

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY JEREMY LOUD,
AUTHOR OF "DOVECOTE," "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 got much more to say on this question, as I think I said in the first place. I take my position on this single point—that Courts have as good a right to grant divorces as they have to legalize marriages; and from that point I defy the opposition to move me!" Which defiance he testified by crumpling up his notes in a sorry wad, and shaking his rascally looks indifferently over his face and eyes. "Yes, sir," he repeated; "I defy them! Mr. President, I believe 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 fell off it already. He got up, and held himself in that dangerous position nothing but the back of a bench. He began by saying, "Mr. President," twice. Then looked round the room. And finally his eyes rested on the countenance of the defiant other side, represented in the 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 'em which way you would. As for being *defied* by the affirmative, he didn't see why one side couldn't defy as well's 't'other. At which Mr. Bildad shook his head at his antagonist, and observed in a loud whisper: "I'll fix you, old fellow!" And immediately the auditory settled down for the evening into a state of contentment, for it looked as if the intellectual exercises had really begun.

The negative furthermore proceeded to remark, and without the help of a volume of notes, too, that as for Courts havin' a right to part wimmen from their lawful wedded husbands—it was no such a thing; they didn't *have* no right; and they hadn't *ought* to have none. It was a gross violation of divine law. Marriage was somethin'—was somethin'—for himself he couldn't exactly pretend to say what—but it was somethin' that was too sacred to be tampered with. Men ought to know whether they're goin' to like their wives well enough to live with 'em all their days, before they get married; and just as shore as they find out they can't git divorced, and there aint no hope of 't, jest so shore they'll be kerful in enterin' on so ticklish a relation. That's it, he added; let folks only know what they've got to expect, and they never'll try anything different; but let 'em think they can git divorced jest for the askin', and there's about as much sense an' reason in 'em as there is in a flock o' sheep on the way to be washed!

The boys laughed, and the President pecked two of his largest knuckles in bringing the varlets back to a condition of silence again.

Mr. Popkins took courage to go on, for he felt confident he had the sympathy of the ladies with him. He observed of matrimony, that in that kind o' business a man don't always know when he's well off; nor a woman nuther. But onco, let both sides see there wa'n't no *git away* from it, when they'd gone intew it, and they'd fall tew and chew the out o' comfort and contentment as peaceable as twin-lams. See how families is made to suffer all over the country, said he, jest because of this miserable—yes, this miserable fashion of gittin' divorced, sir! See the cryin' children, that ha'n't got no fathers and mothers no longer, and no ruff to their little heads, ag' no schule to go tew every day—like this schule kept by you, Mr. President—an' no bread to put into their mouths, nor putter to go with it, nuther, sir! Look o' the horrible works that's committed in our towns and cities, tew dregd to think about or to mensum, only jest because the Courts have got the power to grant divorces to whoever comes arter 'em! Look'n see how the foundations of society—yes, of society, Mr. President, is a gettin' broke up! See the miserable creatures that go alone through the world to their graves, and glad to git tew the end o' their fast journey at that! What is't all owin' tew, I want to ask, sir? Is it tew the Maine Law? or the Nebraska Bill? or the

tax on dogs that's been laid by our last legislature? Is it because o' hard times, Mr. President? or because the money market's got tew tight to go alone? or because all our California gold is carried off in such heaps and heaps to Europe an' Great Brit'n? 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 'aint! 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 onco married, let 'em stay put till one side or the other dies off—sittin' 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 *dyin' wish* 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 wa'n't out this evening to speak on it. I shall look to the audience, however, to carry on the discussion."

No one seeming to be over anxious to come to the rescue, Capt. Teenty got up. His shirt collar turned the ends of his ears the wrong way, such a volume of linen had he put into them. He took off his overcoat, displaying a very spruce and napper-tandy style of dress underneath, and drove right into the middle of the room like a circus-rider into the ring.

"Mr. President," said he, "I wish this subject could be discussed more thoroughly." The two disputants for once met on common ground, and eyed his little figure with all the contempt they could crowd into their countenances. "I wish," he continued, "I could have taken more time than I have taken, to study it. What I shall say, I fear, will be as crude as crude can be." Which the regular parties to the debate told their neighbors they didn't doubt at all.

"Mr. President, on reflection, I think any candid mind will take both sides of this question. Because"—lifting his forefinger argumentatively—"as I look at it, there seems to be two sides to it; and if so, then neither one can be all right, or all wrong. I don't pretend to doubt, sir, that this business of getting divorces is a great deal overdone. I don't think but what it is overdone, and we *know* it is overdone. And yet that shouldn't be reason enough to do away with the system altogether. For, Mr. President, people will separate from their wives, as long as they can't live with 'em; and they can't agree to live with 'em any longer than both parties will promise to live together in peace. Talk of compelling two persons to live together, when they *can't*, and won't bear one another's society! Sir, it's monstrous! It's preposterous! It's absurd! It's criminal!"

"But whatever the courts do, they ought to do it very carefully. In fact, they can't be too careful. A good many of these cases are brought up from wrong motives. I don't doubt it. Nobody doubts it. The husband wants to be divorced, just because he's got tired of his wife; and the wife wants to be divorced, just because she's got tired of her husband. Sometimes it's only because they've got into a little quarrel; but courts ought not to think they can adjust quarrels better than anybody else, and here I think they're all wrong in interfering. I go in, sir, for courts having the power entrusted to them; but I don't go in, sir, for having them use it just because they know they've got it. The great trouble seems to be in moderation in this business. Courts ought to follow the golden mean, instead of going to extremes. That is my opinion, sir. That is my sentiment."

"As for depriving courts of this power altogether, sir, I think that to do such a thing would be to do a monstrous wrong. How cruel, to compel persons to live together all their lives, when they'd no more ought to than a cat and a dog! How unjust to set up legal force, where there isn't affection! How wicked to interfere in matters where no human law can ever hope to reach!"

"No, sir! no, sir! I am heartily for courts be-

ing allowed to hold on to this privilege; but for having them use it with a *great deal* of discretion. Even a blessing may be abused; and virtue can turn into vice, as quick as new milk into curd. Shakespeare says the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose; and so I don't doubt that courts, and men and women, can tell wrong stories to suit their own wants and 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 his overcoat as quick as a pony could take on his blanket.

After a short pause, up rose the younger brother of Capt. Teenty; a young man with a florid face and light brown hair, his head very erect, the starch in his shirt-collar as glossy as Crowth blacking on one's best boots, and a general air of importance and presumption that exactly ruined all the influence he might otherwise have enjoyed.

His address was as florid as his face. Nothing that he said related particularly to the question, unless it was what he offered so blandly and smilingly about "the ladies;" and in fact that was all he got up for. He had a great deal to remark about smiles and tears; bright eyes; chivalry; the age of poetry; 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 school-house that evening, he intended for deadly ones; but nevertheless all seemed to survive, and none were observed to be dragged out in a state of stupefaction. 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, stunts, and grimaces were fairly run through, he resumed the seat he was ever much ready to relinquish for the privilege of *being* in the ring.

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 else 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 principle of majorities.

"All those in favor of the Affirmative," said he, "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 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* have 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 Boso. 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 *sput*!"

XL TIPTOE & CO.

By-and-by Huckabuck became attractive enough to be made the centre of a new kind of influence. One thing opened the way for another; as naturally as it could. First a few summer visitors dropped in; and said they liked the place well enough to come again. Then a little weazen man happened along, and hunted about among the houses off the road to see if he could find one to suit him. And then he went away, and finally brought his sister back with him. And they rummaged from the top to the bottom of a two-story white house for a couple of days, discussed the affair in all its possible bearings, and concluded to take a lease for three years at least, and perhaps for five.

When Mr. Tiptoe did come to town, it was an event worth speaking of. With his sister Sarah, too, for a companion. And with four little boys as pupils, who were going to board out what they could of one hundred and fifty-six dollars a year, and try and make good the deficit by pretending to lay in a stock of scholasticisms and pedantic refinements.

Mr. Tiptoe was properly a *Rev.* That is, he had made a pretty sorry experiment of passing once in his life, and finally given over the occupation as not altogether suited to his constitution and capacities. Whether the result was owing to indigestion, derangement of the liver, or an undue laxity of the cerebral tissues, will probably never be known. At any rate, he was gloomy. His preaching was sadly shadowed in its influence by the sluggishness of his bile. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy. And he set forth his doctrines in the same discontented twilight in which he had himself first experienced 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 sadly overworked missionary; but as a general thing he wished not to be considered a regular laborer, or to be relied on except in case of an extreme emergency.

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 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 temptations of every sort, and remain strictly under the tutelage and roof of their instructor. He additionally engaged to look very sharp after their public and private morals, and gave notice in the same paragraph that they would be expected to bring one silver spoon apiece, one silver fork, one silver napkin ring, a pair of towels, and a Bible. On leaving, everything they brought with them was to belong to him, except "the books"—for which Mr. Tiptoe did not probably have so decided an inclination as for the silver.

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 piercing, and just staring 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 for such a man. She was as keen, sharp, and scheming as he. In executive activity and energy, she was far his superior. If her trim little figure, her two lank and stinky curls—one on each temple—and her sharp nose and chin were intended to expose anything in particular, it must have been her aptitude for business; especially for this very business now 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 nod.

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 benches, and walls as bare as plaster and whitewash had left them; led to the table thrice a day, to pick up such crumbs as Miss Sally deemed good for their juvenile stomachs; allowed to go nowhere out of the scanty limits of a little lot close by to play; conducted in solemn procession to the meeting-house each Sunday, and always twice a day in rain, shine, or snow; frowned upon, lectured by the hour, and talked at by Mr. Tiptoe and his sister together; checked, hampered, brow-beaten, and bullied in a moral way from Sunday morning to Saturday night; frozen and thawed alternately, or fried and never suffered to cool off; hungry, home-sick, and heart-sick by intervals, yet without the power of bringing their wrongs to the notice of their friends—since Mr. Tiptoe was kind enough to overlook all their letters home, lest they might bring his pedagogical skill into disrepute by reason of their frequent errors of grammar—what was there in the wide world to cheer them on their steep way to learning, or to keep them in heart till they should finally have passed this first ugly stage of existence, and caught a refreshing glimpse of the better things to be hoped for in the hereafter?

Still parents continue to banish their boys to such Siberias as too many of these "select schools" prove themselves, expecting to find that the responsibilities, which they were only too glad to shift on other shoulders, are every one thoroughly and conscientiously assumed. Fashion is doing a great work in thus depriving young children of the sweet and natural home influences, and will probably continue in that service until the evil grows too great to be tolerated any longer.

Old Malachi happened in at their back yard one day, 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 shrieked, in a low tone. "Who's here?"

"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!—I'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 jest 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 *swasting* 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't any swill to give away!"

And she was about shutting the door in his face.

"None to give away, hey?" repeated he, with an ill-suppressed laugh. "Beats all, though! What dew you dew with it, then? Don't keep no pig, 's I see! Can't—he! he!—can't—he! he! he! he!—eat it yourselves," exactly?"

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 something 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.

Having managed, on a particular Saturday afternoon, 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 hang 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 he blew out a sallowing whistle, the better to convey the full dullness of his meaning.

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

"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' eat, 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 she makes the boys eat it!—eat what the pigs eat! Say, does she?"

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

"What dew you 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 rebellion 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 suggested 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 voice, screeching somewhere in the neighborhood of the back stoop. "Sam-u-e-l! Sam-u-e-l!"

"There! that's for me!" said he to his new acquaintances. "I'll see ye 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 silvers out of his hands the whole distance back through the garden.

"What a queer chnp!" 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 ye 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 Huckleback!"

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 ear down to the keyhole of Miss Sally Tiptoe's door, and listening to what she and her brother had to say.

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

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

She hitched her chair a little nearer his.

"There's that rich widow Banister! Have ye ever thought what a prize she'd be for ye?"

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.

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

"Why should I?" asked he, beginning to get a trifle interested. "Why should I?"

"Because: just consider it for yourself. Aint ye a Minister? Haven't ye got those three expressive letters—R. E. V.—before your name? And don't ye 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, ye 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 ye do! And I tell ye again—it isn't every lady, let her be as rich as she may, who is rich enough to marry a Reverend! Depend upon that, now!"

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 ye expect to do anything, ye must plunge in. The ladies aint partial to timid people, ye 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; "and don't let it be said of ye, that ye 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 ye take?"

"I'm s'pise," he answered, gingerly; "I'd rather have the money, by all odds!"

"And so had I. 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 put it before ye. There's no safer way, Nathaniel, than to be in good season about these matters. Look sharp after me, then—I sha'n't let the grass grow under ye!"

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dreams, far out over the placid harbor seaward; the score of bells kept up their rhythmic pulsations, singing and swinging in the still air of the summer morning, and enlivening all hearts with the sounds of their own contagious joy. There was nothing like it anywhere. All thoughts of business the citizens 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 with their long staves, to look a little after the comfort of the vast auditory, the venerable old President rose in his place and offered a prayer. After this followed a voluntary on the organ; and then the regular exercises of the day began.

I shall make no attempt to go through with a narration 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 occasion. 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 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 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 very feebly 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 awake! 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 kissed the cheek of dawn,
Who smiled, and blushed as passing on
She tripped down the airy heights.

The harbors and the violets blue,
And the morning glories' tinted cup,
Through whispering zephyrs lifted up,
And rosy sang as morning came in view.

The placid waters of the streams
Went singing through the leafy copse,
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 bird,
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 bore the seal of twenty years;
An April hour of smiles and tears;
And daisies kissed her tripping feet.

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

The Doncaster Races.

FROM "THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES."

Two of the many passengers by a certain late Sunday evening train, Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild, yielded up their tickets at a little rotten platform (converted into artificial touch-wood by 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 train to the music of the whirling wheels, the panting of the engine, and the part-singing of hundreds of third-class excursionists, whose vocal efforts "bobbed around" from sacred to profane, from hymns, to our transatlantic sisters, the Yankee Gal and Mairry Anne, in a remarkable way. There seemed to have been some large vocal gathering near to every lonely station on the line. No town was visible, no village was visible, no light was visible; but a multitude got out singing, and a multitude got in singing, and the second multitude took up the hymns, and adopted our transatlantic sisters, and sang of their own egregious wickedness, and of their bobbing around, and of how the ship it was ready and the wind it was fair, and they were bayoued for the sea, Mairry Anne, until they in their turn became a getting-out multitude, and were replaced by another getting-in multitude, who did the same. And at every station, the getting in multitude, with an artistic reference to the completeness of their chorus, incessantly cried, as with one voice, while scuffling into the carriages, "We mun an' gang together!"

The singing and the multitudes had trailed off as the lonely places were left, and the great towns were neared, and the way had lain as silently as a train's way ever can, over the vague black streets of the great gulfs of towns, and among their branchless woods of vague black chimneys. These towns looked, in the sinister wet, as though they had one and all been on fire and were just put out—a dreary and quenched panorama, many miles long.

Thus, Thomas and Francis got to Leeds; of which enterprising and important commercial centre it may be observed with delicacy, that you must either like it very much, or not at all. Next day, the first of the Race-Week, they took train to Doncaster.

And instantly the character, both of travelers and of luggage, entirely changed, and no other business than race-business any longer existed on the face of the earth. The talk was all of horses and "John Scott." Guards whispered behind their hands to station-masters, of horses and John Scott. Men in cut-away coats and speckled cravats fastened with peculiar pins, and with the large bones of their legs developed under tight trousers, so that they should look as much as possible like horses' legs, paced up and down by twos at junction stations, speaking low and modestly of horses and John Scott. The young clergyman in the black straight-waistcoat, who occupied

the middle seat of the carriage, expounded in his peculiar pulpit-accent to the young and lovely Reverend Mrs. Clinefin, who occupied the opposite middle-seat, a few passages of rumor relative to "Oatheth, my love, and Mithier John Eth-corr." A bandy vagabond, with a head like a Dutch cheese, 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 period much degenerated, was courted by the best society, by reason of what he had to hint, when not engaged in eating straw, concerning "horses and John Scott." The engine-driver himself, as he applied one eye to his large stationary double-eye-glass 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 into an open space, a howling wilderness of idle men. All work but race-work at a stand-still; all men at a stand-still. "By my word! Deant ask noon o' us to help wi' t' luggage. Bock your opinion loike a mon. Coom! Dang it, coom, 'horses and John 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 Lyncis 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, drunk-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. Races 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 lunatic horses occasionally 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. Thurtell. 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, secrecy, cold calculation, hard callousness and dire insensibility, are the uniform Keeper 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 before me.

Monday evening. Town lighted up; more Lunatics out than ever; a complete choke and stoppage of the thoroughfare outside the Betting Rooms. Keepers, having dined, pervade the Betting Rooms, and sharply snap at the moneyed Lunatics. Some Keepers flushed with drink, and some not, but all close and calculating. A vague echoing roar of "horses" and "frances" always rising in the air, until midnight, at about which period it dies away in occasional drunken songs and straggling yells. But, all night, some unmanly drinking-house in the neighborhood opens its mouth at intervals, and spits out a man too drunk to be retained: who thereupon makes what uproarious protest may be left in him, and either falls asleep where he tumbles, or is carried off in custody.

Tuesday morning, at daybreak. A sudden rising, as it were out of the earth, of all the obscene creatures, who sell "correct cards of the races." They may have been coiled in corners, or sleeping on door-steps, and, having all passed the night under the same set of circumstances, may all want to circulate their blood at the same time; but, however that may be, they spring into existence all at once and together, as though a new Cadmus had sown a race-horse's teeth. There is nobody up to buy the cards; but the cards are madly orped. There is no patronage to quarrel for; but they madly quarrel and fight. Conspicuous among these hyenas, as breakfast-time discloses, is a fearful creature in the general semblance of a man; shaken off his next-to-no legs by drink and devilry, bare-headed and bare footed, with a great shock of hair like a horrible broom, and nothing on him but a ragged pair of trousers and a pink glazed-calico coat—made on him—so very tight that it is as evident that he could never take it off, as that he never does. This hideous apparition, inconceivably drunk, has a terrible power of making a gong-like imitation of the braying of an ass: which feat requires that he should lay his right jaw in his begrimed right paw, double himself up, and shake his bray-out of himself, with much staggering on his next-to-no legs, and with much twirling of his horrible broom, as if it were a mop. From the present minute, when he comes in sight holding up his cards to the windows, and hoarsely proposing purchase to My Lord, Your Excellency, Colonel, the Noble Captain, and Your Honorable Worship—from the present minute until the Grand Race-Week is finished, at all hours of the morning, evening, day, and night, shall the town reverberate, at capricious intervals, to the brays of this frightful animal, the Gong-Donkey.

No very great racing to-day, so no very great amount of vehicles: though there is a good sprinkling, too: from farmer's carts and gigs, to carriages with post-horses and to four-in-hand, mostly coming by the road from York and passing on straight through the main street to the Course. A walk in the wrong direction may be a better thing for Mr.

Goodchild to-day than the Course, so he walks in the wrong direction. Everybody gone to the races. Only children in the street. Grand Alliance Circus deserted; not one Star-Rider left; omnibus which forms the Pay-Place, having on separate panels Day here for the Boxes, Pay here for the Pig, Pay here for the Gallery, hove down in a corner and looked up; nobody near the tent, but the man on his knees on the grass, who is making the paper balloons for the Star young gentlemen to jump through to-night. A pleasant road, pleasantly wooded. No laborers working in the fields; all gone "frances." The few late wanderers of their way "frances," who are yet left driving on the road, stare in amazement at the recluses who are not going "frances." Roadside inn-keeper has gone "frances." Turnpike-man has some "frances." His thrifty wife, washing clothes at the toll house door, is going "frances" to-morrow. Perhaps there may be no one left to take the toll to-morrow; who knows? Though assuredly that would be neither turnpike-like, nor Yorkshire-like. The very wind and dust seem to be hurrying "frances," as they briskly pass the only wayfarer on the road. In the distance, the Railway Engine, waiting at the town-end, shrieks despairingly. Nothing but the difficulty of getting off the Line, restrains that Engine from going "frances," too, it is very clear.

At night, more Lunatics out than last night—and more Keepers. The latter very active at the Betting Rooms, the street in front of which is now impassable. Mr. Palmer as before. Mr. Thurtell as before. Roar and uproar as before. Gradual subsidence as before. Unmanly drinking-house exhortations as before. Drunken negro-melodists, Gong-donkey, and correct cards, in the night.

On Wednesday morning, the morning of the great St. Leger, it becomes apparent that there has been a great influx since yesterday, both of Lunatics and Keepers. The families of the tradesmen over the way are no longer within human ken; fifteen and twenty guinea-lodgers fill them. At the pastry-cook's second-floor window, a Keeper is brushing Mr. Thurtell's hair—thinking it is his own. In the wax-chandler's attic, another Keeper is putting on Mr. Palmer's braces. In the gunsmith's nursery, a Lunatic is shaving himself. In the serious stationer's best sitting-room, three Lunatics are taking a combination-breakfast, praising the (cook's) devil, and drinking neat brandy in an atmosphere of last midnight's cigars. No family sanctuary is free from our Angolio messengers—we put up at the Angel—when in the guise of extra waiters for the grand Race-Week, rattle in and out of the most secret chambers of everybody's house, with dishes and tin covers, decanters, soda-water bottles, and glasses. An hour later. Down the street and up the street, as far as eyes can see, and a good deal farther, there is a dense crowd; outside the Betting Rooms it is like a great struggle at a theatre door—in the days of theatres; or at the vestibule of the Spurgeon temple—in the days of Spurgeon. An hour later. Fusing into this crowd, and somehow getting through it, are all kinds of conveyances, and all kinds of foot-passengers; carts, with brick-makers and brick-makers' jolting up and down on planks; drags, with the needful grooms behind, sitting cross-armed in the needful manner, and slapping themselves backward from the soles of their boots at the needful angle; postboys, in the shining hats and smart jackets of the olden time, when stokers were not; beautiful Yorkshire horses, gallantly driven by their own breeders and masters; Under every pole, and every shaft, and every horse, and every wheel as it would seem, the Gong-donkey—metallically braying, when not struggling for life, or whipped out of the way.

By one o'clock, all this stir has gone out of the streets, and there is no one left in them but Francis Goodchild. Francis Goodchild will not be left in them long; for he too is on his way "frances."

A most beautiful sight, Francis Goodchild finds "frances" to be, when he has left fair Doncaster behind him, and comes out on the free course, with its agreeable prospect, its quaint Red House oddly changing and turning as Francis turns, its green grass, and fresh heath. A free course and an easy one, where Francis can roll smoothly where he will, and can choose between the start, or the coming-in, or the turn behind the brow of the hill, or any out-of-the-way point where he lists to see the thrashing horses straining every nerve, and making the sympathetic earth throb as they come by. Francis much delights to be, not in the Grand Stand, but where he can see it, rising against the sky with its vast tiers of little white dots of faces, and its last high rows and corners of people, looking like pins stuck into an enormous pin-cushion—not quite so symmetrically as his orderly eye could wish, when people change or go away. When the race is nearly run out, it is as good as the race to him to see the flutter among the pins, and the change in them from dark to light, as hats are taken off and waved. Not less full of interest, the loud anticipation of the winner's 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 bright-colored riders, who have not yet quite subdued their gallop, though the contest is over.

Mr. Goodchild would appear to have been by no means free from lunacy himself at "frances," though not of the prevalent kind. He is suspected by Mr. Idle to have fallen into a dreadful state concerning a pair of little lilac gloves and a little bonnet that he saw there. Mr. Idle asserts, that he did afterwards repeat at the Angel, with an appearance of being lunatically seized, some rhapsody to the following effect: "Oh, little lilac gloves! And oh, winning little bonnet, making in conjunction with her golden hair quite a Glory in the sun-light round the pretty 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 prolonged through an everlasting autumn-sunshine, without a sunset! Slave of the Lamp, or Ring, strike me yonder gallant equestrian Clerk of the Course, in the scarlet coat, motionless on the green grass for ages! Friendly Devil on Two Sticks, for ten times ten thousand years, keep Blink-Bonny jibbing at the post, and let us have no start! Arab drums, powerful of old to summon Genii in the desert, sound of yourselves, and raise a troop for me in the desert of my heart, which shall so enchant this dusty barouche (with a conspicuous excise-plate, resembling the Collector's door-plate at a turnpike), that I, within it, loving the little lilac gloves, the winning little bonnet, and the dear unknown-wearer with the golden hair, may wait by her side forever, to see a Great St. Leger that shall never be run!"

Thursday morning. After a tremendous night of crowding, shouting, drinking-house exhortation,

Gong-donkey, and correct cards. Symptoms of yesterday's gains in the way of drink, and of yesterday's losses in the way of money, abundant. Money-losses very great. As usual, nobody seems to have won; but, large losses and many losers are unquestionable facts. Both Lunatics and Keepers, in general very low. Several of both kinds look in at the chemist's while Mr. Goodchild is making a purchase there, to be "picked up." One red-eyed Lunatic, flushed, faded, and disordered, enters hurriedly, and cries savagely, "Hond us a glass of sal volatile in wather, or soon dommed thing o' thot'sart!" Faces at the Betting-rooms very long, and a tendency to bite nails observable. Keepers likewise given this morning to standing about solitary, with their hands in their pockets, looking down at their boots as they sit them into cracks of the pavement, and then looking up whistling and walking away. Grand Alliance Circus out, in procession; buxom lady-member of Grand Alliance, in crimson riding-habit fresher to look at, even in her paint under the day sky, than the cheeks of Lunatics or Keepers. Spanish Cavalier appears to have lost yesterday, and jingles his bossed bridle with disgust, as if he were paying. Reaction also apparent at the Guildhall opposite, whence certain pickpockets come out handcuffed together, with that peculiar walk which is never seen under any other circumstances—a walk expressive of going to jail, game, but still of jails being in bad taste and arbitrary, and how would you like it if it was you instead of me, as it ought to be! Mid-day. Town filled as yesterday, but not so full; and emptied as yesterday, but not so empty. In the evening, Angel ordinary where every Lunatic and Keeper has his modest daily meal of turtle, venison, and wine, not so crowded as yesterday, and not so noisy. At night, the theatre. More abstracted faces in it, than one ever sees at public assemblies; such faces wearing an expression which strongly reminds Mr. Goodchild of the boys at school who were "going up next," with their arithmetic or mathematics. These boys are, no doubt, going up to-morrow with their sums and figures. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thurtell in the boxes O. P. Mr. Thurtell and Mr. Palmer in the boxes P. S. The firm of Thurtell, Palmer, and Thurtell, in the boxes Centre. A most odious tendency observable in these distinguished gentlemen to put vile constructions on sufficiently innocent phrases in the play, and then to applaud them in a Satyr-like manner. Behind Mr. Goodchild, with a party of other Lunatics and one Keeper, the express incarnation of the thing called a "gent." A gentleman born; a gent manufactured. A something with a scarf round its neck, and a slipshod speech issuing from behind the scarf; more depraved, more foolish, more ignorant, more unable to believe in any noble or good thing of any kind, than the stupidest Besjesman. The thing is but a boy in years, and is added with drink. To do its company justice, even its company is ashamed of it, as it draws its slang criticisms on the representation, and inflames Mr. Goodchild with a burning ardor to fling it into the pit. Its remarks are so horrible, that Mr. Goodchild, for the moment, even 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 must make a low world of its own to live in, what over the real materials, or it could no more exist than any of us could without the sense of touch, brings Mr. Goodchild to reason: the rather, because the thing soon drops its downy chain upon its scarf, and slobbers itself to sleep.

Friday morning. Early fights. Gong-donkey, and correct cards. Again, a great set towards the races, though not so great a set as on Wednesday. Much packing going on too, up stairs at the gunsmith's, the wax-chandler's, and the serious stationer's; for there will be a heavy drift of Lunatics and Keepers to London by the afternoon train. The course as pretty as ever; the great pin-cushion as like a pin-cushion, but not nearly so full of pins; whole rows of pins wanting. On the great event of the day, both Lunatics and Keepers become inspired with rage; and there is a violent scuffling, and a rushing at the losing jockey, and an emergence of the said jockey from a swaying and menacing crowd, protected by friends, and looking the worse for wear; which is a rough proceeding, though animating to see from a pleasant distance. After the great event, rills begin to flow from the pin-cushion towards the railroad; the rills swell into rivers; the rivers soon unite into a lake. The lake floats Mr. Goodchild into Doncaster, past the Itinerant personage in black, by the way-side, telling him from the vantage ground of a legibly printed placard on a pole that for all these things the Lord will bring him to judgment. No turtle and venison ordinary this evening; that is all over. No betting at the rooms; nothing there but the plants in pots, which have, all the week, been stood about the entry to give it an innocent appearance, and which have sorely sickened by this time.

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 to explain; but you see, gentlemen, there was a gentleman dined down stairs with two more, and he had lost a deal of money, and he would drink a deal of wine, and in the night he "took the horrors," and got up; and as his friends could do nothing with him, he laid himself down, and groaned at Mr. Idle's door. "And he pro egoan there," Mr. Idle says; "and you will please to imagine me inside, 'taking the horrors' too!"

Thus, the picture of Doncaster on the occasion of its great sporting anniversary, offers probably a general representation of the social condition of the town, in the past, as well as in the present time.

THE WATCH.

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I open it, and find that the works—without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell—those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning—are made of brass. Investigate further, and I ask what is the spring by which all these are made of? I am told that it is made of steel! I ask what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a process. So, then, I find the main-spring, without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures and embellishments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficiently good; nor of brass—that would not do—but of iron. Iron, therefore, is the only precious metal,

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 seals, sapphire, rubies, topazes, and embellishments, are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master-spirits 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 obscurity, 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 WILDBURN.

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 rosy 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 affection.

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 pulso 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, white-robed maiden, the angel of the household, would softly glide across the threshold, with benignant smile, and with her soothing touch would lull 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 dazzled 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 unwonted 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 power.

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 siren queen of the world, and for years his aged mother wept 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 siren 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 siren queen'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 earth's choicest flowers.

He returned to his home, the heart-crushed, world-weary 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 mother, 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 essential to good morals, or that laughing is an unpardonable crime.

Banner of Light.

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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. Conant 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 this 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 sense 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 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, they do but drag about their own corpses with them, hanging all the while over their shoulders.

There is not that mystery and secrecy 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 after experience puts the stamp of falsehood upon the whole of it.

As the air floats everywhere about us, laying our bodies, and exhilarating or depressing our spirits, so does a spiritual atmosphere at all times surround us, giving us joy or the contrary, exactly as our inclinations, moods, 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 fog, 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 accident about 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 arrangement to aid us,—through repeated trials and repeated disappointments,—in shaping, building up, and compacting a character that will find sources of enjoyment in every object or position the world may present.

Armed with a philosophy like this, which is no other, after all, than the true Christian panoply, no man lives but he may reach out and take the rational enjoyment his soul craves. It lies within every one's grasp. There is no need of running away from one's self 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 say what we will have, and when it shall truly belong 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, Christmas 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 of us who, on looking back, will find enough to regret, enough to wish had turned out quite otherwise; yet even those cannot wholly lament at the end that is drawing near. The rosy fingers of the approaching dawn reach out lovingly to grasp our 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 is quite as sad a pleasure, but a pleasure still, to stand around the open grave of the old year, the snow stretched over the landscape like a cloak of ermine, and behold this last darling of our hearts committed 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 Christmas" time.

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 ordained 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 length decided to do so, although several members of the council objected, viz: Mr. Cady, of West Cambridge, Mr. Marvin, of Medford, Mr. Sewall, of Burlington, and others. After this they began the examination.

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 Andover Seminary, and by the Congregationalists generally 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 to 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. Thus divided, the council adjourned to hold a secret session in the school house, and spent the time till 4 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 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 wicked old dogma, that "infant's skulls formed the pavements of hell!" We do not wonder the world scorns these superstitions.

MRS. HENDERSON.

This gifted medium is announced to occupy the desk at the Melodeon on Sundays, during the month 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 that time, may address her as above.

THE MANUFACTURE OF LACE.

It is estimated that more than 200,000 persons get their living in France by the manufacture of lace alone. The laces are all of them made by hand, or with bobbins upon a cushion, with the exception of those made at Alencon, which are manufactured with the needle upon parchment. The laces are consequently called after the names of the districts where they are manufactured; thus, there are the laces of Bayeux, Chantilly, Lille, Arras, Mirecourt, DuTay, Boileuil, and Alencon. Though all of the fabrics manufactured in these different districts are made in the same way, yet it is easy to distinguish the style of the district. Bayeux produces scarfs 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 Venetian 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 Narecourt, 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, over her own signature, which lead the spirit to visit us and give the message. She, however, thought it might be pleasing to us to know that the spirit was recognized from his communication, by those who requested him to give it through Mrs. Conant.

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 those relations of life disturbed, which every true soul holds sacred, even to enable us to gratify the longings of the skeptic, however much we may desire to do so.

However, there are those who receive these "messages" who will not jeopardize 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 glittering Boulevards, the white colonnades of the Louvre, the opera house, the gardens of the Tuilleries, the gardens of the Luxembourg, the gardens of the Invalides, the gardens of the Champs Elysees, the gardens of the Bois de Boulogne, the gardens of the Bois de Vincennes, the gardens of the Bois de St. Mandé, the gardens of the Bois de St. Germain, the gardens of the Bois de St. Denis, the gardens of the Bois de St. Maurice, the gardens of the Bois de St. Ouen, the gardens of the Bois de St. Pierre, the gardens of the Bois de St. Martin, the gardens of the Bois de St. Georges, the gardens of the Bois de St. Louis, the gardens of the Bois de St. Antoine, the gardens of the Bois de St. Germain, the gardens of the Bois de St. Denis, the gardens of the Bois de St. Maurice, the gardens of the Bois de St. Ouen, the gardens of the Bois de St. Pierre, the gardens of the Bois de St. Martin, the gardens of the Bois de St. Georges, the gardens of the Bois de St. Louis, the gardens of the 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the public. Hereafter Mr. M. will consign to the fire all letters which upon opening do not contain 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 time learn people to be more honest than to engage the labor of others without even tendering their price.

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. For if it be a fact (which I most fully believe,) that 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 abilities, and thereby be enabled to enjoy, not only its 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 liberty to do so, without altering one word in either letter, as they do not bear date at any particular place, and will leave for the intelligent reader to decide how appropriate is the answer of the spirit, to 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 the spirit if she could reply to a letter addressed to her in Boston, while her medium (Mrs. H.) remained 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 Shannic (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 sealed envelope, with no other superscription than "Shannic." Shannic 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 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 sealed. I enclosed both in an envelope, without knowing a word 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 Shannic 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 doubt if as satisfactorily then." But we will let the letters speak for themselves.

LETTER TO THE SPIRIT.

M—WIGWAM, Nov. 4th, 1857.

MY DEAR SHANNIC:—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 room, when I felt a strong impression "to sit," and 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 "Shannic." 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 is correct.

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 "Shannic," 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 Shannic, I will say

REPLY.

MY DEAR MORTAL FRIEND:—You have at last dictated some few lines to me in sealed form, Nov. 4th, submitting them to the medium through whom "Shannic" never has come, and whom she has never attempted to control. So, then, if I should not talk to you as I have wanted to do, through my child Cody, then do not think it is not your old friend Shannic that is speaking to you.

We have to work with such instruments as we have given to us—so, then, to the reply:—

As you, in your before the medium, seem to be penitent for so long neglecting me, Shannic 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 *little careless sometimes*.

You should not wait for Cody to write you. You must not expect she can be constant in fulfilling all her promises or engagements—though she would if she could—but so is she tilted about from place to place, poor human nature falls to do its part frequently, and then we are not able to fulfill on our part.

You tell me, the evening after Cody left, you was in your room, when you felt a strong impression to sit 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 Shannic, though you could not control fully—and this was where the mistake appears in yours. My object was to tell you that Cody did (not) lecture in Boston the Sunday evening. You wrote that she did. You took your hand from the paper after you had written *did*, and before you placed it to the paper again, that influence which would have written "not" passed, consequently the next word would be *lectured*. Now this was as near as I can explain it to you.

You tell me you have been afflicted with bad cold.

Well, now, I am pleased to have you tell me all these instances. But, darling, do you think Shannic has 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.

What the matter with our *(meadow pony)* — Tulip—guess she dance too long 'round the "council fire" 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—Fiddles and Shannic make them take back by and by. Now be wise and good. Say to your *brave* (father) Shannic come much to his wigwam, when he no think she come. Will write through your hand often if you will be ready when I impress you. Good-by, dear one. From your "SHANNIC."

The spirit as seen in the letter calls Cora, Cody, as is her general custom. A day or two previous to Shannic writing this letter, I had purchased for Mrs. H. a large fur cloak,—thus the "many skins" referred 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 "plucky" school undertook to get up a disturbance in her lecture.

I have but one word more to say. Mr. Mansfield devotes his entire time to the use of spirits in replying to their friends through him. I am sorry to say that a large number who write to him, do not even pay return postage, and two-thirds of his letters are without compensation. It is ungenerous and unmanly 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 payment of even this. He has a family to support, and 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.

Truly yours, B. F. HATCH, M. D.

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 Melancon (Tremont Temple) on Tuesday evening of this week, Dec. 22, at 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 tarry the remainder of the winter.

B. F. HATCH, 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 dramatic Jury trials and daily application of law to the conduct of men—our Press, with its thousand heads and myriad hands, its steam power and its telegraphs—and, 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 mend 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 vocation.

New Publications.

MERRY'S BOOK OF PUZZLES.

This is a collection of "Hieroglyphical Rebuses, Puzzles, Riddles, Conundrums, Enigmas, and Questions for the Curious," selected from Merry's Museum 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, Boston.

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, which are developed in the lives of two sisters, one of whom is the chattel child. The story is well told, and will furnish entertainment for a winter's evening. A. Williams & Co. have the book upon their counter.

SALT WATER BUBBLES; OR, LIFE ON THE WAVER. By HAUSER MARTINGALE. G. W. Cottrell, Boston.

This is a collection of sea yarns, told by Captain Sleeper, whose experience in matters of sea-life, is of an extended character. These yarns were formerly published in a weekly paper, and commanded attention from the reading public, for their sprightly character, and for their freedom from grossness of expression, too often found in sea yarns. Fun is to be found in plenty from the perusal of this volume.

BOSTON ALMANAC, 1858. Darnell & Moore, Devonshire street.

The receipt of this highly useful little volume

reminds us that we have journeyed one more year, nearly, on the road of life. But that is nothing to the publishers, and although they may cause in our mind some sober reflections, we nevertheless welcome the little visitor to our table.

It contains the matter for which Almanacs are proverbial, and a very large and useful memoranda 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 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 a short engagement on Monday evening, and appeared in a new five act play, entitled: "A Snake in the Grass." She is a Boston lady, and was received with much favor. On dit that the Ravello will succeed Mr. S., after which comes the Opera Troupe—Herr Formes, Lagrange, Biguardi, &c.

THE MUSEUM continues the "Myths 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.

ORDWAY HALL.—This charming little place of amusement continues as attractive as ever. The 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. SCHINER, 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 bleak,
So rigid and sharp do his features appear,
So woful and wan is his aspect, 'tis clear
That his life-records fill their last page.

The Pairchild had had twelve children, all told—
Their names fill the Calendar still;
And now, when his limbs are grown palsied and cold,
Like a shepherd he gathers his flock to his fold,
While Justice sits 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—dewy tears fill each eye,
For they grieve that their father, the Old Year, must die,
And his robes, for their weeping, tear the clouds from the sky,
Which rebellious side winds sweep away.

But the hoary old sage calmly looks on their rage,
With bowed head he musingly muses 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'll 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-bells, his funeral knell;
He has gone where his sixty 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 lecturer. She is a Clairvoyant and Clairaudient 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.

Late 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 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 princes 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."

In London, on the 2d, money continued in active demand. The stock market was firm, caused by the arrival of the West India mail steamer, with 800,000 in silver. The suspensions of the day were Messrs. Jacobs & Co., London, in the West India trade—Liabilities 350,000; Kioser & Co., in the German trade, 50,000. The semi-monthly shipment of silver to China and India was 400,000. At a meeting of

the Erie Railroad bond-holders, it was resolved that a committee should be requested to propose subscriptions to the proposed new loan, and to communicate 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 Adriatic with 80,000 in specie, and satisfactory commercial intelligence from New York.

The launching of the Leviathan is slowly progressing. The vessel gradually moved between forty and fifty feet towards the water.

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 from Cuba, received at Madrid, state that the squadron assembled there was ready to sail at a moment's notice, to act against Mexico, or "elsewhere." Soldiers seasoned to the climate had alone been selected for 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 Lieutenant, and return on board her a passenger to the United States. The Saratoga had been previously ordered 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 76th anniversary of their weekly paper, and the 26th 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 celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Benjamin 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 types 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 celebrated 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 recovery.

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 Medford.

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 superstitious as an omen of future prosperity.

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 vs. 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 democratic newspapers in Ohio sympathize 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.

Gen. R. J. Walker's letter of resignation as Governor of Kansas, is a matter of general comment. Who will be Governor No. 5?

DOUGLAS' KANSAS BILL.—The bill introduced into the U. S. Senate, on the 8th inst., by Mr. Douglas, provides for a board of five persons, to be appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, to make an enumeration of the inhabitants of Kansas, and a fair apportionment of members to the convention. It also provides for an election to be held on a 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 the appointment of judges and places of voting, 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 Shanghai 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 Peking and Polio rivers, to resist the anticipated advance of the British. The ship Ariel, which had been dismasted by a typhoon, had put back to Shanghai, 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 command near Fort Bridges, and that the baggage and provisions were all safe. The troops were in good spirits. 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. Each 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 every lot.

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. EDITOR—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 investigate.

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 be 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 *idea* 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 will 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 flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." He testified that "he could do nothing of himself, but as the Father taught 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 unto himself." The same as God is in every good word and work, showing by the power of goodness and love that Himself is God. He, (Jesus), called upon all men everywhere to repent, and bring forth fruit unto God; show by their good lives that they have 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 natural 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 improves 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 teachings, 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." "He 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 meaning.

Jesus, as an example for the moral conduct of man, and as a star in the far distant future for him to aspire after and reach, filled well that station. Who can say that he was not a son of the only true and living God? But there is much written of him, even in the Testament, that is not, I think, strictly true. We read that "he tasted death for every creature, and by his atoning blood, saved a lost world." I cannot think Jesus tasted death for every creature; or by the shedding of his blood saved the world. This is a very good argument for his murderers, who were perfectly willing that he should bear 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 lessened 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—*forerunner* 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 perceived 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 natural body? Thomas put his "finger into the prints of the nails," which he could not have done if it had been only the spirit hand; for that can

receive no injury. I may lose my physical hand entire, but my spiritual hand remains unharmed. He told them that spirits had not flesh and bones as he had; and he ate before them, &c., which goes to prove that he rose in his natural body. I cannot see the least grounds for M.'s believing as he does. Will he bear in mind that Jesus was a very clear and superior clairvoyant. He was in the "superior condition," naturally, and continually, and needed not to enter that state to know the hearts of those around him. His body was not material, like ours, but was in every sense spiritual, hence he could see with the spiritual eye. That garb of materialism 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 taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." He did not die as those malefactors died that were crucified with him. It was necessary to break their bodies; but he was found "dead already." He "gave up the ghost,"—his spirit left the body; but it was not a dissolution of the spirit, or of soul and body, in death. Hence it could return to the body with as much ease as one wakes from sleep. Jesus said,—"I am the resurrection and the life;" that is, he held power over life and death. He triumphed over life, death, and the grave; for, says he again, "the princes of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." He yielded not to the temptations of Satan; but the life he lived he lived unto God. He did not live a life for the pleasures of this world; but was an obedient child of Father-God. He triumphed over death and the grave; for he took his body from the merciless arms of death, and snatched it from the narrow confines of the grave, and ascended up with it triumphant, into the glorious realms of light above.

I have a few more words to add, Mr. Editor, and will leave the subject for the investigation of all who are not too *rightious*. Of course, the old theologian, 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 progress to the stand-point of perfection with Jesus Christ. But, sir, do you take God for your judge, and reason for your guide? or is old priest-ridden theology your master? If the latter, be assured you are on uncertain ground, and are putting off the day of redemption. Turn thou from the dead life of the past, to the living God. Learn these great 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 be received into the bosom of the Father,—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 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 "delusions," &c., thou art fighting against thy own soul's happiness, the best interests of mankind, and the cause of Almighty 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 26th ultimo, I had never been to a medium. On that day I was in Baltimore, and sought one alone. (Mrs. Morrell) in order to set aside all prevarication in the charge advanced by skeptics, of a collusion. I was a perfect stranger to the party. Suffice it to say that matters 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 *seance* at his house, on Saturday, the 28th, and there were revelations there but confirmatory of what I had antecedently witnessed—*for* on both occasions the spirit of a dearly beloved niece was manifested. She was a sweet creature, deeply imbued with pious sentiments and precepts, exemplifying the true Christian by an unsullied life. In short, she was a general favorite in Baltimore. She died December, 1855. I regret that her communication was not written down, for it was *sublimity*. On Sunday, the 29th, I was at Mr. Danskin's, and through Mrs. D. received the following communication from my precious child, who died July, 1850:—

"Allow my sympathetic heart to give through you a thread of sweet communion to one in whom are all the love and fond affection of a daughter centred. Though young in years, my converse with thee can be in language beyond the comprehension of your mind to receive as proceeding from the mouth of one who died so early. Angels of wisdom have gathered me under their robes of white, and have cast their luminous thoughts around, and I have caught them and implanted them within the mind, and they grow in beauty and in knowledge every day; for angels from a sphere higher than that in which I live, breathe around me the golden thoughts of the Great Creator! My heart is innocence, and it sips all the

fragrance, and all the sweets, and all the dew-drops which are wafted from angel to angel; and I comprehend them and encompass them within the brain. The language which now lieth within me is not sufficiently descriptive of the Temple of the Great Jehovah! Allow it to suffice within your own mind, that it is a home of magnificence, where the radiant countenance of the Great Creator illumines every path with Love, with Truth, and with Wisdom; and the echo of His voice fills our hearts with praise, which never hath an end; for we cease not to pour forth harmonious sounds for the loving kindness which He hath given to the children which He formed in His own image.

Father! To your mind I will give a thought. Read daily in the Book of Inspiration. After having read, contemplate for thyself, and on thy knees offer to Him who has been so kind to thy child, a prayer; not one from the lips alone, but one that is deeply felt within the heart. Ask her, my mother dear, to search with thee for the new unfoldings of beauty and grandeur which the Father hath permitted His angels to transmit to mortals. Ask her to let not fear o'ercast her mind in being in sweet converse with a spirit child; for all that I will bring to her shall be roses, both in beauty and in freshness, plucked from the Eden bowers, so that her mind may drink in the fragrance which is emitted from each one; and in time blend the three great principles which are centred within the human body—the Mind, the Heart, and the Soul—to unite them as one; after that is accomplished, thy daughter will have filled her mission, for then, when the clay form is broken asunder, the spirit will be ushered into that home of which thou hast so often read—called the New Jerusalem; where the dome is spangled with 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 the whole human race which dwelleth in your rude earth.

'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 he hath been in converse with the daughter, whom, oft, I see, they sorrow for; but tell them—Let joy 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 lengthy, but feeling that I have trespassed too much on time, I will withdraw, and remain joyful for the precious opportunity which hath been offered me.

ALICE."

[NOTE.—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 me—yet 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 seek such excellent associations.

My friend was silent, though in confiding this affair to him, he will not divulge the secret.

Respectfully yours,
CHAS. CO., MD., Dec. 2, 1857.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LINES.

BY MADYE GARRAL.

Dearly beloved! soaring beyond
The narrow view of this lesser life,
When was thy warrior-armor donned,
Where the scene of the terrible strife?
Beautiful spirit! gazing entranced,
While heavenly splendors around thee glided,
Who led the way to 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 unwary soar from the light?
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 the Author of all blessing. We have been blessed in our earthly life, with a realizing sense of His goodness; the fountains of His own spirit within us have been opened, that we may know and adore 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 unveiled by the knowledge of His wisdom. The past is sealed in His love; the present is in the hollow of His hand; the future beams upon us, robed in light and beauty. The infinite realities of spirit existence, now enjoyed by me, but hanging like a beautiful picture of hope before you, are teeming with love and beneficence, ever calling out the Godhead within—*peace, justice and mercy*—to the enjoyment of the boundlessness of His presence. All that is true and good, leaps to reciprocate its own; how could envy, jealousy or hate find a response amid so much beatitude and joy? Truly the good will overcome evil, and our God become all in all.

I can only deal in generalities; language in its fullest interpretation cannot convey a shadow of the joy of the soul in its fullness. Its deep peace, flowing from the great depths of God's nature, so sure, so abiding, why, your every aspiration is strength, and every inspiration devotion and love. Here the desires of the spirit are satisfied. In its earth sphere it longs after rest; is often wearied and perplexed with the vanity and puerility of its best endeavors; the deep cries out unto deep, but the answer comes only as the soul is clothed in immortality and light in the Redeemer's kingdom. Faith in God as our Father, in Christ as the example and type of our re-

demption, in ourselves as capable of following that example by the crucifixion of our passions, opens to all the door of the resurrection. And we behold the spirit redeemed from sin and worthy to progress in the knowledge and wisdom of God's government. Death no longer stands between us and the resurrection 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 forever open to all the children of earth.

The body is the *vesture* of the spirit, the temple in which the Most High has enshrined it; it is the *casement* containing the jewels of immortality. It is wonderful and beautiful as the work of his hands; it is to be watched and guarded to minister unto the spirit; for, as that is pure and holy, so can the spirit progress unto righteousness. A healthful organism tends to develop a more harmonious and beautiful spiritual structure, in which to enter the spiritual realm of beauty. The travail of the spirit birth will then be like the breaking of a beautiful summer's morn, full and glorious as the work of God, bearing the seal of his perfection, unmarred by the frailty of humanity. The spirit body gathers its essence from the decay of the natural body. As the 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 spirituality 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 wear the same anthem of praise? The difference 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!

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 traveler 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 bliss, it would fly, on angel wings, to bear the glad tidings to some homeless wanderer, that another may worship and be blessed! Sometimes, 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 deceives; 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 the wondrous starry firmament, and you will excite wonder and astonishment, and while your words vibrate on the ear, the soul may believe; but how different is this from your conception of God's handiwork, which will fill your whole soul with worship!

So the spirit may believe there is rest and beauty as we describe; it may even gaze upon the promised land; but if the threads of sin and selfishness are still interwoven in the fibres of its life, it cannot enter into and enjoy it. The barrier is within—it must be overcome, and, as that of a little child, enter the kingdom of heaven. It is *raised from the dead, is immortal, has passed from death unto life*, in the natural sense, but the resurrection from sin has not been revealed to it. The tomb in the garden of the soul has not been rent—the white-robed angel of peace has not yet descended into the sepulchre of 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 innocence, is now our angel of love, and now the trembling of a mother's prayer arouses all the soul to reverence and duty; sometimes the love of the beautiful is excited, and, to be beautiful, it must be pure—so, then, absolute necessity and want impel the soul to seek after life. It is starving, and it knows by intuition that there is bread enough in his Father's house. Every aperture in this dark chaos is filled with a ray of mercy to lead it unto light. As you would nurse the sickly child, it is tended—and when it becomes strong, knows and understands its powers, as a moral and accountable agent; then we come with the admonitions of the law. It finds it must work out its own salvation. Only by its own individual truth and purity can it know God, and the superior excellence of His kingdom.

The natural impelling principle in man is after happiness—as the conviction, that truth, duty and devotion are happiness, is forced upon the mind, they will become the objects of its study. This is our science of progression; the weeds of earth must first be plucked—the tares and the wheat have grown together. The wheat is now being gathered into the harvest of eternity, while the tares are become beacon lights of the soul's misery, showing the darkness and desolation of sin. Every advancing step reveals new beauty, around and in itself. It feels indeed but little lower than the angels—allied to God through all His wondrous works—and an alien it will be no longer through sin and unbelief.

Thus I have tried to give you a few thoughts—but they are so feeble compared with the reality! I would unfold more and more to you, but the veil of mortality must not be lifted too far. God, in His wisdom has given the earth its bounds. The spirit may soar for a time, but while its home is on the footstool, the mount of transfiguration may not be ascended too often. The tabernacle of the Lord is with men, and through man may worship be rendered unto Him. The humble valley of life is traversed by angel ministers of love and peace, bearing to their loved ones emblems of life and reunion; and happy are we who can lay them on the altar of faith, blessed by the year of acceptance, and hallowed by the prayer of gratitude. Our joy is full—we feel no

longer the crown of thorns—but the laurel wreath of victory is ours to render unto Him forever and ever!

I would say more; but here let the hour of silent communion and spirit prayer breathe forth the soul's deep joy. I am with you, as the cares of day are over, sealing its record with the hand of affection, to be opened when with us you review its pages.

Your loving wife,
A.

COMMUNICATION FROM A SISTER IN THE SPIRIT LIFE.

MY DEAR SISTER:—It will be impossible for me to give you the intelligence I promised you from the invisible regions, unless I could translate the language of Paradise into that of mortals; for here are a thousand beauties unrevealed, and a thousand delights unnamed among the race of men. We drink at the fountain of happiness and bathe in the rivers of immortal pleasure. The sprightly hours dance along, crowned with love and unutterable ecstasy. I have many times, since I left this world, had the privilege to supply the place of your guardian angel. I have been an invisible witness of your tears for my death, and to allay the excess of your grief for me, I have come again to let you know that I am happy. "Oh, when shall we meet, dear sister?"

How long, 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 lightesome 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 hails the power of Love.

But, oh, when the face of eternal Love unveils its original glories, and appears in the perfection of uncreated beauty, how wondrous, how ineffable the vision. Fullness of joy is in his presence, rapture and inexpressible ecstasy. The fairest seraph stops his lute, and with a graceful pause confesses the subject too great for his most exalted strain. How impetuously do the streams of immortal joy roll on, and enlarge the faculties of every heavenly mind. Ye sacred mysteries revealed to man, ye glories unprophesied by mortal eyes, forgive the bold attempt that would describe you. The only description that mortals can receive of you is, that you are not to be described. Now I must close this communication, hoping that you may read and believe—believe and be happy.

From Rhoda Soule, written to Mrs. Samuel Edwards.

NATURE.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, of Roxbury.]

Who that hath wandered out upon the dewy landscape, on a fine spring morning, when the sun has but just arisen from his soft misty couch in the east, and heard the notes of the birds, the soft hum of busy insect under foot, gazed at the sky, with its variety of hues, at the fresh green of the trees and grass, the opening flower and soft scenery, just budding into day, can feel that God is not bountiful, not lavish in his gifts? Who that has any feeling in his heart, can help being grateful and happy at receiving such tokens of a Father's love? Blind indeed must be the eye, deaf the ear, callous the heart, on whom all this falls unheeded. It needs no artist's eye to find beauty and loveliness in this world of yours; it needs no cultivated ear to catch the tones of love around you; all hearts are susceptible to this beautiful, this holy influence. The poor shepherd-boy, as he sits on the hill-side, faithfully watching the flock entrusted to his care, feels and drinks in the beauty of all that surrounds him; his untutored heart reads from the great book of Nature, and receives instruction; he needs no time-piece to mark the hours as they roll along; the sun is his clock, and his time never varies or errs. He knows all seasons by what is around him, for the spring flower never cometh in the fall, nor the more hardy and brilliant-hued in the spring; neither doth the nut fall to the ground, nor the grain hang its head until the right season hath come. Then what is the need of books to him who can read from God's book? What need of laws to him who understands God's laws? What need of princely mansions, when Nature is far more beautiful? What need of form and fashion, when the heart is right, and mind content? What need of creeds and churches, when they bind the soul and crowd out all freedom of thought and feeling? What need of men to teach what we know within our inmost selves? *Duty, one to another.* What need of wealth and honor of men, when it bringeth not happiness or peace of mind? Better be plain and meek, taking that which is given you, saying to naught, save goodness and purity; and though ye be poor, ye shall be rich indeed; though ye be first, ye shall be last, even as Jesus was first in the kingdom of the Father. The spirit of the Father.

LAURA E. TREAT.

The Messenger.

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

The object of this department is, as its title partially implies, 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 beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but *Fluxus* 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—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 wafted 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 duties that devolved upon me. When I was on earth all that has ceased to be mystery to you, was unknown to me; and when I entered spirit life, I beheld a world I had not looked 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 angel 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 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. Go away into the past and gather there flowers of darkest hue, and place them beside those of the present. Ah, you should thank God that you lived not in the past, that the windows of Heaven are opened, and choice blessings of freedom are blossoming by every wayside.

They who confine themselves within stone and brick walls, never looking at the present, but cramping their brains with the past, will, ere long, find that the past is no foundation to build their eternal happiness upon.

You should never shrink from duty, or be afraid when lions stand in the way.

Travel with me, if you please, back to the time I existed as you exist; measure my time, view the 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 clouds. They who are travelling on in learning, are standing still, because they are not going ahead—they are reaching into the past for learning, fearing to trust their feet into the future. Fear should not be found with those who commune with disembodied spirits—it should be something unknown to them; and if you would be true soldiers, have no fear, for the end will be much brighter than the beginning.

Were I to have been told I should return to earth after so much time, I should have been likely to have censured my informant because I was not developed to receive such truths. You should not censure those who do not receive these new truths as you receive them, but pray that they may be enlightened as you are.

I have a company of spirits assisting me at this hour, else I could not control as I do. These spirits belong higher than I, although they came to this spirit world since I did. They are higher, because they were more liberal than I was, when they were on earth. Now you will say you were liberal. But I might have promulgated a liberal doctrine, yet become so wedded to that, that I saw no truth but in it. The true reformer should not be wedded to any one truth, but should seek for everything that comes 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 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 member of the Swedenborgian Church. The light that you now prize so highly, was years ago offered to those of my faith. But because it differed so much from what we had seen and heard, we could not receive it.

Now the new churchman believes that those who have passed from his external sight are beside him, but he does not believe they can commune with him, while you do. Here you see you have a little more light than he has, though he stands upon the same plane with you.

The founder of the Swedenborgian religion was a very fine medium, but the darkness around him prevented him from understanding himself and those who ministered unto his spiritual necessities.

Now Swedenborg would set for hours and commune with disembodied spirits; and yet he taught his disciples to be careful about spirits who came to earth, for there were many who came to deceive. Now his light was not sufficient to discern between good and evil spirits; had it been, he would not thus unnecessarily warned his followers, and Spiritualism, instead of being revived in your day, would have been revived in the days of Swedenborg. The principles Jesus sought to establish in his time, would again have been promulgated through Swedenborg. But those who came to him, after a time saw he was unfit for the work as a whole, and therefore were content to establish a new doctrine through him. A new church was established, which had it received all the light Divinity would have had it receive, would have been in a far different condition from 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 his followers not do the same? Jesus taught his disciples that what he did, they should do also. Swedenborg should have done this, and instead of shut-

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 prejudices 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 attempt 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 had—some to a greater extent. Well, he told us new light was coming, greater developments were in the future. 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 love 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 say it.

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 secrets 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 nigh 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, I trust.

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 man to live, and live righteously, here on earth, and to prepare him for the heaven beyond earth. Spiritualism has come at the command of Deity, that you may no longer dwell in darkness and sit in the valley and 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 still higher principles; and as your souls expand to drink in the heavenly dews of to-day, how much more shall they expand in the future.

Children, you are fitting yourselves for heaven hereafter, for by knowledge shall the soul dwell in perfect happiness. I, in my earthly life, have watched 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. All things in your sphere are marked with death, therefore you should not rely upon them. You should seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all else shall be added to you. Christ undoubtedly meant, first take care of the soul—know thyself spiritually—gather to the store-house of thy spiritual temple not that which will decay, but that which will live with it hereafter. That is of more consequence than the sustaining of this natural form. See to its wants, but gather fruits to sustain the spirit, that you may not sit in darkness long years after you enter the spirit life.

I drank deep of the cup of sorrow while I dwelt on earth, but my soul drank of the joys of heaven also; for I sought, as best I could, to walk in the steps of Jesus, the divine one, to fill my soul with spiritual food, and to know the laws which governed my spirit existence. Ah, I have been blessed since I left earth; my joy has outvied the wildest conceptions of my imagination, as I have wandered through my Father's mansions. All thanks to the merciful God for these blessings. Were I on earth, I would spread the truths of Spiritualism. Oh, ye children, be faithful, for great is the power which God hath sent to guide you in all your wanderings. Therefore praise Him when daylight first breaks upon you, and when it has faded away, fail not to praise Him under the cover of night.

From your sister Cecelia in spirit life, who was called Mary L. Ware on earth.

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 here, neither do I care so as I give what I want to. I promised implicit obedience to the Commander-in-Chief here before I came, and as I have some honor left, I will fulfill my promise and obey orders.

First let me give you a bit of a history of myself. I do not intend to weary your patience or overrun my time. I was born in Wales; lived at home until I was ten years old, then went to Liverpool; lived there about two years as an apprentice to an old man by the name of Jones Cartwright. He tried to learn me the trade known as the Baker's trade; but he was too severe for me, and rebellion was the next thing following harsh treatment. When I was in my thirteenth year, I ran away and went to sea, and as I never had any good government exerted over me, I was wild, self-willed, and ugly as the devil. Of course I received harsh treatment on sea as well as on shore, and I rebelled there. I continued to go from port to port until I was twenty-two years of age; then I was taken from off ship by a pirate craft; saved, no doubt, because I was so ugly. My name was Robert Guilds. This craft was called the Sea-bird, and commanded by one Captain Hendrich. I stopped with that crew until I came to the place where I now am, and that was five years. The last two years I was their commander. Nothing was too hard for me, no sin too black, no purpose too evil for me, and yet I can look back and see how I might have been saved, had salvation been offered me through love. But it never was, and I was out off by getting into a skirmish with a vessel in the Mediterranean. I undertook to board her, but found she was too much for me. A part of my crew 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 were surrounding me. Your commander told me I was not fit to commune. But after talking some time, he concluded to allow me to come. I do not come to benefit anybody but myself—not to prove

spirit communion. I was killed in 1852. Hell was nurtured in my youth. I was fashioned to hate when I was a child, and could have been bent any way. A blow given in childhood is remembered in manhood. Is it any wonder that my after life was a hell? I see I was wrong; I sorely regret committing sin—my soul revolts at anything of the kind now.

I am told there is happiness for me, for one who 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. I 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 eyes are opened, and were I on earth, I should do differently. I have sought many mediums, but they are all fearful of my influence; why, I cannot tell, for I have no desire to injure them.

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 divine sphere; encompassed by holier realizations. Oh, 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 cup 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 the light you have, yet I believed to a certain sense 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.

I have not been disappointed, for angels met me at my coming—they carried me to a place of rest—told me of a home beyond, for me, and I thought all the sorrows of earth as nothing when compared to one 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 the heavenly sphere there also. My friends lived there—they who walked by my side in sorrow, and most overwhelming in earth life—they will understand and appreciate this message. You are strangers to me, and I might give you many personal facts, but for those on earth, I will say but little. 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.

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 manifestations, I may say they never heard of this. I am out of sight, out of hearing, but not out of their minds. The great question is, shall I receive the same welcome I once did on earth, or shall I be like others I have seen on returning from earth, with grief upon their countenances, because their friends received them not. I have 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, whether they receive me or not.

My daughter Anne is a medium, but she does not know it. She is a good child—perhaps I think too highly of her, but pardon me if I do—I am her 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 reside in Boston, near the Old South Church—the place is called Morton Place. My name is Shattuck. Go to one Dismore 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 Dismore, 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 to do so.

Perhaps when an opportunity is offered, I may come 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 friends; I should like to give them some idea of my whereabouts. It is now seven years since I left them, and I don't think they could have forgotten me in that time. If they have, well and good, but I think I shall be recognized, and if I am I shall be welcomed. I was 74 years of age when I died. My name was Robert Stanwood. I died in Boston; my body is buried at Mount Auburn. I have friends in Boston. To them I send my blessings—not only to one but to all. I have a desire to communicate, especially 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, which is blessed with purer minds than any on earth. If I could once draw them within this sacred influence, it would never leave them, not to all eternity. 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. Good day, gentlemen.

Bill Hodgdon.

What you about, hey?—what are you about? It's me, then, that's about. It's a good thing to die, after all. You're pretty sure to get rid of something, that's pain, and I had enough of it. 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 neck, I don't know which. They say I was sick ten days, but it seemed a year. My friends think I have gone off to some foreign port—they don't think I am dead. I am as dead as I can be, but you see folks can talk after they are dead. I have a sister living in Bangor, a grandmother and father. My sister's name is Mary Jane Hodgdon; my name is Bill Hodgdon. My father is an old man, near 90. I was rather a wild boy, did not do right. Nothing ever happened to me but when I was drunk, and I might

as well say I was drunk when I died as to have them guess at it.

Well, tell them I died on board ship, when we were a few days out; tell them I shall come around there as soon as possible. I was on board the Brig Maria, Capt. Hall. We were going from Liverpool to New Orleans. I was away from home some months for five years at a time, so my folks do not perhaps think I'm dead, I don't want any run 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 Bangor was twelve years ago, I think. I say my folks are in Bangor, because I have not seen them in the spirit world, and I think they would have come to see me if they had been dead.

I have one sister here with me, taking care of me—she 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 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 was 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, ain't 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. Wait there to try my luck, and here I am at last.

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 fifteen years ago, about the rate of 20—not as high as 2:40. The last thing I said, when I was going to die, was: "Give me a glass of brandy, and here 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 Pearl street.

I can't do much here, can I? You're all so sober-minded, I can't talk as I want to. I tell you what it is, I ain't still a minute. I like this rig much, but I don't dare to move much for fear I'd burst. Pretty well hooped, but little afraid of it. Next time I come, I shall vote to have trousers on. Look 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.

Dec. 3.

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 you the name of Edward Caverley. I lived at No. 58 Billerica street. I have been dead four years. I think it is four years this coming winter. Suppose you try again to find out about me. I used to trade some at the corner of Lowell and Causeway, and corner of Cutting 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, I don't like to be turned off. I have been here three times, and you have not done for me, while others are taken in and done for. Yes, of course it does them good—if it would do me no good of course I 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? Well, then, good day.

Nov. 28.

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 about 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 communication.

But the reason we ascertained to be this—that he gave us the number of his house as 58, when it was 28, and this error he has made in the present message, which does not prove him false to our mind, but simply proves that his memory did not serve him as to that point.

We have mislaid the first communication he gave us, and also the second, but publish this, as it shows how perseveringly spirits follow their messages, and how anxious they are to see them in print. Possibly he will communicate again.

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 got to come some time, and you might as well have me as any body. Perhaps you don't know me. I don't know any of you. There are plenty of people who do know me, and I want to talk to them. I can do it now, but could not before.

I'm unhappy, and the reason is, I suppose, because I died drunk; but I'm not drunk now. My folks may say as much as they are a mind to, but I 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 New York, and died there of pleurisy. I got cold—laid out one night, you see, and the doctor told me it was pleurisy, and that I had got to die. And I am here. I was forty-five years old. My name was George Leech; I sported for a living. Sometimes I was rich, and sometimes poor—part of the time drunk, and part of the time sober. I did not keep a place since 1843, the time old Miller said you was going to be burnt up. Then I kept in Broadway, I promised to come back, and that is the reason I am here. I promised my brother I would, and two of my friends, William Carter and Ben Reed—they called him long, all a Ben.

I have been here since August the 3d, 1857. That is the last I remember of time, and I think I had my senses till I came on the other side. I know what this is—it is Spiritualism. I did not believe

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 here.

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 who 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 in 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, 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 paterity.

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 rejoice; 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 aside 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; the 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 gems of virtue shining among those sins, which are signs of ignorance. Do not speak harshly 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 blessing 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 in Boston and died there of consumption. Farewell.

Dec. 7.

Mary Ann Bartlett.

I can't talk well. What place is this? I thought I 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 never be worse off, but I shall be much happier. I am 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

Pearls.

—clergies
And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,
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 will?
Not he whose view is bounded by his soil—
Not he whose narrow heart can only shrink
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,
Tramples 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 unfurled,
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 braver and straighter
is the way. Dost thou count on a death of 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 when their plaudits load the air;
Yet will not we, too, mighty Thought,
Despair thy triumph yet to see,
Nor doubt the goal 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 scornful 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 vile dress clasps the precious gold,
The over-heating waves embrace
The stolid 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
order.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A 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 in the even-
ing."

"How much do you want?" demanded Arthur,
with a frown, and giving the cradle a half-patient,
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 extravagant
beings—seem to think money grows, or that their
husband's coin is 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 tam-
pering with in reference to wants and wishes, that
he should have dissipated immediately, as it was in
his power to do.

"I don't know—won't two dollars answer? Here
is a brand 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 gra-
tification 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 secur-
ing the bill, by tucking it into the bosom of her
dress.

"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 she? 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
speaker dropped his head. It was well that Arthur
Ramsay did not see the look of scorn that blazed in
his wife's face!

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

"As Ellen's mother left her quite a little money, I

did not suppose she would ever be obliged to work,
or if she cared to, that she would choose the profes-
sion of teacher, as most agreeable to her tastes."
"But times and money have been deuced hard of
late. Every fellow I know is 'hard up,' and begging
credit."

"But many families about us are as prosperous
as they were three years ago."

"That's encouraging to a man! to have his wife
casting reflections! You might have married worse,
let me tell you!"

Anna did not answer. Certainly, every dream of
wedded bliss she had cherished at the time of her
marriage, had melted beneath the trials of a wear-
some reality that she had not anticipated.

"Let that be as it will; Ellen is soon to be put to
earning her own living—Children are too expensive
to be maintained like princes forever. However, as
business calls me out, I will stop no longer to talk
this matter over, knowing that you and Ellen can
settle between yourselves the best means of acting
upon my suggestion and determination." With this
Arthur left.

"What is it, father means?" asked Ellen, coming
from a side-room where she had been preparing her
next day's recitations.

"Nothing, child," said Anna, drawing the excited
child to her bosom.

"It is, dear mother. I heard every word he said,
only they seem too dreadful to be realized."
What could Anna Ramsay do? To repeat her
husband's words with their real meaning, was a task
her wifely pride and kind heart shrunk from.

"I see, mother. Do not pain yourself to utter a
word. I know what he means." And Ellen burst
into a flood of tears.

"You shall not leave school, darling, until you are
prepared to teach!" cried Anna, quite as much
affected as her step-daughter.

And this assurance quieted Ellen for the time.

Arthur Ramsay left his home with the feelings of
a deeply injured man. He proceeded immediately
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 descended loudly
upon the folly of being married, and the expense of
a family.

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
he had taken it twice."

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-
teenth year.

"Now," said her father, "I intend to find you
clothes, shoes, food, and books, no longer. You must
go to work. These three boys are all that I can see
to, anyhow."

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
thought had sent a flush to the pale cheek, and tears
to the hollow eyes of her devoted, and self-denying
step-mother.

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

"I will leave school, father," she said very quietly.
"My dear child! can you feel willing to?" asked
Anna.

"Quite, mother. I dare say I shall do very well
after all, if I am so small and young," replied Ellen,
fondly kissing her mother.

"Both of which drawbacks to great pay will dis-
appear in time," laughed her father, delighted with
her ready acquiescence.

"Have you thought of any business for me,
father?" asked Ellen, not looking up as she spoke.

"Well, lately I've been into Alford's great sewing
machine establishment. Lots of girls work there,
and have good pay."

"Merely enough to live upon," interposed Anna,
vexed at the evident intention of her husband.

"Tut, tut, wife! What does anybody get but
that! I've got no more for many years!"

"But it is such hard work," sighed Ellen, too
feeble and hopeless to contend.

"Oh, that's nothing! Ellen will soon get used to
it."

Pride whispered, "Ellen, 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
husband had gone.

"Yes. I shall do well, I do not doubt. But you
must promise to have no fears nor regrets," said
Ellen, soothing one of the moaning little babes.

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

"And you will, mother. I am going to earn a
great deal of money, and spend it all on you, and
these dear little boys, and yet have time to study.
Oh, you will see me a famous teacher yet!"

Hopeful little Ellen! As heartily as were her
words, her mother hid her face in the pillow, and
wept over them!

The next day, after having done all the morning's
work, Ellen set off to commence her new, and very
distant occupation.

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
frame, caused by working the machine, made her
weep much also, in the same, silent way.

"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
now!

"Nonsense, wife! She's rather pale I'll own, but
it's only because she's growing fast."

"I want her to take the whole of the pay due her,
and go into the country," pleaded Anna.

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

"For shame! for shame!" cried Anna, indignant
beyond reason.

"Stop, woman! You see, I was hard up for
money, and her eighty dollars I felt would be quite
a lift out of my slough of despond!"

"Oh, the guilt of this man, in pursuing his vices
by means derived from the very life of his child!"
groaned his wife, fainting at his feet.

When Ellen Ramsay lay in her coffin, her father
had feelings of remorse that he could not rid himself
off for some time. But his old habits were very

strong. Although he had once fondly loved Ellen,
and now remembered that he alone had been the
cause of her blighted hopes, and stricken youth, and
wished, ah! indeed how much to lead a better life,
he yet permitted himself, to be conducted again to
his old haunts and vices.

"I did hope he would reform!" sighed Anna.
About this time a neighbor came in, and told of
many wonderful things that had been done through
Spiritualism.

On wings of sudden joy, from depths of misery,
uprose the weary soul of Anna.

"Oh, would but my husband attend these meet-
ings!" she cried.

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

Although making a great deal of sport of "the
thing," and giving to it every possible name expres-
sive of contempt and unbelief, Arthur Ramsay never-
theless attended one of the meetings, and soon gave
the closest attention to all that passed. He felt
strangely moved. Soon a medium presented to him
a communication, purporting to have come from his
deceased daughter. He reluctantly took it with an
audible "pshaw!" But he had scarcely read it, ere
his whole frame shook with emotion, while tears
filled his eyes, and ran down his bloated cheeks.

"My dear wife," he said to Anna, when they had
returned home, "my dear wife, can you forgive me
for the suffering I have caused you?"

"I can, indeed, Arthur!" sobbed Anna, yet trem-
bling with joy.

"I am resolved to lead a different life. Ellen's
parting words and dying petition, so solemnly re-
peated to me this evening, in that communication,
have made me sensible of my fault, and desirous of
reformation."

"Come, Ramsay; most ready to go to the club?"
asked one of his old companions, who felt unwilling
to lose a member whose purse and time had been so
freely given.

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

"Afraid of the old woman, hey?"

"No; but of my old, evil self. Once I sinned, and
grew callous. Now, I am never disposed to return to
my past vices, without feeling the light touch of my
daughter's hand on my arm, and it instantly re-
strains 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 heard early in the morning, and, at times,
also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enor-
mous: A single blow from its gigantic foot (it al-
ways strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay,
to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the
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
horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for
a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous—per-
haps 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 mus-
cular 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 long-
winded, if we may use the expression; so that it is
a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the
ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and
buds of various shrubs and other plants; but it is
difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all:
for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions ap-
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,
and underneath each wrote the address of the per-
son whose it happened to be. If he received a let-
ter, 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-
velope, and returned it, unopened, to the writer.

J. T. G. PIKE, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
May be found at the National House, Boston. Per-
sons 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.

It is believed that many useful hints may be gathered
from disembodied physicians, which, in the hands
of those who are competent to treat disease, are of
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.

The readers of the Banner of Light, who wish
for Insurance on FIRE, or against loss by FIRE, are
invited to apply to M. Mun Dean, No. 76 State street,
Boston, Mass., who effects insurance in the best
Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

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

CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Trance-speaking and Healing Me-
dium, will respond to calls to lecture in the New England
States. Letters, to his address, Cambridgeport, Mass., will
receive prompt attention.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-
ton, Vt.

L. E. COOMBS, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this
office.

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

H. B. BROWN, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New
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MR. ANON DRAKE, Union, Mo., is authorized to take sub-
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JOHN H. GUNN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,
No. 67 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

IRANIAN BURNED.—Mr. Barmid's famous pal-
ace, at Bridgeport, Ct., was destroyed by fire on
Thursday night week.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mrs. C. M. DEANE will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday
next, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Singing by the Misses
Hall.

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

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spirit-
ualists' 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 after-
noon and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission
free.

A CIRCLE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifesta-
tions will be held every Sunday morning at No. 14 Bromfield
Street. Admission 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR—entitled the
"Harmonious Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly
meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Brom-
field street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All inter-
ested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening,
at FRANKMONT HALL, Winton street. D. F. GODDARD, reg-
ular speaker. Seats free.

LOMBE MOODY will speak in Washington Hall, Chicopee-
town, 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
matter?"

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

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

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

Amusements.

ORATORIO FOR THE POOR.—THE HANDEL
AND HAYDN SOCIETY will perform Handel's "Grand Oratorio,"
THE MESSIAH—on Saturday evening, December 23, at the
Boston Music Hall, for the benefit of the Charity Fund of
the Boston Provident Association.

Mrs. J. H. Long, Mrs. E. A. Wentworth, Mrs. T. H. Emmons,
Mr. Charles R. Adams, and Mr. J. Q. Webster, have in
the most liberal manner volunteered their services. A full
and efficient Orchestra, Carl Zerkow, Conductor; J. O. D.
Parker, Organist. Tickets, with reserved seats, 1 cent
for sale at Messrs. Russell & Richardson's, No. 291 Wash-
ington street, until further notice. The performance will
commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and
Manager; J. B. WARD, Assistant Manager. Parquette,
Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2
performances commence at 7 o'clock.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. ENGLISH, Lessee
and Manager; J. B. WARD, Assistant Manager. Doors open
at 6 1/2 o'clock; to commence at 7. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit,
15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; per-
formances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra
and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Satur-
day Afternoon performances at 2 1/2 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Lessee and Manager,
H. ARTHUR. Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock; the performance
will commence at 7 o'clock. Dress Circle and Parquette,
50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents;
Gallery, 15 cents.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly oppo-
site Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday eve-
ning, August 21. Manager, J. T. GARDNER. Open every
evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors
open at 6 3/4; commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Advertisements.

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

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
respectfully offers his Professional services to the citi-
zens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found
for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square.

OCTAVIUS KING,
ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
634 Washington street, Boston.
Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions
accurately prepared. Dec. 10—3m—4f.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.
HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS.
C. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should
inclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to
prepay their postage.
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.
Dec. 12

SPIRITUALISTS' HOTEL IN BOSTON.
THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and
T. Beach street. Terms—\$1.25 per day; or, by the week,
at prices to accord with the times. Dr. H. F. GARDNER,
Proprietor. Dec. 12.

DENTISTRY.
W. D. & A. BROWN, DENTISTS, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston.
WILLIAM D. BROWN. AMMI BROWN.
Nov. 21

V. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING
OF SEALED LETTERS, may be addressed at No. 8
Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good
Store).

TERMS.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business,
and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay
return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does
not guarantee an answer. If the person writing will give him
a GUARANTEE, will receive an answer to their letter, or their
money will be returned in thirty days from its reception.
Fee to be sent in this case, \$3.00.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied
with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays,
Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to
call on other days.

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS
Boards, &c., handsomely illuminated, in the highest
style of the engraving and optical art, will be executed promptly,
upon reasonable terms, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT,
17 Washington Street.

A. NEWCOMB HEALING MEDIUM, ASSOCIATE OF
DR. O. A. BILLINGBROOK, of Philadelphia, has taken
rooms at 2 Suffolk place, Boston. Dr. N. is constantly under
control of powerful healing influences that eradicate disease
as if by magic. Each patient is furnished with a written
copy of full and explicit directions regarding the mode of life
and course of Diet and Regimen best adapted to their ward-
ing. Letters containing a stamp, from any of our friends,
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5, and 7 to 9 o'clock
P. M. ADVICE GRATIS. Dec. 19.

THE INDIAN DOCTOR'S RECIPE BOOK; by a physician
who has traced the Root and Herbs of every one of the
most valuable medicinal recipes, many of which have never before
been published, together with more than one hundred and