at breakfast what were those dreadful groanings in his bedroom doorway in the night? Mr. Goodchild answers. Nightmare. Mr. Idle repels the calumny, and calls the waiter. The Angel is very sorry-had intended tleman dined down stairs with two more, and he had lost a deal of-money, and he would drink a deal of the horrorsi' too!"

Thus, the picture of Doncaster on the occasion of

THE WATCH.

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which commy heart, which shall so enchant this dusty bal and I ask what is the spring by which all these are rouche (with a conspicuous excise-plate, resembling made of? I am told that it is made of steel! I ask in it, loving the little lilac gloves, the winning little has undergone a process.. So, then, I find the mainbonnet, and the dear unknown-wearer with the golden spring, without which the watch would always be ments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficient-Leger that shall never be run!"

ments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficient—
tial to good morals, or that laughing is an unpartial to good morals, or that laughing is an unpargyman in the black straight-waistcoat, who cocupied the wrong direction may be a better thing for Mr. crowding, shouting drinking-house expectoration, iron, therefore, is the only precious metal, donable crime.

and this watch an emblem of society. Its hands and figures which tell the hour, resemble the master-spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling scals, sapphire, rubles, topazes, and embellishments, are the aristoracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the masterspirits of the age are moved, and its iron mainspring, shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of except when it is disorderly, broken, or wants winding up, symbolizes the working class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by payment of wages, and which classes are shut up in obsourity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely necessary to the movement of society, as the iron mainspring is to the gold watch, are never thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other .- Everett.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Contentment and Ambition.

BY CORA WILDURY.

In a moss-crowned, secluded cottage, lived an aged woman with her only son. Their abode was humble, but neatness and order reigned supreme in all the arrangements of the simple household, roses and clustering honeysuckles twined around the porch. and the sweet violet's breath mingled with the woodbine's fragrance, the dewy grass shone emerald green and glistened with a thousand tear-drops in the morning's reseate light. Industry and frugality presided in that humble tenement, yet, many an aching heart went there with heartfelt sympathy, many a sorrow-burdened spirit, meeting there with true welcome and relief, went forth rejoicing. Mother and son were very happy, contented with their peaceful lot; at rest in each other's hallowed affect

There visited them often, a maiden of exceeding beauty, simply clad, but with an angel's countenance of smiling serenity. She moved around the humble cottage with a winning grace, scattering flowers. fresh and dewy, upon the clean-swept hearth beside the old mother's spinning wheel, the young man's resting place. Her sweet smile lit up the every-day surroundings, the familiar walls with a surpassing glory, and the glances of her heavenly blue eyes. caused the youth's heart to bound in thankful rapture. Dearer than the shining gold, men toiled for incessantly, were to him the scattered treasures of field and grove, bestowed upon him by her beneficent hand. So years passed on, and the boy attained to manhood, and whenever he read or heard of the great world, with its stately palaces and marts of trade, and his pulse would bound at thoughts of the fame and riches to be there achieved, whenever a feverish longing stirred his soul to be with the battling thousands in the great arena-then, as if invoked by his spirit's struggle, the blue-eyed, whiterobed maiden, the angel of the household, would softly glide across the threshold, with benignant smile, and with her soothing touch would lult his unquiet heart to rest.

But, alas! for the peace of that secluded, home! One summer's noon, while idly lounging in the flower-encircled porch, there beamed upon the young man's dazzling sight, a wondrous pageant of wealth and power. A gilded chariot, drawn by gaily caparisoned steeds, was drawing nigh to his own garden gate, followed by a shouting, eager multitude. bearing banners and playing a triumphal march, As he gazed upon the unwented sight and drank in the martial strains of the alluring music, there descended from the chariot a queenly lady, of most commanding presence, gorgeously arrayed, glittering with gems; in her hand she held a sceptre, and as she walked her train was upborne by six gaily attired pages. She advanced towards the humble porch, and as the dazzled and bewildered occupant rose to receive her, with becoming reverence, she spoke in a musical and persuasive voice:-

"Come with me!" she said, "I will lead thee to Fame, and Wealth, and eminence. Leave this wretched dwelling;" she glanced contemptuously around. "Thou art now a man, wilt thou lead here a life of inactivity when the great, beautiful world beckons thee to its pleasures, to its high places? Thy mother need not mourn thee, for thou wilt return rich and honored. Come to the world with me ! To-morrow I will call for thee, be ready at my summons." And with an imperious wave of the hand, she departed, leaving the young man in a whirl of bewilderment, in an intoxicating dream of bliss and

Vain were the pleadings of his aged mother, in vain the timid whisperings and counsels of his angel friend; all in vain the thronging recollections of his happy childhood; the home memories were dispelled, as by some potent charm, home lost its attractive beauty; naught but the world, with its tumults and pageantries could satisfy his spirit's craving. He left home with the alluring svren queen of the world, and for years his aged mother went his absence, and the blue-eyed maiden soothed her with religious trust, and scattered blossoms over the deserted hearth.

He returned at last, broken in fame and spirit, rendered prematurely old by the conflicts of the world, by the disenchantments of a cruel experience. Step by step, had the syren, led him up the giddy eminence of fame and power, there to leave him, alone and unsupported, until sick and faint he tottered and fell into the yawning depths below! And when alone with misery, he invoked the syren quoen's return, she mocked his entreaties and laughed to scorn his abject supplications. Then a rebuking voice spoke to his soul :- "Thou hast exchanged contentment for ambition, behold thy punishment!" and he wept aloud, and sighed for the humble cottage and the white-robed visitant, there scattering carth's choicest flowers.

He returned to his home, the heart-crushed, worldweary man, cured of his false ambition, disgusted with her lures and deceptions; returned with a repentant, sorrowful heart, but with a soul yearning for his lone home's sympathy. There again was he pressed to the bosom of his aged mether, and welcomed with all a mother's holy love and tears of joy. And the angel of the household, ever youthful, ever blooming, welcomed him with joyful caresses, and strewed his path with the sweetest flowers, and as he pressed her to his aching heart, and vowed to dedicate his life to her, he called her his saving angel, his "sweet contentment!"

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1, 1857.

It is an error to think that a long face is essen-

Banner of Night.

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OUR SURROUNDINGS.

If the reader will take the pains to turn to the inside of the Banner of last week, and read in the Messenger Department from a communication through Mrs. Counnt by the spirit of George Billings, he will find a very plain, direct, and reasonable explanation of the great secret of a happy life, and how such a life may be secured by every one of us. The doctrine there announced is, that each individual creates his own surroundings. What the world is to you it is not to me; and therefore, in the strict and true sense, there are two worlds for us. We see from different positions; the spiritual atmosphere is not of the same rarity in relation to both of us; one may be farther advanced than the other, and hence he takes larger and clearer views; we do not look out from the same eyes, nor are our souls excited by the same emotions. Thus our world becomes in every spiritual sense two worlds. Thus, too, we are in a gense estranged, instead of becoming more strictly members of the same brotherhood; but upon that selfsame estrangement depends all individuality, both of life and character.

If you meet a dozen men of your acquaintance on the way to business in the morning, every one will have a different expression upon his countenance from every other one. No two betray the presence of similar thoughts; and even if it could be known that they were thinking, and feeling, and talking on the same subject, how varied would be their expression! Just as they look at one topic of conversation so differently, do they likewise look at the whole world before them. Thus their lives are distinct. What surrounds one, making beauty and brightness for him at every step, does not surround the other. or come in contact with his being at any point. One dwells in a realm of pleasure, let him turn whichever way he will; the other finds no comfort in the things of this life, feels soured and disappointed with every new turn, dislikes even his best friends, sees nothing like sunshine, and declares himself ready to die any moment-he may be called for.

Too little do we permit ourselves to regard these matters, that are so easy of comprehension. We sigh for happiness, when it may be had for the mere taking. We go miles out of our way to compass the felicity our vain imaginations paint for us, and come back to find the treasure lying on the highway before us. There is altogether too much strain after enjoyment; it is one of the most natural affairs in the world for a well-balanced nature to get possession of, and still it is made to appear one of the most unheard-of and difficult.

Every man is his own mentor. What our conscience tells us, that we are to believe and obey. We are all creators; by the wand of our swift thoughts we may conjure up scenes of bliss and beauty, in which our souls may revel; our fired imaginations are able to color even the dullest and darkest day with hues that shall but mock and tantalize us, after all; the genial sunshine of a thoroughly good heart can shed its own soft effulgence all around the life, so that warmth, instead of icy coldness, may ever distinguish the presence and the influence; and kindness, charity, love, and steady flow of good-will are able to so renovate the whole being and all that surrounds it, as to make it a magnet for all who see it afar off.

We greatly mistake when we seek to go out of ourselves for happiness. In the first place, we are not able to do it .- and in the second, if we were, it would all be of no avail. Some think to secure enjoyment by foreign travel. They visit the far-famed galleries of Europe, admire the pictures and the statues, run with the eager avidity of children from one point of interest to another, scour all the countries that are down on the map, and all the places of wonder that are down on the hand-book, give rein to their wildest feelings, fling themselves away on their fancies, and try every method, known and unknown, to grasp enjoyment; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is all of no avail. They who try thus to run away from themselves, find it the most difficult matter conceivable. As Emerson graphically describes it. thev de but drag about their own corpses with them. hanging all the while over their shoulders.

There is not that mystery and scoresy about happiness that so many suspect; it is an altogether easier thing to secure than men seem to be aware of. Some people feel very positive that money will bring it : while others fix it in place and position. Both are alike in fault; for both of these objects are but baits for the entrapment of the ambition. People think their feelings are going to be enlisted just as deeply, when they shall arrive at the goal; but afterexperience puts the stamp of falsehood upon the whose of it.

As the air floats everywhere about us, laving our bodies, and exhibarating or depressing our spirits. so .does a spiritual atmosphere at all times surround us, giving as joy or the contrary, exactly as our inclinations, smoods, temperaments, and thoughts may choose to serve us. The only secret is, how to control them. Once holding the rein upon them in our hands, we are safe from the derangement of all external influences. Those we have it in our power, in a great measure, to shape and master. One day we are wretched, and the next day we are happy. Why is it? Who, or what has come in between us and the sunlight, clouding our life? Do we so willingly confess submission to such slight and superficial things as circumstances? Are we to be always the mere creatures of shifting moods? Is there not some way by which we may get the mastery over these temptations?

One day it is the sunshine that lifts our spirits out of the fogs, and the next, it is a trifling mischance that completely casts us down. Providence has furnished these alternations and perplexing extremes for the single purpose of assisting us to work out our own salvation." There is no socident . shout all this; the Almighty has not, as some suppose, been disappointed in the operation of His plans; it is all a part of the original scheme, a fixed ar-

rangement to aid us,-through repeated trials and repeated disappointments,—in shaping, building up,

other, after all, than the true Christian panoply, no factured with the needle upon parchment. The laces man lives but he may reach out and take the rational enjoyment his soul craves. It lies within every one's tricts where they are manufactured; thus, there are grasp. There is no need of running away from one's the laces of Bayeux, Chantilly, Lille, Arras, Mireself to find it,-it is right there where each soul dwells. Conditions of life really have nothing to do with it, for those are but the creation of accidents and circumstances; it is within our own power to tinguish the style of the district. Bayeux produces say what we will have, and when it shall truly beong to us and become a part of our being. So simple a method of turning life into love, we wonder mankind have not thought of more seriously. We more than half think that it is because it is simple, that they have wandered off after impossibilities.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Ere this number of the Banner of Light falls into the hands of many of our readers, Christinas will be upon them. We wish all of them a "Merry Christmas" from the bottom of our heart. It is the proper time for merry-making, though the bleakness of the year is generally upon us as this ancient holiday draws on. Old and young are in the habit of looking forward to it as a festive occasion. The green wreaths that are exposed for sale at the stores and the markets, revive the olden memories and associations, and make them green again too.

Though the year is drawing sadly to its close, and all the hopes, and aims, and aspirations, that have been born within this little limit of time, have decayed and fallen away,—it is nevertheless impossible for us all to give it up to grief and lamentation. The sadness of the dying year scarcely infuses itself into the hearts of those who are expectant of the year about to be born. There are many and many regret, enough to wish had turned out quite otherend that is drawing near. The rosy fingers of the approaching dawn reach out lovingly to grasp our who requested him to give it through Mrs. Conant. hands, encouraging us to hasten on, for beyond us is the indescribable beauty that we are all the time yearning for, but have not yet been able to behold.

It is a sad pleasure to wander in the autumn woods, and see the painted leaves whirling around us on their reluctant passage to the ground; but it mine, and behold this last darling of our hearts com. do so. mitted to unsightly oblivion. It has treasured within itself so many of our joys and sorrows, our loves and our dislikes, our hopes and our disappointments, that it seems, in one sense, a cruel thing to bury it out of our sight forever. It would indeed be a melancholy thing, were the future buried out of sight along with it. But the rosy face of the New Year, smiling its recognition, comes peeping over the fence of time to us, and straightway our thoughts become joyous as with wine; they go dancing off over the green meadows of the future; they wander idly by the brooks that wind in and out of the unknown that is before us; they grow calm and strong as they are fanned by the fresh breezes that blow from the mountains in the distance : and, instead of lamentations, and grief, and a refusal to be comforted, we are contented, we are happy, we are filled with the intoxication of a new and buoyant hope. These are the reflections that come with the " Merry Christ-

TROUBLE IN THE CHURCH.

By a report in the Traveller, it seems that on Wednesday of last week Mr. Alpheus S. Nickerson a graduate at Andover, was to have been fordained pastor over the Congregational Church and Society at North Woburn. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon the Council assembled in the church, for the purpose of organization and examination of the candidate. Two hours were then passed in discussing the question of ordaining the candidate; but they at langth decided to do so although several members of the council objected, viz.: Mr. Cady, of West Cambridge, Mr. Marvin, of Medford, Mr. Sewall, of Bur. lington, and others. After this they began the ex-

The candidate for ordination, as is customary, read a brief of his belief and theological views, which were those held by the Professors at the An. dover Seminary, and by the Congregationalistingen. erally of modern belief. The views of the candidate were generally approved, excepting those on infant salvation: it was on this that the difficulty occurred. He believed that infants were going to be "saved." He considered the infant accountable for his acts as he should arrive at the age of a moral acting being, knowing good from bad. He could not pretend, however, to tell when this age was.

The council thereupon became divided on the question of ordaining him. They were not yet prepared pointments, to bring out its true shape and proporto swallow such heterodox doctrines. It was rank rebellion in Mr. Nickerson to set up any such belief in the face of the old time creed. He ought to hold that all infants that died were either damned outright, or else saved only by certain processes of which at the time they were entirely ignorant. lows:-Thus divided, the council adjourned to hold a secret session in the school house, and spent the time till o'clock in the afternoon, deliberating, but unable to come to any decision. The sermon, which was to have been preached by Professor Shedd, of Andover. and the other exercises, had of course to be dispensed with; and the audience were finally dismissed money could gratify, are thrown into dircumstances from the church, having remained there from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. The council itself adjourned for eight weeks. to be called together by the committee for further action. The church and society at North Woburn sustain Mr. Nickerson, and he will remain and preach to them.

All this is a fair commentary on the creeds by which religion is being driven out of the churches. As if it made any difference as to a man's ability to preach Christ's great doctrine of love to God and our fellow-man, whether he believed the cruel and our fellow-man, whether he believed the cruel and true man—one who deserves well of his kind. And wicked old dogma, that "infant's skulls formed the a woman, who receives adversity with fortitude, and pavements of hell!" We do not wonder the world bends to her circumstances, relinquishing comforts scouts these superstitions.

desk at the Melodeon on Sundays, during the month heart. of January. She may be addressed at the Fountain House. Persons or associations who desire the services of a lecturer in the neighboring towns during learn. Honor is better than wealth; let us keep it that time, may address her as above. For 11 2 2 | unstained, and sooner part with every cent than with

THE MANUFACTURE OF LACE. It is estimated that more than 200,000 persons and compacting a character that will find sources of get their living in France by the manufacture of enjoyment in every object or position the world may lace alone. The laces are all of them made by hand, or with bobbins upon a cushion, with the ex-Armed with a philosophy like this, which is no ception of those made at Alencon, which are manuare consequently called after the names of the discourt, DuTay, Boilheuil, and Alencon. Though all of the fabrics manufactured in these different districts are made in the same way, yet it is easy to disscarfs and mantillas of wonderful beauty. It is said that nowhere else in France can design and execution be so perfectly united. The famous point d'Alencon is worked with the needle entirely, and is the only lace in France that is said to be made altogether of pure linen thread, the thread costing very often one hundred and twenty francs per pound. It is the strongest and the richest of laces, and consequently it commands the highest prices. It was introduced into France as long ago as 1660, by Venitian workmen; and the difference between this and other laces is, that whereas the others are manufactured by the labor and skill of a single person—the very smallest size of an Alencon pattern requires from fourteen to sixteen different workers. The French Honiton, or guipure, is made at Nurecourt, where all the novelties in modern lace manufacture take their origin.

"HUMILITY."

In No. 10 of the Banner, we published a communication to which no name was attached by the spirit, who said, when asked for his name: "Call me Humility."

A lady of highly respectable family, has since called upon us, and told us that she regretted very much her inability, under existing relations with those around her, to publicly state the circumstances, of us who, on looking back, will find enough to over her own signature, which lead the spirit to visit us and give the message. She, however, thought wise; yet even those cannot wholly lament at the it might be pleasing to us to know that the spirit was recognized from his communication, by those

We regret, on account of our skeptical friends, that many of the messages we publish, are addressed to those whose positions will not admit of their publicly corroborating them, but as they perform the mission on which they were sent, our responsibility ends, and the rest is with God. We would not have is quite as sad a pleasure, but a pleasure still, to those relations of life disturbed, which every true soul stand around the open grave of the old year, the holds sacred, even to enable us to gratify the longsnow stretched over the landscape like a cloak of er- ings of the skeptic, however much we may desire to

> However, there are those who receive these "messages" who will not jeopardise their earthly interests or happiness, or those of other parties, by responding to the wishes of those who need proof that they are really from the spirit world, and we wish that such would write us, and give the facts which are necessary to prove them genuine.

PARIS.

The gilttering Boulevards, the white colonnades Of fair, fantastic Paris, who wears boughs Like plumes, as if man made them; tossing up Her founts in the sunshine from the squares, As dice in the game of beauty.

The city swims in verdure, beautiful As Venice on the waters, the sea-swan.

What bosky gardens, dropped in close-walled courts, As plumes in ladies, lang, who start and laugh; What miles of strong that run on after trees, Still carrying the accessary shops, Those open caskets, with the jewels seen f. The trade is Art and Art's philosophy. In Paris. There's a slik for instance, there, As worth an artist's study for the folds, As that brouze opposite. fountains in the sunshine from the squares

As that brouze opposite. Through the grate
Within the gardens, what a heap of babes, Within the gardens, what a heap of babes, Swept up like leaves beneath the chestnus trees, From every street and alley in the town.

Dear, pretty babes!

I'll wish them luck to have their ball game out
Before the next change comes. And farther on,
What statues, poised upon their columns fine,
As if to stand a moment were a feat,
Aguinst that blue! What squares! what breathir
For a nation that runs fast!—Mrs. Browning.

WHAT CHARACTER IS WORTH.

Few men pause to consider what this possession which we call Character is, or what it is worth. Some think it is an affair of sudden and forced growth, whereas it is, on the contrary, only built up by slow and often prinful processes of accretion, showing but little growth in a long time, ofttimes confusing and confounding even those who think they know how to read and fathom it, and deceiving the judgment and estimate of the very one who claims to be its possessor.

Times like these, filled with reversions, embarassments, great and overwhelming griefs, sudden snappings of friendship, the wily temptations of interest. and the prospect of inevitable pecuniary ruin, are well calculated to test a man's character, and show what stuff it is he is made of. It is with Character exactly as with Friendship; it is not tried and known in the days of prosperity and affluence, but it requires time and trials, obstacles and overwhelming disap-

We find in a cotemporary a passage to this very point, that is too excellent to be kept back from every one of our readers. It goes to the point, and covers the length and breadth of the subject. It is as fol-

Fortunes that have stood the shock of many decades are now falling with a crash like trees, when the forest bows before the hurricane. Men who supposed themselves safe from all the changes and revulsions that visit the monetary world, find themselves penniless and helpless. Women who have been bred in luxury, and have never known a want which where they must work with their own hands, dismiss their servants, and submit to the closest retrenchment and economy. In emergencies like these, what shall be done? Shall there be weeping, and whining, and dodging? Or shall there be a true heroism, rising above all these difficulties, trampling them under foot, and setting the face toward a new

It is adversity that reveals the good and the great in human character. A man who can see the accumulations of many years stripped from him, without sinking before the disheartening vision, can gird up his loins and roll up his sleeves upon his honest arms for another struggle with fortune, is a herowith a cheerful heart, that her husband's hands cannot provide for her, at the same time sustaining him, mrs. Henderson.

encouraging him, and helping him, is a heroine,—one of the genuine stamp—a heroine to love, to be proud of, to bless with the homego of intellect and

These times will prove that there is something better than wealth in the world, and though the lesson be costly, it is one which too many of us need to unstained, and sooner part with every cent than with

self-respect and a good name. A firm, brave heart they go behind the vale of the future? The spiriis better than wealth, for it can win a fortune when | tualists were charged with contortions in their manwealth has flown. Love is better than wealth—love ifestations; but have not Quakers, Shakers, the Derthat laughs at disaster and poverty, that clings to, and comforts those whom gold has forsaken, and grows brighter as the object of its devotion is stripped of other good. Religion is better than wealth-religion that lifts the sufferer into a sober and sublime and Paul went without his garments, too. The berecognition of a providential hand in the world's dis turbed affairs, puts a finger to the lip of complaint and elevates the eyes in a firm, unwavering trust. Heroism is better than wealth—heroism that sublimates and ennobles the heart that wealth has made timid and mean, and stimulates to deeds of sacrifice endurance and achievements that glorify our humanity, and redeem the character of a money-serving race. We can have and keep all these, if we have not another "red."

LECTURE AT THE MELODEON.

give it as their opinion that the lectures were proconstruction.

than the entire publication would do the lady justice. and beautiful," by the Misses HALL, the lecturess announced her discourse to be upon "God in all things-God is love- The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'" She spoke of the natural aspirations of hu manity toward God. The Atheist is a rare exception in this world of believers. The atheism of tongue and reachings for the new light, charge it not upon us. heart may exist, but it is oftenest made by an effort to disconnect one from the god of a cold sect.

the heart is not so easily made right. What we Peter, John and James to talk with ghosts, and prolove, we are. He who loves God becomes God-like, pose to build residences for them; but the Peters, and he who is enamored of earthly things, if not an Johns and Jameses of to-day may not. Our media idolater, is far deeper in the pit of atheism than he are gifted with healing power—they prophesy. Spirwho denies the God he cannot see, and yet acts out its write when no hand is visible, the characters in his heart. We are apt in our stated, regular which were known as those of a friend; they imworship of God, to forget that He is with us at all press images upon the arm, which will last for blessing as happiness—though grief is one of the acterize them as humbug or delusion. They are not strongholds of atheism. The honey of bread is the our facts, but the Almighty's, and demand solution. eweat that earns it. Every delight lay in the path We are convinced. We recognize the voice we loved. of previous deprivation. The child suffers for his We can see the hand that brings us blessings. Refather's sake, but the reward is his own. While jus- ceive them-they are holy. tice rules the universal, love rules the individual. One must have faith in God, if he can see anything from His hand that is good. If love, harmony, faith, that the meeting was open for any to discuss the mercy, are good, then their source must be good. The matter of Spiritualism, or ask questions concerning mind is composed of elements discordent in themselves, which unite in a perfect, harmonious whole. The brain is made up of amativeness, which, of it controlled Miss Beebe to write her lectures claimed self, would plunge one into the grossest licentious to be that of a departed spirit. ness; philoprogenitiveness, which would lavish noble love on poodle-dogs, and cats; benevolence, which would create the reckless spendthrift; veneration, which would worship the god of a sect with blind reverence-of forty-five distinct devils, which, combined, compose a man, perfectly organized. They play against each other-" rub each other's corners down." All evil is the product of unfinished development, and disappears before the perfect man. The power of God is shown in the existence of evil; He is maker alike of light, and darkness, of the good, and the bad. To us who clasp two worlds in one embrace,-who can pierce the shadows of the future life. the divine economy is still more beautiful. When man's soul is open to the light—when he can see the beauty of sky and ocean, he must see the power which unrolls the heavens like a starry banner floating in his breath, and no more says "there is no God." The being immaterial, can pass through a wire noiselessly attributes of God are power, wisdom, and love-of these, power is the lowest; the highest is love. God. is love. Intellect is glittering and beautiful, yet cold. God will not be denied even by the intellect, and it must bow and worship. Human love is the echo of God's love. A man with love-God's noblest attri- when you write? bute—in his bosom, can never be an atheist, let him A. by Dr. Gardner. believe as he will. The philosopher would be laughed at who should attempt to maintain that love was a scientific phenomenon. Its divinity is never im- in sentiment, if they were of a common origin. peached. There can be no love without an object. Love is fellowship-which binds man and woman. parent and child, and looks down with pity on the weak and needy. There is no creature but embraces opinion to day, so did they then. Mr. Pangborn said something lower, as well as something higher, and that such was the view he took of the matter, and thus there is a chain of love connecting mankind together, and to God. We are brothers, not as clay. but as spirit, and it is our purpose to draw closer to divinity through love.

After the address, the speaker folded her hands, and uttered a sweet, refreshing prayer, in which she offered thanks for the Bible of creation, for the relations of man and wife, parent and child, for the light of the spirit-world, and for the spread of universal love and truth.

The exercises closed with another hymn, sung by the Misses Hall.

In the evening, after music by the sisters, Miss has gone through all the various phases of manifes. audience privilege to ask her questions at the close of her discourse, concerning the matter, she announced her subject as "Spiritualism: what it is, how it is, and a consideration of its manifold facts." She said:—It matters not at what page of history obtain answers to letters than on others, and it is we turn, we find the impress of angels there. Far the time spent which is valuable to Mr. M. He has back on the plains of Shinah, we find the organic in no case-quaranteed answers, but has only pledged man, and we find the angels there. She pictured a himself to use proper efforts to obtain answers. dying child. The mother weeps over its lifeless clay, To remove this cause of complaint, Mr. M. adverand a dark spirit whispers to her, "There is no tises in this number of our paper, in a different and God;" the mother sobs for the departed soul which more explicit manner than he has hitherto done. was wont to whisper love to her ear. The dark He now advertises to charge \$1.00 and four postage spirit grows darker, and says, "Love is lost when stamps to pay return postage for letters sent to him, life is lost." The mother's mourning is hushed and when he does not guarantee answers, and retains consoled by the spirit-voice of her child-"I love, I this fee for his labor in endeavoring to obtain love." and the dark spirit sinks away, while the answers: and where parties wish to have an answer angels lead the new spirit born to his bower. This returned, or their money refunded, he charges \$3idea of submission under affliction is not faith, but returning it or an answer at the expiration of thirty feeling—a deep sense of good; that all is well. days from its reception. When the leaf falls, it loosens itself gradually,—fibre It is a fact, that those who send to the Medium, does the great man tremble at his thoughts when a skeptio, would bring upon him the shathamas of Expension the block set of sets of the control of the control of the control of the control of the

vishes, the Methodists, their contortions of body and enthusiasm of soul, when under the influence of the spirit? Isaiah, the prophet, went naked three years, lievers in the Bible have nothing to charge the spiritualists with, while they accept the insanity of some of the Bible characters. Ancient witchcraft was a form of Spiritualism; and those men who persecuted the mediums then, deride us now. If they are not wise enough to distinguish between truth select all and believe all; but I trust we shall have the sense to select our company spiritually, as well as earthly. Ignorant men are made skeptics by a little Miss C. M. Beebe. of Boston, lectured at the Melo- knowledge, while the wise can explain the miracle deen Sunday afternoon and evening, and fully sus. by natural law. The young philosopher is most fortained the expectations of her admirers. Critics ward. He knows and can explain anything and everything, but the old man, who has outgrown his ductions of great beauty of thought, and of faultless vanity, confesses that he has but wandered along the seashore, picking up a few pebbles, while the It is impossible to do justice to them in an ab- great ocean of truth lies unfathomed before him. stract, limited as is our space-nothing less, indeed, Many who have given other than the true cause of these manifestations, have thus become more em-In the afternoon, after the singing of "God is good barrassed, and have at length sought refuge in the

Tell us not that the Bible has left no work for the angel of to-day to do, and turn us back to Moses and David, while, regardless of Bible, skepticism rides rampant to-day. If some have been foolish in their but upon the dry fountain that can give no water. A well fed-flock will never leave plenty to fly to a The atheism of heart is saddest and most deplora barren pasture. The church stands like a dark ble. A disease of the brain may be remedied, but shadow in the way of the new light. It will allow times, and everywhere. Pain may be as truly a hours. Let men investigate these things, not char-

> The quartette, by request, sang-"Where shall the soul find rest," after which Dr. Gardner announced Miss Boebe's mediumship.

One gentleman asked whether the influence which

She replied in the affirmative, though their names are not always given. She gave the name of one controlling spirit as that of Worldsworth, the poet. Dr. Broadbent asked if she had been a mesmeric

subject previous to her mediumship. She replied, that when very young she was once

mesmerized. Question .- Did you then attempt to write? Answer .- No.

Q.—Are spirits material or immaterial?

A.—They are supposed to be immaterial. Q.—How can an immaterial body pass through material one?

A.—The less can pass through the greater.

Q.—How can a spirit rap on a table, and then pass through the table.

A gentleman in the audience asked how electricity. and can create raps ?1

No reply from Dr. B.

Dr. Gardner suggested that that would be a good question for the Harvard Professors to answer.

Q .- Are you in the normal or abnormal condition

Z. K. Pangborn, Esq., an editor of the Bee, asked concerning two portions of Scripture, which differed

Miss Beebe answered, that they were given through different sources, and by different dictating spirits, and it is supposed that as men and spirits differ in he expressed himself satisfied with the answer.

After further remarks from Dr. Gardner, concerning the Cambridge Investigating Committee and Professor Felton, the meeting dissolved.

Miss Beebe will lecture at the usual hours next

MR. MANSFIELD.

The experience of the past few months has rendered it necessary for the Medium Mansfield to make a change in the terms on which he serves the public.

We have received many letters from different Beese gave an account of her mediumship. She has parts of the country, asking information in regard been a medium for six years, during which time she to, and making complaints of Mr. M.'s manner of transacting business, all of which complaints we tation. Her lectures are sometimes spoken, and have carefully examined. This we have considered written down by another party, but are generally to be our duty, as we do not believe in sheilding written by her hand without her volition. She often fraud or imposition from exposure, even though writes with one hand, while she holds a book in the such exposure should strike a blow at the cause of other, and reads, so that her mind is not occupied Truth. We have found that these complaints arose. with the matter written, and her left hand knoweth from a misconception of Mr. M.'s duties and powers, not what her right hand doeth. After giving the rather than from any lack of faithfulness on his part, to the mission assigned to him.

Many have complained that their letters were not answered, but their dollar was kept-forgetting that more time is spent in unsuccessful attempts to

by fibre, but it is not so with life. Love strength, and seek to test his powers and the power of disemens with existence. All prophets are essentially hodied spirits to communicate with mortals, pay no spiritualists, they see not, but feel. The poet's regard to his advertised terms, so far as entitled power of imagination is spiritual. Now a wild, sad the fee is concerned, and that often after answers song, of a day of doom; then his great heart vibrates have been sent to them, with notice of their forget with the dream of a day of light-of restoration. faluess, they refuse to pay even then. This is they Thus, in all ages, this power has had its sway. Why distonesly, which, practised by any Spiritualist upon

the public. Hereafter Mr. M. will consign to the Well, now, I am pleased to have you tell me all these are all letters which upon opening do not contain instances. But, darling, do you think Shannie has his fee. This he must do or starve, and as the laborer is worthy of his hire, we think he has adopted the true course, which will probably in adopted the true course, which will probably in time learn people to be more honest than to engage Tulip—guess she dance too long'round the "council the labor of others without even tendering their fire" bare-headed. She may have bonnet on but the labor of others without even tendering their

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE SPIRITS. THROUGH MANSFIELD.

MR. EDITOR-I wish to publish the following correspondence between a friend in the earthly body and one out of it: believing, as I do, that the world should have the benefit of such a test of spiritual control as this, and the intimacy of spirits with, and fraternal feelings towards, the inhabitants of earth. she come. Will write through your hand often if For if it be a fact (which I most fully believe,) that you will be ready when I impress you. Good-by, a correspondence can be carried on between the inhabitants of the spiritual and mundane worlds, it is a most important one, and one which every rational person should investigate to the full extent of his Shannie writing this letter, I had purchased for Mrs. abilities, and thereby be enabled to enjoy, not only H. a large fur cleak,—thus the "many skins" reits intellectual repast, but the gratification of that social feeling which must ever exist between kindred and friends, whether in or out of the external form.

I have not permission from my friend to publish the following correspondence, but will take the lib her lecture. erty to do so, without altering one word in either letter, as they do not bear date at any particular devotes his entire time to the use of spirits in replyplace, and will leave for the intelligent reader to de- ing to their friends through him. I am sorry to say cide how appropriate is the answer of the spirit, to that a large number who write to him, do not even the letter addressed to her.

The facts are as follows:-While in a neighboring city, spending a few days in the family of an intimate and an esteemed friend, one evening Mrs. Hatch was entranced by the spirit of an Indian girl, who gives her name as Shenandoah. A daughter of the gentleman with whom we were tarrying, inquired of in that city. She replied that she could, and also that she would not permit Mrs. Hatch to see the contents of either letter. At that time we supposed that Shannie (the spirit,) would entrance Mrs. H., and reply to the letter, and seal it up, and thus prevent her from knowing its contents.

Subsequent to our arrival in Boston, the young lady referred to addressed a letter to Mrs. H., in my care, and another, accompanying it, in a closely scaled envelope, with no other superscription than "Shannie." Shannie came, and requested us to take the letter to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, No. 3 Winter street. and she would answer it through him. We complied ple) on Tuesday evening of this week, Dec. 22, at with the request-placed the letter on Mr. Mansfield's desk, superscription side down, and stood by him while he placed his hand upon it, and wrote, "M- Wigwam." He remarked, "that is a queer name,-I do not know what it means,-but you can put the letter into your pocket, and keep it, and they will reply to it." I did so, and Mr. Mansfield never saw the letter afterwards. A few days subsequent, he handed me the reply, also closely scaled. I enclosed both in an envelope, without knowing a word tarry the remainder of the winter. of the contents of either, and forwarded them to my friend. By return of mail we received a copy of both letters, accompanied by the following statement:-

"I was very much surprised, as well as delighted, on opening it, to find that the letter I wrote to Shannie had been answered without having been opened, and by one, too, with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance. Mr. Mansfield could not have answered it more correctly had he read the contents, and I duet of men—our Press, with its thousand heads and doubt if as satisfactorily then." But we will let the myriad hands, its steam power and its telegraphs letters speak for themselves.

LETTER TO THE SPIRIT.

M---- WIGWAM, Nov. 4th, 1857. MY DEAR SHANNIE :- I am afraid by this time you will think that "spirits in the flesh" are not as particular in keeping their engagements as those who have left the form. The excuse I have to make is simply this, that I have been waiting for Cody to write to us; then I thought I would answer her letter, and at the same time enclose one to you.

That evening after Cody left, I was sitting in my accordingly yielded to that impression; in a short time I was influenced, and wrote your name, (which I have done several times since) I also wrote a few words to Grandma, which were signed "Shannie." At that time I believed the influence to be yours, but now I am in great doubt about it. I wrote at another time that Cody had lectured in Boston on the Sunday evening previous, which I found out from her letter was not the case. Now if that was not your influence, will you please tell me whose it was? I do not think I did it myself, although I was impressed with every word. I would like you to explain it to me, as I feel that whatever you say I have been sick with a dreadful cold, since you

left us, but have now quite recovered, and Lillie has one; I cannot say whether she has taken mine or not. She says she wishes you could prescribe for her, for no one else will (or seems to), and it is very uncomfortable. You can let Cora see this "Shannie," but I would rather you would not let her see the answer, as I like always to have the first reading of my own letters, and I will let her read it when she comes here. Please send me word if you have visited me, and if so, at what time, for I would like to know if I was conscious of your presence. Hoping to hear from you very soon, dear Shannie, I will say

REPLY. MY DEAR MORTAL FRIEND :- You have at last div tated some few lines to me in scaled form, Nov. tions for the Curious," selected from Merry's Museum "Shannie" never has come, and whom she has never or attempted to control. So, then, if I should not talk to you as I have wont to do, through my child Cody, then do not think it is not your old friend Shannie that is speaking to you.

We have to work with such instruments as we Boston. have given to us—so, then, to the reply:— As you, in yours before the medium, seem to b

penitent for so long neglecting me, Shannie will forgive, hoping you will do better in the future. I do not, however, think, my dear one, that you have intentionally neglected to keep your promise with me-but 'ittle careless sometime. You should not wait for Cody to write you. You

her promises or engagements—though she would if she could—but'so is she tilted about from place to and will furnish entertainment for a winters' even quently, and then we are not able to fulfill on our ing. A. Williams & Co. have the book upon their

You tell me, the evening after Cody left, you was in your room, when you felt a strong impression to SALT WATER BUBBLES; OR, LIFE ON THE WAVE. By the for spirit manifestations. You obeyed—the result of the sitting was, that you wrote my name, and also a few words to Grandma,—dear, dear one. You was not mistaken from whence this control was it was your old friend Shannis, though you I of an extended character. These yarns were forcould not control fully—and this was where the merly published in a weekly paper, and commanded mistake appears in yours. My object was to tell sequently the next word would be lecture. Now this Boston Aimana, 1858. Damrell & Moore, Devon-

You tell me you have been afflicted with bad cold. The treespits of this highly useful little volume

But L. Trans.

not been cognizant of all your "going out and coming in." Yes, she has, most assuredly; but, dear one, you are now better-thank the Great Spirit.

bare headed. She may have bonnet on, but not much on head, and so she take cold, but I see Lillie now much better.

My Cody girl will dress warm soon - have many, very many skins, very nice—her brave take much good care of my child Cody—she come to see you by and by-then you see the fine skins. Cody speak in Boston last night—she speak among bad spirits Tuesday-treat Cody much bad-Fiddlestick and Shannie make them take back by and by. Now be wise and good. Say to your brave (father) Shannie come much to his wigwam, when he no think dear one. From your "SHANNIE."

The spirit as seen in the letter calls Corp, Cody, as is her general custom. A day or two previous to ferred to. The "bad spirits" referred to on Tuesday, was in reference to the affair in Lynn, on the previous Tuesday evening, where a few of the "plug ualy" school undertook to get up a disturbance in

I have but one word more to say. Mr. Mansfield pay return postage, and two thirds of his letters are without compensation. It is ungenerous and unmaily on the part of his correspondents, and I have urged upon him the necessity of destroying all such letters as soon as they reach his office. His price is: one dollar, (not one-half what he should have.) and his large and noble soul does not enforce the paythe spirit if she could reply to a letter addressed to ment of even this. He has a family to support, and her in Boston, while her medium (Mrs. H.,) remained those who take up his time should pay him their honest bills. A correspondence with spirits, and that, too, while in the very act of defrauding their neighbor, is a conglomeration of inconsistencies which I should suppose but a few could be found to practice. Nevertheless, such is the case.

B. F. HATCH, M. D. Truly yours, Boston, Dec. 18, 1857.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH.

I wish to inform my friends in Boston, that Mrs. Hatch, having recovered from her short but severe illness, will speak in the Meionaon (Tremont Tem-7 1-2 o'clock. It will be remembered by those who heard her in Music Hall on the "Love of the Beautiful," that the controlling intelligence stated that they wished to deliver a discourse on "The Moral and Religious Nature of Man." This will be the subject for Tuesday evening.

This will be the last time Mrs. H. will speak in Massachusetts for the present, as we leave for New York the next morning, (Wednesday,) where we shall

B. F. HATOH, M. D.

THE FIVE TEACHERS.

There are five great teachers of the People, all incessantly working from morn to night, some working from night to morn. Our Schools, with their long files of eager and ardent youth—our Pulpits, with their holy associations, their swelling choirs, and sacred anthems -our Courts of Justice, with their dramatio Jury trials and daily application of law to the conand, finally, the Drama, with the genius of its men and the beauty of its women, its brilliant lights, its touching poetry, and its inspiring music-with everything, indeed, calculated to touch the feelings and the imagination,

"To rouse the genius and to mond the heart." Exchange.

Always at work-always at work! These five teachers are busy all the while. You go along the streets at night, and see people crowding out of the lyceum hall, the theatre, and the church. You go into the theatre, and, sitting there, wonder where such a vast crowd can come from. Again, you step into a lecture-room, and it strikes you with still greater astonishment that there are so many here. too. And into the church, where there are just as many still. The people are all the while going-all the while coming. Some are in quest of amusement, and some of instruction; some go simply to pass otherwise dull hours at home away, and receive impressions that they would not have received at all, of course, if they had stayed. But whether for good or evil, for profit or harm, the teaching is still going on. Criminals learn it in the courts, as much as children do on the school forms. Men and women learn new lessons from the pulpit, though they agree in nothing of what has dropped from the lips of the preacher. This is an active age, and its great teachers must needs keep busy at their high

New Publications.

MERRY'S BOOK OF PUZZLES. This is a collection of "Hieroglyphical Rebuses,

Puzzles, Riddles, Conundrums, Enigmas, and Ques-4th, submitting them to the medium through whom and Parley's Magazine. It affords pleasant exercises for the young these winter evenings, and will no doubt instruct as well as amuse, and tend to call into exercise their reflective powers. It is for sale by A. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington street.

> OWNED AND DISOWNED; OR, THE CHATTEL CHILD. A tale of Southern Life. By VAN BUREN DENSLOW. H. Dayton, New York.

We have received from A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston, the above named book. It is a pleasant tale, full of startling incidents. must not expect she can be constant in fulfilling all which are developed in the lives of two sisters, one of whom is the chattel child. The story is well told. counter.

This is a collection of sea yarns, told by Captain Sleeper, whose experience in matters of sea-life, is attention from the reading public, for their sprightly

The half on the fact of the court of the cou

the little visitor to our table.

It contains the matter for which Almansos are proverbial, and a very large and useful memoranda Adriatic with 80,000/; in specie, and satisfactory of events, a business directory, map of Boston and of Forest Hills' Cemetery, Municipal and National Register, list of Banks, Societies, and much other matter which will save a vast deal of research, no fifty feet towards the water. doubt, to the public. Price 25 cents.

LADIES' ALMANAC, 1858, by same publishers, is not a whit behind the other in beauty of style, or interesting and useful contents. Every lady should possess one of these neat little volumes. Price 25 cts.

Dramatic.

Boston THEATRE. -- Mrs. Annie Senter commenced peared in a new five act play, entitled: "A Snake in the Grass. 's She is a Boston lady, and was received with much favor. On dit that the Ravels seasoned to the climate had alone been selected for will succeed Mr. S., after which comes the Opera Troupe—Herr Formes, Lagrange, Bignardi, &c.

THE MUSEUM continues the "Nymphs of the Rhine." which seems to be as attractive as ever, judging by the crowds who nightly witness it.

Howard Atheneum .- This theatre opened on Monday night with a new company, under the management of Mr. Ashley. The house was well filled on the occasion to witness Miss Sallie St. Clair as Esmeralda, in the Drama of that name. She is a handsome and versatile actress. We predict a remunerative season for Mr. Ashley.

NATIONAL THEATRE.-Monday night was set apart for the benefit of Mr. Hampton, and a fine house greeted his endeavors to please. For plenty of fun at a small fee, the National "takes down" everything in Boston.

new company meet with general favor.

. THE ORATORIO FOR THE POOR-The programme of which may be found in another column-will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society on Saturday evening, 26th, the proceeds to be donated to the Boston Provident Association for the benefit of the poor. The sublime oratorio, "The Messiah," is to be performed upon this occasion. The tickets will all be sold.

> [From the Boston Daily Courier.] THE OLD YEAR.

BY J. W. SCRIBNER, M. D.

I lament the Old Year, whose departure is near, Whose shattered frame trembles with age, His eyelids hang heavy o'er orbs dim and blear, So rigid and sharp do his features appear, Bo woful and wan is his aspect, 'tis clear That his life-records fill their last page.

The Patriarch old had twelve children, all told,-Their names fill the Calender still; And now, when his limbs are grown palsied and cold, Like a shenherd he gathers his flock to their fold. While Justice sets near with her parchment unrolled. For the old man is making his will.

Misses June and July, robed in azure, come nigh; With Augusta, March leads the young May; In soft zephyrs they sigh-dowy tears fill each eve. For they grieve that their father, the Old Year, must die, And his sons, for their weeds tear the clouds from the sky, Which rebellious side winds sweep isway. But the heary old sage calmly looks on their rage,

With bowed head is mustering his breath, With the gathering foe a last conflict to wage, Yet the odds are too great between youth and old age. For his treacherous sons with their sire now engage. And December's shaft dooms him to death. Lay him out by the wall, shroud him o'er with a pall,

From his place in the ages he's passed; On his white flowing beard let the frost-gems now fall, And the snow's winding-sheet his dead body enthrall; Shout we never so loudly he'il heed not our call, Though we cry with the tempest's strong blast, Let us cover him o'er in the grave with his lore,-

Ring, ye time-belis, his funeral knell; He has gone where his six thousand fathers before Have fled, with the volumes of records they bore, To blend with successors till time is no more, And in silence eternal to dwell.

A YOUTHFUL MEDIUM.

Mr. J. O. Proctor, of Adrian, Mich, writes us that a member of his family, a girl of 15 years of age, is about taking the field as a lecturess.

She is a Clairvoyant and Clairaudiant Medium was first developed as such at the age of eleven, and has since that time progressed in her powers, so that at the age of 15 she is qualified to act as a public Trance Speaker. Her name is Maria C. Pease. and her native place is Springfield Mass.

Nate European Items.

The Cunard steamship Canada, which arrived at this port on Saturday, brings seven days later news from Europe. She left Liverpool on the 5th inst. GREAT BRITAIN .- Parliament was opened on the tious as an omen of future prosperity. 3d. We extract the following from the Queen's speech :-

"While I deeply deplore the severe suffering to which my subjects in India have been exposed, and while I grieve for the extensive bereavements and sorrow which it has caused, I have derived the greatest satisfaction from the distinguished successes which have attended the heroic exertions of the comparatively small force which have been opposed to greatly superior numbers, without the aid of powerful reinforcements despatched from this country to their assistance. The arrival of these reinforcements will, I trust, speedily complete the suppression of this widely spread revolt.

It is satisfactory to know that the general mass of the population of India have taken no part in the rebellion, while the most considerable of the native princess have acted in the most friendly manner, and have rendered important services.

I have given directions that the papers relating to these matters shall be laid before you. The affairs of my East India dominions will require your serious consideration, and I recommend them to your earnest attention. The nations of Europe are in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, which nothing seems likely to disturb. The stipulations of the treaty which I concluded with the shah of Persia have been faithfully carried into execution, and the Persian forces have evacuated the territory of Herat."

arrival of the West India mail steamer, with 800.0001 Dacosta & Co., London, in the West India tradeliabilities 850,000k; Kieser & Con in the German

reminds us that we have journeyed one more year, the Eric Railroad bond-holders, it was resolved that nearly, on the road of life. But that is nothing to a committee should be requested to receive subscripthe publishers, and although they may cause in our tions to the proposed new loan, and to communicate mind some sober reflections, we nevertheless welcome with the directors in New York, with a view to an arrangement for general protection.

A good effect was produced by the arrival of the commercial intelligence from New York.

The launching of the Levinthan is slowly progressing. The vessel gradually moved between forty and

FRANCE.-M. Henon, republican deputy from Lyons, took the oath in the legislative corps. Carnot and Goodchaux were the only members who refused. Their seats had been declared vacant. It is said there is to be a new enactment enforcing the oath to the Emperor as a preliminary to becoming a candidate at the elections.

Spain. The Spanish Court refuses to accede to the demand of Mexico, that its envoy shall be received as a necessary preliminary to negotiations. Accounts a short engagement on Monday evening, and ap from Cuba, received at Madrad, state that the squadron assembled there was ready to sail at a moment's notice, to act against Mexico, or "elsewhere." Soldiers the service. The artillery had been largely increased, and 1000 marines were on board the squadron.

PRUSSIA.—The usury laws were suspended for a period of three months, and the bank of Prussia was making advances on stocks and shares at 1-8 per cent. There was very little panic in Berlin.

Austria. - Accounts from Vienna continue gloomy It was reported that several large manufacturers intended to close their establishments and discharge the workmen in a few days.

The Busy World.

The Navy Department has forwarded despatches to Commander Chatard, of the Saratoga, ordering him to deliver his vessel to the senior Licutenant, and return on board her a passenger to the United ORDWAY HALL.—This charming little place of States." The Saratoga had been previously ordered amusement continues as attractive as ever. The home, her cruise being ended, and this new order is to express the government's disapprobation of Chatard's conduct in letting Gen. Walker pass him, and land at San Juan.

> The Secretary of War has determined upon his Utah policy, but the want of money in the treasury delays a commencement of operations. A large force will be organized in California, and the retreat of the Mormons to Sonora will be out off.

NOVEL NEWSPAPER CELEBRATION .- The proprietors of the Newburyport Herald intend celebrating the 75th anniversary of their weekly paper, and the 25th of their daily, on the 17th of January, the anniversary of Franklin's birthday. They propose calling together every living printer who served an apprenticeship in their office, and every editor or prominent contributor. The list embraces the names of quite a number of distinguished gentlemen, who now honor the various professions of life. An oration will be pronounced by an eminent statesman, and the occasion will be one of great interest.

The Madison Typographical Union proposes to elebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Benjami Franklin by a grand festival, to be held in Wisconsin City on the 17th of next month. It is a curious fact that while printers in other portions of the Union commemorate the birthday of FRANKLIN, the typos of his birth-place take no notice of it whatever. The Boston Printers' Union should take the matter in hand.

St. George Randolph, nephew or the cilubrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, who died in Charlotte county, Va., on the 4th instant, was the last in the line of that Randolph family.

Charles Mackay, the poet-lecturer, writes from New York to the London Illustrated News, that the crinoline" of the fashionable ladies of Boston and New York is twice the circumference of that of the Parisian and London belles.

Lynch law is in vogue in Iowa. A horse-thief has been hung by the "Regulators."

Dr. Chauncy Booth, Superintendent of the McLean-Asylum for the Insane, in Somerville, has been for several weeks prostrated by a dangerous illness, from which there is but slight prospect of his re-

Ex-Governor Slade, of Ohio, now of illinois, has been indicted by the Grand Jury of his county for manslaughter, in shooting dead, last summer, one of a party of ruffians who indulged in a charivari before his residence on the occasion, we believe, of his son's marriage.

The keel of a new ship of 530 tons, contracted for by Messrs. Israel Lombard & Co., was laid a few days since, at the yard of Mr. J. C. Curtis, in Med-

On Wednesday week, a large haul was made by some fishermen, in the neighborhood of Jamestown, on James river, resulting in the capture of between seventy-five and one hundred barrels of herrings! Not within the remembrance of the oldest fishermen on the river, have herrings been caught at such a season. The occurrence was hailed by the supersti-

There have been recently two attempts at highway robbery between Boston and Salem; and between White Rock and Pawtucket, R. I. on Wednesday night, Sheriff Berry was robbed by several men. of his pocket book and valuable papers.

The Sheriff's Jury in the case of Jotham Stetson es. the County of Middlesex, in which the plaintiff sued to recover \$5000 as damages sustained in his launching-ways by the construction of the new bridge over Mystic river, have rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff of \$965.

Forty-nine demogratic newspapers in Ohio sympathise with the views of Senator Douglas upon the new Kansas question.

Bills of the St. Albans Bank, at St. Albans, Vermont, are now received at the Suffolk Bank.

Hon. R. J. Walker's letter of resignation as Gov. ernor of Kansas, is a matter of general comment. Who will be Governor No. 51?

Douglas' Kansas Bill.—The bill introduced into the U. S. Senate, on the 6th inst., by Mr. Douglas, provides for a board of five persons, to be appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, to In London, on the 2d, money continued in active make an enumeration of the inhabitants of Kansas demand. The stock market was firm, caused by the and a fair apportionment of members to the convention. It also provides for an election to be held on a in silver. The suspensions of the day were Messrs. day designated by the board, not less than 90 nor more than 120 days from the passage of this act. Also provides that the board shall be entrusted with trade, 50,000L. The semi-monthly shipment of silver the appointment of judges and places of voting, to China and India was 409,0001 ... At a meeting of which is to be confined to every free white male

citizen of the United States over twenty years, who may be a bona fide inhabitant of the territory on the 21st of December, and who shall have resided three months prior to the said election in the county in which he offers to vote. Also provides that the convention shall assemble at not less than thirty nor more than sixty days after the election of delegates. Also provides that the constitution shall be submitted to the legal voters for their free acceptance or rejection, and unless adopted by the majority of all the legal votes cast, shall be null and void. The bill secures the personal and political rights of the people, including those of speech and the press.

LATEST FROM CHINA .- By the schooner Spray, arrived at San Francisco, advices from Shanghae up to Sept. 26, have been received in this city by Capt. R. B. Forbes, from Capt. Dumaresq, of the ship Florence. The writer states that the Chinese were actively engaged fortifying the approaches to the Pekin and Pelho rivers, to regist the anticipated advance of the British. The ship Ariel, which had been dismasted by a typhoon, had put back to Shanghae, and would probably be condemned.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION .- The Leavenworth Herald of the 10th inst., speaking of the express messenger from Utah, says that he passed Col. Johnson's comnand near Fort Bridges, and that the baggage and provisions were all safe. The troops were in good syirits. This was the only news that had transpired relative to the Utah expedition.

Great Salt Lake City is laid out on a magnificent scale. It is four miles in length by three in breadth: the streets running at right angles, and one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, with sidewalks twenty feet in width. Euch building lot contains an acre and a quarter of land; and a stream of pure water running through the city is made, by an ingenious plan, to flow on each side of every street, and to irrigate

Capt. Chatard, of the Saratoga, whose conduct is condemned in allowing Gen. Walker's entrance into Nicaragua, is regarded as one of the best officers in the service, and is thought entitled to a suspension of opinion till the facts appear in an official form.

Correspondence.

"CHRIST'S MISSION."

Mr. Epiron-I notice in your paper of November 28th, a correspondence over the signature of "M." upon "Christ's Mission." This is a subject that I am deeply interested in; and none need be afraid to nvestigate.

We know that from the time Jesus was born till the present, men have been continually writing upon the object of his mission; and it is not yet, I think, fully understood and comprehended by but few on earth. We need, each of us, to learn our own mission first; and when we understand that as we ought, we shall understand the mission of Jesus; for the mission of Jesus is the mission of every child of God, and all are God's children. I respect my Brother M. for his freedom of thought, and exercise of his known right of reason, which is a God-given right of all intelligence; and which I shall claim as mine, also. And I beg the privilege, through the columns of your paper, to differ from him in one of his notions, and give to the public what I believe to the mission of Jesus; for Jesus was the man, and -Christ was the principle. Jesus was the name given to the child, by the angel, before he was conceived. Christ, or Messiah, conveys the principle, or We of the man; it was an appellation, or title, given to him, which was in the Father from the foundation of the world, and will be the savior of all men. Not that Jesus saved, or can save the world; because he was a man, "like as we are," subject to the same laws of life; but it is the receiving, and possession of that Christ-like principle, that saves the soul from sin and error-and vill eventually be the savior of all men; for all shall receive that principle of love and good will. Jesus says: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flush profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." He testified that's could do nothing of himself, but as the Father taugh him so he spake; and the words that he spake were the words of eternal life, being God's omnipotent truth, for "God was in him reconciling the world auto himself." The same as God is in every good tord and work, showing by the power of goodness and love that Himself is God. He, (Jesus,) called upn all men everywhere to repent, and bring forth fru unto God; show by their good lives that they ha forsaken their sins, and found the God of their souls. He taught them by precept and example who and what that God was, and how to serve Him. He became reconciled to His righteous will, showing that we should do likewise. "He, when he was reviled, reviled not again: when he was persecuted. threatened not," but prayed for his worst enemies, and asked the blessing of God upon them-leaving us an example. He taught us to "bless and curse not;" that all men were brothers; that we should love all, especially our enemies; for, says he, "if ye love those who love you, what reward have ye'?" Jesus was a child of light, and a son of the living God. But I do not think with Paul, that he was the "only begotten son of God;"-because, if this were so, we might be as good as he-perfect imitators of his love and goodness-overcome the evils of the world as did he, and have God within us; still, we should have no claims to be called the children of God. We cannot, by any God-like principle we may weave into our souls, and manifest towards our fellow men and God, be accepted with Jesus. I read God altogether different. Believe Jesus to be a pattern-a foreshadow of what all eventually will be, both in heaven and on the earth; all Christ's, and children of God in practice. And believe that Jesus will reign as Lord and Sovereign over God's heritage, till all sin is subdued, till he hath "put all enemies under his feet," till the Christ-principle doth prevail in every heart, and all are equal unto him. He can then no longer be Lord, for we shall all be lords. Then will be the time when he will deliver up the kingdom to God the Father," and himself be "subject unto the Father," and "God be all in all." Then will be the time when he will have gathered together "in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth."

Then, indeed, "will the tabernacle of God be with

men, and He will dwell with them, and be their

God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their

eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither

sorrow, nor crying, neither shall, there be any more

pain-for the former things are passed away."

Then, surely, "none shall have occasion to say unto

his neighbor, know ye the Lord, for all shall know

Him from the least unto the greatest." Would not this certainly be a "restitution of all things?"

If Jesus was an only son of God this could not be; he would always hold a pre-eminence over all other minds, and would not be subject to the Father like others.

· Dear reader, can you believe all this? or do you think it almost too much to believe? Perhaps you will want to modify it a little, and strike out the words "no more death,"-think that is approaching the impossible and supernatural. But I choose to have them there-think they belong there. Do believe that the time will come on this earth when spirit and matter will have so far progressed, and become so spiritualized, that those born on the earth will not need to change the natural body for the spiritual. The natual body will be as ethereal and sublimated as our spiritual body of to-day. Believe spirit and matter to be co-eternal, and as spirit or mind progresses, so matter, co-existent with it, becomes refined and spiritualized.

We know that spiritual substances cannot lose their identity; neither do material substances; they only lose their grossness, and change their natural form. Then, certainly, there would be no more death. Then, "the last enemy, Death," will have been slain. The body in which the spirit is born and lives on earth, will be pure as the spirit is pure; be like its pattern-Jesus-both mind and body; and, of course, would not need to change its body. It would be already changed-already spiritual. Believe that our bodies inevitably take the condition of our minds; both our natural bodies and spiritual bodies. We may so bury our minds in materiality. and they become so gross, that our spiritual bodies, being like them, will have to remain upon or near the earth for years, until the mind has become spiritually progressed, and rid of its materialism. This is a fact well worth knowing, and one of great importance to all. It is a serious subject, and deserves well our attention. It is worth while to mention also, that dark and undeveloped spirits, in the spirit world, cannot see the bodies of developed and progressed spirits, because the former are so covered with materialism, and the latter so much more refined. The more worldly or gross the mind, the less spiritual sense; and the more hardy, coarse. and athletic the natural body, and the more capable of enduring hardship. This is why the ancients were so hardy, and lived such long lives; and this corroborates the saying that "every generation grows weaker and wiser;" and proves the fact that mind and matter progresses together.

There is a vast deal in the life of Jesus that we will do well to imitate and practice. Even every act of his life was freighted with some new truth. His whole tenchings, and the object of his mission, was to show man the great objects of his being. That he was not born to pass a few short years in a life of sin and degradation, and sink into oblivion; but that he had a high, noble, and God-like destiny to fill. That he had an important mission on earth, and a holy mission on his pathway to God. That this was not his home, or "abiding place;" but that he had an immortal soul within, which would live after the body was dead, and retain its identity, and live in the mansions of God secure and blessed. exempt from sin, and worship the God of his spirit forever. He taught him the life to live to be happy. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on the earth; but let your treasure be in heaven." "Repent ye, and turn to God, and bring forth fruit meet for repentance." "A new commandment I bring unto you, that ye love one another." "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." In this he tells us, do as I have done; for inasmuch as I have overcome the world, and am the way, the truth, and the life, it becometh you to overcome the world, and be perfect as I am perfect.

"Go, and do thou likewise," is not without mean-

ing. Jesus, as a example for the moral conduct of man, and a star in the far distant future for him to aspire after and reach, filled well that station. Who car say that he was not a son of the only true and wing GOD? But there is much written of hip, even in the Testament, that is not, I think. gridly true. We read that "he tasted death for every creature, and by his atoning blood, saved a los world." I cannot think Jesus tasted death for evry creature; or by the shedding of his blood saved th world. This is a very good argument for his surderers, who were perfectly willing that he should ear their sins, and very reluctant about following his precepts. But Jesus never taught any such doctrine. He said it was the purity of the heart that saved the soul. The pains consequent upon the death of the natural body were not lessoned any after his martyrdom. As long as men remain in a state of materiality, serving mammon for their god, death will be the same. But Jesus, by his death and resurrection, "brought life and immortality to light;" a life beyond the grave, and an immortal resurrection from the dead. "He became the first fruits of them that slept;" that is, he was the first that proved his resurrection from the grave. He was made an example, that man might know of the soul's immortality; for before him, mankind were in a state of darkness, superstition, and error, without any just views of God or immortality. But in what body he rose seems to be a question with some, especially with our friend M. With me, there is no doubt. I see not the least objection to the truth of the scriptural account—nothing contrary to natural law. Some, or even most all, think the resurrection of Jesus was a supernatural event. But if they would understand the great principles associated with it, and with every other act of his life, they would see nothing unnatural in anything he did. You will recollect I said that Jesus was the foreshadow of what all eventually will be; and that the time will come when there will be no more death. Jesus, in his resurrection, proved this; and the body he rose in is the test. And shall that be a point of dispute with us? God forbid! It is readily percolved that if we admit that Jesus rose in the body that was put into the tomb, that body, like his spirit was pure-spiritual. Who shall deny this? We have every needed proof of that fact; which proves, also, that that body could not "see corruption," and therefore was raised. All the objector has, is supernatural surmises. Did not the angels testify that he was not there, but had risen?

Think you the body was taken out of the sepulchre and conveyed away, and the people made to believe a lie? Did he not show, himself to Thomas with convincing evidence that it was him, in his matural body? Thomas put his "finger into the

entire, but my spiritual hand remains unburt. He which are wasted from angel to angel; and comtold them that spirits had not flesh and bones as he prehend them and encompass them within the brain. had; and he ate before them, &c., which goes to The language which now lieth within me is not suffiprove that he rose in his natural body. I cannot ciently descriptive of the Temple of the Great Jeho-Will he bear in mind that Jesus was a very clear and superior clairvoyant. He was in the "superior tenance of the Great Creator illumines every path condition" naturally, and continually, and needed with Love, with Truth, and with Wisdom; and the not to enter that state to know the hearts of those echo of His voice fills our hearts with praise, which around him. His body was not material, like ours. but was in every sense spiritual, hence he could see harmonious sounds for the loving kindness which with the spiritual eye. That garb of materialism He hath given to the children which He formed in that darkens our spiritual vision did not cover the mind of Jesus; therefore he could see as spirits see. Jesus says, speaking of his life, "No man daily in the Book of Inspiration. After having read, taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself; I contemplate for thyself, and on thy knees offer to have power to lay it down, and I have power to take Him who has been so kind to thy child, a prayer; it again." He did not die as those malefactors died not one from the lips alone, but one that is deeply that were crucified with him. It was necessary to felt within the heart. Ask her, my mother dear, to break their bones; but he was found "dead al- search with thee for the new unfoldings of beauty ready." He "gave up the ghost."-His spirit left and grandeur which the father hath permitted His the body; but it was not a dissolution of the spirit, angels to transmit to mortals. Ask her to let not or of soul and body, in death. Hence it could re- fear o'ereast her mind in being in sweet converse turn to the body with as much case as one wakes with a spirit child; for all that I will bring to her from sleep. Jesus said,—"I am the resurrection shall be roses, both in beauty and in freshness, and the life:" that is, he held power over life and plucked from the Eden bowers, so that her mind may death. He triumphed over life, death, and the drink in the fragrance which is emitted from each grave; for, says he again, "the princes of this one; and in time blend the three great principles world cometh and hath nothing in me." He yielded which are centred within the human body-the not to the temptations of Satan; but the life he lived Mind, the Heart, and the Soul-to unite them as one; he lived unto God. He did not live a life for the plea- after that is accomplished, thy daughter will have sures of this world; but was an obedient child of filled her mission, for then, when the clay form is Father-God. He triumphed over death and the broken asunder, the spirit will be ushered into that grave; for he took his body from the merciless arms home of which thou hast so often read-called the into the glorious realms of light above.

I have a few more words to add, Mr. Editor, and who are not too rightcous. Of course, the old theo- earth. logian, he who has grown up, and grown gray, in the belief that Jesus was one and the same with Almighty God, will deny the capability of man to theology your master? If the latter, be assured you are on uncertain ground, and are putting off truths :-

First-That thou must work out thy own salvation. Thy old notions, that "Christ's blood cleanseth thee from all sin;" and that thou art saved by his righteousness, applied, are erroneous. Thy sins are thy own, and they will remain black stains upon thy soul until it is cleansed by thy own progression in love and goodness, and knowledge of God's law. Second—That as thy life is spent ,here, so will be thy condition hereafter. Thou wilt "receive for all

the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil." Thy own soul is the "book of life," wherein is written thy virtues and vices. None of thy professions to Christianity can save thee; nothing but a pure heart.

Third—That man is a progressive being, and cannot remain stationary. The individual mind, if not progressing towards God, is retrograding; (at least while in the natural body.) But mind, as a whole, is progressing, both in the body and out, and with Jesus for a pattern, will eventually triumph over the world, the power of darkness, death, and the grave, as did he, and he received into the busom of Lo rather,—brothers with Jesus.

Fourth.-That the late spirit manifestations,angels coming to earth and teaching man, is a fulfillment of a prophecy of Jesus-Matthew: 13, 37-41 and 49. See, also, Mat.: 25, 31; and Rev.: 14, 6-7. Know you that those mighty "angels" have been sent forth by the Lord Jesus Christ. And they will affair to him, he will not divulge the secret. not slacken their coming till every minister of a creed has learned that he can no longer preach error for gold; till hypocritical forms of worship are superseded by the genuine worship of the Father. Thy creeds and forms "shall become as the chaff of the summer's threshing floor," and "all shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Those mighty angels will reap, and reap, AND REAP, till every straw or vestige of sin and evil is burned in the unquenchable fire of love; "for our God is a consuming fire;" our God is Love.

Fifth-That while thou dost deny these great truths, and war against them, calling them "delu sions." &c., thou art fighting against the own soul's happiness, the best interests of mankind, and the cause of Almingty God. BRADBURY.

Norway, Maine.

MESSAGE OF AN ANGEL DAUGHTER TO

HER EARTH PARENTS. GENTLEMEN-Having recently become a reader of your truly excellent paper, handed to me by a friend and subscriber. I have been induced to investigate the subject of Spiritualism, solemnly, as a sincere inquirer for truth. Previous to Thursday last, the that maiters were there disclosed to bring home forcible conviction to my mind. Subsequently, I saw a particular friend. Col. Washington A. Danskin, who very kindly pressed me to attend a scance at his house, on Saturday, the 28th, and there were revealdently witnessed—for on both occasions the spirit of

"Allow my sympathetic heart to give through you and our God become all in all. a thread of sweet commune to one in whom are all I can only deal in generalities; language in its Though young in years, my converse with thee can joy of the soul in its fulness. Its deep peace, flow-

receive no injury. I may less my physical hand fragrance, and all the sweets, and all the dew-drops see the least grounds for M.'s believing as he does. vah! Allow it to suffice within your own mind, that it is a home of magnificence, where the radiant counnever hath an end; for we cease not to pour forth His own image.

Father! To your mind I will give a thought. Read of death, and snatched it from the narrow confines New Jerusalem; where the dome is spotted with of the grave, and ascended up with it triumphant, diamonds—where the streets are laid with gold, and where the breathings of the angels fill the whole space with sweet perfume-breathing Love, Love to will leave the subject for the investigation of all the whole human race which dwelleth in your rude

'Tis my desire, friends, before he leaves for his home, that you would transcribe these lines in black and white, so that he may carry back testimony that progress to the stand-point of perfection with Jesus he hath been in converse with the daughter, whom, Christ. But, sir, do you take God for your judge, oft, I see, they sorrow for: but tell them-Let joy and reason for your guide? or is old priest-riden take the place of sorrow; tell them that their Alice is not dead, but hath life, and it is life eternal.

I could to him pour forth pages, were they ever so the day of redemption. Turn thou from the dead lengthy, but feeling that I have trespassed too much life of the past to the living God. Learn these great on time, I will withdraw, and remain joyful for the precious opportunity which hath been offered me.

ALICE."

-Norg.-Spoken through Mrs. Danskin, on Sunday, November 29, 1857, by the spirit of the child of Mr. __, addressed to her father.]

GENTLEMEN-There being a great prejudice prevailing here among certain pious people against Spiritualism, I do not desire for the present, at least, to have my name publicly given with this paper. I have but one friend here who harmonizes with meyet there is an influence now working among several concerning the effects of which you will hear more in future.

I would, before closing, say that I was at the house of a clerical friend of mine, on Monday last, where I candidly told him that I had been as an inquirer to a medium, &c. He acknowledged that he thought the thing mysterious-quoted Scripture, and ascribed the influence to that of the devil, as an angel of light, &c. I listened patiently till he concluded, whereupon I put the question : "Do you think it is the power of the Evil One, if it tends to make man happier and better?" His reply was emphatically, "Certainly not." Then rejoined I, if ever I spent a truly happy evening, it was at my friend D.'s, on Saturday evening last, and, what is more, I feel that I am now a better man, and my proclivities are to seck such excellent associations.

My friend was silent, though in confiding this

Respectfully yours CECIL Co., Mp., Dec. 2, 1857.

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES.

BY MADYE CARBAL

Dearly beloved! soaring beyond . The narrow view of this lesser life. When was thy warrior-armor denned. Where the scene of the terrible strife?

Beautiful spirit! gazing entranced. While heavenly splendors around thee glide, Who lod the way where the sun-gleams dance? Who brought thee up from the night-shaded tide?

Radiant spirit! catching the light-Of the Father's smile on thy lifted wing, Why so unweary soar from the fight? Why does not Death of a victory sing?

> [Communicated.] A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND. NO. III.

My DEAR W.: -On this beautiful morning, let us meet and bow down together in grateful praise and adoration, acknowledging the God of our fathers and 26th ultimo. I had never been to a medium. On that the Author of all blessing. We have been blessed day I was in Baltimore, and sought one alone, (Mrs. in our earthly life, with a realizing sense of His good-Morrell,) in order to set aside all prevarication in ness; the fountains of His own spirit within us the charge advanced by skeptics, of a collusion. I have been opened, that we may know and adore was a perfect stranger to the party. Suffice it to say Him-that we may know and understand each other-and, in the mingling of our sympathies, unite in worship unto Him, elevating our souls to a more spiritual relation to Him, as well as to all the spirit world of His creation. The fountains of thought are opened, the deep mysteries of His providence unments there but confirmatory of what I had antece- veiled by the knowledge of His wisdom. The past is sealed in His love; the present is in the hollow of a dearly beloved nicco was manifested. She was a His hand; the future beams upon us, robed in light sweet creature, deeply imbued with pious sentiments and beauty. The infinite realities of spirit exisand precepts, exemplifying the true Christian by an tence, now enjoyed by me, but hanging like a beautiunsullied life. In short, she was a general favorite ful picture of hope before you, are teeming with love in Baltimore. She died December, 1855. I regret and beneficence, ever calling out the Godhead withthat her communication was not written down, for in-peace, justice and mercy-to the enjoyment of the it was sublimity. On Sunday, the 29th, I was at Mr. boundlessness of His presence. All that is true and Danskin's, and through Mrs. D. received the follow- good, leaps to reciprocate its own; how could envy, ing communication from my precious child, who died jealousy or hate find a response amid so much beatititude and joy? Truly the good will overcome evil,

the love and fond affection of a daughter centred. fullest interpretation cannot convey a shadow of the be in language beyond the comprehension of your ing from the great depths of God's nature, so sure, mind to receive as proceeding from the mouth of one so abiding, why,-your every aspiration is strength, who died so early. Angels of wisdom have gathered and every inspiration devotion and love. Here the me under their robes of white, and have cast their desires of the spirit are satisfied. In its earth sphere luminous thoughts around, and I have caught them it longs after rest; is often wearied and perplexed and implanted them within the mind, and they grow with the vanity and puerility of its best endeavors: in beauty and in knowledge every day; for angels the deep cries out unto deep, but the answer comes from a sphere higher than that in which I live, only as the soul is clothed in immortality and light prints of the nails," which he could not have done breathe around me the golden thoughts of the Great in the Redeemer's kingdom. Faith in God as our bleased by the tear of acceptance, and hallowed by if it had been only the spirit hand; for that can Creator! My heart is Innocence, and it sips all the Pather, in Christ as the example and type of our re-

tion of the spirit. It was not the death of the corruptible body which our Saviour came to abolish, but the death of the spirit. It was the grave of sin which he opened and passed through, leaving it for COMMUNICATION FROM A SISTER IN ever open to all the children of earth. The body is the vesture of the spirit, the temple in

casket containing the jewels of immortality. It is invisible regions, unless I could translate the lanwonderful and beautiful as the work of his hands; guage of Paradise into that of mortals: for here are it is to be watched and guarded to minister unto the a thousand beauties unrevealed, and a thousand despirit; for, as that is pure and holy, so can the spirit progress unto righteousness. A healthful organism at the fountain of happiness and bathe in the rivers tends to develope a more harmonious and beautiful of immortal pleasure. The sprightly hours dance spiritual structure, in which to enter the spirit along, crowned with love and unutterable ecstacy. I realm of beauty. The travail of the spirit birth have many times, since I left this world, had the will then be like the breaking of a beautiful sum- privilege to supply the place of your guardian anmer's morn, full and glorious as the work of God, gel. I have been an invisible witness of your tears bearing the seal of his perfection, unmarred by the for my death, and to allay the excess of your grief frailty of humanity. The spirit body gathers its es. for me, I have come again to let you know that I am sence from the decay of the natural body. As the happy. "Oh, when shall we meet, dear sister?" flower gives forth its odor, so the body throws off its exhalations, to form the beautiful structure in which the spirit finds itself, as it awakes to conscious existence. Gradually, as the mortal infant, it acquires new powers, according to its development in spirit. uality and truth in the earth life. There is every variety of awakening in our sphere. Look among your associates; should a number of them, apparently in the same standing in life, be suddenly called to enter the spirit world, how many, think you, would see with corresponding emotions? how many would hear the same anthem of praise? The differ ence of temperament, education and circumstances. would here show a diversity of character and attainment, which the outside conventionalities of time would never disclose. Remorse, astonishment and wonder are excited! As the tide of memory rolls back its waves of thought, and earth-scenes are renewed, how much is there to regret, how much to unlearn I

Gentleness, love and sympathy, are proffered with earnest prayer and heartfelt affection. To many, it is as balm to the weary, wounded soul; it drinks in the water of life as eagerly as the thirsty trav eler of the desert from the rippling stream, and it is filled to overflowing with the love of God. The soul's first desire is prayer and praise; and then in the fulness of its b.iss, it would fly, on angel wings, to bear the glad tidings to some homeless wanderer that another may worship and be blessed! Some times, alas! too often, the crust of worldliness and deceit has become so hard, our gentle accents fall unheeded: the heart has become an adamant of ice and we must leave it alone in the Arctic winter of its desolation, patiently watching the first ray of summer sun to warm it into life. The current of mercy ever flows, while justice is her handmaid, truth her devotion, and happiness and peace her following angels.

No disguise ever allures or degrives; the stars stand out singly and alone, each telling its own brightness; the clouds and the sun-ray, the natural eye discerns-so the spirit perception is true-words or actions are but the outward form—the shell. The motive power, the governing thought, is the spirit axiom of duty. It feels and recognizes truth, as it is true in itself. The blind cannot appreciate natural scenery; it is a veiled mystery; -you may explain the beauty of the flower, the magnificence of the ocean with its pearl and billow; you may describe wonder and astonishment, and while your words

as we describe: it may even gaze upon the promised ously do the streams of immortal joy roll on, and enland; but if the threads of sin and selfishness are large the faculties of every heavenly mind. Ye sastill interwoven in the fibres of its life, it cannot ored mysteries revealed to man, ye glories unproenter into and enjoy it. The barrier is within-it faned by mortal eyes, forgive the bold attempt that must be overcome, and, as that of a little child, would describe you. The only description that morenter the kingdom of heaven. It is raised from the tals can receive of you is, that you are not to be dedead, is immortal, has passed from death unto life, in scribed. Now I must close this communication, hopthe natural sense, but the resurrection from sin has ing that you may read and believe-believe and be not been revealed to it. The tomb in the garden of happythe soul has not been rent—the white-robed angel of peace has not yet descended into the sepulchre of wards. the heart, giving life to its dead !

Often, through the affections, the fountains of the great deep are broken up. The prattling child in its KRIGHT, of Roxbury.] innocence, is now our angel of love, and now the trembling of a mother's prayer arouses all the soul the superior excellence of His kingdom.

devotion are happiness, is forced upon the mind, entrusted to his care, feels and drinks in the beauty they will become the objects of its study.

they are so feeble compared with the reality! I ful? What need of form and fashion, when the would unfold more and more to you, but the vell of heart is right, and mind content? What need of mortality must not be lifted too far. God, in His orceds and churches, when they bind the soul and wisdom has given the earth its bounds. The spirit crowd out all freedom of thought and feeling? What may sear for a time, but while its home is on the the need of men to teach what we know within our footstool, the mount of transfiguration may not be inmost selves ? Duty, one to another. What the need ascended too often. The tabernacle of the Lord is of wealth and honor of men, when it bringeth not with men, and through man may worship be render. happiness or peace of mind? Better be plain and ed unto Him. The humble valley of life is traversed meek, taking that which is given you; septime to by angel ministers of love and peace, bearing to naught save goodness and purity; and though to their loved ones emblems of life and reunion; and poor, ye shall be rich indeed; though lest It. happy are see who can lay them on the altar of faith, be first, even as Jesus was first, in the kings blessed by the tear of acceptance, and hallowed by the Pather.

demption, in ourselves as capable of following that longer the crown of thorns-but the laurel wreath of example by the crucifixion of our passions, opens to victory is ours to render unto Him forever and ever! all the door of the resurrection. And we behold the I would say more; but here let the hour of silent spirit redeemed from sin and worthy to progress in communion and spirit prayer breathe forth the soul's the knowledge and wisdom of God's government deep joy. I am with you, as the cares of day are Death no longer stands between us and the resurrec- over, scaling its record with the hand of affection, to be opened when with us you review its pages. Your loving wife,

THE SPIRIT LIFE.

My DEAR SISTER:-It will be impossible for me to which the Most High has enshrined it; it is the give you the intelligence I promised you from the lights unnamed among the race of men. We drink

How loug, dear Saviour, oh, how long, Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time. And bring the welcome day.

Oh, yes, dear Ruth, I do rejoice with joy, unspeakable and full of glory, to think that the hour is not far distant when we shall meet again in happiness. And it is at this time, that I want to give you some idea of my future state, who conducted me through the dark valley, what strange and wonderful sights met my immortal eyes. The heavens in pomp unfolded their glories-the paradise of God opened before me in all its blissful and transporting scenes. The happy groves stood crowned with unfading verdure. The lucid currents danced along over sands of gold; the charming bowers displayed their ever blooming pride and breathed ambrosia; the palaces of the heavenly powers ascended with exquisite magnificence, sparkling beyond all the glories of the lower skies, and resounded with the voice of festivity and joy.

The first gentle spirit that welcomed me to those happy mansions, was sister Abby, gay as a cherubim-the heavenly graces triumphed in all her form; vital pleasure danced in her eyes; life and celestial bloom sat smiling on her face; a wreath of unfading flowers circled her head, and a golden lute was in her hand; whose harmony, joined to her melting voice, far surpassed all description. But how shall I make you sensible of what an angel's flowing song, in all the pomp of heavenly harmony, would not fully describe? In what figures of celestial eloquence shall I relate the loves of immortal spirits, or tell you the height, the extent, the fullness of their joy? All the soft engagements on earth, the tender sympathies and the most holy union that nature knows, are but faint similitudes for the sanction and grandeur of the divine enjoyments. Hope and languishing expressions are no more, and all desire is lost in full and complete fruition. Love reigns in eternal triumph-here it governs every heart, and dwells on every tongue.

They tune their golden harps to the great name Of Love, immortal Love their darling theme; Ten thousand echoes through the lightsome plains, Repeat the clear, and sweet melodious strains. The fields rejoice, the fragrant groves around Blossom afresh at their enchanting sound; The heaven of heavens, from dazzling height above, Returns the name and halls the power of Love.

But, oh, when the face of eternal Love unveils its the wondrous starry firmament, and you will excite original glories, and appears in the perfection of uncreated beauty, how wondrous, how ineffable the visvibrate on the ear, the soul may believe: but how ion. Fullness of joy is in his presence, rapture and different is this from your conception of God's handi- inexpressible ecstacy. The fairest scraph stops his work, which will fill your whole soul with worship! | lute, and with a graceful pause confesses the subject So the spirit may believe there is rest and beauty | too great for his most exalted strain. How impetu-

From Rhoda Soule, written to Mrs. Samuel Ed-

NATURE.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. Exec A.

Who that hath wandered out upon the dewy landscape, on a fine spring morning, when the sun has to reverence and duty; sometimes the love of the but just arisen from his soft misty couch in the east, beautiful is excited, and, to be beautiful, it must be and heard the notes of the birds, the soft hum of pure—so, then, absolute necessity and want impel busy insect under foot, gazed at the sky, with its vathe soul to seek after life. It is starving, and it ricty of hues, at the fresh green of the trees and knows by intuition that there is bread enough in his grass, the opening flower and soft scenery, just bud-Father's house. Every aperture in this dark chaos ding into day, can feel that God is not bountiful, not is filled with a ray of mercy to lead it unto light. lavish in his gifts? Who that has any feeling in his As you would nurse the sickly child, it is tended- heart, can help being grateful and happy at receivand when it becomes strong, knows and understands ingsuch tokens of a Father's love? Blind indeed must its powers, as a moral and accountable agent; then be the eye, deaf the ear, callous the heart, on whom we come with the admonitions of the law. It finds it all this falls unheeded. It needs no artist eye to must work out its own salvation. Only by its own find beauty and loveliness in this world of yours; it individual truth and purity can it know God, and needs no cultivated ear to catch the tones of love around you; all hearts are susceptible to this beau-The natural impeling principle in man is after tiful, this holy influence. The poor shepherd-boy, as happiness—as the conviction, that truth, duty and he sits on the hill-side, faithfully watching the flock of all that surrounds him; his untutored heart reads This is our science of progression; the weeds of from the great book of Nature, and receives instrucearth must first be plucked—the tares and the wheat tion; he needs no time-piece to mark the hours as have grown together. The wheat is now being gath- they roll along; the sun is his clock, and his time ered into the harvest of eternity, while the tares are never varies or errs. He knows all seasons by what become beacon lights of the soul's misery, showing is around him, for the spring flower never cometh in the darkness and desolation of sin. Every advanc- the fall, nor the more hardy and brilliant-hued in ing step reveals new beauty, around and in itself. the spring; neither doth the nut fall to the ground. It feels indeed but little lower than the angels—al- nor the grain hang its head until the right season lied to God through all His wondrous works and hath come. Then what is the need of books to him an alien it will be no longer through sin and unbe- who can read from God's book? What need of laws to him who understands God's laws? What need of Thus I have tried to give you a few thoughts—but princely mansions, when Nature is far more beauti-

LAURA H. TRASE.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. COMANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the

Banner of Light.

The object of this department is as its head partially im-The object of this department is, as its head partially im-plies, the conveyance of messages from departed Spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that be-

apprite carry the characteristics of which care into the traction young and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but Finite beings, liable to err like ourselves.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published as 'communicated, without alteration by us.

Martin Luther to Spiritualists.

Shadowing forth of things not yet seen, a prelude to the future—opening of new truths—unfolding and expanding of new ideas. Each sound that comes wasted to you from the land of spirits bears wisdom. In time, you comprehend all that is now laying before you clad in mystery. As those who are coming up after you, who have not yet tasted of the spiritual fruits your souls have tasted, arrive at your stand point, they, too, shall taste, and you shall go on to brighter realities, drinking from purer fountains.

To-day you stand in comparative darkness, your souls clad in mystery. To-day you seek for truth, and to-day you shall receive it. It may not always bear that which will carry it to the soul of man, and make him comprehend it sometimes it is presented in forms you are unable to distinguish it in. When one comes to you in a mysterious garb be content, and know that in good time it shall be thrown off, and truth shall shine brilliant.

A few short years ago your speaker was on earth, filling my place there, and fulfilling the various du ties that devolved upon me. When I was on earth all that has ceased to be mystery to you, was un-known to me; and when I entered spirit life, I beheld a world I had not locked for, had no conception of. It seemed as if my soul had remained encased in darkness and death during my earthly existence. But when the ungel of truth came to me, I beheld new glories, new joys; and I have been drinking at truth's fountain, ever since the angel manifested to me. You are the pioneers of a mighty revelation, and you must expect to clear the way for others; you must expect to pave the highway, that your children may walk in peace. You must expect to solve these mysteries, and give them to the world as they are, letting them spring up as God sees fit they should, and angel hands come forth to water them.

The time has now come, when truth may be promulgated in almost any form, without the promulgator being afraid of his natural existence. The shadows of the past are being thrown off by the sun of the present. And you who stand upon the present foundation of time, have reason to glorify God that you are chosen, set apart, called to this work, that others may not sit in darkness.

I look back upon the time when I was on earth, and I sometimes shudder at the scenes I once passed through, and wonder why I was chosen by Jehovah to promulgate doctrines, and be looked upon as one who had marked out a pathway for truth. But I praise God that He so considered me as to choose me for the work, and sustained me in it. Now we often hear some of you cry out, if I had known what I was called upon to do, I would not have done it. Shame on you, that you thus tempt the Lord your God! You may chance to regret such expressions in the future-no doubt you will. The time seems short since I left earth, and yet when I remember the years, I find they are many; yet it seems almost but yesterday since I was here, here in body; and I can only realize time in its proper sense, when I look at the past and compare it with the present not in the past, that the windows of Heaven are opened, and choice blessings of freedom are blossom-

ing by every wayside.
They who contine themselves within stone and brick walls, never looking at the present, but oram-ming their brains with the past, will, ere long, find that the past is no foundation to build their eternal to still higher principles; and as your souls expand happiness upon.

when lions stand in the way.

existed as you exist; measure my time, view the perfect happiness. I, in my earthly life, have watch scenery of that time, gather all the wisdom you can, then come up to the present, view your own time; then stretch away into the future, and compare all. One will be brilliant with gems, the other hung in All things in your sphere are marked with death, clouds. They who are travelling on in learning, are therefore you should not rely upon them. You should standing still, because they are not going ahead- seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all else shall to trust their feet into the future. Fear should not take care of the soul-know thyself spirituallybe found with those who commune with disembodied gather to the store house of thy spiritual temple not spirits—it should be something unknown to them; that which will decay, but that which will live with

the end will be much brighter than the beginning. after so much time, I should have been likely to not sit in darkness long years after you enter the have consured my informant because I was not despirit life. veloped to receive such truths. You should not censure those who do not receive these new truths as earth, but my soul drank of the joys of heaven also

belong higher than I, although they came to the my joy has outvied the wildest conceptions of my spirit world since I did. They are higher, because imagination, as I have wandered through my Fathey were more liberal than I was, when they were ther's mansions. All thanks to the merciful God on earth. Now you will say you were liberal. But I for these blessings. Were I on earth, I would spread might have promulgated a liberal doctrine, yet be- the truths of Spiritualism. Oh, ye children, be faithcome so wedded to that, that I saw no truth but in Iful, for great is the power which God hath sent to it. The true reformer should not be wedded to any guide you in all your wanderings. Therefore praise one truth, but should seek for everything that comes | Him when daylight first breaks upon you, and when

from God.

I have much I would like to say, but my time is limited, and I am not used to controlling this kind of physical force—therefore I will leave you, hoping called Mary L. Ware on earth. your next visitor may do better.

Caleb Reed .- Swedenborgianism.

I for one feel to bless God for the light I found in the New Church. I must here tell you, I was a mem- here, neither do I care so as I give what I want to ber of the Swedenborgian Church. The light that you now prize so highly, was years ago offered to Chief here before I came, and as I have some honor those of my faith. But because it differed so much left, I will fulfill my promise and obey orders. from what we had seen and heard, we could not re-

have passed from his external sight are beside him, I was ten years old, then went to Liverpool; lived but he does not believe they can commune with him, while you do. Here you see you have a little more plane with you.

very fine medium, but the darkness around him pre- my thirteenth year, I ran away and went to sea,

mine with disembodied spirits, and yet he taught as well as on shore, and I rebelled there. I conhis disciples to be careful about spirits who came to tinued to go from port to port until I was twenty earth, for there were many who came to deceive. good and evil spirits; had it been, he would not thus unnecessarily warned his followers, and Spiritual called the Seabird, and commanded by one Captain ism, instead of being revived in your day, would have Hendrich. I stopped with that crew until I came to been revived in the days of Swedenborg. The prin- the place where I now am, and that was five years. again have been promulgated through Swedenberg: was too hard for me, no sin too black, no purpose But those who came to him, after a time saw he was too evil for me, and yet I can look back and see how all the light Divinity would have had it receive, Mediterranean. I undertook to board her, but found would have been in a far different condition from she was too much for me. A part of my crew what we find it in at this time.

Now if Swedenborg could trust himself in company with disembodied ones and suffer no violence, he being no more than men around him, why should were surrounding me. Your commander told me I his followers not do the same? Jesus taught his was not fit to commune. But after talking some disciples that what he did, they should do also. Swe-time, he concluded to allow me to come. I do not denburg should have done this, and instead of shut come to benefit anybody but myself-nor to prove Anastral and tribut relative

ting up his disciples in the hollow of his hand, he should have gone on step by step, and allowed them to follow him. As it was, he received much more than he gave to the world; but he did as best-he knew, He might have done far better had not prejudice kept him chained.

It is now but a short time since I was on earth. I used to wonder why it was spirits could commune with our leader and had never as yet manifested to one of his followers. When I found the thought getting strong I would crush it, for I thought we were not as good as he, and must not atttempt it, never for once supposing our chance with the angels was as good as his.

But since I have left earth, I see thousands are communing with departed spirits. I find that one out of every hundred in your land is a Swedenborg. Yes, they have the same mediumistic power he hadsome to a greater extent. Well, he told us new light was coming, greater developments were in the fu-ture. They who were with him gave him many impressions, which, had he given them forth, would

have served us to day.
I have many friends in the church, many that I leve as I love myself; many to whom I would give light, and I know of no better way than by returning from time to time, and giving them something as to my condition.

Now the glorious light of spirit communion is

spreading fast, and soon it will swallow up all the religions in your land. Soon there will be none to ask-do you believe that spirits communicate with

mortals? but you shall know it. Three years ago there were but few Spiritualists on earth; ten years hence; you who are then here, will find yourselves far differently situated from what

you now are. The edifices which are now devoted to the various religions of the day, will be devoted to Spiritualism. One after another shall be overshadowed with this

glorious light, until none will sit in darkness. The new churchman, though he should be the first, will be the last of all those who will bow before this new light. You ask why? Because this light was first offered to them, and they rejected it. They who were first, shall be last. I am aware I speak in prophecy, yet I know what I say, else I should not

I have a very strong desire to approach in near communion with those I once loved, but the time, I am satisfied, has not yet come, and I am perfectly content to come here and commune to a stranger, and through a stranger, until the time shall come when I can go to them. He that knows all the se-crets of the heart, knows I would fain commune with them, if they would receive me in the way in which I can come. My friends may ask why I do not draw near to them if I have manifested to the children of earth? Ah. may those dear ones know that unbelief has proved too high a wall for me to scale. If it were always to be so, I might be unhappy, but I know the time of unbelief is short, therefore I am content.

Friends. I was known on earth as Caleb Reed. I have many friends in your city. I often draw night unto them, but cannot manifest. This is the first time I ever controlled this medium I have controlled others in private, but have never given anything to be made public. If I have intruded upon you, I hope to be forgiven-if not, I shall come again,

Mary L. Ware.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away; They bloom for a season, but soon they decay; But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given, To fit ye for earth, and prepare ye for heaven.

Spiritualism, with all its absurdities, all its errors, all its false teachings, has power to fit mun to live, and live righteously, here on earth, and to prepare him for the heaven beyond earth. Spiritualism has Go away into the past and gather there flowers of come at the command of Deity, that you may no darkest hise and place them beside those of the longer dwell in darkness and sit in the valley and present. All, you should thank God that you lived shadow of death. Spiritualism comes to you decked in humble garments, and as humility ever bears truth in itself, you may rely upon this Spiritualism. It has been delivered to you in an humble manner. Christ, your elder brother, came to you in humility he comes again to you with humility and with power

The principles given you to-day come to lead you to drink in the heavenly dews of to day, how much You should never shrink from duty, or be afraid more shall they expand in the future. Children you are fitting yourselves for heaven

Travel with me, if you please, back to the time I hereafter, for by knowledge shall the soul dwell in ed the fleeting shadows of pleasure; I have seen the bubble break upon the ocean, and vanish forever from the sight of one who held it seemingly secure. they are reaching into the past for learning, fearing be added to you. Christ undoubtedly meant, first and if you would be true soldiers, have no fear, for it hereafter. That is of more consequence than the sustaining of this natural form. See to its wants, Were I to have been told I should return to earth but gather fruits to sustain the spirit, that you may

I drank deep of the cup of sorrow while I dwelt on you receive them, but pray that they may be on | for I sought, as best I could, to walk in the steps of lightened as you are.

I have a company of spirits assisting me at this food, and to know the laws which governed my spirit hour, else I could not control as I do. These spirits existence. Ah, I have been blessed since I left earth; it has faded away, fail not to praise Him under the cover of night.

From your sister Cecelius in spirit life, who was

Robert Guilds.

Blow high or low, I'm bound to talk to-day. Now, boys, I know not what risk I'm running in coming promised implicit obedience to the Commander in-

First let me give you a bit of a history of myself. do not intend to weary your patience or overrun Now the new churchman believes that those who my time. I was born in Wales; lived at home until there about two years as an apprentice to an old man by the name of Jones Cartwright. He tried to light than he has, though he stands upon the same learn me the trade known as the Baker's trade; but plane with you. The founder of the Swedenborgian religion was a thing following harsh treatment. When I was in vented him from understanding himself and those and as I never had any good government exerted who ministered unto his spiritual necessities. Now Swedenborg would set for hours and com- devil. Of course I received harsh treatment on sea two years of age; then I was taken from off ship by Now his light was not sufficient to discern between a pirate craft; saved, no doubt, because I was so ciples Jesus sought to establish in his time, would The last two years I was their commander. Nothing unfit for the work as a whole, and therefore were I might have been saved, had salvation been offered content to establish a new doctrine through him. me through love. But it never was, and I was cut A new church was established, which, had it received off by getting into a skirmish with a vessel in the escaped with the vessel, but myself and second mate were served right that is, murdered. I am unhappy; it seems as though all the furies in hell

The section of the section of

spirit communion. I was killed in 1852. Hell was as well say I was drunk when I died as to have them nurtured in my youth. I was fashioned to hate guess at it. when I was a child, and could have been bent any Well, tell way. A blow given in childhood is remembered in

never saw a happy day on earth. I was bound to a hard task-master after my parents died, when I was a child-placed under the charge of a guardian who wronged me out of all that was mine. I tell you, boys, it is better to use love than hatred—it is better to conquer by love. I might have been made an honest man, had I been dealt right with when young. All my early life is marked with death, not by mine own will, but by those who held my destiny, now believe there are some good on earth; once I did not, but that all were as bad as myself. My soul cried out for revenge, and I did not suppose I was going too far, until I entered the spiritual kingdom. Now I see; my oyes are opened, and were I on earth, I should do different. I have sought many mediums, but they are all fearful of my influence; why, I cannot tell, for I have no desire to injure

My time has expired, so farewell, with thanks for your kind wishes.

Mary Anna Gibson, Hillsborough.

Not dead. No, but quickened into new life. Joined to a diviner sphere; encompassed by holier realizations. Qh, like a cup filled with bitter extracts was the measure of my life. There I died daily, here I live eternally; and to-day I return to my friends to teach them how to live, to teach them that they have much to do even while here on earth. My life was cast among thorns here; I saw no flowers in my earthly existence, but now the thorns have turned into beautiful flowers, and joy comes forth from the fragrance of those flowers, and my soul is

filled to overflowing.

Two years ago I was here, drinking of the oup of unhappiness. But I looked forward to the time when I should be relieved from all my sorrows, for I believed in Jesus Christ. Although I did not have region. the light you have, yet I believed to a certain sense at last. He would be my Saviour, and I considered it my duty to bear all my crosses on earth, that I might have a crown of life when I entered the spirit's home.

hour of joy at that time.

And I have left dear ones on earth, dear ones who are walking without a guide. Sometimes they go astray—then I strive to lead them back to wisdom's and virtue's path, but my power is not sufficient, and I am here at this time that I may induce them to be happy and believe in God.

I lived in Hillsborough, N. H. I passed from earth My sorrows were caused by that which proves a curse in this beautiful land of freedom-that which in entering the lips, steals away the best gift of God. Do not understand that I partook of this poison, but those near and dearer to me than self, did.

Thanks be to God, I am exalted in spirit, His mercy is unbounded. His love above all love. Dec. 8.

Shattuck.

I am a stranger here, and not only a stranger here, but a stranger to these manifestations. I have been in a condition free from earth near two years. About two days after I had been recalled from my earthly body, I was told I could return and commune with my friends, and since that time my spirit has been ever active, constantly striving to find some medium through whom I might commune. Now, my dear sir, I labor under difficulties in coming here; my friends do not understand this. If I am a stranger to these munifestations, I may say they never heard of this. I am out of sight, out of hear ing, but not out of their minds. The great question ing from earth, with grief upon their countenances, labored hard to come, and I shall continue to come until my friends be made acquainted with this new light. I have made up my mind to be content,

parent. Oh, if I could speak to her; if I could only draw near her in communion. I am sure through her, I might give something to prove myself.

Friends, I will give you what proof I can. I resided in Boston, near the Old South Church—the place is called Morton Place. My name is Shattuck. to one Dinsmore on Hanover street dealer in furniture, and ask him if he did not know me. He used to live within shaking hand distance of me. Oh, that I were again on earth with the light I now have! and yet I do not wish to pass through the same ordeal. I am free, and should be content, and will be. I often visit my neighbor Dinsmore, and I'll tell you why. I was drawn there by the medium power I found there, but I cannot manifest, cannot give what I wish—in a word, cannot reach my friends, and I have come here to a stranger in order

Perhaps when an opportunity is offered, I may ome again.

Robert Stanwood.

A time for all things! Who would have thought that I should talk this way? Well, there was a time for me to be born, a time to die, and a time for me to come back again. I feel fully satisfied with my condition, but I should like to commune with my 28, and this error he has made in the present mesfriends: I should like to give them some idea of my them, and I don't think they could have forgotten but simply proves that his memory did not serve whereabouts. It is now seven years since I left me in that time. If they have, well and good, but I him as to that point. think I shall be recognized, and if I am I shall be welcomed. I was 74 years of age when I died. My us, and also the second, but publish this, as it shows name was Robert Stanwood. I died in Boston; my how pareavaringly spirits follow their messages, and body is buried at Mount Auburn. I have friends in Boston. To them I send my blessings—not only to how anxious they are to see them in print. Possibly one but to all. I have a desire to communicate, es | he will communicate again. pecially to these dear friends, and if they can overcome all prejudices against Spiritualism, I shall be very happy to do my best in communing with them. How little we know what our future is to be; how little mortals know of the life they are to live. I would my friends could live within the circle here, got to come some time, and you might as well have which is blessed with purer minds than any on earth. If I could once draw them within this sacred don't know any of you. There are plenty of people influence, it would never leave them, not to all eter who do know me, and I want to talk to them. I influence, it would never leave them, not to all eter-nity. I have come, I have left my blessing, I have cast my bread into the treasury, hoping that some starving one, who is willing to partake of whatever is good, may be benefitted thereby, and so I will leave. folks may say as much as they are a mind to, but I Dec. 5. Good day, gentlemen.

Bill Hodgdon.

in Bangor, a grandmother and father. My sister's called him long, sli n Ben.

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Well, tell them I died on board ship, when we were a few days out; tell them I shall come around manhood. Is it any wonder that my after life was there as soon as possible. I was on board the Brig a hell? I see I was wrong; I sorely regret commit- Maria, Capt. Hall. We were going from Liverpool ting sin—my soul revolts at anything of the kind to New Orleans. I was away from home sometimes now.

I am told there is happiness for me, for one who think I'm dead. I don't want any rum now. I broke the appetite when I broke my neck. An easier fall might have broken my appetite and spared my neck, and I should not have left earth.

The last time I was in Banger was twelve years ago, I think. I say my folks are in Banger, because I have not seen them in the spirit world, and I think they would have come to see me if they had been

I have one sister here with me, taking care of meshe does what she has a mind to, I don't ask her. I talk as I did on earth, not as I do when I am in the spirit life.

Yes, I have plenty of hard feelings against people on earth. I'll forgive them when I want to; I don't want to now. I can't be shoved into the kingdom of heaven. If I do something because I think I shall have a reward for it, I am no better for doing it. I think you can't force things any way. If I don't want to do anything, I will not do it. When I want want to do anything, I will not do it. to pray for the goodness of the thing, I shall do it, and I won't forgive those who injured me until I want to-then I will.

A middle name? No. I suppose my mother was short about then, and had only one name to give. They were short of money, too—that is, it want very plenty—if they had I might have had an education.

William Wheeler.

Hi, yah! this is a whole team, and a couple of donkeys thrown in. I'd like to know how I come here—that's what I'd like to know—some of you chaps tell me.

My spirit friends brought me! You're out of your head, aint you? My name is William Wheeler. Well, here I am, dead or alive, swimming like a fish -happy, and I guess you are. I died in the gold region. Went there to try my luck, and here I am

How do you like my fixins'-say, Bill, how do you like my fixins'-you see death did not take off my fun, did it? I used to figure here in Boston about I have not been disappointed, for angels met me at lifteen years ago, about the rate of 20-not as high my coming—they carried me to a place of rest—told as 2:40. The last thing I said, when I was going to me of a home beyond for me, and I thought all the die, was: "Give me a glass of brandy, and here sorrows of earth as nothing when compared to one goes." Now I'm happy when I am on earth, but the moment they take me away, I'm the most unhappy fellow you know. I have friends in California, in Boston, Claremont, Bangor, New York, Portland, and some in San Francisco, and in Overville. I've got or had a brother in San Jose—I lived most of the time in Sacramento, and in San Francisco on

I can't do much here, can I? You're all so sober to the heavenly sphere there also. My friends lived there—they who walked by my side in sorrow, altitis, I aint still a minute. I like this rig much, most overwhelming in earth life—they will under but I don't dare to move much for fear I'd burst. stand and appreciate this message. You are stran-gers to me, and I might give you many personal time I come, I shall you to have trowsers on Look facts, but for those on earth, I will say but little here—the little devil has been round here just now, and wanted to take possession of her own body. She is about ten steps off, talking with a brother, or somebody I don't know who. Well, now, I'll have to leave—the owner has come up, and talks to the old fellow, and the two are too strong for me, I guess. Well, boys, I'm off. Come on, I'm going now. Being as you and I can't dwell together, I'll leave.

> This spirit here alludes to the spirit body of the medium, which, during the possession of her form by another spirit, is said to be with other disembodied spirits, enjoying the pleasures of spirit life.

> This is not a very highly progressed influence, but is strongly marked, and shows individuality and variety.

Edward Caverley.

I've been here before, but for some reason unknown to me, you do not think me worthy of notice. I gave ing, but not out of their minds. The great question you the name of Edward Caverley. I lived at No. is, shall I receive the same welcome I once did on 58 Billerica street. I have been dead most four earth, or shall I be like others I have seen on return-years. I think it is four years this coming winter. Suppose you try again to find out about me. I used because their friends received them not. I have to trade some at the corner of Lowell and Causeway, and corner of Cotting and Lowell streets. I think one was named Hodgdon. Go to No. 58 and ask if I never lived there, but don't answer any questions, whether they receive me or not.

I don't like to be turned off. I have been here three My daughter Anne is a medium, but she does not times, and you have not done for no, while others know it. She is a good child—perhaps I think too are taken in and done for. Yes, of bourse it does them good—if it would do me no good of course should not come here three times. I want, first of all, to be proved true, then I want to warn others not to lead the life I lead. Will you attend to me? Nov. 28. Well, then, good day.

This spirit came to us, as he says, many months ago, and gave us some particulars of his life. We were not able to corroborate them at that time, and as he acknowledged that he was an intemperate man, we preferred to lay the communication aside for future reference. He stated that he had been a teamster, but the party for whom he averred he used to work, did not remember him. After a lapse of shout three months, he came again, and stated that he lived in Billerica street, and thought it was No. 58. We could not find that he lived there, and laid this communication aside. When the present message was given, the whole affair had slipped from our memory, and we could not give him a definite answer as to why we had not published his commu-

nication. But the reason we ascertained to be this-that he gave us the number of his house as 58, when it was sage, which does not prove him false to our mind.

We have mislaid the first communication he gave how perseveringly spirits follow their messages, and

George Leech, New York. So I am dead, and there is no help for it. I always

supposed I should die some time or other, but not so soon as I did. I came here for something. I have me as any body. Perhaps you don't know me. I can do it now, but could not before.

I'm unhappy, and the reason is, I suppose, be cause I died drunk; but I'm not drunk now. My am sober now, and they'll all see the time when they will be glad to recognize me.

Do you want to know where I lived? I lived in

What you about, hey? -what are you about? It's New York, and died there of pleurisy. I got coldme, then, that's about. It's a good thing to die, after laid out one night, you see, and the doctor told me all. You're pretty sure to get rid at something, it was pleurisy, and that I had got to die. And I that's pain, and I had enough of it.

am here. I was forty-five years old. My name was I can't see, for the life of me, why I am here to-day. Oh, well, why don't you talk to a fellow?

I fell from the mast head, broke my back or my drunk, and part of the time soler. I did not keep a neck, I don't know which. They say I was sick ten place since 1843, the time old Miller said you was days, but it seemed a year. My friends think I have going to be burnt up. Then I kept in Broadway. gone off to some foreign port—they don't think I am i promised to some back, and that is the reason I dead. I am as dead as I can be, but you see folks can talk after they are dead. I have a sister living of my friends, William Carter and Ben Reed—they in Rengar a manifest that and folker.

name is Mary Jane Hodgdon; my name is Bill I have been here since August the 3d, 1857. That Hodgdon, My father is an old man, near 90. I was is the last I remember of time, and I think I had rather a wild boy, did not do right. Nothing ever my senses till I came on the other side. I know happened to wis that the other side. I know happened to me but when I was drunk, and I might what this is—it is Spiritualism. I did not believe am not contented.

it, but some of the boys did, and they said: "George if you can come back you will?" I wandered all over New York, and could not find a medium to suit me, but met Bill Goodall, and he told me to come

I am discontented—unhappy; for I don't know where I am to tie up the next minute. I never did believe there was anything worth coming for. They say it's your own fault; well, then, I shall not have anybody to blame for bringing me here. What time

o' day is it? Then, good afternoon to you: Dec. 8.

From one who passed from Earth in Childhood.

. How sweet the communion, how holy the chain that binds the spirit to its friends in form. Years may have passed away, old time may have cast its shadow upon those we have in earth-life, yet their spirits to us are in youth, and the buds we left on earth are still fragrant to us, and we find pleasure n that fragrance.

Our friends in spirit existence form but a portion of our joy, and however short our stay on earth, we were there long enough to bind us to earth, and form a channel wherein we may return to it; for the spirit finds a joy in coming back you know not of.

The spirit who passes from your sphere in infancy, knows little of the sorrows of earth life, except as told of them by his friends. One might think that he has but little knowledge of his friends, but it is not so; for by and through the ties of affection, the spirit recognizes its own, and always returns to serve them. The child may not open his eyes to scenes of earth, yet affection has been transferred from the parent to the child, and if it is transferred to the spirit life ere it opens its eyes in earth life, the spark which God gave it from its parents, is, borne off by the young spirit, that it may have wherewith to recognize its paternity.

We who know nothing of earth, except by what has been taught us by our earth friends, as we recognize them and visit them, have been training ourselves to put on material, gross material sufficient to enable us to draw near them.

My brother, you doubtless, in memory, recognize me, and I do you also. This form I do not recognize as I see it now through the medium, but the form of the child I recognize, and your spirit is in form like to that of the child; but wisdom is there, and the ties of affection still remain. It is this which draws me to you, and by it I shall always recognize you, both on earth and in spirit life.

This communication was given at the close of our circle to a gentleman who desired to witness our manifestations, from a brother who was drowned at the age of four years, the party to whom it was addressed, being at that time a year or so younger than the deceased.

Elizabeth Barber.

Mortals, I come to awaken a tender and holy remembrance within the souls of those I love. I come because the way hath been prepared; because the Giver of all good has seen fit to send me, bearing a message of love. I come to bid my many friends reoice; to tell them I live, and live for them. Yes, they are so intertwined with my existence that if they sorrow, I feel the shock; if they joy, I participate in the pleasure.

Three years since, my body was buried beneath its common mother; three years since, my children gathered around me to take the last look and say farewell to that they loved so dearly. Now I return with all that was so dear to them, to take away the thorns which were so sharp, and leave only the flowers. They say, "we shall meet her in heaven,"—and where is heaven, if it be not here? Oh, I would have them seek heaven and find it here, for so much more joyous will be the heaven of the spirit. Oh. tell them from me that the parents they mourn as lost, are often near them; we often strive to make our presence known, to wipe away the tear of sorrow and make their passage to our home smooth. By my side stands one who was united to me in earth life, and we are united still. What I give he would give, and therefore this message is from father and mother both.

Oh, tell my children that life may be ever full of beautiful flowers—the life even here may be heaven. Oh, tell them to cast side the gloomy errors that are binding them to despair; that their parents are near them. Oh, my children, if you could tear away the dark errors which bind you to despair!

Can I be happy when those to whom I am united by every tie of affection are unhappy? No, if they sorrow, I am unhappy also-for if the ties of affection be severed we are unlike our Creator. The church afforded me much light when I was on earth; church did much towards making me happy. But oh, a greater light has been shed abroad among you, children; you should strive to make your souls pure from its light.

The church, individually and collectively, will have many sins to answer for but there are many gens of virtue shining among those sins, which are sins of ignorance. Do not speak hurshly of those who cling to the church, for remember they are bound, and those bonds must be cut, ere they can go free. Therefore speak of them kindly, for the word of love is powerful, and charity will win all hearts. A bles. sing for my children, for my friends, and for all, and a request that I may be kindly received and called for again. My name was Elizabeth Barber. I lived Boston and died there of consumption. Farewell.

Mary Ann Bartlett.

I can't talk well. What place is this? I thought was at home. Oh dear! I am a long ways from home. I lived in Portland. I want to go home and talk to my friends. I thought I was going home, but when I got here everything looked strange. My name was Mary Ann Bartlett; I died of consumption about two years ago. All my folks live there. I want to tell them how happy I am—how glad I am free—that I do not suffer any—that I am not in Hell, nor am I in Heaven. I shall nover be worse off, but I shall be much happier. I can come to them, but I cannot talk to them. I feel weak here, (the chest :) I did not talk loud for weeks, and they thought I was crazy, because I told them I talked with my mother. I want to tell them I was not crazy-I did-talk-to my mother. I was 21 years of age; had been married one year. My husband mourns for me so much! sometimes think he will come to me, he mourns so much. I want him to know I come to him and watch over him, and ask him not to feel so sail. His name is William Bartlett. Good day-I have stayed my time, and must go.

Clara, A Dumb Girl.

The following communication was given us by the alphabet for the dumb, letter by letter.

I want you to send my mother a communication. She lives in New York State, at Harlem. I never spoke since I was two years old. I learned the alphabet from my cousin. I died when I was eleven years old. I see all your thoughts. I lost my speech by measles. My mother's name was Mary Elizabeth Shannon. My name was Clara, and I died in 1856, on April 2d. I used to get raps by sitting at the table. I got cold and took the fever. If you ever see my mother tell her about my coming. She told moto come here and talk with my fingers. Good-byc. Dec. 5.

George Barstow.

This spirit could not use the vocal organs of the nedium. By writing, he communicated as follows:

I was an Engineer, and was killed on the Norwich road almost a year since. My name was George Barstow. I had just time to open the throttle. One of the drive wheels cut me in two. Would you believe my spirit did not leave my body for three days? Oh God, how hard! What shall I do? I was cut off too quick, and am not in my proper sphere, so that I Dec. 5th.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long, That on the stretched fore finger of all Ti Sparkle forever."

Is there a thought can fill the human mind More pure, more vast, more generous, more refined Than that which guides the enlightened patriot's toll? Not he whose view is bounded by his soil-Not be whose narrow heart can only shrine The land, the people that he calleth mine-Not he who, to set up that land on high," Will make whole nations bleed, whole nations die-Not he who, calling that land's rights his pride, Trampleth the rights of all the earth beside. No! He it is, the just, the generous soul, Who owneth brotherhood with either pole, Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind. And guards the weal-of all the human kind-Holds freedom's banner o'er the earth unfutl'd,
'And stands the guardian patriot of a world!

Guard well, oh, heir of eternity, the portal of sin-the thought! From the thought to the deed, the subtler thy brain, and the bolder thy courage, the briefer and straighter is the way. Dost thou count on a death for accession to gold, or a crown to a passion? thy thought is at war with a life, though thy hand may shrink back from its murder.

What though the crowds who shout the word Pervert the meaning it should bear, And feel their hearts with hatred stirred. E'en while their plaudits load the air: Yet will not we, thou mighty Thought, Despair thy triumph yet to see, Nor doubt the good that shall be wrought, In thy great name, Fraternity. The preacher may belie his creed, But still the truth preserves its flame; The sage may do a foolish deed, Yet wisdom shares not in his shame; Be scorning hushed, be cavil dumb, Whatever evils men may see; 🗩 We'll look for blessings yet to come, In thy great name, Fraternity.

Happy are those whose bosoms are never shaken with passions, whose blood runs softly, whose earliest companions are virtue and peace.

> How many links of love there are, Sweet beings of unequal mould, And natures all dissimilar; The vite dress classes the precious cold. The ever-beating waves embrace The stolld rock's unmoving base; And fresh-born ivy tendrils cling To the grey ruin mouldering. Around the darkest clouds will play The summer lightning's brightest ray; And on the peaks of mountain snow, The warmest tints of sunset glow.

There is no greater calamity than the desire of acquiring. One by one, (bright gifts from Heaven,)

Joys are sent thee here below: Take them readily when given, Readily, too, to let them go.

One day is worth three to him who takes everything in its

Written for the Banner of Light. REFORM, AND HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY KATE KARBOLL.

"Arthur, must you go out to-night? It is so long since I had your company of an evening!"

"Yes, I must go," replied Arthur Ramsay, turning, slightly angry, from the pale young wife who looked so pleadingly into his face, as she sat rocking her infant son.

"I must go. 'Business before pleasure,' Anna, always, if we would make the pot boil," he added, with an attempt at facetiousness. Anna did not reply, as she might have, that she was distrusting his old excuse, for, in many ways, she knew that business had nothing to do with their decreasing prosperity, or the late hours her husband kept.

"Do you think you can spare me some money, before you go out, then ? Little Ellen needs a new dress, and, as she goes to school steadily, and I have no one to help me do my work, nor rock the cradle, I have no chance to do shopping only in the even-

"How much do you want?" demanded Arthur, with a frown, and giving the cradle a half-impatient. and wholly unnecessary kick with the toe of his very handsome and costly boot.

"Five dollars, at the least. Ellen's dress will cost three dollars, and the rest of the sum I need for many little things."

"Won't less do? Women are such extrayagant beings-seem to think money grows, or that their husband's coin it; or, possibly, eject it, as Jonah's whale did him. Come, now, won't three dollars do? Five is a heap!"

"Hardly. Still, if you can spare no more, it will have to." And Ellen held out her hand for the bill which her husband seemed very reluctant to part with. Even more than his meanness and neglect. did his coarse language pain her. Once, when his first wife lived, and when Anna, in the luxuriance of her youth and love, became his second, he was a very different individual from the one now tampering with in reference to wants and wishes, that he should have dissipated immediately, as it was in his power to.

"I don't know-won't two dollars answer? Here is a bran new bill of that worth ! .. Come, Anna, take it, and say it's full enough, and change to spare !"

Anna's indignation urged her to decline it, but the certainty that such an act would be only a gratification to her husband, and deprivation to herself, she simply said, "I will take it."

"There, I knew it would do. Wives are famous for making out great cases of destitution!"

"I never ask for a cent only when it's imperative," said Anna, with more than usual spirit, first securing the bill, by tucking it into the bosom of her

. "Let's see about this imperative," rejoined Arthur, coolly taking a seat again. "There is Ellen, you say, must have a three dollar dress."

"Such as she needs cannot be bought for less. The examination is to come off soon, and, as she takes a prominent place in it, and is really the best scholar of the whole, she ought to be dressed decently at least."

"How you pamper that girl! Were she your own child, you could not more."

Anna's eyes filled with tears. As she did not speak, her husband continued-

"Let's see, how old is sho? My! I would call. her little Ellen if I were you! Fifteen years old! When shall you permit her to begin to purchase her own dresses, out of her own money?" But the amakar dropped his head. It was well that Arthur Ramsay did not see the look of soorn that blazed in ale wife's face !

I suppose you and her have settled the time. he added impatiently, as Anna did not reply.

late. Every fellow I know is 'hard up,' and begging he yet permitted himself to be conducted again to credit."

"But many families about us are as prosperous

"That's encouraging to a man! to have his wife

casting reflections! You might have married worse,

Anna did not answer. Certainly, every dream of

marriage, had melted beneath the trials of a weari-

"Let that be as it will; Ellen is soon to be put to

earning her own living- Children are too expensive

from a side-room where she had been preparing her

"Nothing, child," said Anna, drawing the excited

husband's words with their real meaning, was a task

"I see, mother. Do not pain yourself to utter a

word. I know what he means." And Ellen burst

"You shall not leave school, darling, until you are

And this assurance quieted Ellen for the time.

to a club-room, where he met many, who, like him-

self, had faithful wives, and interesting children.

While cards, bottles, glasses, cigars, and sugar even,

was brought forth and placed upon the green-baize

covered table, some of the men descanted loudly

Arthur was none of the most unwilling to enlarge

upon the miseries of a married man; indeed he said

the name of husband was the most unfortunate that

a fellow could take upon himself. Whereupon a wag-

gish bachelor declared "Ramsay ought to know, for

And this kind of business called Arthur from home

and duty constantly. Ellen, by the kind manage-

ment of Anna, remained at school until her six-

"Now." said her father, "I intend to find you

clothes, shoes, food, and books, no longer. You must

Anna looked shudderingly at her month old twins,

and wondered what the future had in store for them.

Ellen saw the shudder and the look, and knew what

She saw her duty, though in pain, but would not

"I will leave school, father," she said very quietly.

"My dear child! can you feel willing to?" asked

"Quite, mother. I dare say I shall do very well

after all, if I am so small and young," replied Ellen,

"Both of which drawbacks to great pay will dis-

rexed at the evident intention of her husband.

Pride whispered, "Eilen, what will your school-

mates say?" But she resolutely put under foot

everything that could militate against the peace

and prosperity of her mother and infant brothers.

"Shall you go, my child?" asked Anna, when her

"Yes. I shall do well, I do not doubt. But you

must promise to have no fears nor regrets," said

Hopeful little Ellen! As hearty as were her

words, her mother hid her face in the pillow, and

The next day, after having done all the morning's

But, oh! the weariness of that first, long, ungenial

day! Ellen wept all night thinking over it. Soon,

the pain in her limbs, and indeed all through her

"Our Ellen is dying by inches!" moaned Anna,

when her daughter had taken her light and gone to

her room. Few hours of ease for study had Ellen

"Nonsense, wife! She's rather pale I'll own, but

"I want her to take the whole of the pay due her,

"The deuce you do! I've drawn the whole to

"For shame! for shame!" oried Anna, indignant

"Stop, woman! You see, I was hard up for

money, and her eighty dollars I felt would be quite

"Oh, the guilt of this man, in pursuing his vices

by means derived from the very life of his child!"

weep much also, in the same, silent way. -

it's only because she's growing fast."

and go into the country," plead Anna.

a lift out of my slough of despond!"

groaned his wife, fainting at his feet.

work, Ellen set off to commence her new, and very

Ellen, soothing one of the moaning little babes.

Oh, you will see me a famous teacher yet!"

"I had hoped, at least, to see you a teacher!"

that! I've got no more for many years!"

Arthur Ramsay left his home with the feelings of

only they seem too dreadful to be realized."

her wifely pride and kind heart shrank from.

some reality that she had not anticipated.

When Ellen Bamsay lay in her coffin, her father a added impaciently, as Anna did not reply. I had feelings of remorse that he could not rid himself John H. Ounsing, rights speaking and Healing Medium, as Manual and Healing Medium, as Manual and Healing Medium, as Anna did not reply. I had feelings of remorse that he could not rid himself John H. Ounsing, rights speaking and Healing Medium, as Manual and Medium, as Manu

cause of her blighted hopes, and stricken youth, and

About this time a neighbor came in, and told of many wonderful things that had been done through Spiritualism.

uprose the weary soul of Anna. ' . wedded bliss she had cherished at the time of her

"He will; we must urge him to. My husband has become a different man through this new influence!" said the visitor.

to be maintained like princes forever. However, as Although making a great deal of sport of "the business calls me out, I will stop no longer to talk thing," and giving to it every possible name expresthis matter over, knowing that you and Ellen can sive of contempt and unbelief, Arthur Ramsay neversettle between yourselves the best means of acting theless attended one of the meetings, and soon gave upon my suggestion and determination." With this the closest attention to all that passed. He felt "What is it father means?" asked Ellen, coming a communication, purporting to have come from his departed daughter. He reluctantly took it with an his whole frame shook with emotion, while tears filled his eyes, and ran down his bloated cheeks.

"It is, dear mother. I heard every word he said, returned home, "my dear wife, can you forgive me for the suffering I have caused you!" What could Anna Ramsay do? To repeat her

"I can, indeed, Arthur!" sobbed Anna, yet trembling with joy.

"I am resolved to lead a different life. Ellen's parting words and dying petition, so solemnly repeated to me this evening, in that communication, have made me sensible of my fault, and desirous of prepared to teach!" cried Anna, quite as much reformation."

asked one of his old companions, who felt unwilling to lose a member whose purse and time had been so a deeply injured man. He proceeded immediately freely given.

"No, nor shall be again," replied Ramsay, very solemnly.

"No; but of my old, evil self. Once I sinned, and grew callous. Now, I am never disposed to return to upon the folly of being married, and the expense of my past vices, without feeling the light touch of my daughter's hand on my arm, and it instantly restrains me."

"Your daughter? I thought she was dead!" "Not dead-but present with me always, and my guardian spirit ever."

THE OSTRICH.

The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heare early in the morning, and, at times, also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic foot (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyenn, the go to work. These three boys are all that I can see panther, the wild hog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot, under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the thought had sent a flush to the pale cheek, and tears horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for to the hollow eyes of her devoted and self-denying a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous—perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that, even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is longwinded, if we may use the expression; so that it is appear in time," laughed her father, delighted with a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and "Have you thought of any business for me, buds of various shrubs and other plants; but it is father?" asked Ellen, not looking up as she spoke difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all: "Well, lately I've been into Alford's great sewing for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions ap-

"Merely enough to live upon," interposed Anna, and underneath each wrote the address of the per-"Tut. tut. wife! What does anybody get but "But it is such hard work," sighed Ellen, too "Oh, that's nothing! Ellen will soon get used velope, and returned it, unopened, to the writer.

J. T. G. PIKE, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, May be found at the National House, Boston. Persons who wish to avail themselves of the services of a regular physician, who has had all the advantages of the schools, and who is at the same time possessed of the advantages of CLAIRVOYANCE and MESMERISM. to enable him to more fully understand the diseases of his patients, will do well to make the acquaintance of Dr. Pike.

"And you will, mother. I am going to earn a ered from disembodied physicians, which, in the hands great deal of money, and spend it all on you, and of those who are competent to treat disease, are of these dear little boys, and yet have time to study. great value.

As Dr. Pike has the means of consulting with those spirit physicians who act as the guardians of MRS. CONANT, we think he has unequalled advantages as a physician to present to Spiritualists in the New England States.

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scriptions for the Banner. this paper.

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IRANISTAN BURNED .- Mr. Barnum's famous palace, at Bridgeport, Ct., was destroyed by fire on Thursday night week.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Miss C. M. Brene will lecture at the Melodeon on Bunday next, at 21-2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Singing by the Misses

Meetings for free expression of thoughts upon the subject of Spiritualism, or other subjects bearing upon it, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. Free.

A, weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritialists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evening, December 10, and every Thursday evening during the winter The public are invited to attend.

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

A CIRCLE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifesta tions will be lield every Sunday morning at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents. THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR-entitled the

Harmonial Band of Love and Charity,"-will held weekly neetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All inter ested in this benevolent work are invited to attend. MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening

at FREMONT HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddaud, regular speaker. Scats free.

LORING Moody will speak in Washington Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday, December 27th, afternoon and evening. The afternoon will be given to the free discussion of the question:-"Is there any spirit separate and distinct from

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

Quincy.—Spiritelalists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall very Sunday morning and afternoon. MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Bunday meetings in Court

Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

Amusements.

ORATORIO FOR THE POOR.—The HANDEL & HAYDN Society will perform Handel's Grand Oratorio—THE MESSIAH—ON Saturday evening, December 26. at the Boston Music Hall, for the benefit of the Charity Fund of the Boston Provident Association.

Mra. J. H. Long, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Mrs. T. H. Emmons, Mr. Charles R. Adams, and Mr. J. Q. Wetherbee, have in the most liberal manner volupteered their services. A full and efficient Orchestra. Carl Zerrahu, Conductor; J. C. D. Parker, Organist. Tickets, with reserved seats, \$1 each—for sale at Messrs. Russel & Richardson's, No. 291 Washington street, until further notice. The porformance will ington street, until further notice. The performance will commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

Dec. 24

L. B. BARNES, Secretary.

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I La Grange Piace, where she offers her services to be friends as a Warring and Bering Medium. See also has he had been applying of Flowers.

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sion of teacher, as most agreeable to her tastes."

as they were three years ago."

let me tell you!"

Arthur left. :

next day's recitations.

child to her bosom.

into a flood of tears.

a family.

he had taken it twice."

to, anyhow. 🕟

step-mother.

fondly kissing her mother.

her ready acquiescence.

and have good pay " ----

feeble and hopeless to contend.

husband had gone.

wept over them!

day"-

beyond reason.

distasteful occupation.

to it."

affected as her step-daughter.

did not suppose she would ever be obliged to work, strong. Although ha had once fondly loved Ellen, or if she cared to, that she would choose the profes- and now remembered that he alone had been the "But times and money have been deuced hard of wished, ah! indeed how much to lead a better life,

his old haunts and vices. "I did hope he would reform!" sighed Anna.

On wings of sudden joy, from depths of misery,

"Oh, would but my husband attend these meetings!" she cried.

strangely moved. Soon a medium presented to him audible "pshaw?" But he had scarcely read it ere

"My dear wife," he said to Anna, when they had

"Come, Ramsay; most ready to go to the club?"

"Afraid of the old woman, hey?"

machine establishment. Lots of girls work there, parently destitute of vegetation of any kind. VOLTAIRE was in the habit of keeping a book, in which he pasted the seals of all his correspondents. son whose it happened to be. If he received a letter, he would examine and ascertain from whence it came, by referring to his book; and if from a quarter he did not like, he placed it in another en-

It is believed that many useful hints may be gath-

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