



A highly interesting Tale, written expressly for the Banner of Light.

## THE ORPHAN OF THE TEMPLE;

OR THE

## RIDDLE OF FRENCH HISTORY,

BY ANN E. PORTER.

### NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

Many years ago I became acquainted with the person whose history is sketched in the following story. In my own home he related the incidents of his early life, as far as remembered, and the fancies which haunted him in sleep. I took them down from his own lips, and soon afterwards compiled the sketch, collecting from many sources the scattered historical incidents. This was long before Dr. Hanson had raised the question, now so hackneyed, "Have we a Dauphin in this country?"

The manuscript laid in my desk, and though now and then I resolved to give it a name and send it out to the world, with an indulgence too common among those who rather read than work, I delayed the task from month to month.

When suddenly Putnam's Magazine surprised the world with the question, I remembered my own researches.

But amid the contention and ridicule which the subject excited, I kept silence, resolving that some time before the subject of the sketch should be called to his long home, I would offer this last solution to the historical riddle. The reader will bear in mind that not one fact was gleaned from Hanson. The manuscript itself is much older than the book.

Age has crept upon this claimant of a throne, and he has turned aside from the scenes of active life, to spend the little remnant of time on earth in the retirement of home. The vexed question may soon be settled in the light of a setting sun, or it may be left with the still vexing questions—

- Who was Junius?
- Was the Pretender the son of James II.?
- Who was the man in the iron mask?

### CHAPTER I.

"The crown! the crown! it sparkles on thy brow."

In one of the most retired rooms of the old imperial palace, at Schoenberg, on the Rhine, a young and beautiful girl sat alone. A school-book was in her hand, but her eyes were fixed on the antiquated and curiously wrought tapestry that adorned the wall, as if she were studying, with classic interest, the mythological figures so skillfully wrought in the gold and silken tissue. One figure in the tapestry had especially attracted her attention; it was that of a young man, in the dress of a hunter, with his quiver at his side, and his bow in his left hand. His slight, but well knit figure seemed full of life and vigor, as he stood upon an eminence, with his eyes turned to the higher mountains beyond, as if no prey, save the Alpine chamois, or the kingly eagle, could satisfy his ambition.

"I wonder if he hunts," the maiden murmured; "I hope so—it is a brave pastime for a man, and I wish it were more freely allowed to my own sex. I would much rather be climbing those hills than poring over these dusty books," and she threw her volume of Latin exercises away, and walked to the window.

Leaning against the casement, her fair brow became clouded, as she again murmured to herself: "He loves study, and dwells much amid books, they say." Drawing a jeweled locket from her bosom, at her touch a spring flew open, and her eyes rested upon a face of great beauty, but grave and indolent in its expression. The cheek was full and ruddy, the hair hung in soft, silky curls almost to the shoulders, and the large, dreamy blue eyes held none of the flashing fire which the descendant of Charlemagne, for such he was, would be expected to possess. It was the likeness of a man, pure in morals, firm in principle, and humane in feeling, but who possessed neither genius nor decision. Such a character had few charms for a high-spirited, ambitious girl, and as she studied the features in the soft light of the large stained glass window, a deeper shadow for a minute rested on her face, and a strong, foreboding fear passed like a sudden pang through her heart. At that moment a gentleman, mounted upon a fine and gallily caparisoned horse, stopped upon the broad avenue beneath the window, and looked earnestly upward, as if in search of some familiar face. "My father!" exclaimed the lady; and with a fleet step she hastened to meet him.

As she came out of the door, he dismounted from his horse, and clasped his daughter in his arms.

"My beloved child, my precious one!" he exclaimed, as he kissed her cheek, "I know not why it is, but my heart has yearned for you this morning more than it is wont to do; my greatest sorrow at leaving is on your account—but why should I feel sad, when I look upon that blooming face, and remember the brilliant tears in store for you?" Still, while he spoke, tears fell like rain-drops on his manly cheek, as he pressed her again and again to his heart, and murmured a prayer to heaven in her be-

half. "Farewell, my child," he said, as his aid-de-camp appeared. "I hope soon to return, victorious, too, from battle, and then—Minnie and myself will have many a gallop over the hills, and many a pleasant chat together in the old library;" and bowing low and gracefully, he replaced his cap with waving plumes, upon his head, and, mounting his horse, rode swiftly out of sight.

Minnie watched him as well as her tearful eyes would permit, and then returned to her room, and resumed her book, resolved to learn her lesson, for she well knew that would please her father. But in spite of all her efforts, her mind would wander, and almost before she was conscious of it, her book was wet with tears.

Weep, dear child, let the luxury of tears be yours, for you have just parted for the last time on earth with your noble father. A presentiment, like a chilling breeze from the "valley of shadows" was upon his spirit this morning, and it was this which led him to seek you so early, and to press you so fondly again and again to his bosom. But the door opens, and you are summoned to appear in the presence of your august mother, the Empress; wipe those red and swollen eyes, and bathe them in perfumed water, for that lady is displeased at such manifestation of sympathy. In being the mother of her people, the pride of her brave army, she has lost those tender household affections which grow and thrive only in the rich soil and warm sunlight of home, and are found in greater luxuriance in the cabin of the Irish laborer, than in the palace of kings.

"What! my daughter weeping?" said the Empress, as the young girl appeared before her, having vainly tried to suppress the traces of her recent tears. "Never let a daughter of the house of Hapsburg be found using such effeminate weapons; think of your mother, at the head of her army, or busy amid the councils of State, and bluish at such weakness. Come, now, embrace your sister, who spends a day and night in the tomb of her dead cousin, to expiate a vow—a vow from which I dare not release her."

"My mother," said the daughter, with downcast eyes, and trembling voice, "my noble cousin died with a loathsome and contagious disease; will not my sister's life be in danger by observing this vow?"

"And would you have me violate my duty, and a sacred promise, from fear of disease?" said the Empress sternly. "Go, my child, embrace your sister, as I bade you; you may not meet for some days, and then return to your studies, when I hope you will learn more firmness and decision."

"Do not fear for me," said the elder sister; "life has so few charms, that death is less terrible to me than to yourself—you might well shrink from it, with such a brilliant future before you—queen of the gayest realm in Christendom, sovereign in that polished court where beauty, love and pleasure divide the hours."

"But will he love me as his wife, and not merely submit to this marriage as one of political convenience, planned for the peace and union of the two courts?" said Minnie, as she hid her blushing face on the bosom of her sister.

"My dear sister," said the elder, as she laid her hands upon the way, golden hair, that hung in rich profusion upon the neck of the fair girl, "you have been reading romances, and they are not good for the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa. Love! What have queens to do with love? We have power, wealth, homage, and in possessing these we lose the richest of earth's treasures. That, like pearls, lies in deep water; we must dive far, far down before we reach it. Our home is by the eagle's cliff, on the summit of the highest peaks, and we must not, cannot stoop for that which can only be found in the lowest depths of earth."

"But," she added, as she gazed long and earnestly in Minnie's deep blue eyes, and read in that sweet face the heart's emotion, "I had a dream last night, a very strange one, and that is why I used the figure of the pearl. I thought we played by the side of a broad, deep river; you were busy a long time chasing butterflies, culling gay flowers, or dancing with garlands round your head, to some merry tune. Garlands! said myself, I turned aside, and slept beneath the shadow of a large tree, whose branches swept the ground. It was of that species that has upon the end of every leaf a particle of water, like a tremulous tear-drop, and I thought that as that water rested on every leaf, so had sorrow a drop from her cup for all the children of earth. I mused a long time thus, when I was aroused by a sound as of some one struggling in the water. I ran to the side of the river, and saw you pale and shivering in its cold waves; your long hair hung upon your shoulders,

dripping with water, as if you had plunged to the very depths of that deep, dark stream, while in your hand you held a pearl of surpassing beauty and size. 'I have found it! I have found it!' you exclaimed, as you extended your arm, that I might look at the gem, and then, before I could reach you, or call for aid, you sunk, and rose no more! Never shall I forget the triumphant rapture of your eyes as you held that gem towards me, and the fearless look which you cast upon those cold and gloomy waves, so eager to engulf you. That look, Minnie, I shall never see you again, will go with me to my grave. Take it as a sort of talisman, that you, unlike most of our race, may find that which you seek—there's a pearl in some deep water, dearest Minnie, for your tears."

"It is time you should part my children," said the queen, as in her robes of state, she approached from the farther end of the spacious hall. Trained to implicit obedience, the girls respectfully saluting their mother, and with their faces towards her, retired from her presence, the one to perform her vow in the gloomy tomb, the other to her studies.

Minnie was impulsive in her nature; like an April day, sunshine succeeded showers; now she wept beneath the cloud, anon she danced beneath the seven-hued bow of promise. She had also, beneath all the romance of the young girl, something of her mother's heroic spirit. She remembered that when but a young child, she stood by the side of her mother when, as a supplicant, she appealed for aid to her brave Hungarian army.

Minnie heard that spontaneous shout of loyalty, that burst from every soldier in the army, and that cry which rung out upon the air, and was echoed by the distant hills: "We will die for our Queen Maria Theresa!" She was brave as that heroic mother herself, but ambition had not yet subdued that yearning of her woman's heart for affection. Caviel as we may about woman's equality and rights, we cannot deny this fact, that in her early youth she prizes love above ambition, a kindred spirit before power.

Manhood, in its freshness, looks forward to the goal of power, and with bounding pulse, and sparkling eye, girds himself for the race. Girlhood looks not at the goal, it is sought to her until he who has bound her token upon his arm, shall reach it, and then his look of triumph melts away in her smile of love.

It is only when disappointment has soured the temper, or a solitary life deprived woman of those home-pleasures which spring up like sweet flowers in the path of the wife and mother that she wishes to push man aside, and find forgetfulness in an opiate in the din of war, the bustle of business, or the cares of state. Maria Antoinette never sought power till she found herself an unloved wife, and never knew the true value of pure domestic affection till the billows of sorrow rolled over her head, and in its depths her hand grasped the pearl.

But she is anticipating. Affairs of state soon called the young girl from the nursery and the study to the bridal altar. Notwithstanding some misgivings when she gazed upon the miniature, arising from the fear lest the brave and warlike traitor, so much admired, were wandering in her royal suite, she still looked forward with much pleasure to the time when she should leave the gloomy walls of Schoenberg and reign, a worshipped queen in the Palace of Versailles.

Young as she was, she had tasted sorrow. Her father died on the battle-field soon after that farewell which we have described, and her sister paid a sad penalty for her lonely vigil in the tomb, for she died soon after, with a disease contracted there.

No wonder she consented to the arrangement which made her a wife at the early age of sixteen, and with childish delight found herself in a state carriage, surrounded with a gay equipage and servants, sent by Louis to conduct her to the borders of his own kingdom, where in all the splendor of a king, he met and claimed her as his bride. One thought that like a timid, trembling dove, nestled in her bosom, alone disturbed the tranquillity of the beautiful Minnie. She had never seen him, never heard from his lips an avowal of attachment—her marriage was one dictated by state policy; but the young, gay, and fascinating princess, could not yet understand why even this should be a barrier to affection. They met. Louis in costly robes, and with a gallantry and grace, peculiar to the polished court of Versailles, welcomed the bride and impressed a kiss upon her cheek. Hope, like a pale spring-flower, sprang up in her heart, waiting only for sunshine to blossom into more perfect beauty. Alas! it withered in the bud. Having conducted his bride into the palace, attended with calm but polite indifference to the congratulations of the court, and the admiration of the shouting crowd, attended with ill-concealed weariness the fetes and illuminations consequent upon so illustrious a union, the husband retired to his library, and left his wife to the amusements of that gay and thoughtless court, asking nought of her, save the name of wife, and giving nought in return but her title and his wealth.

At first the young wife, crushed by the sad disappointment, wet her lonely pillow with tears, and bore in silence the indifference of her husband, wondering as she gazed in the mirror at her own loveliness, what rival had won his love. But, as time passed, she learned that there was no rival but indifference, no charms more powerful than her own, and she forced herself to bear with apparent calmness this great wrong of life.

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### CHAPTER II.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

One evening Maria Antoinette, wearied with the dizzy round of amusements which the court afforded, was seated in a distant apartment of her palace at Versailles.

She had just undressed and thrown from her that costly necklace, since so renowned in history. Its weight annoyed her person then; but alas! how heavy a burden was it to that sad heart a few weeks afterwards.

As yet the queen had scarcely tasted adversity. Around her was gathered all that could charm the taste, or please the fancy. Beneath her feet gorgeous carpets gave back no echo to the footfall, while massive mirrors reflected the figures upon the richly wrought tapestry, and daguerrotyped the costly pictures upon the walls.

But the queen, amid all the magnificence of Versailles, was afflicted with the idle homage of a court, and weary of its splendor. At her call a page, handsome and richly dressed, approached, and bowing low, awaited her commands.

"Go and tell Monsieur De Lajard the queen wishes to see him."

Not many minutes elapsed before the young man stood in the spot the page had vacated.

"De Lajard," said the queen languidly, "I am weary of this heartless life. I want some excitement. I sometimes wish that a crown did not press so heavily upon a woman's brow, or that I could exchange it for the wings of an angel, and mount the topmost Alps. Oh! how freely I should breathe in the upper air, so near to heaven, and so far from earth. Can't you think of some new amusement, some excitement besides these gewgaw shows, got up to please us children, because we are forbidden the more serious and soul-satisfying pursuits of our inferiors?"

De Lajard paused a minute, and the rich blood mounted to his temples as he gazed on the queen, so brilliant in her youthful beauty, and felt—for he read beneath that fair face, the language of a true woman's heart—that unsatisfied longing for the one want which a palace so splendid supplies.

Could he indeed bear her to some rocky Alpine height, away from all the world beside, where, surrounded by the glorious panorama of heaven's imagery, more beautiful than earthly monarchs can conceive, he could make her happy by winning her heart to love and heaven. It was but a passing thought—the hand was laid upon his heart, the eyebrows dropped for a second over those dark, brilliant eyes, lest they should prove traitor to the will.

Again he bowed low, and thus made answer:

"I think the queen may find some amusement in a certain wonderful astrologer or prophet that has made his appearance in our city, by name Mesmer. It is said he has the power of unlocking the mysteries of the future, and can transport his subjects to distant realms and other worlds."

The queen's eyes sparkled.

"Can you call him hither, De Lajard? We have little faith in such jugglers, but they may serve to amuse a passing hour."

pleasuring amusement, we will not relinquish the pleasure of seeing him, and hear what the future has in store for ourselves. To-night, accompanied by two of my ladies, and yourself, we will go to the magician. But see to it, De Lajard, that our rank is not suspected; we shall thus more fully test his skill."

Again De Lajard bowed, and promised to have all things in readiness for the queen's visit to Mesmer.

That night, the "magician," as he was then termed in Paris, arrayed in long flowing robes after the fashion of the East, and with a turban upon his head, received with a low salaam his unknown, but illustrious guests. The spacious room was divided by a richly embroidered curtain, from behind which Mesmer appeared.

When the wishes of the ladies were made known, Mesmer, who had been attentively studying the form and dress of the queen, his brow meanwhile expressing perplexity and doubt, seemed agitated.

"Ladies," said he, "I am obedient to your will, but I would advise only those of strong nerves, and faith in God, to come here. You may call me an idle juggler, but believing, as I do, in my power to unlock the future, I bid you beware before you trifle with such mysteries."

The attendants of the queen trembled, and would gladly have retreated; but the queen, her features concealed by the folds of an ample veil, bade him go on. She never retreated; it would take more than Mesmer to curdle the blood within her veins, she thought within herself.

"One of your number," said Mesmer, "must retire behind this curtain with myself. It will be your medium of intercourse with the Revealer of secrets. I am as ignorant as yourselves what he may be permitted to see. And, once more, ladies, let me say beware. Something to-night bids me tell my guests to leave the future with Him who knoweth the end from the beginning."

"A trick of his art to excite our curiosity," murmured the queen to her ladies. "De Lajard accompany him."

The young man rose, but his own heart beat fearfully, and he regretted that he had brought the queen thither.

While they were absent, the queen cast her eyes upon a parchment which lay upon the table covered with curious hieroglyphics. Near by was a pen and paper, on which some person in fair French had copied from the manuscript a part of its contents. The queen glanced carelessly at it—then her attention seemed riveted, and hastily taking the copy from the table, she concealed it about her dress.

There was silence for some time. At last the magician drew aside the heavy curtain. There, on a raised dais, sat De Lajard, mid a medley of rare and strange curiosities, consisting of glass ornaments of antique shapes, and machines that seemed made of a vast number of brass and silver wheels—and a large figure representing the revolution of the planets around the sun, and that of the moon around the earth. This was in motion, and its sound was like that of the softest and sweetest music, which, with the delicate perfume which filled this retreat, lulled the senses to a dreamy, quiet repose. In a large easy chair of richly wrought rosewood, covered with crimson damask, reclined De Lajard in apparent sleep. Motionless as a statue, yet more beautiful, for there was all the freshness of life without its motion; the warm blood still tinted the cheek, the dark glossy hair lay in waves upon the finely shaped head, and though the eyelids were closed and the long dark fringes of the veiled eyelids moved not, still the gazer thought not of death. It was deep slumber. One hand, delicate as a lady's and shaded by the broad, plaited cambrio frill which adorned the wrist, lay passive and motionless upon the arm of the chair. This was before Tableaux became so fashionable an amusement, or the ladies would have suspected the courier of acting a part in a scene. They paused a moment at the entrance, half in awe and half in admiration of the beauty of the young count. Directly in front of the sleeper was a large mirror, so near that his breath formed a slight vapor upon its surface.

"The lady who wishes to read her destiny," said Mesmer, in a hollow voice, tremulous with emotion, "will take the seat near the sleeper, and gently lay her hand upon his."

With a firm step, and without agitation, the queen seated herself in the place assigned, and laid a hand, from which, at the direction of Mesmer, the glove had been withdrawn, upon one of the count's. At that touch there was a slight movement of the count, and an expression like that which passes over the face of a sleeper in a rapturous dream, was observed in his features; rapid as light itself it passed away, lingering only for a moment around the full lips and finely formed mouth.

Mesmer approached and waved his hand a few times over the queen and her companion the count; then retreating a short distance behind her chair, he said—

"Will you see a scene in the future history of the gentleman or yourself first?"

"Of the gentleman," said the queen merrily, "his gallantry has earned that privilege, if privilege it be."

"Look then in the glass," said the magician, "the next time his breath shall again raise a slight moisture upon its surface. But remember," he added, "that none but yourself and this gentleman can see the pictures there; they are invisible to all others."

"And can he see them?" said one.

"Perfectly," was the reply, "and if I should but—"

large his eyes with seven folds of this silk covering which I hold in my hand, he would still see."

While he was speaking, a slight vapor settled upon the glass, and the eyes of the queen were instantly fixed thereon. A broad, deep and dark river rolled its waters to the sea; upon its banks tall trees, whose birth day might have been when the old world was young, waved their long green arms, and whispered the secrets of another age; grey moss hung in festoons upon the branches, now and then dipping its silvery tufts into the turbid stream. Thick underbrush, and rank tropical vegetation, unpruned by the hand of art, was seen far as the eye could stretch, northward and southward, save where a great city seemed to have sprung out of the mighty forest. In an obscure street of that city, in an old and dilapidated room, where the dewlight, and the scanty furniture spoke of poverty, lay upon a wretched pallet an old man near the grave. A few gray hairs strayed upon his wrinkled brow, a threadbare dressing-gown wrapped his feeble limbs, but as he stretched out his trembling hand to grasp a cup of cold water, the only thing in the shape of food or medicine the room contained, there glittered upon his finger a ring—the very one that now encircled the hand of the count, and on which the queen's fingers that moment rested. She had given it to him as a token of gratitude for some service faithfully performed. Upon the wall, where the dying man could gaze upon it, hung the portrait of the queen.

"Ay! ay! my poor count," murmured the queen, as she glanced from the sleeping Adonis to the dying old man, "Loyal unto death! But can it be?" and she turned again to examine the face more closely; but just then, the vision vanished.

"And is not this enough?" said Mesmer. "Wilt thou still desire to see thy own future, lady?" "I have said," was the short and stern reply. "Thy will is law," replied the magician, and he waved his hand as before.

Fearlessly the lady raised her head and looked upon the mirror. In a low, dark, damp dungeon sat a lady in the mourning garb of a widow. Sorrow had made her prematurely old, and her abundant hair was white as the thin locks of the aged, but in the arched brow and curve of the haughty neck, and in the compressed lines of the mouth, indicating firmness and endurance, the queen recognized herself. Swiftly the scene changed, and in the black cart of the condemned, hurried by a brutal driver, to the place of execution, sat the same lady. Wasted and haggard with confinement and suffering, but with a firmness unsubdued, and a queenly dignity untarnished, the queen mounted the scaffold! The glittering axe was raised. Just then De Lajard withdrew his hand from that of the queen; fearful agony was depicted in his countenance; his head fell languidly to one side, and just as Mesmer sprang to his assistance, he fainted. The queen maintained her presence of mind, nor did she once remove the veil from her face, but behind that silken screen was a face, pallid as that of the fainting man, and lips compressed and bloodless.

"I have had a fearful dream," said De Lajard, as he opened his eyes and met the gaze of Mesmer bent anxiously upon him. The ladies had withdrawn. "Have you called the ladies?" "They have seen all they wished to see to-night," he replied.

Self-possessed and calm, the queen permitted De Lajard to assist her into her carriage, and maintained a dignified composure until she found herself alone in her own apartment.

There, where no human eye was upon her, she sat down, and covering her face with her hands, pondered long and deeply. While thus engaged, the king, her husband, craved permission to enter. Of late he had done so more frequently than had been his custom. When perplexed by affairs of state he had brought his troubles to her, and sought the aid of her firm will to guide him. Gradually he learned the innate strength and worth of her character, so long concealed by her gaiety and love of pleasure. In return, she gave him the confidence of her warm, loving heart that had waited so long for a husband's love. Well was it for her that she came to her that night, for that perfect love which should ever exist between wedded hearts casteth out all fear.

NOTE.—Professor Gregory, in an article in Blackwood for May, 1850, gives us some remarkable prophecies of German and French seas. He says:—Years before the Revolution, M. de Caze, a priest, predicted to a large company of persons of rank, science and literature, with much detail, the atrocities of the Reign of Terror. He also predicted the fall of Louis XVI. and his queen. This prophecy caused much amazement and soon became known. When this was about to be fulfilled, he fell into a peculiar state, as if asleep—yet not ordinary sleep. It can hardly be doubted that this was a trance in which he saw visions.

There is a curious book entitled "Prophetic Voices, with Explanations," containing a collection of these remarkable prophecies, by Beykirch, a German curate in Dortmund. From the extracts given, there must be a fond of curious incidents for the antiquary.

CHAPTER III.

De Lajard soon after this obtained permission to be absent from court, and followed the Marquis De Lafayette, where, in the excitement of war, he tried to forget that fearful dream which haunted him like a shadow, which he could not thrust away.

One of his favorite homes was in Arcadie, so named by the first settlers from the beauty of its scenery and the softness of its air. They probably so named it from having first visited the place during what Americans call the "Indian Summer," that season of glorious beauty, when Autumn comes with her banners of mingled scarlet and gold, and with a liberal hand spreads her profuse table with ripened fruits and glowing flowers. Even Summer, which has weeks before glided from the scene, is won back by the beauty of the season to mingle once more in the dance, and bestow a few smiles on her successor. At any rate, it was at such a season De Lajard with his knapsack on his back, and his gun in his hand, came to visit his old friend "Thunderbolt," a noted Iroquois chief, whom he had known during the war. A young Indian boy was his guide, and learning that Thunderbolt was at the Council Lodge, conducted the gentleman thither. It was formed of four forked trunks of trees, placed upright, supporting cross beams and a frame of poles, interwoven with osiers, and the whole covered with earth. A hole sunken in the centre formed the fire-place, and immediately above was a circular hole in the apex of the lodge, to let out the smoke and let in the daylight. At the upper end of the lodge were two buffalo heads garishly painted, surmounted by shields, bows, quivers of arrows and other weapons.

When De Lajard arrived, the lodge was unoccupied save by Thunderbolt, now an old and grey-headed man, and an aged pipe-bearer. The chief was seated on a stool, smoking. When the count entered, he was welcomed to the lodge by Thunderbolt, who motioned him to a seat at his side, and sent the pipe for him to smoke. He then made a motion to the old pipe-bearer, who ascended to the top of the lodge,

and taking his stand near the aperture for the admission of light and the emission of smoke, pawled forth a proclamation which resounded over the village. Summoned by this living bell with its human tongue, the braves began to enter one by one as their names were called, emerging from under the buffalo robe suspended over the entrance instead of a door, stalking across the lodge to the skins placed on the floor, and crouching down on them in silence. All being seated, the pipe-bearer prepared the pipe of ceremony or council, and having lit it, handed it to the chief.

He inhaled the sacred smoke, gave a puff upward to the heavens, then downward to the earth, then toward the east; after this, it was as usual passed from mouth to mouth, each holding it respectfully until his neighbor had taken several whiffs; and now the grand council was considered as opened in due form.

While one of the braves was making an harangue, the count saw the buffalo robe pushed gently aside, and a young Indian girl glide noiselessly through, like a moving shadow, and seat herself on a bearskin at the feet of Thunderbolt. Her eyes were large, brilliant and expressive, her hair, smooth and black, was fancifully braided in tresses and bound around her small and well shaped head, her teeth were white and regular, and her lips full and ruddy. She was richly dressed, having about her shoulders a robe made of the wool of the mountain sheep, and colored in a variety of rich hues; beneath this a petticoat, formed of the fibres of cedar bark, and fringed, with a tinsse of silk grass, curiously knotted at the ends. A necklace of white and purple beads was suspended round her neck, and on her bosom lay the holy cross. Her small feet were encased in moccasins covered with gay figures neatly wrought in beads, while the well-turned ankle was left bare, the long, shining fringe of the petticoat reaching only a short distance below the knee.

De Lajard's eyes were irresistibly attracted to the young girl; indeed any one not wholly insensible to the charms of female beauty, could admire her, as she sat at the feet of the old chief, her hands clasped together in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the ground. But whenever the young count turned towards her, he encountered the fierce eyes of a young chief glaring upon him, as if he was taking a liberty not altogether pleasing to his chiefship. The young Indian was not fit from the age of the Frenchman. They were both in the freshness of opening manhood, and would not be badly matched in personal encounter; the lithe, active limbs of the savage, and his superior strength might at first sight be supposed to overpower at once the more delicate and feminine foreigner; but trained in all the arts of fencing, and accustomed to exercise by single combat, I am not certain but I had rather risk my bet upon De Lajard than upon the young savage, who seemed inclined to pick a quarrel with him for using the license of his eyes.

When the council was over, Thunderbolt, turning to the young girl at his feet, said, "Wenona, guide 'Eagle Eye' to our wigwam." This was the name by which De Lajard was known among the Indians. Again the Count met the fierce eyes of the Indian, but resolved to give no occasion of offence; he gave no look of defiance in return, but following Wenona, walked silently away. Arrived at the wigwam, he laid aside his gun, knapsack and hat, and threw himself, for he was very tired, upon a buffalo skin and fell asleep. Then Wenona drew off the wearisome boots, and in their stead placed his feet in soft moccasins, then taking a pillow, made of birch embroidered with silk, she placed it under his head, and throwing a robe of rich furs over the sleeper, left him, to prepare supper. When he awoke, Thunderbolt was seated by the fire smoking, while Wenona held in her hand a small bark dish, containing venison and corn bread, which she handed to the count, saying, "Eagle Eye is hungry, let him eat." De Lajard could speak English, and those words spoken in full, rich tones, were like music in his ears. He willingly obeyed his hostess, and she brought him dish after dish of her own preparation, evidently pleased at his compliment to her culinary skill, for in sooth he had fasted since morning.

The next day a hunt was proposed, to which De Lajard, who had become enamored of savage life, willingly consented, though he had some regrets when he found the fierce young Indian whose looks had annoyed him so much, was to be one of the party. But "Red Cheek," so called from his ruddy complexion, was very agreeable after they left the encampment, and reserved all his fierce looks for the bears and the deer. He was partly of white blood, his grandmother having been taken captive by the Indians from Deerfield, Massachusetts, many years before.

The enthusiasm of the Frenchman led him into many adventures, and regardless of his European constitution, he risked his health and life many times in this expedition. At last he was wounded in a contest with a grizzly bear, and taken up for dead. He would surely have been so, had not Red Cheek come to his assistance just as that ferocious of the forest animals was about to attack him the second time.

On first becoming conscious of his situation the count held out his hand to Red Cheek in token of gratitude, while the latter, taking from his neck a collar of bear's claws, threw it round that of the wounded man, as if to give him the honor of killing the bear, considered a great exploit, even among those sons of Nimrod. The Indians formed a rude litter with two long poles and buffalo skins, on which they placed the wounded man, and protecting his face by boughs of trees, forming a sort of canopy, they bore him carefully back to the wigwam of Thunderbolt, where Wenona received him with such a look of sympathy and kindness as made it almost agreeable to think of his wounds, and desire to return his compliments to the bear for eliciting such a look from his handsome hostess. But when he turned to Red Cheek, who was one of his bearers, and marked the looks of admiration and worship with which the "brave" regarded Wenona, he forgot himself. He could not help the comparison, for it came involuntarily; it was such a gaze as he had seen many a devout Christian in another land cast upon the image of the Virgin, when kneeling in the aisles of the lofty cathedral.

It touched his own heart, and its chords vibrated to the touch. Henceforth Wenona was sacred to him. He would no more have attempted to win her love than to take away Red Cheek's faith in the Great Spirit who waited to welcome his children to the broad hunting grounds beyond the sun.

Wenona was a skillful nurse; she had been a favorite of the medicine man, and had wandered over the fields and hills with him, gathering herbs, and helping him compound his wonderful charms.

Under her care, the count grew better, though many weeks passed before he was able to leave the lodge. Wenona seldom left it. She would sit by his side, embroidering moccasins, or gay robes, or weaving bright feathers in fantastic shapes, and De Lajard who had an eye to the beautiful would assist her, drawing figures and coloring them for her to copy, and mingling her variegated feathers in such shades and hues, that Wenona richly endowed too by nature with that intense love of beauty and gorgeous coloring, would utter exclamations of delight, and thank him so earnestly with her bright eyes that De Lajard would have to stop and question his own heart to know if he had done ought to weaken that sacred compact between Red Cheek and himself.

The time came when he must leave the wigwam and seek a warmer climate. Already the hills were white with snow; the Indians had returned from their Fall hunts and were driving a brisk trade at the different trading posts upon the river St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. That lake, lately so beautiful and green, with its fairy isles, would soon be covered with ice, and the canoes would be drawn up for the season; the venison was dried, and the squaws had laid in their winter stores and provided their braves with embroidered fur robes, and new moccasins.

De Lajard was not without his share: One day Wenona, with a blushing cheek and downcast eye, brought him a pair of leggings, made of broadcloth, and most delicately embroidered with the national emblems of France; the fleur-de-lis in bud and flower rivaled nature itself, and the soft deer-skin moccasins were wrought after the same pattern. The count took them in his hand, and his looks expressed admiration and pleasure. "And have you none for Red Cheek?" he asked, looking earnestly at her. Wenona turned away and replied carelessly, "I always furnish him with some."

It was the first time his name had been mentioned in their conversation, though the young brave had been often at the wigwam; and brought deer, wild berries, and birds for the invalid. Since the bear hunt Red Cheek had treated Eagle Eye with the tenderness of a brother; and the latter had never faltered in his determination not to arouse his jealousy. He had learned from Thunderbolt that Wenona and Red Cheek were betrothed when children; but the maiden clung to her grandfather and refused to leave him in his old age. Red Cheek would probably succeed as chief at the death of the old man, and not an Indian girl in the tribe but would be proud to be led to the tent of the "brave" as his wife.

The count had taught Wenona to read French, and had read her little store of books again and again to her, as she sat at her work. Insensibly her mind had gained culture and grace from his, and before she was aware of it herself, he had won her heart.

Poor Wenona! And yet he who must inflict suffering upon thy young heart, has worshipped and suffered as thou wilt.

"To-morrow morning, Wenona, I leave you," said De Lajard one day, as reclining on the bed of skins, he watched her string beads for wampum.

She dropped her work, looked at him for a moment, said nothing, but clasped her hands and looked down, as if waiting for him to say more.

He was silent, overwhelmed with sorrow at the anguish depicted in her countenance. She turned to her father, the aged chief, who had fallen asleep, looked sadly at him a moment, and then back again to the graceful form, and handsome features of the count. The struggle was over, it seemed as if she must speak or die.

"Eagle Eye" must not go alone. Who will watch him when he is sick? Who will pound his oorn and dry his venison? Who will make his fur robe and blanket? Will Eagle Eye let Wenona go, too, to sit at his feet, and sing when he is weary?"

Never, perhaps, in all his life at court, had De Lajard felt, save towards one, more admiration and respect for woman, than when that Indian maiden, with her small hands clasped, and her eyes turned pleadingly to his, said, with her whole heart, as did Ruth to her mother, "Where thou goest I will go. Where thou diest I will die."

Taking her hand, he led her outside of the wigwam. The stars were shining brightly. He pointed to one. "Wenona, while that shines in heaven I have sworn never to wed." Taking the cross from her breast, he kissed it devoutly. "I have sworn it to the Holy Virgin by this sacred cross. Be to me as a sister, a precious, beloved sister," he said, as he took her cross, rudely carved from bone, and exchanged it for one of gold. "This shall be our pledge," he said, placing her cross next to his heart, and imprinting a kiss upon her neck. "Vows are sacred," he added, "Red Cheek loves you; you have promised to wed him—be faithful to your promise, and the Great Spirit will bless you."

Again Wenona clasped her hands in mute agony, and returned to the side of the old chief.

The next morning Eagle Eye and Red Cheek were far away toward the South before Wenona awoke.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

HOW MUCH LUXURY WE NEED.

I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornices of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands of such things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliances hang whole trades, so which there never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness and facility. I speak from experience; I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this emphatically, that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and innumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be, a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

Great minds have wills; others have only wishes.

A BALLAD OF THE RAIN.

The following "Ballad of the Rain" appeared in a late number of the Boston Journal. N. F. Willis sends it in a letter from Idlerick, in which he says his words are not only sweeter than he could write, but the very tune of the falling rain. Also, that since Edgar Poe's "Raven," no mourning madrigal had been written, so sweet as the "Ballad of the Rain." The author is Mrs. J. H. Campbell, daughter of Chief Justice Lewis.

Last night, the fragrant lily,  
So stately, wan and still,  
Held high her pallid chalice, gathering whiteness from the  
moon;  
And standing like a warden,  
Beside the enchanted garden,  
The tulip-tree tossed high and free his yellow stars of bloom,  
And swept their golden flashings thro' the firmament of June;  
While the plain  
Of shivering breeze, and quivering trees, foretold the coming  
rain.

The lily bells are scattered—  
The tulip's bole is shattered!  
His emerald crown came rushing down before the wind and  
rain.

Ah, dainty summer lily!  
Thy bed is dank and chilly;  
Ah, woe is me! the tulip-tree was named for Lancelot Vane,  
Who never, in the gloaming, shall seek its bowers again.  
Ruthless rain!  
Who never, with our lily maid, shall keep his tryst again.

In sooth, it is appalling!  
The cold, relentless falling—  
The weary, dreary, splashing and dashing of the rain!  
It ravins at the gable,  
All weather-stained and sable,  
And fiercely drives at Mabel, with cheek against the pane—  
At, waiting, watching Mabel, whose tears fall like the rain.  
Woful rain!  
At hoping, fearing Mabel, who to see the moon would fain.

The moon that erst had lighted  
Her lover when beighted?  
Across ravine and mountain-stream, o'er lonely wold and  
plain,  
To-night he seeks his plighted,  
Whose ruby lips are whited.

As thus she pleads and intercedes, "Dispel the mist and rain,  
Thou gentle moon, obscured too soon, and guide him once  
again!  
Blinding rain!  
Oh, storm, abetain! Oh, clouds, refrain! Oh, Heaven, with-  
hold the rain!"

Unmoved the leaden clouding—  
The murk and dismal shrouding,  
Mabel to-night for hope and light to Heaven looks in vain.  
Alas! expectant maiden,  
Thy president soul is laden

With nameless fears; and blinding tears stream down the  
crystal pane;  
All dim with drops of anguish, and wet with driving rain.  
Drifting rain!  
The music of his coming, we ne'er shall see again.

Hist to the distant pater!  
The tumult and the clatter!  
His milk-white steed, of Kubleh's breed, tramps up the grassy  
lane!

No! 'tis the hill-fox straying  
Too near the ban-dog's baying—  
It is the wild wolf's gallop across the dismal plain—  
It is the wall of storm and gale—it is the surging rain—  
Dirging rain!

With ceaseless drop, drop, dropping upon the tortured brain!  
I cannot bear the sobbing,  
The deep and labored throbbing,  
From yonder forge that in the gorge beats its great heart of  
pain.

See! how the wild light quiver,  
Adown the lurid river,  
On untamed waves, from mountain caves, fast hastening to  
the main—  
On milk-white horse—on lute-imbued course, fast drifting to  
the main—  
Lancelot Vane!

The ford of Tay, didst thou essay, all swollen with the rain?  
The lily bells are scattered!  
The tulip's bole is shattered!

The tulip-tree, so proud and free, a type of Lancelot Vane,  
Oh, maid among the lilies!  
The churchyard mould so chill is;  
Yet, rest thy head upon its bed, and cool thy fevered brain!  
God's ruth upon thy dolour, wo lay thee in the rain!

Chilling rain!  
All quenched the fire of sick desire, out yonder in the rain!

Written for the Banner of Light

MIRA LANGLEY,

OR  
APPEARANCE AND REALITY.

In the spacious mansion of the Langley's, wealth has showered its profuse gifts; rich carpets smothering the approaching footstep, so brilliant with imitation of nature's flowery mosaic that you seem treading upon the scattered treasures of Flora's realm, cover the spacious halls and chambers. Costly vases, filled with rare exotics; mirrors enviroined with elaborate gilding; luxurious couches of the softest velvet; curtains of the richest damask, shaded by soft folds of lace; fine pictures and statuettes; ornaments inlaid with gems, cooling marble and gleaming pearl; books proudly arrayed in crimson and gold—all, all that wealth can give, or invention furnish, has been lavished upon this home; no expenditure has been calculated, no tribute of adornment withheld.

Upon a downy ottoman of pale blue velvet, reclined the figure of a young girl; the book she had been reading had fallen from her hand, her blue eyes were mournfully upraised, and swimming in tears; an expression of sorrow, of keen disappointment, shadowed that lovely face, with its pearly, rose-tinted complexion, and full, red lips. She was richly, fashionably attired; her golden brown ringlets drooped upon shoulders white as the alabaster vase from which the rose-bud that decked her hair had just been culled; diamond rings sprinkled upon the dainty hand. Wealth gleamed around her with its profusion of ornament and scattered carelessness, but in her heart—alas! that throbbeth with a higher need, seeking the answering gem of affection, and weeping, that when found, she could not claim it for her own.

Mira Langley is unhappy, amid the splendor of her princely home. The up-soaring pinions struggle daily against the gilded bars of her prison, to fall to earth, crushed and disabled for the heavenward flight. She is capable of lofty thought and earnest purpose. The higher life bursts in visions upon her, of transient glory and power. She feels the impressions, the beautiful attractions of the higher life, but from her soul's responses she is called away to the vapid existence of a day's existence of her home, to the rapid admiration of crowds, to the senseless homage of those her awakened heart recoils from.

She yields to the exogeneses of society with smiles and gaiety, while her heart pulsates with weariness; her cheek flushes with a crimson tide; they believe it the triumph of conquest, the victorious joy of all-winning beauty, when it is but indignation against herself for withdrawing away life's precious moments, that fire her cheeks, and sends the lustrous flames from her deep blue eyes.

Last night, in all the glory of almost regal costume and ornaments, she had listened to the whispered and loudly proclaimed admiration of the assembled guests, and the small, whispering angel voice within, had

warned her of deceit and falsehood. Her soul was with the music, she felt its higher significance, and only the beauty of the feast scenes touched her heart, its artificialities chilled and sickened her. The principal elements there attracted and soothed her—the glossiness and falsehood repelled. Amid the environments of luxury, deeply lulled into fashionable indifference of life and woman's destiny, the ever watchful angels found the yearning, seeking soul of Mira, and unfelt, unceasing, impressed her with a higher sense of life and usefulness.

She had read a work on Spiritualism. Its clear, beautiful philosophy, its boundless range of thought and highly poetic sentiments riveted her attention, enchained her heart, awakened her reasoning powers, appealed most powerfully to her imagination, to her innate sense of right. But to acknowledge these new-born thoughts in the presence of her fashionably orthodox family, would have been to subject herself not only to ridicule, but to a series of interminable persecutions.

Sorrows are lessened by being communicated. Mira possessed one true friend. This was Maude Riverton, the only daughter of humble parents, who, like herself, were believers in the new dispensation of Light and Truth. Mr. Langley had once been under great pecuniary obligations to George Riverton, in days gone by, when both were young, and fortune smiled on the Rivertons, and frowned on the struggling Langley. The debt had long since been repaid; but Mr. Langley, warped as he was by success and indifference, yet felt a lingering obligation towards his early friend. While he lived in a palatial mansion, George Riverton, with his wife and daughter, lived in an unassuming two-story house, and was dependent on his salary as clerk in a large commercial house, for the maintenance of his family.

Maude Riverton often visited Mira, a true-soul friendship existed between them. The aristocratic Mrs. Langley could not forbear smiling contemptuously upon the unfashionably clad Maude. Mira's younger sisters ridiculed her manners and appearance; but Mr. Langley always warmly shook her hand, and the belle of the family, the beautiful and sought for Mira, welcomed her with warmth and friendship.

To the bosom of her faithful friend Mira confided all her troubles, and the simple-minded Maude was appalled at the revelations that fell from her friend's lips. The gorgeous coloring with which fashionable life had appeared, the scenes of enchantment it evoked, its social pleasures and refined enjoyments paled before her eyes, and disenchantment, loneliness and desolation loomed in their places: On the morning when the fashionable mother and sisters were absent, Maude Riverton visited her friend Mira, under the control of sorrow that sought relief in communication, and poured out her heart before the sympathizing, humble friend.

"You, and all the world," she said, "believe me happy, because I am rich and beautiful. They behold me gay, well dressed, loaded with trinkets, and they vote me happy. They behold me blest with home affections, father and mother, brothers and sisters, and they say, 'what a happy family!' Maude, before you, I can have no concealment. You were my first, you remain my only friend! My conversations with you, with your good, intelligent father and mother, are the only truly pleasurable enjoyments; the rest are false, feigned and vapid. Let my father ridicule and my mother denounce—I believe as you do, in the Spiritual doctrine. There is that in it, that elevates the soul and purifies the aspirations. Its philosophy is grand, sublime! worthy of Nature's God, of a universal, loving Father! Maude, you think me happy in the possession of riches. I am a daily witness of its blighting influence, when adapted solely to selfish purposes. Envy, fear of other's rivalry, petty subtlety to excel another in appearance and *et cetera*; rage and bitter disappointment when another's fate excels ours, when another's garments are more fashionably made, or their ornaments better chosen or more expensive—these are the feelings that reign in my mother's, in my sister's bosoms!

Love is desecrated by the profanation of its name to whatever is low and trivial; our smiles, our graces, our dress and our language, all studied and arranged for a wealthy fop's approval. Oh, Maude! and from maternal lips must I hear such exhortation, by a mother's hand must I be led to the false shrines of vanity and ambition! A mother's heart dictates to me to frown on humble merit, to smile upon the wealthy, to bestow my affections upon the highest legal bidder! Oh, Maude! and the world says, 'how kind a mother, for in society she smiles so maternally upon me, so generous in expenditure, in procuring me pleasure!'

I cannot turn to my young sisters for solace and sympathy; their young hearts are warped, their intellects contracted, their affections cramped. Life for them has no higher attractions than the ball-room and the vapid compliments there exchanged. My brothers are fast young men, I cannot exchange one lofty thought with them; they would call me silly and sentimental were I to speak of higher joys to them; they would name me crazy, were I to acknowledge a belief in spirit guardianship and influence. My father is engrossed by his business; he flees to it from the discords and inharmonies of his home. Prosperity has spoiled us all; I remember years ago, when I was a little child, how happy we were in a far humbler lot."

Maude endeavored to soothe her friend. "You know not all yet, dearest," she continued. "My mother wishes me to marry Edward Ellison, and of the empty-hearted and material-minded fops I have ever met with, he is the worst specimen. Maude! I despise, I hate him! but you know little of my mother's imperative power. It speaks and acts through every look she gives me—sarcasm and invective are her weapons; it is time that I were giving place to my younger sisters; she will weary and importune, threaten and torment me, until I yield a reluctant consent, that will seal my earthly misery!"

"Do not yield, Mira!" said Maude, impressively. "Better suffer all things than contract a loveless marriage! Oh, my friend! you whom I thought so happy and blest by nature and fortune! Do not do not give yourself where your heart is not!"

"I will not, I dare not!" cried Mira, tearfully embracing her friend. Then, with a blushing face, and quakened breath, she continued her confession. "I have seen one, whom my heart responds to. Last year, when we traveled West, I met him in a remote little town. If ever truth and honor dwelt in a mortal bosom, they dwell with him. I saw him here once. My father received him coldly by his mother's mother frowned him out of the house; my sisters and brothers jeered his most unimpaired on his account. He has been avowing his love and fidelity. I have not yet seen him, but I feel that I should have met him long since."

My mother scoffed at the idea of a petty Western merchant offering his love to her daughter. I shall never see him again, and I cannot forget him!" She burst into tears. Maude soothed her with words and caresses.

"Come to my birthday party to-morrow night, dear Maude," said Mira, "you must not fail; you will look well enough in your plain white muslin, and your rich black hair adorned with a white rose. Come, love, and I will introduce to you that odious Ellison, my mother thinks such a moneyed paragon."

Maude returned home with a heavy heart, deeply sympathizing with the sorrows of her friend. Mira's birthday parties were the only ones she attended at the Langley mansion. She came, as usual, simply and becomingly attired in white, with a snowy rose drooping amid her braided, jetty hair, her face radiant with health and serenity, her sweet lips unclosing in a smile, hope and cheerfulness beaming from her dark eyes.

Mira was arrayed in a costly blue satin, and her fair arms and neck were decorated with diamonds; a tiara of jewels flashed upon her brow. She would have preferred flowers, and a simple robe of white; but the haughty mother had to be implicitly obeyed.

The courted and smiled-upon leader of the ton, young Edward Ellison, approached the friends; a young man of prepossessing appearance, with fine hazel eyes, and dark brown hair, was leaning upon his arm.

"Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Gerald Pemberton, Miss Langley," said the young fashionable, with the most approved grace.

Mira started, and blushed, but, recovering her self-possession, held out her hand to the stranger.

Maude, too, started at mention of the name, and anxiously scanned his countenance, while he, too, gazed intently, yet respectfully upon her face.

The formalities of introduction over, Edward Ellison led the beautiful Mira to the dance; Gerald sought Maude.

There was an anxious, undefined feeling in Mira's breast, as she saw the assiduity of the stranger's attentions to her friend. She found time to whisper to her, "he is the one I spoke of yesterday." But Maude only smiled, and rejoined her partner.

The night wore on, the dancers were gay and brilliant, the scene was magnificent, the music and arrangements perfect. But Mira's heart was ill at rest. When all had departed, Maude still lingered, and following the young beauty to her chamber, she there embraced her cordially, and, amid tears of joy, she told her—

That Gerald Pemberton was her step-brother; her mother's son by a first marriage, who had been unheard from for many years. He had inherited a large fortune from a distant relative in England, and came to claim Mira's hand, if yet her heart were true to him. He had left the ball-room early, to gladden the eyes of his mother, who had long mourned him as dead; on the morrow he would call on her. That night a loving mother's heart was gladdened, and the spiritual promises foretelling the lost son's coming were verified. There was considerable clamor and opposition in the Langley mansion, when the purport of the stranger's coming was known. But Mira was firm in her love, and unwavering in her adherence to her given faith. Mr. Langley's heart was moved, but the proud mother demurred to the last, exclaiming against the vulgarity of the family, although Pemberton was wealthy, besides they were "Infidels and Spiritualists," terms synonymous with that lady. Nevertheless, Mira wedded the man of her choice, and was no longer the victim of appearances.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STANAS TO E

Canst thou forget the world's deceit? Believest thou not there may be truth? Shall cold suspicion be thy shield? Wilt thou again to sweet thoughts yield? Shall all who come within thy sphere, Shed for thee the silent tear, Nor dare to love thy matchless worth, Thou best and dearest of the earth? Since the hour when first I met thee, My heart gives sweetest melody, Deep, deep are stirred the fountains of bliss, Hast thou no hopes of happiness— High soar my hopes on pinions bright, Seeking of thy dear love the light, Shall they to darkness and to death, Be doomed by those who gav't them breath? K

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Queen of Scots.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Fair, sweet, beautiful Margaret Atheling! Such are the epithets which crowd on the mind, as, through the dim shadows of the past, and the imperfect and undefined coloring of history, that Saxon maiden rises like a bright and lovely star before us. We see in imagination the beautiful girl—she, who, from many circumstances of family misfortune, was looked on as the hope and pride of the English heart—flying from the Norman conquerors, and with her fair young sister, her feeble and imbecile brother, and her widowed mother, throwing herself upon the protection of the gallant Scots, who welcomed the heirs of Edward the Confessor.

This welcome proceeded not more from the remembrance of the protection which Edward had extended to their own king, Malcolm III, during his former residence in England, than from their sense of the beauty and goodness of Margaret Atheling. Malcolm himself received the royal fugitives at his court, and, by every soothing attention, softened the pangs of banishment to the exiles.

In a private apartment at the palace, on a beautiful day in the sunny month of June, 1067, sat two persons, in whom some slight resemblance might be detected—perhaps enough to mark them as brother and sister—yet oh, how different in reality!

One was a feeble, almost deformed youth, richly dressed, indeed, and bearing some marks of estate in his trappings, but wearing a countenance of imbecility, and weakness of expression, that bespoke him unfit for exertion of mind or body. The other was a fair, noble maiden, whose clear, bright complexion, through which the rich blood coursed in brilliant changes from rose to lily, betrayed her Saxon ancestry.

These were Edgar Atheling, the heir to the Confessor, and his sister Margaret. The youth's bearing towards her was that of a singular dependence, as though aware of her superior strength and judgment, although he was evidently two or three years older. Hers towards him was composed of an apparent desire to treat him as a reasonable being, with a

healthy mind, yet constantly checked by the too evident imbecility which was forced upon her recollection. She was speaking to him of the obligations they were under to the king, and her desire to lessen them by retiring to some remote part of the dominion, until time should have brightened the fortunes of their exiled race.

A movement behind the gorgeous window curtain, which hung in rich folds from ceiling to floor, disturbed her for a moment, but she thought it might be fancy, and she went on:

"This proposal must come from you, dear Edgar. It would seem unmanly for me to appear like directing the affairs of our family, and, therefore, you must try to control your nervousness long enough to explain to the king that we can no longer trespass upon his immediate hospitality, but no longer afar to claim his protection when particularly needed."

"I cannot, Margaret. Our mother is so well pleased at being here, and, for myself, I do not wish to change my quarters. You are too fastidious, sister. Let us enjoy it while we may. It will not be long, perhaps, before I shall be the recognised king of England."

Margaret smiled bitterly at the unlikely prophecy, but her poor brother looked so intensely happy at that moment, that she could not bear to dash his hopes to the ground, by hinting at their subject of conversation. She returned, however, to their disjointed conversation.

"I entreat you, Edgar, to hear me. This must be done. I see a necessity for doing this, which, perhaps, you do not. I have been a kind sister to you, Edgar, have I not?"

He replied by eagerly pressing the small white hand which hung over her chair.

"Well, then, dear, indulge me in this matter. I will undertake all the rest—take every burden from your shoulders; only spare me from the mortification of speaking to the king, what would come so much more properly from yourself."

And with the unwilling aspect of one who makes a desperate sacrifice, Edgar Atheling promised—sorry in his heart—that his sister was so unreasonably desirous to dislodge him from a place where he enjoyed all that he was capable of enjoying.

Margaret thanked him, and retired to another and more difficult struggle—that of inducing her mother to leave the royal residence for more quiet and unostentatious quarters.

"And is it your wish to remove from the palace, Prince?" asked the king, as Edgar unwillingly unfolded his sister's message.

"Not mine, your majesty," answered Edgar, eagerly; then half blushing, half smiling, in his own ludicrous way, which in any one else than a prince would have seemed almost idiotic, he played with the fanciful tassels which adorned his doublet, and bit his lip until the blood came.

"I understand," said Malcolm, at length, after watching the signs of imbecility, exhibited by poor Edgar; then, as if to himself, "She shall have her way now, but I bide my time. We will see if she refuses a kingly consort!"

And Malcolm surveyed, for a moment, his noble figure in the mirror, which, despite the disadvantage of the large head which had earned for him the title of Ocean-mohr, bespoke him indeed a king of nature's own making.

Among the Scottish hills stood an old castle which had once been used as a fortress, and which was still tributary to the crown. It was now deserted—but a very short time sufficed to make it habitable and even pleasant. It overlooked hundreds of fields all purple with Scottish heather, and wide parks where the deer stalked free, and broad rivers where the water-fowl dipped his beak for an instant, and then up and away with his white wings soaring far into blue ether.

Here Malcolm sent a troop of well trained servants, and a chosen military guard, and thither Lady Atheling and her children were escorted. Everything which a kingly taste and a noble generosity could devise, was lavished on the inner comforts and adornments of this retreat, and even Matilda Atheling, the young and beautiful sister of Margaret, whose heart had hitherto yearned for society, was quite content with her palace home.

Edgar, too, when he found that he could still enjoy his daily bowling and his still dearer epigrammatic delights, together with the same ease and luxuriousness that marked his life at the court of Malcolm, was in a perfect ecstasy of wonder and happiness. Retirement from court had brought to him only the idea of a close and unpleasant life, where he should be deprived of the comforts which were all he was capable of appreciating. His mother, gentle, delicate and unpretending, looked upon her new home as if it had sprung up by enchantment, and then, quiet and undemonstrative as ever, chose a small room at the back of the castle, where the tall trees beneath her window brought a summer colony of birds, and where, even in winter, the robins came to claim their store from her hands.

And how was it with Margaret, whose high spirit had so shrunk from the sense of obligation while at court? Glancing round her almost royal residence, and knowing as she must, by a thousand signs, that her tastes and preferences had been consulted, the same sense of obligation pressed upon her so heavily that she almost wished that she had never sought the protection of the Scottish monarch, since the fact of her so doing had involved her in such embarrassing circumstances. Alone in the library, she glanced at her mother's window in the quadrangular court—saw her sitting at some light, delicate work, looking happy and contented—at Matilda, just mounting her palfrey for a gallop through the park, followed by the admiring eyes of the officers of the guard. Then, through the trees, she saw Edgar lying at full length upon the soft green turf, surrounded by a dozen pets, which he had coaxed by virtue of meats, and a great dish of milk, to gather around him—and happy in his pleasant and indolent state, seemed not to remember that he was the descendant of a race of kings, or that he ought ever to give a thought to the noble inheritance so worthy of his highest worldly aspirations.

"Yes, they are all contented to be in a state of dependence," Margaret mused bitterly to herself, "while I beat my prison bars in vain. Would to heaven that I were a man, or, better still, that Edgar were capable of manly deeds, and of saving me the shame of receiving benefits which our race will never be able to return."

Noble and generous, but deeply proud Margaret! Not thus would she have suffered, had she not detected in her own bosom, a sentiment which made the debt of gratitude all too burdensome for her peace of mind. She strove to employ herself in some active work—it would not answer. Then she

threw a light veil over her dark, brown locks, and stole out into the forest, following the course of a silver thread of water that ran beneath the trees. Reaching a natural bower, formed by the tops of small trees interlacing, she threw herself on the green turf, and fairly gave way to tears. The poorest Highland maiden who stepped freely in her father's mud-walled cabin, and owed nothing to others, might have envied, at that moment, the high-born Margaret Atheling!

She lay there, with her face covered with her hands, and her beautiful hair hanging in rich masses upon the grass. A coming footstep startled her, and with her cheeks all dewy from recent tears, she sprang to her feet. The intruder was Malcolm Ocean-mohr!

Surprised and ashamed, but not for a moment dispossessed of her natural grace of manner, she made her obeisance to the king, and would have led the way to the castle; but Malcolm had already seated himself upon the green turf, and recalled her to sit beside him.

"At your feet only will I sit, then," she replied; "your majesty is making the Saxon maiden quite too proud. These noble forests—yonder castellated walls—the luxury with which you have surrounded our family—all bespeak your generosity and call for our gratitude, but make us too deeply your debtors. Your majesty forgets that we are poor emigrants, and that a humbler home would better suit our fugitive state."

She ceased, for as she had been speaking, a singular smile overspread the features of her kingly companion. An expression of intense tenderness pervaded his manner, and, in a low voice, he pronounced her name. What passed in that brief interview was too sacred for repetition, but the next hour, Lady Atheling was agitated and delighted by the solicitation of the Scottish king for the hand of her daughter.

The marriage of the king with the beautiful Margaret Atheling drew eloquent praises from all his courtiers, while Scottish people, generally, manifested an enthusiasm somewhat unusual in a race so self-contained and undemonstrative. Margaret, so different to the wife of Malcolm's successor, Macbeth, so gentle yet so dignified, so full of all sweet and womanly sentiment—her Saxon heart "warming to the tartan," and ever ready to plead the cause of the suffering and unfortunate, with the king—soon became the object of idolatrous love to her people.

Thirty years did this happy union last, uninterrupted by a single affliction. At the end of that time, Malcolm, incensed by the demand which the English nation made upon the Scots for the homage which they would not pay, made an incursion into England, and besieged the fortress of Alnwick with a tumultuary army.

Malcolm and his eldest son both fell upon that battle field, on the 13th of November, 1093.

On the third day after this mournful event, the news was brought to Queen Margaret. She had been ill some days, from anxiety and distress, occasioned by the danger of her beloved husband and child. The blow was too heavy for her already shattered health and spirits, and she sank under it the same hour in which it was communicated. Thus died the loveliest Queen that ever graced the Scottish throne, not even excepting the unfortunate Mary, although history has not so distinguished her name.

Sir Walter Scott relates that Margaret, after her death, was received into the Roman calendar. He adds, "a legend of a well imagined, miracle narrates that when it was proposed to remove the body of the new saint to a tomb of more distinction, it was found impossible to lift it until that of her husband had received the same honor, as if, in her state of beatitude, Margaret had been guided by the same feelings of conjugal deference and affection which had regulated this excellent woman's conduct while on earth!"

How fragrant rises the memory of Margaret, alike beautiful and honored in youth and age—in life and in death.

History of Scotland.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FANNIE LEE.

BY EMMA ALLALINE.

I am sitting here this evening, thinking of the past. Among the many faces which rise before me, as I call them one by one, that of sweet Fannie Lee is dearest to my heart. Aye! sweet Fannie Lee, she was my dearest friend, one that could be trusted. Many years have passed since we last parted, dearest Fannie; but I love thee now as ever! Many cares and disappointments have we experienced since we uttered the last "good bye." Disappointments! ah! I am thinking of Fannie's early history now. Fannie loved I loved with all her wealth of woman's love, fondly, truly, and, alas! an unworthy object. Well do I remember hearing her say:—

"I should be afraid to trust again, Aggie, unless the minister were in the next room, waiting to perform the ceremony; and hardly then!"

Fannie was not beautiful, but there was a fascination about her, something irresistibly charming. She had dark, wavy hair, and methinks I can see her heavenly blue eye, beaming its love-light upon me now. To know Fannie, was but to love her.

As I said before, she loved one, who was not worthy of her. He was handsome, but he was not good. Well do I remember when first they met. 'Twas in a crowded ball-room, and his dark eyes beamed their dangerous fascination upon Fannie wherever she turned. Who would have thought, while looking at his bright, handsome face and high noble brow, upon which "every god had set his seal," that his smiling face was but a mask to hide a dark, frowning heart!

A formal introduction, and Mr. Gordon was at liberty to offer her his arm for a walk in the garden. Leaning upon the arm of a loved one, that I have since followed to the cold and silent tomb, I watched Fannie as she left the room. The next time I saw them together was in Fannie's own home. She was standing beside him, gazing up into his face. Never shall I forget the look of worshipping love that she bestowed upon him in answer to some question which I did not hear. When alone with my friend, she threw her arms about me, and told me of her love.

"He was good," she said, "true, noble-hearted, and worthy of any woman's love?"

"How know you this?" I asked, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"How do I know it!" cried she, in surprise; "can you not hear it in every word? can you not see it

in every look? And, then, he loves me: Nay, Aggie, do not laugh, I cannot bear it from you," and again my warm-hearted, impulsive friend, threw her arms around me.

Months passed before I saw Fannie again. I laid my loved one in the grave, and seeking sympathy in this, my first great sorrow, I went to my friend.

When one we have loved, truly and well, leaves our side for "that better world," we can speak of them, and we can think that, even though in Heaven, they watch over and love us still. But if a loved one proves false, what heart-agony is ours! We know that they were not worthy of the great love we gave them, and closing our lips, we endeavor to hide the gnawing grief within. Fannie met me with a smile of welcome, but looked with sad, tear-filled eyes, upon my mourning garb.

"I know not which of your loved ones you have lost," she said.

"Lost! No, not lost, Fannie; my George is not lost—he is in Heaven."

I looked in Fannie's face, and saw there, for the first time, the traces of great sorrow in her heart. I wore the outward garb of mourning, my limbs were draped with sable and crape; Fannie's were not, yet none the less desolate was her heart.

"What is it?" I asked; and once again, as of old, Fannie threw herself into my arms and told me all. The one she loved had proven false. Another was by his side, another called him hers, and to that one he had given the name of wife.

"Ah, Aggie," sobbed she in heart-broken accents, "you who know what it is to love, and lose the one you love, can feel for me. Yet I have not your consolation; your love was true to the last, and you have a hope of meeting with him again; but I, I am alone! deserted! desolate! I shall never love again Aggie, and I only hope for happiness in the world beyond!"

A sweet, angelic smile lit up her lovely face, and it is thus, with that smile hovering about her lips, that I see her again. I love not to think of her as she looks when she goes out among her friends, for I know, though they do not, that her bright, smiling face hides a bleeding, breaking heart! Ah! my tears come thick and fast, and as I clear them away again, the face of sweet Fannie Lee, my dearest friend, has vanished in the dim shadows of the past.

Delano N. Y. Nov. 9th, 1857.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

In one of the most populous cities in New England, a year since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a large and splendid one, drawn by six grey horses.

On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the school-room, he found his pupils in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of their trip and its incidents.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir! there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home we saw a queer looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up nearly the whole road.

Finding the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. They produced a right effect, for the crazy machine turned out in the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

As we passed, some one gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snow-balls pitched into the front part of the wagon, and with three times three cheers, we rushed by.

With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon, and for the winter the sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

His sight and hearing were somewhat blunt by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, of his manhood, and of his ripe years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed and terrified by loud hurrahs from behind, and a furious pelting upon the top of his wagon.

In this trepidation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's troubles, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh, drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road, old boy!' 'What will you take for your pony, old daddy?' 'Go it, frozen-noon!' 'What's the price of oats?' were the various cries that met his ear.

'Pray, do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous cheers from the boys that were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins, and to stop his horse, just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

A short distance brought him to his journey's end, and the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor, and that old fellow and old boy, (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach,) that old daddy and frozen-noon, was your master's father!"

Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried, and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were

freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil for the future to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES UPON THE DEATH OF WARREN H. FIELD, OF DOBCHESTEY.

BY MRS. C. A. HAYDEN.

Gone with the singing birds and summer flowers—  
Gone with the first change of the autumn leaf—  
Alas! alas! in all this world of ours,  
Joy's brightest visions ever prove most brief.

While many a careworn cheek is slowly palling,  
While many a footstep wearily toils on;  
Some even prison damps long years inhaling,  
Ere the long wish'd for welcome goal is won.

Others are taken in life's early morning,  
Fresh from the Giver's hand all sinless—pure—  
Others in early youth's auspicious dawning,  
Some in its glorious prime, from ill secure.

And oh, for each one kindly liberated,  
Thus early from the trials none may know;  
How many fond, devoted hearts are faded,  
To drink the bitter drops of human woe.

She whose true love surpasses every other,  
Who all through life on ceaseless vigil keeps;  
The deeply loved and deeply loving mother,  
Over the early blight of manhood weeps.

A gentle sister and a band of brothers,  
Mourn for the playmate of their childhood years;  
The dear companion, prized above all others,  
Sharer of all their youthful hopes and fears.

The sweet, young wife, whose patient, calm endurance,  
Was only equal'd by her deathless love;  
Is strengthen'd by the hallowed assurance  
Of re-union in the realms above.

She gazes on the cherub left to cheer her,  
In this her hour of grief and sore dismay;  
And feels thy spirit still is lingering near her,  
Helping her over it to watch and pray.

Yes, "watch and pray;" a few more fleeting morrows,  
And with the dear departed ye shall roam;  
Free from all dread of parting—free from sorrow,  
In the blest mansion of a happier home.

WHAT MAKES YELLOW SKINS?

Two-thirds of the men and women you meet in the streets have yellow complexions, instead of the clear white rosette which Nature intended. Why is it? The Philadelphia Ledger undertakes to explain it, and we have no doubt successfully, as follows:—

"If our Western friends can in any way teach their wives, daughters, or cooks, to keep the pearlash out of their bread, all the yellow people, especially the yellow children, who are supposed to be turned yellow by the fever and ague, bilious fevers, will soon be turned white. It is a great mistake to suppose that the yellow countenances of the West came from bile, when it is only the enormous quantities of pearlash eaten in the bread that is reflected through the skin. Bread is the staff of life, it is said—and so it is—but it is the staff of death, too, in this country. But bread kills about as many people here as bad rum. So many people eat poisonous pearlash for bread that they die by inches. Dyspepsia—that great monster disease of our country that deranges the liver, brings on costiveness, and thus finally kills the human victim—is half the time 'pearlash.' Here in the East—out of New England—we have nearly driven off the pearlash salaratus cooks, but not altogether. Pearlash lives here-yet in bread, but in cities and towns we have nearly wiped out the murderers. In the distant Western towns—beyond the good hotels of the lakes and rivers—pearlash, under the name of salaratus, is king. It is pearlash for breakfast, pearlash for dinner, and pearlash for supper. It is not any wonder, then, the people East turn yellow West, and sicken—not of fever and ague, bilious and congestive fevers—but of pearlash three times a day."

IMMENSE SIZE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

A United States naval chaplain who has recently visited the great pyramid of Cheops in Egypt, says that he walked around it, wading in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and about fifty-eight hundred feet before he made the circuit. He says, take one hundred New York churches of the ordinary width, and arrange them in a hollow square twenty-five on a side, and you would have scarcely the basement of this pyramid; take another hundred and throw their material into the hollow square, and it would not be full. Pile on all the stone and brick of Philadelphia, and Boston, and the structure would not be as high or solid as this greatest work of man. One layer of blocks was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century, if they were permitted freely to use it.

PERPETUAL UTILITY OF THE FIXED STARS.—

The stars are the landmarks of the universe; and amidst the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, seem placed by their Creator as guides and records, not merely to elevate our minds by the contemplation of what is vast, but to teach us to direct our actions by what is immutable in his works. It is, indeed, hardly possible to over estimate their value in this point of view. Every well-determined star, from the moment its place is registered, becomes to the astronomer, the geographer, the navigator, the surveyor, a point of departure that can never deceive or fail him—the same forever, and in all places, of a delicacy so extreme as to be a test for every instrument invented by man, yet equally adapted for the most ordinary purposes; as available for regulating a town clock as for conducting a navy to the Indies; as effective for mapping down the intricacies of a petty barony as for adjusting the boundaries of transatlantic empires. When once its place has been accurately recorded, the brazen circle with which that useful work was done may moulder, the marble pillar totter on its base, and the astronomer himself survive only in the gratitude of posterity; but the record remains, and transfuses all its own exactness into every calculation which takes it for a groundwork, giving to inferior instruments, nay, even to temporary contrivances, and to the observations of a few weeks or days, all the precision attained originally at the cost of so much time, labor and expense.

TRUE NOBILITY.—

If it be an ennobling fact that one can trace his lineage through a succession of illustrious nobles, how much must be the dignity which rests on one who can, with honesty, claim to be a child, not of the royalty that is doomed to die, but of the King of kings, the everlasting Father, who is throned on the riches and the glory of the universe. It is this conviction that dims the splendor of an earthly crown, and sheds a halo of beauty and of dignity upon the head of the orphan and the level of the peasant.

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OUR PROPOSAL TO THE PROFESSORS.

The Boston Courier, in the article to which we had time to allude only briefly last week, sets out, in its notice of the proposition we offered in such sincerity, with a studied misrepresentation of that proposal, representing that we proposed that "Professors Felton and Horsford" should give thirty evenings to observing the mode by which the communications that appear in the Messenger Department of the paper are obtained. Where is our answer to our frank and fair proposal sets out with a deliberate misstatement like the foregoing, it would of course be vain to expect anything different all the way through. We were not disappointed.

There is no question that the Professor who writes for the Courier is a refined gentleman, for that much is established by those elegant parts of speech which he has been so particular to employ towards us, and mediums generally, since the subject of Spiritualism has been so prominently before the public. Hence, a man with such a native and acquired stock of refinement, would be strongly inclined to shrink from contact with persons less under the restraints of culture than himself, and must of course conceive a decided dislike to reading communications from such ordinary, and sometimes vulgar natures, as from time to time manifest themselves through the organization of our medium. This is to be admitted on all sides at the outset. And this much being understood, it only remains for us to receive just such communications from disembodied spirits as present themselves, and offer him our sincere regrets that his excessive polish puts him so much above the reach even of plain and prosy truth.

A strange error the writer has fallen into, is in supposing that we want the "medium's powers tested." We want nothing of the kind. We have tested them to our satisfaction, and we should not care if all the Professors in Christendom were against us; so long as we have the knowledge we have, their opinion would weigh against ours no more than a feather against the world. And if such was our wish, we should no more think of traveling to Cambridge College for aid, than the Professors there would think of going among the scholars at a primary school to select a candidate for a college tutorship. We have too much evidence before us of their entire ignorance of these manifestations to think of such a project.

Much fault is found by the Courier writer with the character of the contents of our Messenger Department, he seeming to insist, from the tone of his criticisms, that we should publish matter with more literary merit. The criticism is nothing but an unworthy cavil, and utterly fails to reach the point in hand. What we contend for in reference to these indiscriminate communications, is that they prove the immortality of the soul, and its power, when detached from the mortal body to communicate to mortals under certain conditions. We do not know whether the Courier writer is satisfied of this matter of immortality in his own case, but we know, and he knows, that there are thousands in our midst that are not, even though they quietly submit to the creeds and silently subscribe to the religious platforms. We are even aware that there are conscientious and intelligent clergymen, who have the frankness to confess that their minds are still in the maze of doubts on this subject.

Now if an ignorant, or even a wicked spirit, manifesting ignorantly or even wickedly, is capable by the nature and reality of his communications of proving his immortality, and that of the rest of us as well, we insist that the evidence is just as direct, and fully as valuable, as if it were furnished by the spirit of Socrates or Plato, Newton or John Milton. The point is not concerning the previous culture and education of the spirit manifesting, but the naked fact of an existence in another sphere or condition, and the power of those in that sphere to communicate. And to prove this, we do not see why the soul of one immortal is not quite as competent a witness as the soul of another.

This has been repeatedly proved to us through spiritual intercourse, in a variety of ways. We have received a communication, purporting to come from a spirit, who has referred us to friends hundreds of miles distant. We never knew this spirit when on earth in the mortal form. We wrote to test the genuineness of the matter, and found everything exactly as the spirit stated in his communication.

Now, being satisfied in our own mind that the facts communicated could not, by any possibility, have originated in our own mind, and being equally well satisfied, by investigation, that they did not originate in that of the medium, we have been led to believe that man did not die when his mortal form was laid in the tomb; that he did not lose any of his earth characteristics, and that he could communicate his thoughts by the observance of certain natural laws which govern manifestations of mind. We instances but one in many hundreds which have come under our observation within the few past years. Incidentally too, the doctrine of immortality has been taught through our means, taught others. For example—we have sent persons communications pur-

porting to be from departed relatives; and as they will know we could not be acquainted at all with them or theirs, much more that we were not sufficiently familiar with them to know how to answer the calls of their mind properly—they could not have failed to receive, through these means, solid and abiding proofs of the doctrine of immortality.

The writer for the Courier must of course respect some established conditions in seeking intercourse with spirits. They were not commanded by man to communicate with mortals, in the first place, but chose their own time and way, in obedience to the will of God. We are, at best, but passive listeners, and patient investigators. It would be idle to say to them that they should manifest themselves only when and as we directed, or else we would not believe them at all. This would be too much like the Thomas of other times, who, though he saw with his eyes, would not believe, but must needs thrust his hands into his Master's side. If the intelligence claim to be spirits, let them prove themselves in their own way, for the supposition is, that those who have gone before to a higher state of existence, know better than mortals what they can do. The Courier philosopher should likewise consider, if in this matter he ever allows himself to be guilty of such a thing, that the instant he attempts to exercise his own power over a medium, whether by seeking to tamper, irritate, or actually control her, of course the communications received through her organization must be warped and colored by the state of his own feelings and mind.

He carps at the character of the messages received from spirits; but he should by this time understand, which we are perfectly ready to forgive him for not yet doing, that spirits know better than he does what sort of communications are best adapted to the conversion of himself and the world, whether they shall be in Greek, Hebrew, African, or poor English. He should not think that none but well educated spirits are permitted to manifest themselves, or that his own silly doctrine of exclusiveness is a doctrine that in any sense appertains to the immortals. When once he can rid himself of that idea, he will be on the open road to truth.

The world is made up of all sorts of people, and they individually feel the need of being addressed by proofs exactly calculated to reach them. Of course, with the Professor, we sincerely regret that there are those living who pay more attention to their appetites than they do to their grammar; but that proves nothing against our position. And that great crowd of ignorant, thoughtless, or depraved persons can be reached best, and reached only, through the instrumentality of such communications as spirits of like character and disposition are inclined to offer them.

"It is perfectly plain," says the Courier writer, "that all those letters come from a source no higher and no lower than the mind of the medium." This is downright pettifoggery. Does he really mean to assert that it comes from the mind of the medium herself—or is he framing such a statement as he can best escape from, if pushed too hard; leaving room for the admission that he did not say that these letters were not from spirit source, but that he did say they came "from a source no higher and no lower than the medium"? Our sole object in proposing the investigation as we did, was to enable him to satisfy himself that these communications do not originate with the mind of the medium.

But there is still another matter, of vastly more concern to the Professor who gluts the Courier columns with his perverse and heated lucubrations. He has repeatedly charged us with being forgers, impostors, knaves and cheats. Under these heavy charges we have ourselves somehow managed to live. But when he in the same mean and cowardly spirit, as sails an innocent and unoffending female, characterizing her as "a worthless woman," who "writes for the Banner of Light," he places himself, whether knowingly or not, out of the pale of true gentlemen. Let us hope, however, that he uses this highly improper language from impulse and ignorance. Let us incline, by all means, to the most charitable interpretation, and ascribe it all to his unfortunate ignorance. That ignorance is what we have given him a fair opportunity to correct. He has had a chance to atone for the libels he has repeatedly written and published, and yet shrinks from the responsibility that instinctively couples itself with every really manly nature. He obstinately refuses to avail himself of our fair and impartial offer; and we ask him in return, what is all your vaunted sincerity, and truth, and honor worth, if, after libelling an innocent woman by styling her "worthless," you still refuse to avail yourself of the means offered you to do her nothing but justice?

We have been led to think that the Professor has been somewhat unfortunate in his commerce with mediums, and hence his zealous attack upon spirit intercourse. We have been disposed to regard him as one who would not be easily convinced, but might be led to look more calmly into this holy truth. We thought if he could be persuaded that we received these "messages," as we aver we do, he might be induced to try his fortunes in the field with higher and nobler results, perhaps, than we have attained. We are aware that the communications we receive would not be so strong proofs to him as to us, because he cannot positively know that they do not come from one mind. That is, it would not be a mathematical certainty to him, though he could not fall to think us more of a wonder, if they all did come from our mind, than is spirit intercourse.

All we ask of him is to approach the subject with an earnest desire to know the truth—with honest and sincere prayer to the Fountain of Truth, for wisdom, and last of all with a little less reliance upon his own merits, and more willingness to learn what he apparently does not know. We will neither do it, for if the spirits who guide our circles are not competent to give him proper light on a subject he will honestly investigate, in the same spirit, we are mistaken in them. We think they are as competent as the Professor, and although they do not see fit to give us with dissertations upon "Greek" for publication to the people who are not quite as much interested in the matter as the Professor, it may be that he might, during the thirty days, be allowed by them to discuss matters which would be to his taste. We have no doubt of it, for we have faith in the words of Christ, who says, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and in the love of God, who answers the honest calls of his children for light.

The readers of the Banner of Light, who wish for Insurance on Lava, or against loss by Fire, are invited to apply to M. Ann Dean, No. 78 State street, Boston, Mass., who, after insurance in the best Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates

SPRIT SIGHT. We find the following communication in the "Investigator" of our city; and as we think the questions therein propounded are presented in good faith, we have no hesitancy in endeavoring to furnish the information called for:—

Mr. Editor.—There is one thing we have noticed in the Spiritual theory, which has not been explained by any one that I know of. I have reference to the ages of spirits. Those persons calling themselves "seeing mediums," often describe spirits dressed in different ways. There is a certain Spiritual paper now before me, which, in detailing the experience of a seeing medium, mentions a fact, where an old man came forward to be recognized, leaning upon his staff, and having a bald head. I also heard certain Mrs. Fuller, at Brimstone Corner, Hamilton county, Ohio, describe certain spirits, as walking with staves, and wearing spectacles. The question I now wish to ask is, whether the dress of an individual is immortal? In other words, have canes and spectacles spirits? If not, how do spirits come in possession of them?

There is another important fact connected with this matter, which is this: if spirits become so enfeebled during their sojourn of three score years and ten as to need spectacles to assist vision, and staves to assist locomotion, they will certainly dwindle out before eternity shall begin to wane. Now, Mr. Editor, if any Spiritualist will explain the above, he will very much oblige. R. J. GARRETT.

Symmet's Corner, (O.) To the mere casual observer of the times, it is by no means wonderful that many of the manifestations of Spiritualism should appear ridiculous. And we do not find it in our hearts to condemn the incredulity of friends touching many of the phases of the phenomena. The teachings of the past, according to the inculcations of the present, have been so exceedingly erroneous, with regard to spirits, their condition, appearance and power, that many manifestations, which, to the believer in the philosophy of spirit intercourse, seem beautiful and truthful, to the skeptical appear unphilosophical and absurd. Such is the character of the demonstrations purporting above, to have been given in the presence of "seeing mediums." We will attempt, as briefly as may be, to give an explanation of these appearances, which, to us, in connection with our experience on this plane, appear beautifully appropriate—whilst to the inquirer they seem to be wholly unaccountable, on any rational hypothesis, based upon previous dogmatisms.

The interrogatories involved in the above letter are—first: do "spirits become so enfeebled during their sojourn of three score years and ten, as to need spectacles to assist vision?" &c.; and secondly, "how do spirits come in possession" of such material objects as those named? And why do they thus appear?

To the first, we answer—spirits do not become as enfeebled as the appearance of the physical conditions of that period in the material life of an individual denominated old age would seem to indicate. The spirit itself continues in the strength of matured vigor, as far as time has any influence upon its condition; but as the physical conformation is the channel through which communication must be held with the outer world, its demonstrations necessarily partake of the conditions through which it is compelled to act. Whatever the desire sought to be attained, or given expression to by the spirit—that desire, in its accomplishment or expression, can alone be manifested according to the calibre and strength of the channel through which the effort has to be made. Therefore, the feebleness of age apparent in the physical form, by no means argues an equally debilitated condition of the spirit.

The second question, then, very naturally recurs—why and how do they thus appear to seeing mediums, and from whence are obtained the material objects used?

To the inquiry as to how the object is effected, we answer that there are two methods resorted to by spirits seeking to manifest their identity—both of which, to our minds, are rational and philosophical, and both of which have partially come under our own observation. The first, and most usual, we believe, is that of psychology—that is, the will of the interior mind, in its naturally positive condition, brought to bear upon the passive condition of the seer—and the presentation made rather to the mind's eye, than to the external vision. The possession of such a power on the part of disembodied minds, we know, is objected to, but, in view of the developments of the present age, we think, without sufficient grounds upon which to base the objection. For it has been most positively demonstrated, that such a control of mind over mind, while within the body, can be exercised, so as to effect the purposes of the will of the operator. And it is legitimate to conclude, if such a power of will may be exercised, whilst mind is still encased within the human organization, that the same power may be brought to bear, with even greater force, after it has been freed from such immediate control.

The second method, which we believe within the power of spirit to adopt, is that of the exercise of the will over the elemental properties of the atomic world. It is an established fact in the physical sciences, that there are sixty-four substances existing throughout nature, which are considered the primary bases of all matter. These primaries it is also known, are found in the original rocks, and that their debridation formed the different soils of the globe.

Professor J. J. Mape, one of the most truly scientific and philosophical minds of the age, from recent investigations into the subject of "Isomeric Compounds," has demonstrated the existence of these primaries in relatively progressed conditions throughout the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Reasoning by analogy, therefore, it is a rational conclusion that all the primaries of the material matter of the globe exist in progressed or refined conditions within the human form, as the ultimate of material organization. Now, it will not be denied, that the spirit of man, whilst occupying the human form, is capacitated to, and does exercise a relative control over the mass of materialism with which, in the operation of organic law, it is temporarily associated—as for instance, in the exercise of the capacities of locomotion on the part of the physical, in obedience to the propelling power of the will of the spiritual. We therefore deem it philosophical to conclude that, as the powers of the individualized spirit of man, are perpetually progressing, and as death (so called) is but a natural agent in the elimination of the spirit into a wider and more extended field of action—that the will of the spirit may still be brought to bear upon the elementary properties of matter. In other words, that the disembodied spirit of man, in the exercise of its increased powers, is enabled temporarily to control the progressed conditions of the primaries with which it may come in contact, whilst ministering to its less developed organism of earth—springing in the circumstances from the use of its finite powers in the

realm of matter, its immortal relation to the great Father-soul, who, in the grandeur of His own infinitude, hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end—who stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing?"

Thus, in the exercise of the will upon the elemental properties of matter, do we believe, is the disembodied spirit empowered to present the human form in any natural manner, for purposes of recognition. In the fact that this is done, and in the answer as to why it is done—is involved, one of the most beautiful features of the theory of modern Spiritualism. To the over-fastidious, as to the means by which our present association with those who have pitched their tent but a little nearer our Father's home than ourselves, these facts may not appear quite so satisfactory—serving, as they do, to overthrow, in some respects, all previous ideas with regard to the "immortal beauty" of another state of existence. But, to us, as we have said, it is a beautiful reflection, that our friends, in addition to the hallowed drapery of the skies, are enabled, under the operations of Divine law, to present themselves in their old familiar garb—so that, whilst recognizing their identity, which is thus sought to be more surely established, one may be enabled to feel each zephyr, as it were, an echoed voice—

"Stealing o'er us, fondly bringing To our souls a rush of thought, Sweetly sad, and sadly pleasing, And with blessed memories fraught."

BREAD OR WORK.

Processions of unemployed laborers have of late been going about the streets of New York, one of which took courage at length to go to City Hall and ask an interview with Mayor Wood. They represented their sad condition to him, and demanded that both work and food should be found them by the city. Another body of men marched down into Wall street, took possession of the Merchants' Exchange steps, drove away the men of money from the place, and were at length addressed by one of their number, who, the papers tell us, "wore a fine linen shirt and flourished a fine, white cambric handkerchief."

These men bore banners before them, on which were inscribed the motto—"Bread or Work." The body that assembled within the Park, and finally denounced the Mayor and his promises as "humbug," were restrained from violence only by the interference of the police, and finally departed less satisfied with their wretched fortune than ever. Matters took such a turn there at one time that the Assistant Treasurer of the United States telegraphed to Washington, through the Marshal of the District, for authority to employ the government troops to defend the public money, if need be, with ball and bayonet. The banks likewise felt the influence of the popular uneasiness, and took sufficient measures of precaution to preserve their accumulations from the violence of any who might be disposed to make attempts upon them unlawfully.

This is truly not less a pitiable than a fearful state of things. In republican America it was something that none of us have ever been in the habit of looking for. It is a moving spectacle indeed, that of strong and able-bodied men thrown out of employ, a hard winter just coming on, little helpless families depending on their exertions for bread wherewith to appease their hunger, and no prospect of more work perhaps for months to come. Such a sight is sufficient to make one's heart bleed, especially when the problem is still as far from its solution as on the first day that sent these poor laborers out into the street.

Yet violence and mob spirit will not make what is already had any better. We must counsel patience, and we must, at the same time, freely practice charity. There is nothing to be gained by pillage and robbery, but by such rash means all popular sympathy is only sure to be forfeited. These unfortunate people should reflect that it is not government that finds work, except so far as carrying forward ordinary local improvements; that is a matter that lies entirely between the employed and the employer. If he cannot command the alidity, as he once could, to continue the usual work to his men, they should remember that he, not less than themselves, is a sufferer, and as anxious as they can be to resume his industrial operations.

SYMPATHY.

To Earth a beautiful, trembling star at morn, With speed shot down a single silver arrow; While mounted high, the lark, with song Heaven-born, And chirped below the drab and dapple sparrow. On came the sun in majesty and light, And hid the star in day's upheaving billow; But bright it grew as eve succumbed to night, And sank the sun upon his cloudy pillow. So was ambition's star within my breast— One fitful gleam, and then no more impressing. Until thy words a power proved, to test, And now it sparkles bright 'neath thy caressing. Not that in principle thou art like night, But like it thou hast made a star more bright. SQUARE.

THE FALLS OF ST. CROIX.

One of the finest water powers in all the great Northwest is that at the head of navigation on the St. Croix River, which is likewise the outlet of one of the most extensive lumber regions in the whole country. The St. Paul Advertiser says it is the final point of continuous navigation, waters tributary to the Mississippi, connecting that vast river with the ultima thule of navigation on the great chain of inland lakes; the necessary point of departure on that river for the great entrepots on these lakes; the point where the agricultural products of Southern Wisconsin and Minnesota must meet the lumber and minerals of their northern highlands; the common apex of two immense angles of production, each differing from the other in all its staples, yet each exuberant in its kind; and destined to be the seat of one of the largest manufacturing and commercial towns in the Northwest.

There has long been a litigation between rival claimants for this place, but the controversy has finally been compromised between the parties, and now there will be a chance for the new town to show the natural symptoms of Western progress and spirit. The St. Croix Manufacturing and Improvement Company, with a capital of \$300,000, is the result of the compromise between the two belligerent parties; \$150,000 of the capital is to be expended in cash on the premises within two years from July last. The expenditures since then have been at the rate of \$8000 or \$10,000 per month. The splendid water power, second only to St. Anthony Falls, in its capacity for development, with a judicious application of the immense capital at the command of the owners, may be made to excel the latter in the extent of its development, and its proximity to the

boundless pine regions of the St. Croix gives it a great advantage over its rival in the manufacture of lumber. The St. Croix and Superior Railroad must touch at this point and unite it with Lake Superior, and the St. Paul and Taylor's Falls road, which, has been chartered by the Minnesota Legislature, will give it the advantage of a connection with the head of navigation on the Mississippi.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

The latest intelligence from this unquiet part of the world is to the effect that the several governments of the States that compose the country so called, are no more disposed to cultivate amicable relations with each other than they were before General Walker was invited in to try his hand at keeping the peace. Costa Rica has taken forcible possession of the San Juan River, given notice to the authorities of Greytown of their having blockaded it, and now flatly refuses to allow the passage of any Nicaraguan craft up or down the river. Costa Rica also makes a demand for the custody of San Carlos.

Such an attitude as this on the part of Costa Rica is decidedly warlike, and has been construed by Nicaragua into an open declaration of war. The President of Nicaragua, newly elected, is General Martinez. He is reported to possess a decided and energetic character, and is bound to answer his Costa Rican neighbors in a spirit not very different from their own. Of course, then, there will be a war. Next, will follow another such "fix" as they found themselves in before. And finally, to try and preserve the peace again, one of them will step to the door and call in General Walker, or some other enterprising and ambitious man who will try to carve his own name on the history of that limited portion of the continent. Costa Rica is said to be already willing to place the transit route under the protection of this government, if it will consent to preserve a neutrality in this warfare.

YANKEE LABORERS AT FIFTY CENTS A DAY.

It has been found necessary by the officers at the railroad depot in Asylum street, to reduce the pay of the workmen on the wood trains 20 per cent., and the laborers were offered yesterday 50 cents a day. A large force of them—Irishmen, all—were ready to go to work at the old rates, but they refused to submit to the 20 per cent. off—and the result was that the "wood train" yesterday was manned chiefly by Yankees, who were willing to earn half a dollar rather than lie idle and earn nothing. Today the wood train was made up entirely of Americans, most of them mechanics of various trades, who have the good sense to take a job at half a dollar, rather than do nothing.—Hartford Times.

The above paragraph is running through the newspapers without a word of comment. It must be, we think, that the journalists either read it hastily, or refuse to be struck with the facts, and the spirit of the fact which it furnishes.

In the first place, why cannot large railroad corporations begin their reductions in these times, not with the poor day laborer at the bottom round of the ladder, but at the other end of the list? Is the meagre reduction of a few hundred men's low wages enough in amount to bring relief to the company that thus seeks it?

In the next place, it is to be remarked that any company, railroad or manufacturing, practices the most refined cruelty, when it cuts off twenty per cent. from the wages of men who earn as little as these men are represented to have been earning. On computing it, it will be seen that the laborers above must have earned a little over sixty cents a day; and to cut off 20 per cent. from that, in times like these, with a hope of saving something to a railroad corporation, would be preposterous folly, if it were not also the height of meanness and cruelty. Let the roads begin their reductions at the other end. Such a course as the above deserves no man's countenance or commendation.

MEETINGS LAST SABBATH AT No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

In the forenoon, at this place, the circle conducted by Mr. Hobbs, filled the hall. In the afternoon, Dr. A. B. Child presented a strong argument in proof of the truth of the text, "The love of money is the root of all evil." He said that this love in the hearts of a so-called Christian community had been substituted for true Christian love. This love had made men reject the laws of Christ, of nature, and of God, and make laws of their own, the consequence of which was the imprisonment of over one thousand brothers and sisters in our immediate neighborhood, with hearts unwarmed by the manifestation of our love. He traced all crime as springing directly or indirectly from this love.

All wars, with their endless retinue of evils, blood, tears, sighs and agonies; all distinctions and inequality that exists in the brotherhood of humanity, excesses, surfeiting, and disease; poverty, destitution, starvation and rags, suffering and misery; did there exist in our hearts no love of money, all these evils would cease to be. Poor, uncaared-for, unfortunate young girls, under the disguise of selling apples for a few cents, will make the most corrupt exhibitions of lowliness which are caused by the love of money, not in them, but in those who lay up storehouses of treasures for themselves, thereby creating destitution and want in the families of these little children, and driving them to infamy in getting bread to satisfy their hunger. A poor woman in our city is seen at the corner of almost every street, shivering in the cold, winter winds, selling apples or candy to gain a small pittance—a scanty crust of bread to feed herself and starving children. It is the love of money in the more fortunate that causes her sufferings, and the sufferings of her family. And prostitution, gambling, robbery, and murder, may be traced to this cause the love of money, which hardens the heart and fills the soul with contention and hatred. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Thayer occupied the desk.

COLLECTIONS SOUTH AND WEST.

Our Mr. Squire will start on or about the first of December, on a visit to the South and West, where he will transact any business which may be entrusted to him.

Among the places which he will visit are—Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Erie, Penn.; Syracuse, Rochester, Batavia, N. Y.; Cleveland, Fredonia, Laona, Akron, Columbus, Grafton, Cardington, Xenia, Batavia, New Boston, Felicity, New Richmond, Toledo, Cincinnati, Dayton, Ohio; Indianapolis, Madison, Ind.; Salem, Cairo, Chicago, Joliet, Springfield, Jerseyville, Alton, Ill.; Memphis, Tenn.; New Orleans, La.; Mobile, Ala.; Galveston, Houston, Austin, Texas; St. Louis, Jefferson City, Mo.; Baltimore, Md.; Washington City, D. C. Refer to N. E. Post, 20 Court Street, Boston, for particulars.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

We have received the following communication from a very candid and gentlemanly correspondent, in relation to objections that have arisen in his mind with regard to spiritual communion. The publication has been postponed, somewhat, from unavoidable circumstances. We give place to it however, in the present number, and have attempted in a general article upon the subject of our caption, to answer the objections urged in the letter.

CAMBRIDGE, November, 1857.

Messrs. Editors:—To one who has paid no special attention to what is called "Spirit Manifestations," it would seem that the followers of it mean to have it take, in a considerable degree, the place of revealed religion; however, we hear many say, that these manifestations serve only to illustrate more completely, than it ever has been before, the great cardinal doctrines of the Bible.

But the inquiry naturally arises, how is it possible that these manifestations can do it, without taking the communications themselves, as true, and on this concession found all the theory of our belief? Unquestionably, some of these communications are true, and it would be strange indeed, if nothing true would be told by so large a class of intelligent persons as are engaged in this subject; but, on the other hand, it is equally true, beyond a doubt, that many communications prove to be absolutely false. But we are answered, when such instances are mentioned, that "such are from lying spirits." Now this seems to us, what is called "begging the question." Because all communications are not false, shall we say that the theory is true? Is it safe to come to such a conclusion, that the communications are from the spirits of the departed?

Many communications are of such a nature, that they are not capable of being proved or disproved to be true or false. How are we, then, to treat such communications? Would it be safe to give them our sanction? This seems to us to be an unfair investigation of any subject, of whatever nature. We hear much from the followers of this system, to the effect, that we ought to investigate the matter before we condemn it. This is certainly a very natural and reasonable answer to be made by them. But how, and in what way, is it to be investigated? How can it be tested in a manner that no doubt will be left in the mind—either for its truth or falsity. Suppose we, investigate it, and assure our senses, and our minds, that there are manifestations which we cannot explain. Does it follow, as that we hear, are the effects of the spirits of the departed? How exceedingly unsafe it is to addit all that we do not understand, even in the daily operations of nature, to some spirit that has lived upon the earth.

Would it not be safer to ascribe such manifestations to the natural and all-pervading laws which the Creator has established to govern and regulate mind and matter, than to say, that the spirit of a demon, or an angel, or the spirit of a human being, was the moving cause? Such a belief and such a system, seems to us, to lean pretty strongly towards Pantheism and ancient Mythology, since those systems of religion recognized a diversity of gods and spirits ruling nature and swaying the minds of men.

We do not mean to convey the impression that we disbelieve that there is no mysterious manifestations in Spiritualism, or that it can be explained fully what are the causes of the phenomena. But it would be begging the question to say that they are the results of spirits of the departed, merely because we cannot see any more reasonable way of explanation. This would be taking great liberty with our faith and credulity.

We are not always bound to give, as the cause of all we see, that which seems to us the most obvious; from the very fact, that we must not lose sight of the idea that our own minds are very apt to give us the most obvious cause, which, in fact, may be the least adequate to the effect produced; and until we are fully acquainted with all the phenomena of nature, can we pass with safety on such things.

E. S. W.

In common with most of those who attempt to build an argument against the Spiritual Philosophy, the writer of the foregoing, seems to intimate that Spiritualists ignore "the natural and all-pervading laws which the Creator has established to govern and regulate mind and matter;" and as a sequence, his imprecations or conclusion are manifestly erroneous—both as respects the facts claimed, and the philosophical truths based upon the same. The converse of this assumption on the part of the skeptical mind is most emphatically true. For we claim that the intercourse of the spirits of the departed with the minds of earth, is held alone through the agency of laws that appertain to the government of mind and matter—that these laws are immutable in the sphere of their existence—and if applicable to the spirit of man, whilst encased within the tabernacle of clay, equally applicable to the spirit, under all the varying conditions of an immortal state of being. Assuming a belief in the immortality of the soul, on the part of our correspondent—we shall attempt to answer him generally, first, as to the question of spirit control, through the agency of a general law of mind; secondly, we shall attempt to demonstrate, as a consequence upon the affirmative of the first proposition, that evil or ignorant spirits may have the privilege of communicating as well as the more advanced—and that the one, in the process of their individual identification, constitute as forcible an argument in favor of the immortality of the race, as by possibility could, the most developed intelligence from another sphere; and thirdly, we shall speak of the results of this communion upon humanity, as dependent, not exclusively upon the imparting power from whence the intelligence may emanate—but mainly upon the practical application made by the receptive party, under the judicious exercise of their highest faculties. And thus we hope to meet the objections of our esteemed correspondent, whilst at the same time we may be enabled to interest the general reader.

First, then, as to the operations of a general law. It is an admitted proposition by most minds in Christendom, that within the human organization exists some property or quality, that is "positive to the mere physical conformation—the propelling power throughout the entire range of thought; of feeling, and of affection. This interior property or quality, we denominate spirit. Therefore all laws operating within the range indicated, are of necessity operating upon the spirit; and the physical conformation becomes the mere channel of outward expression to this interior quality. Our argument therefore has reference to the interior power—the

actuating property—the spirit—the real man. Looking at man in this sense, we find manifested throughout his whole history, as far as we have any record, evidences of the existence of some general law of association—whether as regards nations, communities, or families—similarly operative amid the ages of force, and the conditions of the present—applicable to all conditions, the uneducated and the vicious—the refined and the virtuous. We find men of like characters, tastes, conditions, temperament, drawn together continually—each to his similitude perpetually. The more especially, is this law of attraction apparent in our own day—when, through the general progress of the race, the rational affections of the being determine, in a great measure, his habits and his associations. A law thus general and universal in its operation, under all conditions and relations—checked occasionally by conventionalism or by force—but never rendered wholly inoperative—must be an organic law of the being—unalterable in its nature—partaking in its essential properties of the nature of the Divine source of all law, and of all being. Therefore, if the actuating portion of humanity still exists in an individualized form, after the habiliments of earth have been laid aside—if the spirit of man is immortal, it must continue to be amenable to the same law, whatever its condition, and wherever located. The laws of congenial attraction must continue to govern—the ties of consanguinity, and all other ties that bind man to his fellow, remaining forever operative throughout all possible degrees of consecutive existence.

Secondly, we find by reference to the history of the race, that this law of individual attraction and spiritual communion—for such truly may be denominated the intercourse of man with man, even prior to the separation of spirit from the body—has been, as we have said, universal in its operation—applicable alike to the evil and the good—the just and the unjust. We assume, therefore, that as this law of spirit has ever been coequal in its operation, it will so continue to operate upon all the conditions of spirit—thus demonstrating this, as are all the laws of a general Providence, impartial in its nature and tendency, and relatively dependent in its results, upon the individual appreciation of the creature.

Now, it is doubtless an admitted fact, on the part of our correspondent, that, of the vast number of spirits who leave the relations of earth daily, through the process of death, a large proportion of them are in the condition denominated wicked or ignorant. And, as we are taught there are many mansions beyond the sphere of earth, the Spiritualist believes that these spirits, as do all others leaving the form, necessarily occupy such relations as correspond to the conditions which characterized them at the time of departure—carrying with them all that made them what they were before leaving. Consequently, in the spheres or conditions approximating nearest earth, there is manifested much of the inharmony generated in earth—adhering temporarily to the character of the individual, as the result of misdirection in the first stage of its individualized existence. By this mode of reasoning we have arrived at the conclusion that, if there be any law of spirit communion at all, then evil or ignorant spirits, as well as the most developed, may avail themselves of the same universal law of mind—guided in their approach to others, by the varied relations that may appertain to them individually, under the general law of attraction; and, if it can be demonstrated on other grounds as plausible, that spirit communion in the abstract, exists as a fact in nature—the objection of our correspondent on the score of the untruthfulness of some of the communications, is, therefore, by no means tenable, as an argument, that the phenomena are to be attributed to some other cause than that of the operation of individualized spirit.

But that these communications are from disembodied spirits, is further demonstrated, we think, by the following brief argument, as based upon the facts of the phenomena, as presented to the investigator. Mind (or spirit) and matter, comprehend all possible conditions within the entire realm of the universe—the one positive or active, the other negative or passive. The one controlling—the other controlled. Individualized mind or spirit, therefore, either within the body or without—and the latter condition, of course, has a relevancy to the Divine Father-spirit—constitutes the only source from whence, by possibility, intelligence may be derived. Now, it has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of successful contradiction, that many of the manifestations claimed, have, and do occur; and it has been as clearly proven, that much intelligence, wholly beyond the knowledge of mind or spirit within the body, has also been given through the agency of these manifestations. And in very many cases, when the intelligence given, has had a direct relevancy to the inquirer, the positive identity of the imparting intelligence has been established, as that of some spirit that had previously inhabited a form—by whom only, the information rendered, could possibly have been given. By a legitimate mode of reasoning, therefore, as we conceive, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the so-called spiritual manifestations, in the general, are from the source claimed—whether truthful or untruthful; and that the one, in the abstract, is as much a proof of a continued existence beyond the grave, as the other.

Thirdly, as we have promised, we shall advert to the results of this law of communion. That it is a law of our being, we feel satisfied; and we feel equally satisfied, that our unprejudiced review of the history of the race must demonstrate its existence in the past, in kind, though not in degree. And we account for a greater prevalence of appreciation in the present age, beyond that of any other, from the organic tendency of humanity toward a more spiritualized recognition of the interior property and qualities of the being. But, it by no means follows, that because spirits do communicate with humanity, that man should necessarily become a mere automaton—a passive receiver of all that may come from the other spheres, independent of any action of his own spirit, touching what may be given. This may not be. But he should, from the demonstration of the immortality of the race, learn to strive for a greater expansion and elevation of his own spiritual powers, in order that he may bring to bear those powers upon all propositions within the range of thought—thus becoming equipped, in the exercise of a cultivated judgment, to accept the truthful and the beautiful, whilst at the same time he is enabled to reject the profitless and the untruthful; and thus rendering man himself the most important agent in the working out of his own salvation.

In this wise, have the believers in spiritual manifestations become the recipients of many beautiful and elevated lessons. And whilst they hold themselves free, open, to conviction, touching any point

thought or brighter truth—they think themselves thus far justifiable in attributing the intelligence received, to the source claimed for it by the intelligence itself.

MRS. COAN AT MILWAUKEE.

Mrs. Coan spoke in Newburyport Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week to large audiences. The Newburyport Herald alludes to her lectures in the following manner:—

Mrs. Hatch, the Spiritualist, closed her lectures or experiments, on Wednesday evening, and met with complete success. There was no failure in any thing she attempted, no hesitation in answering any question upon any subject, and all answers were satisfactory to the persons submitting the questions. It only remains to know by what power she speaks and acts. To say that she does it of herself, is to invest her with understanding, information, cultivation and taste, possessed by no person that we have ever seen or heard of, while it is obvious to every one that she is not above ordinary intellects, and her years preclude the possibility of her being conversant with all topics that come before her. First, it is noticeable that her use of language is most perfect. All that N. P. Willis said of her was proved here. The closest observation of the best scholars in town, did not discover the misuse of a single word; and her utterance was as beautiful and perfect as the language. Each meeting was opened and closed with prayer, and we never before heard such prayers—so simple, so beautiful, so earnest, so spiritual. Next, the selection of topics forbade every possibility of collusion or fraud. She did not propose to lecture upon any certain subject, but at the opening of each meeting the audience were called upon to select a committee, and that committee could submit any topic, scientific, religious, or political; and upon that she agreed to speak; and upon such she did speak with great eloquence and great wisdom. On the first evening they asked her to discourse upon spiritual mediumship. On the second they submitted two questions; first, the distinctive of physiological, intellectual and psychological character of the African race; and second, the history and philosophy of the vertebral theory of the skeleton, and its application to science. To show the fairness of the transaction, she asked the audience to choose which they would hear discussed, and they took the former.

What could they more fair? There was no arrangement between the committee and the speaker, for nobody knew who the committee were to be, and least of all, what question they would select. But whatever the question, though it might be such that not one in a hundred of the audience were capable of investigating, she goes on as though she had studied the matter for a life-time. She commenced with the African race from their origin, denying that they had a common parentage with the whites, and followed them down, distinguishing between them and the ancient Egyptians, and giving their habits of life and characteristics of mind and modes of worship; with as much ability as Prof. Felton, or Agassiz, or any of the philosophers who have opposed Spiritualism would have exhibited. Now we will not say that there is not a man, and never was a man, who could upon one minute's notice, lecture upon any subject that could be named, and do it with the facility and learning and beauty displayed by Mrs. Hatch, but we have never heard of that person, and know not where he can be found. But she went further. After the address, she was ready to give any explanations, and to remove any doubts that might hang about the meaning of her words; and we are satisfied, and we believe that nine in ten at least of all who heard her were satisfied, that she was not in a natural state. We are driven to this conclusion, or we must admit, what appears to be more questionable, that mentally she is superior to any other person. If not in a normal condition, then by what influence does she speak? She claims that it is a spiritual power. If she is not right, by what power is it? If we deny her affirmation, we feel bound to give some other explanation more rational, and that explanation we have not. The blind man in olden times, refused to say by what power his blindness had been healed, but the fact he asserted, that whereas he was blind he could see; and that is all we have to say about it; the facts are as we have stated, and five hundred persons each evening were witnesses thereto, but by what influence they were so, we leave each person to say for himself.

BANK NOTE DETECTOR.

The times call for a perfect Detector, and render it imperative that all business people should be supplied with one. Mr. Wm. F. Davis, broker, corner of State and Devonshire streets, has taken upon himself the task of making the corrections in L. S. Lawrence & Co's Bank Note List, for the New England States. Mr. Davis is the judge of Bank Notes in Boston, and when we say the judge, we mean that he is as sure to detect a counterfeit, as Crockett's rifle was to bring down his game. He has had about twenty years handling of notes, and seems to take to exposing counterfeits, as natural as it is said old Reel or Hays took to roguo-catching. In the more extended range of business requiring the information of persons interested in the value and stability of bank and other stocks, their current value, no one is better able to give the needful information than Mr. Davis.

Therefore it is a pleasure to us to recommend the above Bank Note List to the traders of our city and the New England States. Samuel French, 76 Washington street, is the publisher.

THE MORMON DIFFICULTIES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—(New York Herald correspondence).—The Secretary of War failed to receive official dispatches to-day from Col. Johnston, in command of the Utah expedition, but private advices leave no doubt on his mind as to the truth of the statements contained in Judge Echols' dispatch about the destruction of the government trains. Gen. Scott is absent from headquarters, and as Col. Johnston's dispatches would go there, they are no doubt now in New York.

The Utah expedition was supplied with full provisions for one year. The trains destroyed constituted only one-sixth part of the whole, and were transporting those articles which could be most easily spared. I am authorized to say that the expedition will not suffer the slightest inconvenience from the loss of the destroyed trains, and that the force under Col. Johnston, two thousand men all told, are in no peril whatever, either from the Mormons or the season. Col. Johnston is as well off at one place as another, as he has everything with him necessary for the winter quarters excepting wood and water. The administration are undecided what course they will pursue.

MRS. COAN AT MILWAUKEE.

Speaking of Mrs. Coan's efforts in the above place, the Daily Wisconsin says:— "The audience was attentive, consisting of all classes of people, and there was a great deal of wonderment evinced as to the proceedings, on the part of all present. The phenomena exhibited by Mrs. Coan, it cannot be denied, even by the most skeptical, were of a most extraordinary character. They apply a decided damper to any theory, accounting for what are called spiritual manifestations, on the ground of imposture; the rappings were quite audible to all the audience, and the intelligence exhibited was remark-

able and mysterious. The Committee, who were of our most intelligent and respectable citizens, occupied seats with the medium at the table, but could detect no agency of the medium in producing the sounds. As far as the raps and replies are concerned, there was no humbug about them. We have no faith, however, that spirits had anything to do with them. The influence of the manifestations are adverse to orthodox religion, and on that account it behooves men of learning to investigate it, and prove its falsity, if such be the fact.

A MAN OUT OF EMPLOY.

There is hardly any public or private grief but has its ludicrous side. Even the "bread or work" mobs of New York furnish occasional incidents that are full to the brim of humor, and the following is one that we have clipped from the columns of the New York Daily Times. It is worth reading:—

"Yesterday, while the reporters were taking a survey of things in general, before the organization of any meeting, a gentleman, evidently a man well-to-do in the world, a merchant or banker, who had not succumbed to the present 'crisis,' appeared on the ground, for the purpose, as it seemed, of satisfying himself by actual inspection, as to the numbers and condition of the 'unemployed.' He walked around, and to and fro, and went hither and thither. He walked fast. He walked slow. He stopped and surveyed. He did not seem pleased, if the frown on his brow was an indication of his mental condition. Evidently he had reached the conclusion that the whole thing was a humbug, and that the starying would go regularly home to dinner at noon or a little after. With an expression of contempt upon his countenance, which no description could do justice to, he approached our reporter, and surveying him with ineffable disdain, accosted him.

Contemptuous old gentleman—'An't you ashamed of yourself, to remain loafing about this square, calling yourself starving, and exulting people to riot?'

Reporter—(Taken forcibly aback—in fact laid completely prostrate.) 'Sir?'

Old gentleman—'It is all nonsense, this starvation movement; it's a political; it's Mayor Wood's doing, and I suppose you are one of his creatures. Are you Booles, the blacksmith, or Smith, the bill-poster, or Case, the Red-republican?'

Reporter—(Beginning to define the old gentleman's position.) 'Sir, I am at this moment, a man having no employment'—(Which was true, as the meeting had not commenced.)

Old gentleman—'You should have saved money. The working classes should save money. You drink rum. You ought to have money in the Savings Bank.'

Reporter—(quietly)—'I have a small amount there, but I do not want to withdraw it.'

Old gentleman—(withering at once to the climax of indignation)—'Money in the Savings Bank, and clamoring for bread. You are an impostor. Whoever you are, you are an impostor. I suppose I have read your speeches in the papers. I don't believe you are a workman. You are paid by Mayor Wood. You are one of the demagogues employed by him to incite these people to riot, or so near to it that he shall earn popularity by repressing it. (Suddenly pausing, and addressing our reporter with much gravity.) I will make you a fair offer. Are you a married man?'

Reporter—(with a bow and a blush)—'I am not.'

Old gentleman—'Then, if you can bring references, I will give you six dollars a week to sweep out my store, and act as porter. Don't say you are out of employment any more.'

Reporter—'My work, sir, I think, is about to commence, for here comes the Committee. Permit me to present you with my card.'

Astonished old gentleman—'Sir, I beg your pardon. I read your paper every day. I sincerely accord your forgiveness. There is my card. Come and dine with me next Sunday. Hour, half-past five. I am really—hum—yes, I am.' (Old gentleman hurries off, and Reporter attends to his duties.)"

LECTURING APPOINTMENTS.

The editor of this paper lectured last Sabbath at Salem, and will lecture at Portland, Maine, on the fourth Sunday of the present month. For the following two or three Sundays he will accept of engagements to lecture in the neighborhood. After which he proposes filling engagements South and West—the line of his travel extending as far South as New Orleans. He will be prepared at each point he shall visit, to receive subscriptions to the Banner, and takes this method of soliciting the interest of all who may feel disposed to aid him in the promulgation of Truth, in either field of operation in which he is called to labor.

Mr. Forster will lecture in Salem on Tuesday evening next, 24th inst.

MRS. HATCH AT THE MELODEON.

This gifted and eloquent Trance Medium, spoke at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening last. The hall was literally crowded on both occasions, the ladies being well filled with those who thought so much of hearing her, as to be willing to stand.

We do not report her addresses, for the reason that justice could not be done her and the cause, in a report which must be so very imperfect. No reporter can follow her accurately, nor re-write his notes to convey in all its beauty the discourse which comes through her organism.

By reference to our notices it will be seen that Mrs. H. will speak on Friday evening at the Melodeon, Tremont Temple.

The Pacific Coast.

The mails per steamship Grenada arrived at New Orleans on the 13th inst. She is still detained at quarantine, having yellow fever on board.

The advices from California are generally unimportant.

The news from the mines is of an encouraging description.

The vigilance committee have revoked the penalties attached to the sentences of banishment pronounced by them.

The San Francisco markets were quiet. There had been no arrivals from Atlantic ports.

An arrival from the plains confirms the statement heretofore made, that on the 10th or 12th of September, a train consisting of one hundred persons were all slain by the Indians, except a few children, who were sold to the Mormons. It was generally believed that the Mormons were at the bottom of the affair.

An arrival at San Francisco, from China, brings information that all the European residents at Ning-po were banished on the 4th of August.

Late European Items.

The steamship-Arabia, from Liverpool, 31st ult. arrived at New York, on the 18th inst. She brings \$1,000,000 in specie. Sir William Gore Ouseley and family are passengers.

The India mail had arrived, bringing intelligence of the fall of Delhi.

The British assaulted Delhi on the 14th of September, and effected a lodgment, and, after six days obstinate resistance, had, on the 20th, obtained possession of the entire city. Numerous mutineers escaped; among them the king of Delhi, and his two sons. The British loss, killed and wounded, up to the 16th, was 600, including 60 officers. Gen. Wilson ordered no quarter to be given, but the women and children, were spared.

Outram has reinforced Havelock at Cawnpore. The latter started for Lucknow, at which place the garrison gallantly held out.

There were fears of a new outbreak at Assam. A conspiracy to restore the Ex-Rajah had been discovered.

The Bombay Presidency were favorable still, although a few cases of disaffection had occurred. A serious plot had been discovered to murder the Europeans at Kurrachee, but it was thwarted. Considerable reinforcements had arrived at Calcutta.

The American horses, Priores and Babylon, were badly beaten in the race for the Cambridgeshire stakes.

Sir W. Gore Ouseley goes out as Special Minister to Central America via Washington.

General Cavignane had died suddenly of disease of the heart.

The Spanish Ministry had organized:—Armero, Minister of War and President of Council; Mori, Minister of Finance; De la Rosa, of Foreign Affairs. The Princes of Prussia has undertaken to conduct public affairs. The King was improving.

The Swiss election greatly favored the liberals. There were more failures at Venice, but the worst of the crisis was believed to be over.

CHINA.—The blockade of Canton river was strictly maintained.

According to the Peking Gazette, the policy of Yeh, at Canton, had met with the approval of the Imperial government.

The Russian war steamer America had arrived at Shanghai, from the Amoor, with the Russian Admiral on board, who, it was said, was on a diplomatic mission.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth had sailed for Japan. The Levant and San Jacinto were at Shanghai.

A French steamer and gun-boat had proceeded to the Gulf of Tonquin, in consequence of the ill-treatment that some of the missionaries had met with in Cochin China.

A letter from Hong Kong, to the Times, says:—A short time since the Foo-choo-foo authorities agreed to take Mexican dollars at two per cent. discount, in payment for duties. They now object to receive them, except at their market value. The papers of American vessels are given up on proof that Mexican dollars have been tendered in payment of the duties. The British Consul requires that the authorities be satisfied. This difference gives preference to American vessels.

Lord Elgin was expected back at Hong Kong by the end of September, and (says the correspondent of the Daily News), about the same time we look for the advent of the Hon. Mr. Reed, from the United States, and Baron Gros, from France, when the three diplomatists will probably make a fair start for Peking. It is said the Emperor has intimated by the vermilion pencil that he knows what is going on; that he will not receive any embassy, and will leave the barbarians to do their best or worst.

The same correspondent predicts a war with China on a large scale, and intimates that several Russian officers had arrived at Peking, under the pretext of being en route for the Amoor settlement.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The steamship Ariel, from Southampton, on the evening of November 4, was signalized off Cape Race, bound for New York. Her advices contain nothing later from India. She brings over \$400,000 in specie, and one hundred and eighty-four passengers. There is very little political intelligence of interest by this arrival. Breadstuffs have declined.

The English money market continued in a depressed state, but Consols had slightly advanced, closing on the 3d inst. at 89 3-8 a 89 7-8 for money, 90 1-8 a 90 1-4 for the 7th December. Bond Stock, 200 a 211; India Company's Stock, 210 a 212.

The French Three Per Cents., at the Paris Bourse, closed at 66f. 90c. for money, 67f. 20c. for now account.

The Dry Goods Market at Manchester are dull and gloomy. At Leeds there was but little business doing. At Huddersfield, the woolen market was inactive.

King Victor Emanuel has subscribed 10,000 francs to the Indian Relief Fund.

The telegraph between Boona and Cape Spartacet has been completed.

The King of Prussia's health continues to improve.

The attempt to launch the steamship Great Eastern was unsuccessful. An accident occurred by which several persons were injured, two of them seriously. A second attempt to launch her would be made in one month.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL.

Those who desire well made clothing, we advise to pay a visit to the already popular establishment of Messrs. DEAN & CLAYTON, No. 2 Union street. They employ competent cutters, and consequently a good fit is "a fixed fact."

Their department of ready made clothing, also, holds out inducements to those who prefer such goods; and we can assure all that the stock of this firm is inferior to none in Boston or elsewhere. Their goods are sold at wholesale and retail. Country dealers, visiting the city, should not fail to call as above, before purchasing.

MRS. KENDALL'S LEVÉE.

We are requested to state that the above-named lady will hold a levée at the hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evening, Nov. 19th, at which she will be pleased to see her friends. It is expected that Miss Cluer, a young lady thirteen years of age, will be present and give readings from the poets. Price of tickets 15 cents.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light, UNSEEN GUESTS.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

The world is filled with unseen ones who walk before men's eyes, who see, and are not seen, who gather round our hearths at eve, and talk in voiceless speech of other lands serene.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH AT THE MELODEON, SUNDAY NOV. 8, 1857.

The reputation of Mrs. Hatch as a trance speaker, drew a crowded house to hear her lecture on Sunday evening, notwithstanding the rain, and those who heard her were well paid for being present; it was a very interesting discourse—instructive, logical and eloquent.

"And he said unto her, touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father. Go to my brethren and say to them, I ascend to my Father and to your Father, and to my God and to your God."

Those who have heard her from time to time, know how apt old time used texts are to take in her discourses, new and before unthought of presentations, views not always in harmony with prior theological teachings, but not the less true for all that, or less in harmony with common sense; such was the case in this instance.

It is our opinion, she continued, that Jesus was not dead, when taken from the cross and laid in the tomb; there was no reason for supposing so; but much to suppose otherwise. We have the language of the Bible for it, in his own recorded words, after his appearance to his disciples, before his ascension, that he was not dead; we have it stated by one who probably had it from Jesus himself, that his spirit, while his body was dormant, was ministering to those in prison, as quoted; it was contrary to all natural laws, which admit of no exceptions, that his spirit would return again and inhabit a body which had been dead.

After making this part of her discourse very plain, and demonstrating it as clearly as theological subjects can be, she devoted the remaining portion of the time to the direct language of the text, "I ascend to my father and to your father, to my God and to your God;" taking the ground that his example and teachings taught us, that we were all his brethren, that God was his father, but no more than he was the father of the humblest being bearing his image; but that he possessed in its perfection, the Christ principle, which we should all strive to possess. Not alone in his beautiful teachings—in his sermon on the mount—not alone in his

forbearance and forgiveness of those who persecuted him, do we see this Christ principle, but his spirit ministering to those in prison, while his body was apparently dead. What kind of prison was not stated; it may have been a prison of ignorance or of superstition—and there were prisons and bonds now for all to exercise this Christ spirit.

She then reflected upon the wars, persecutions, and bloodshed, which had been done in the name of Christianity; from nothing to be found in the teachings of Christ could such a course have been expected, receiving his condemnation during his life, and by his teachings ever since, and so with many of the doctrines taught by theologians under the head of Christianity—total depravity, eternal damnation, vicarious atonement, a personal devil, and the torments of a seething hell. Shame, said she, on intellectual and moral institutions, shame on Christendom; it might be expected in a nation of heathen, having no true conception of God, no recorded teachings of a Christ, but not in Christendom.

It was thought that we were too apt to remember the sufferings and death of Christ, and to forget his life and teachings; the efficacy of his mission rested in the principles involved in the latter, and so far as we imitated him, was he our savior. We recognize, said she, no miracle in his birth, and it made no difference to us, whether his mother was a virgin, or whether he had a natural father—whether he was God or man; but the precepts taught by him, the love to God and the love to man, manifested in all his acts, and in all his teachings; the manifested principle of his life—this was the Christ—this is the religion in which we believe.

Some questions were asked by the audience, bearing on the subject, which were answered by the medium very satisfactorily, which closed a lecture, the sentiment of which no good Christian could object to.

THE MATERIAL PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

Man is a wonderful being. Physically, by no means does he equal in muscular strength many of the lower animals of proportionate size; yet he is greater, stronger, more mighty than them all. By virtue of his intellectual endowments, and the controlling energy of his indomitable will, they not only passively become his menial slaves, but also the forces and elements of Nature, to a great extent, yield this tribute to his superiority as subservient agents in ministering to his physical and mental requirements.

Combined with the discoveries which his genius has evolved from the realms of seeming impossibilities, he has boldly entered the secret arena of nature, seized upon her imponderable elements and forces, and new motors and principles subserving the highest utilitarian purposes are practically secured, as powerful auxiliary aids tending to the ultimate enfranchisement of labor, and aiding the world's progress along the pathway of the passing ages.

In striking contrast is the present condition of the world compared with what it was even within the recollection of those just emerging into mature manhood. Let us briefly note a few of the more prominent material developments of the past few years. Instead of the slow, tedious, and expensive process by which portraiture was effected, the golden sunbeams have become the peerless artist, by whose magic touch, in a single moment, "the human form divine," is transfigured in lines of living light and imperishable beauty! The noble steamship rides in comparative safety; the embattled forces of winds and waves, bringing into new and fraternal relations continents and nations which had otherwise remained comparative strangers; while along the fruitful valleys, and through the rugged mountain gorges of almost every land, may be heard the roar of the "fery chariot," awaking the mountain echoes, and passing on with the speed of the winds, sweeping the barriers of sectional hate, or antagonistic prejudice, and binding communities and states together in the bonds of a common union.

Even the lightnings of heaven—the most subtle and imponderable element known to physical science—has become man's menial servant; the swift-winged courier of thought, proclaiming everywhere the supremacy of Mind over Matter! The recent unsuccessful effort to unite the two continents by the electric current, has carried home to the hearts of the nations a sublime moral lesson—an earnest prophecy that War shall be no more; and notwithstanding the stupendous project—the successful completion of which would seem to add the crowning glory of all material improvement—has, for the time being, proved a failure; nevertheless, its ultimate success may be regarded as certain, and we confidently expect, ere long, that this subtle element, and active agent, in subserving the moral, social and political interests of men and nations, will enter the restless waves of the stormy Atlantic, dart with the rapidity of light along its hidden and mysterious caverns, and emerge upon another continent, bearing the messages of Brotherhood and Peace!

Such, briefly, are a few of the more prominent evidences of the wonderful capabilities of man, and the astonishing material progress of this our day and age—powers seemingly almost as boundless as the realms of unknown beauty, and practical use, which his genius has as yet, after all, scarcely penetrated. Yet man has his limits; with all his boasted powers and prerogatives, he can create nothing. That, alone, belongs to the Infinite. To man has He given dominion over the outward universe, and the things thereunto belonging. His the mission to discover and practically apply their true uses, in subserving the well being of humanity; and most nobly is this being accomplished in this Nineteenth Century.

Chiefly through our material progress, in civilization and refinement, in letters, and in scientific research—in short, in whatever tends directly to ameliorate the physical, and indirectly all other conditions of the body politic, is the great gospel of human enfranchisement being carried forward with an energy and rapidly, which had its real actualities been sooner divinely foreshadowed to the conscious perception of the preceding century, as veritable and tangible facts to be realized in this, would have excited the wildest alarm and most boundless incredulity.

Many there are—conservative in habits of thought and modes of action—who affect to discover naught in our material progress and expansion, but a sure indice of a corresponding moral and spiritual declension, fearful to contemplate, and destructive to the interest of the future state of being. Such, however, we conceive to be a superficial view of the subject, inspired more by fear and prejudice, than a

broad and comprehensive conception of the Divine order, growth, and development of man, into a true spiritual nature. "First the natural (or material), then the spiritual," applies to the growth and status of the race as a collective whole, as truly as to individuals. Extravagant excesses, and oftentimes chaotic confusion, seem to be a concomitant, or accident, of all great transition stages, either physical, moral, social, or political. Such, evidently, is the Present—such the lesson inherited from the Past.

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Chapter XIV.—Continued. Extract from a letter from Miss Anna Blackwell, the authoress, to the Journal of Magnetism, Paris:

"I have myself been present on one occasion only, with a lady, a friend of mine, a distinguished writer whom you will know yourself, at a private meeting at Mr. Hayden's house. We waited upwards of two hours before the rapping could or would be heard, except in slight and distant raps. A second medium, a young girl belonging to London, in whom the faculty has recently declared itself spontaneously, and who was present, told us that we must be patient, for they would soon have prepared "the battery," and that already a crowd of our friends were there, and ready to communicate with us as soon as the telegraph should be in a state to act. During this long suspense, the table frequently became as if charged with electricity, and we felt, instead of shocks, a series of continual vibrations, as well as the floor, the chairs, etc. Another table, standing between ours and the windows, was likewise made to vibrate, and distant raps becoming audible from it, we seated ourselves round it to try whether it might not succeed better than our own. Shortly after, the raps ordered the young girl to go, with the rest of the operators, into another room, saying that her fluid thwarted that of Mrs. Hayden, and that they would talk with us as soon as we should be left alone with them. This was done, and strange voices, which we heard for the first time, filled the apartment, sounding all at the same time, so that it was not easy to distinguish one of them from another. But having contrived to learn the raps from some friends who declared themselves to be there—an easy matter, since each rap has its own note as distinguishable as the voice—I held with several of these strange communicators entire conversations, some of them absolutely intellectual, which fully convinced me that I was occupied with a being perfectly acquainted with my former career, and thoroughly sure of what he was saying. In reply to my mental questions, they quoted proper names, dates, etc., spelled by means of the alphabet with perfect accuracy. As my friend herself was ignorant of the greater part of the facts alluded to by the taps, and as Mrs. Hayden, whom we both saw for the first time, knew no more than herself, it is evident that the medium, unless endowed with the faculty of clairvoyance to an almost miraculous degree—and it appears she did not possess it at all—could take no part in these answers. Besides, the taps are of a nature so extraordinary, so unique, that in most cases it is extra to hear them to be convinced that they are not imitations. But you must hear them and judge them yourself, for who could believe in the reality of such a phenomenon on another's testimony?"

Therefore, whilst I give your readers the benefit of my experience, I by no means flatter myself that I shall induce them to share my opinion. Frankly speaking, Mr. Editor, you yourself, who have long known me as a rational person, can you believe that on that evening I felt, or thought I felt, a hand upon my left heel? The pressure of the thumb on one side, and of the fingers on the other, were so palpable that I at first imagined somebody had stolen beneath my chair, and yet there was no one there, and it would have been impossible for either of these two ladies to touch me in that manner, without stooping, even had not their hands been at the time on the table. Since then another lady of my acquaintance, whilst she was trying to hold a table which would not be still, and on which she had laid her hand, that hand was severely pinched, and a ring which she wore was pulled with so much violence as to be broken in two—these pieces were drawn out in length, and their shape so much altered, that it was impossible to rejoin them. A gentleman, too, of my acquaintance, the editor of a London newspaper—a man of grave demeanor—has likewise seen pieces of furniture dancing round the room, not at the house of Mr. Hayden, but at private houses where there was a medium. I shall only say further, before I conclude this long letter, that the spirits appear highly satisfied with their success, affirming that whatever relates to the "spiritual battery" is progressing, and that they are now convinced that that shall be able to speak of us (of course, in whispers) before the end of the year."

One of the most extraordinary, as well as amusing exhibitions of spirit power which we have ever witnessed, occurred one day at our house, in London. A reporter for one of the French journals visited Mrs. Hayden for the double purpose of investigating the phenomena, and furnishing an article for his paper. He was accompanied by a French nobleman. At the first seance, they were so determined to have everything wrong, that nothing went satisfactory, so they made an engagement for the following day, but with far better success, although at the commencement of the sitting, the promises of a favorable result were but little better, at which our friend, the reporter, became very impatient, and vented his displeasure, by exclaiming:—

"Your thumping spirits no tell ze truth; they say they will answer my questions, but they no do it, they tell lies. I want some satisfactory proof, something zat will satisfy my own mind; they no do it, they tell lies."

Scarcely had the last word fallen from his lips, ere some invisible power seized and shook him violently, then, raising him up from the floor, threw him upon the sofa. During this remarkable manifestation, the reporter was exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! take zem off, I have got ze proof, they will kill me, take zem off."

At the conclusion of this exciting scene, he was greatly exhausted, and so frightened that he would not leave the house until the invisibles had promised not to molest him at his lodgings. Mrs. Dr. Hayland was present at the seance, and witnessed the singular phenomenon.

The reporter related his experience to Drs. Ashburner and Hoyland, and several other gentlemen. The following trivial incident will illustrate the extreme caution with which the English people approached the investigation of the subject. Early one morning a gentleman came to make an appointment for himself and a lady on the morrow. The servant showed him into a room where I was engaged answering some letters, the English people being proverbial for their love of correspondence. The gentleman seemed in great perplexity, looking around the room as though fearful of seeing some one who would recognize him, which he seemed anxious to avoid. Satisfying himself that we were quite alone, he addressed us, and said that he called to make some

inquiries, in regard to the wonderful powers with which it was reported Mrs. Hayden was endowed.

While I was endeavoring to answer his questions, I heard the well-known knock of Mr. Owen at the street door; en passant, we would here observe that the different knocks of persons with whom you are acquainted in London, are as easily recognized as those of various spirits, a fact with which we were entirely unacquainted, until we visited England. The gentleman started involuntarily, as though fearful that the new comer was an officer to arrest him. At the moment, I had no thought that our privacy would be intruded upon, as it was a custom with us, when engaged with strangers, to instruct the servant to show visitors into other apartments. Not so, however, on this occasion, Mr. Owen being in the habit, on opening the street door, to walk into the study without ceremony. On the present occasion, before the servant could stop him, he was fairly in our presence, followed by another elderly gentleman. This capped the climax, and the first comer appeared to be in a perfect fever of excitement, which was greatly increased when he recognized in the last personage an acquaintance. At first, he hesitated, as though in doubt whether to acknowledge him, or remain silent, but finally he made up his mind to salute him, which he did only by saying—

"Good morning, my lord," and immediately took his leave without more ado.

Mr. Owen and his friend were then shown into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Hayden was.

"Will the spirits tell me the name of this gentleman?" inquired Mr. Owen.

An affirmative response.

The friend then passed his pencil over the letters of the alphabet, and the following was rapped out:—

"Henry B."

"That is quite sufficient, you need not give the rest of the name, as I would prefer that you give me something that everybody does not know."

Other tests were given, which Henry B. declared to be most satisfactory, and unknown to any other person in England beside himself. At the close of the seance the gentleman extended both hands to Mrs. Hayden, at the same time saying:—

"Madam, I am wonderfully pleased; I will come and see you again."

That person was the celebrated statesman, Lord Henry Brougham. When Mr. Owen, who is a personal friend of his lordship, first mentioned the subject to him, he said that it was "all stuff and nonsense, and that he would not listen to a word of it."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ONE SIDE, OR BOTH—WHICH?

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1857.

Messrs. Editors—I to-day saw in the Banner of Light, dated Oct. 31, 1857, an article entitled "Challenge for Discussion." In that you give an epitome of my views in reference to Mrs. Hatch's Lectures in this city, stating (erroneously) that I "volunteered" my "wisdom on the subject," and then publish a part of Dr. H.'s letter to me. Your abridgment hardly does justice to my views, but no matter. I ask but one favor. It is this: Give both sides. As you have inserted in your columns what you call the Doctor's "Challenge," please insert the following portion of my reply to it, and thereby much oblige.

Very truly, &c., W. N. BARRETT.

The closing paragraphs of your letter are differently understood by different persons. If you mean by them to have your wife and myself speak upon some "philosophical or metaphysical subject," merely to compare our intellectual, oratorical, or hair-splitting ability, I reply, that I have no desire to make a show of myself and gratify public curiosity in that way. Besides, the most of her friends in this city have heard me speak; the most of mine have heard her speak; and they can judge of our comparative merits as well now as after your proposed test. If you mean to challenge me to a debate with her, I see several difficulties in the way of the undertaking. 1st. There are no less than four classes of Spiritualists, viz.: the Christian; the semi-Christian; the Infidels; the Freelovers. I do not know which of the three former she belongs to. 2d. I consider her productions theatrical and worthy rather than argumentative. I admit the charm of her rounded periods and her pretty gestures, but these are neither fresh truths or tangible arguments. 3d. The "committee of three persons" might select a subject that I am not at all interested in. 4th. No one can foretell Mrs. H.'s positions; she cannot foretell them herself. Should an "undeveloped" Catholic spirit get possession of her (as there did Mrs. Nikola, advising her to join the Catholic church) she would advocate that doctrine, and I should have Catholicism to battle. Should the new fangled ghost of a Mormon enter her, then Mormonism would be my foe. Should the spirit of a Universalist minister, who died yesterday, speak through her, then I should be placed in an antagonistic position against my own sentiments. If the musical spirit of an Indian girl should choose to make her mouth-piece, then she would go to singing at a fellow. Do you say that she would pledge herself to take that side of a question she is expected to take, and stick to it? Then she must be master of her own volitions, and all this pretended unconsciousness of what she is saying, as well as the muscular writhing and twitching when entering her trance state, must be, what the rank opposers (mark! I do not accuse her of insincerity) term it, viz.: so much "flop-doodle." Mrs. H. can pledge herself to nothing. She claims to be an automaton, a mere dandy-jack, who performs just as the ghosts behind her choose to pull the string. A pretty speaking-machine would she be to debate with! Finally, it is strange to me that a man of your mental calibre, does not see, that should she and I have "a holy war," and should she come off victorious, it would not do the first thing towards settling the question I started, i. e., Is she aided by embodied or disembodied mind?

LETTER FROM NEW LONDON, CT.

FRIEND BANNER—I see that the cloud, which was no bigger than a man's hand, grows as it rises, and will yet overspread the whole horizon from the length and breadth of our land, and there is going forth one universal shout—give us Light, and the tiny rap that was heard at Rochester has so swelled in its tones, that its reverberations are heard over all the earth, from East to West, North to South, and ought we not to rejoice that the time hastens when the shackles of superstition and bigotry, that have so long bound the serfs of a creed-ridden world, are about to be cast loose, and man, as God created him, is to step forth and assert his rights as a free and independent citizen of the city of the "Living God." Let us petition our loving Parent to hasten the day. I see by your paper, that some gentleman questions the integrity of J. V. Mansfield, of your city. I wish to add my mite to the already overflowing measure of his reliability as a medium of superior powers. I wrote to a friend in the spirit world, without the name. In that letter I asked some five questions. "I did not sign any name to the letter. I very surely sealed the letter and envelope, placed it in another envelope with a small note to Mr. M., and this note without a name." All the address I

gave was the number of box at the post-office in New London. In the course of a fortnight I received an answer to my letter, all the questions being answered. My name was called a number of times in the letter. Not that all the questions were answered as I would have them; nevertheless the test was the same, as it showed a knowledge of the contents of the letter, and the questions asked. My letter was returned to me with the seal unbroken.

There is another case in this city, the same as mine. The party alluded to is one of the medical profession, and his testimony will stand before any people. These things I know.

I have nothing new in spiritual things to relate, but will close with the wish that you have all success in your enterprise, and that the Banner long may wave.

Yours in the cause, H. C.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS.

Messrs. Editors—Having heard that there was a gentleman in Marblehead who believed he was a medium in the control of a spirit whose life here was devoted to the science of Phrenology, and that he gave delineations of character, and a Phrenological examination of the developments of the brain, and their sizes, in a comparative scale, from a letter written to him, requesting such examination, we concluded to test the matter.

In the first place, we knew that we had never been examined by a Phrenologist, that the medium was a perfect stranger to us, and, as a first test, we sent a note, giving our name, and the name of the town where we reside, with the simple request that he should return us a Phrenological chart. We did not enclose a fee, as we understood none was taken.

In a week we received what we thought to be a very correct delineation of our character, but as one is hardly a good judge of himself, we merely accepted this as a test of the medium's ability to perform some part of his pretensions, and concluded to test the matter further.

Accordingly, we enclosed the name of a merchant of this city, an acquaintance of ours, with the same request which accompanied our former letter. In a few days our answer was returned, with an examination, which we thought better than our own, and, on referring to a chart made by Messrs. Fowler, of the same head, the difference was very trifling indeed, and so far as we could judge, the chart received from the medium was the better one. It was just as certain in this case, that the parties had never met, as in our own.

How will Professor Felton account for this manifestation? Boston, November 10, 1857.

The truth of this communication we can vouch for, in every particular, as the facts were known to us. We are not at liberty to give the name of the medium at present, in our columns, as it would subject him to calls upon his time, which he would not probably be able to answer.—Ed.

SYMPATHY.

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

What the sun is to the flower, is sympathy to the heart; it penetrates into its hidden recesses, and discloses its jewels, which, but for this, had ever remained in darkness; diamonds of thought, of the purest water, and greatest brilliancy are drawn out and reset in a suitable style; sympathy, combined with love, has done more to ennoble the human heart, than aught else; man cannot live without it—say what he may, his heart opens at the approach of this beautiful influence, as the flower, to drink in the morning dew; he is refreshed and strengthened, and goes forth to his daily pursuits with renewed vigor and courage.

When thou seest one in trouble, pour into his ear the soothing balm of sympathy, let him drink of the cordial of love, and all will be well; these remedies ye have ever with you, therefore be benevolent, and refuse none. Who that has arrived at the age of manhood, does not feel the truth of these words—Of what use is talent, money, station, if there is not one to minister to thee when thou art sick at heart, sick of the world and its coldness? It is then that woman, gentle and loving, comes to thy side, with her hands cool thy fevered brow, and lulls thee to repose; woman, who, when thou art cold, retires within herself—to wait for the favorable opportunity—tender, yet strong in adversity and trouble; timid, yet courageous; loving, yet chaste; meek, yet dignified. Oh, woman! thou wert the last created, the best and finest work of the Father; all men bow in homage to thee, and worship through thy goodness; then step not from off thy pedestal, where God hath placed thee; let no act of thine lower thee in the eye of man; but draw him near unto thee, and, by thy love, lead him on to higher pursuits and aims, until all shall come to that home, where all is peace and harmony. CHANNING.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

SNAKE DISLOGGED FROM A STOMACH.

FOUNTAIN, MISS., Oct. 17, 1857.

MR. TELEGRAPH—If you think the following a test worthy of publication, it is at your disposal: A gentleman by the name of Jackson, living at Pine Run in this State, has a son seventeen years of age who, from a lad, has been subject to fits, when in any way crossed by his parents or others, or irritated by driving a team, or in any other way. Fits of the most desperate kind were apt to seize him whenever excited by passion, and sometimes these would continue for hours. Many physicians have been consulted without effect, as none could tell the cause of the disease. While at a spiritual meeting held in the neighborhood, a medium from this place being present, (a Mrs. Colvin) was taken possession of by an Indian spirit, calling himself "Hogon Eye;" for the purpose of examining a lady present. For a test, after the medium was entranced, they brought this young man forward. He (Hogon Eye) told him, the big possee (meaning young man) would have fits, and stated as the cause, that a snake fourteen inches in length was in his stomach. He was flat, dark green, and whenever the young man became irritated, the snake would strike his head against his stomach, and continue until he fell into a fit. The remedy was prescribed. He said that in six weeks the snake would come from him in two parts. Although none had faith in this statement, yet the prescription was so simple that they tried it. In six weeks to a day, the snake made its appearance, precisely as stated. The young man is now well, and at all appearances as sane as any one. Query—If this intelligence is not communicated to mortals by spirits, whence does it come? Many like tests we might give you, if they should be acceptable. Respectfully, G. W. NEWSON.

NEW EVIDENCES.

We notice in the Hingham Journal, of Nov. 6, an allusion to the late Miss Martha Hobart, and to us, believing as we do, that in our daily walks we go not alone, that our every thought is influenced by some loved one, it is but another evidence of the truth of our cause, but another fact to add to the thousands already accumulated. It seems that about three years ago a disease commenced which confined Miss Hobart a portion of her time to her bed. About the middle of January, 1856, supposing the time of her departure near at hand, she called her friends about her bed, but instead of the closing scene expected at that time, she said—"Mother, the room is filled with angels;" and then it was that she had arrived at that condition in which she realized the presence of her guardian angel. And in what way shall we account for the apparently rational statement of a person in a condition like hers? Shall we throw aside her testimony and that of thousands of others, composed of friends, relatives and strangers, or shall we acknowledge that which comes forcibly to us—a conclusion after so beautiful and ennobling?

The February following, after charging those around her that they should not be considered her own composition, she commenced reciting poetry—first a prayer—and then continued at times these impressive communications. Her mother, who was with her day and night, recorded two hundred and twenty pages. She calmly and meekly endured the suffering to which she was subjected, and when she departed, she left "rich gems of thought imparted to her by angels, and revealed to a mother by her dearly beloved daughter."

Again we see another phase of spiritual intercourse most forcibly illustrated, for it is said she could neither compose in poetry or approach the appearance of rhyme.

And with the many instances of this nature immediately about us, it would seem that it devolved upon every one to give a little time to inquiry after the cause of such occurrences. Is it not of some importance that we ascertain whether or not we are blest through the days of our life, by the guidance, consolation and communication of those we once believed lost, and at our dissolution, welcomed by those who have influenced and guided us, so long on earth?

MELODEON PLAYED ON BY SPIRITS.

C. B. Potter, of Earlville, Chenango county, N. Y., on my visit to that place in July last, related to me a variety of manifestations occurring in his own family. Mr. Potter, his lady and their daughter, are all good mediums. One Sunday, last Autumn, the family, with Miss Hubbard and Miss Mary Hartwell, of Smyrna, were sitting in the parlor, with a melodeon in one corner of the room entirely removed from all human contact. The room was slightly shaded, but all who were present could see each other and every object in the room. While the company were thus seated, the melodeon was played-on by some invisible hands, and made to send forth music of the most entrancing sweetness, in perfect time and tune. There was no extra machinery attached to the instrument, and no possible opportunity for any person in the company to be able to practice imposition. Mr. and Mrs. Potter and the other persons present, are most responsible witnesses.—Spiritual Clarion.

The Messenger.

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

These communications are not published for literary merit, but to afford an opportunity for the expression of our views on the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

NOTICE.

As we have changed the time of our sittings with Mrs. Conant to the afternoon, instead of the morning. She requests us to inform her friends that she is engaged during that portion of the day, and cannot answer their calls from 2 to 5 P. M.

From a Friend to Harvard.

He who lives entirely for himself, builds his own habitation, and seldom wanders therefrom. It matters not how limited that habitation may be—he has builded it—it has come from his own thoughts, and however beautiful the thoughts of others may be, he who has builded his own habitation cannot be induced to leave that he has covered himself with, until those emotions change; then the dwelling-place begins to expand, to grow large and more beautiful. I might have said when the individual practices the law of love. When he can look up to the Great Father, and instead of crying out, Oh, Lord, help me cry, Father, help all mankind; then, and not till then, will his dwelling-place be large enough for the Holy Spirit to live in. For the Holy Spirit does not like the narrow confines of a bigoted soul; it is free, and lives only in the spirit of freedom.

All men are ushered into this natural sphere upon an equal plane; all are God's children, and each one has a right to believe, to think as he or she pleases. But oh, they should be careful that those thoughts do not generate walls of stones, that they are pure, that the substances they gather to themselves shall partake of heavenly things. They should be careful that their thoughts, as they come forth in purity, are not cramped by those of a narrower soul, confined by no creed, fashioned by no mortal hand, but moulded by Deity; for He who first breathed life into these dead bodies, will claim His own. Oh, see to it that you return it as pure as when He gave it to you. Oh, see that you render to the Giver of all good, His own in purity, with usury.

Once I walked the earth; I dwelt in a mortal form; I thought as other men thought, I lived as other men lived; but oh, I failed to live as my God would have me to live, and now I return to beseech the whole human family to live as God desires them to; for this will rear them a temple which the waters shall not overflow, and the fires shall not burn up.

Years ago I was connected with Harvard University; there I planted seeds, that are now yielding a harvest; but ah, even upon the very tops of the golden grain I find a blight—darkness, error and superstition. I planted my seed, but oh, I failed to water it, and to ask God to give the increase; and now I return to earth to show those my soul yearns for walking in the shadow of death.

Oh, thou God of Love, wilt Thou turn their hearts to Thee? This is my prayer, and will ever be. The halls that were familiar to me when I walked them in mortal form, are still familiar; the old voices, I once poured over with delight, I still view with pleasure. But oh, while one line is truth, another is error, which the pen of an angel is not permitted to correct. Oh, God, have mercy upon those how on earth. I pray that error may flee away; that love and charity may abound in the hearts of those who stand where I once stood; that shafts of love may go forth from them, instead of arrows of bitter hate.

Bands of angels are hovering over them, but the hosts of darkness are there also; in mighty power, and thus far the battle has been all their own; for alas, these poor mortals have not discerned the evil, but have mistaken it for good, which they reject. The spirit, when it is first conscious of being disembodied of mortal form, seeks those places it once loved, when in the form; therefore, it is not strange, that I return to the place where I had found so much happiness, where I have still so many congenial spirits dwelling. And as I wander through where angels dwell, I am attracted there when I return to earth.

And oh, when I come, I see the battle raging, I hear the harsh thoughts which come from them, for they have sound to me—and oh, I cannot help praying them to weigh well the thoughts they give forth to the world.

Pardon me if I retain my earthly address with me; I have good reason for so doing; in time I will give it you, for I have not done—I have only just begun my work. Nov. 10.

John Adams, to a Friend.

I have passed from earth, and I live in the spheres beyond it. What shall I give you, what shall I give my dear earthly friends to prove to them that I do live? Oh, how my soul rejoiced as I was leaving my mortal body! Oh, how I praised God because He had not forgotten me; because He had sent His angels to attend unto me. I retain all my faculties; I am the same now as I once was. I love those I loved on earth; I am anxious for them, and I shall strive to the utmost of my power to benefit them. I lived to be recognized by the angels, and to recognize them; yes, in my mortal existence they came to me, messengers of love, peace and hope. They told me I was coming to them; bade me be of good cheer and faint not. Oh, I have proof sufficient to raise my spirit from earth to heaven. I am now no longer confined in the sepulchre of the body, but my spirit is roaming the blissful regions beyond, free—from sin, free from care; yes, free from sorrow. But do you not care for your friends on earth? say you. Oh, yes, but I do not sorrow as I once did—they must see for themselves, look for themselves; my knowledge will never be their knowledge—they must look through the window of their own reason, and judge for themselves, which they are as capable of doing as I am, although I am a spirit. It is not my fault if they do not see, neither will their folly affect me. Some weeks ago you mentally requested me to come, to answer certain questions, which had been asked of you. I came at your call, but was not able to use your medium. As far as I am able to judge, these questions were asked by my friend Winkley, and I will answer them as far as I am able.

I said he preached things he did not believe. He preaches Spiritualism, and he goes forth to the world and denounces it. The only proof I have, is that it comes from his lips; whether it comes from the heart or not I know not—but it certainly does from the lips, in proof of which, ask the multitude who weekly go to hear him.

And he says that he believes the spirits of the loved ones are constantly hovering around us. At the next breath he says—I do not believe they return to earth. Now how can he reconcile these two apparent contradictions. He says they are constantly near us. Now I take it he means this, and if they are, why may not God, in his infinite wisdom, provide some way for them to communicate? Is one more strange than the other?

He errs when he denounces Spiritualism; he errs when he clings to the decaying church. It is like an old tree which has borne its good fruit, and is now dying, to give life to something new. He must be more liberal, if he would let go of error. The next question seems to be this: why can I not help it? meaning why he cannot help preaching what he does not believe.

It is because he has so much spirit power about him, that it holds his will power subject to it. His medium power is so strong, that at times he is perfectly subject to powers beyond earth. He is then like a piece of red hot iron in the hands of the blacksmith, who can mould it to please himself, in spite of the iron. He may preach against it as did old Saul, but he will become a Paul, just so sure as God reigns. By-and-by spirit power will come so strong upon him, that he will cry: Lord Jesus I believe, help thou my unbelief. He is all ripe and ready for the harvest. If he were here in spirit life, as I am, he would not ask that question.

I wish to offer an apology for not coming here before. We are obliged to wait for conditions, as the sailor is obliged to wait for fair winds. I trust he will pardon my seeming neglect, and call upon me again as soon as his better judgment may dictate. He is a good man, and I advise all Spiritualists and others, to hear him. If conditions are right around him, you will get a good spiritual discourse—if the winds are ill, you will get his own ideas, some of which are good, others evil.

I thank him for what he did for me when I was sick. I thank him for his attentions to my wife; and the best wish I have for him is, to see him a true Spiritualist as soon as God permits.

Now, a word to my dear, dear wife. Oh, I rejoice to see her so calm. She often asks: I wonder if John will want me to do this or that. Now I want her to do just as her better judgment dictates in all things, and she will please me. I want her to bring up the child in the love of God, for fear of God is not good for much in educating the child. Oh, my dear, good friend, I look back with pleasure to the time when I first beheld you. You was an instrument in the hands of God to carry peace to my soul, and you sent me home rejoicing, when I should have gone with doubt and gloom. I have met many of my old friends since I came here, and have given them all the light I had, and shall do all I can to spread the glorious truth of Spiritualism. I shall return to earth, as often as I can, during the time I shall be near it. I expect one day to pass beyond it, when I have travelled many years on the road of progression; but till that time, I shall visit my friends often. I am happy, perfectly happy, and have no desire to live in mortal life again. And, now, I wish you good-day. Nov. 10th.

William to Dr. Moody, Belfast, Me.

Gentlemen, you must excuse my coming. I am not used to controlling this medium, but I have something to communicate to a friend, and I trust you will excuse my coming. I do not understand the rules you adopt for spirits coming to you, but you must be charitable towards me, and permit me to exercise my own judgment. I have been in the spirit land a little short of two years. I died in Belfast, Me. My disease was hemorrhage of the lungs; I was sick nearly two years, suffered much, and at times I longed to be free from earth, for I lived and died in the full belief of spiritual communication with mortals. I felt sure I could commune with the friends I was about to leave. Now I wish particularly to communicate to Dr. Moody, of Belfast. Oh, he has a glorious work to perform, and I want, if possible, to make him fully realize the position he stands in. He is a man past the middle age, has seen many sorrows, and many joys; and he is constantly saying to himself: Oh, that I knew the right way! Oh, that angels may guide me aright, that I may make no false step as I am going home to heaven. He receives impressions daily, hourly, and may be aided much by them, and made much happier; and not only increase in wisdom, but in harmony and peace, which he so much longs for. He was very kind to me, and it is but just I should return and thank him for his kindness. Many comforts of life on the earth, he supplied me with. He did well for me, and no doubt was the means of prolonging my earthly existence. He has a patient, at this time, who has disease of the stomach and affection of the lungs. He is inclined to think the patient in consumption, but it is not so—all the humors of the system are centered in the stomach—the lungs are inflamed, but not much. He must fortify the lungs, and at the same time strengthen the bowels, and battle with this humor, which is cancerous. This I am told by a physician, who is anxious for the fate of the patient, and for the welfare of the doctor also.

I have much to give, but I am wholly unaccustomed to the organization of the medium, and I am not possessed of much power; therefore, it is hard for me to control well. I am requested to say that Hannah Moody is present, and Samuel, and they wish the doctor to occasionally visit their child, who is sick—not very sick, but weak. I am very happy in my new and beautiful home, and I have no desire to live on earth again. I wish to send a blessing to all my dear friends. I was young, not twenty years of age, but I saw many

dark hours during my short pilgrimage on earth. Tell the doctor, also, says a spirit present that his patient, who has lost his eyesight, will hardly recover it again. There is a small chance—a possibility, but it is not very probable.

Oh, how I wish I had a medium that I could speak freely through, to benefit my earth benefactor; but I must be willing to wait God's time, which is the best time. Now the short space I had allotted me is nearly expired, and I must leave you. I hope you will publish what I have given you, although I have given it imperfectly.

The wife of the doctor is a good medium, and he may receive many worthy communications through her if he will, and may be assisted much in his profession by her.

I shall give you my name as William; I shall be recognized by the doctor at once, but for reasons which he will understand, I withhold my name. You may say this communication is from William to Dr. Moody, of Belfast, Me. Good day. November 11th.

Samuel Winkley.

How shall the young secure their heirs, And guard their lives from sin?

How shall they live all the temptations of the earthly kingdom, how shall they guard against sin? There is a way—God has provided a shelter, and all His children may take a refuge there.

You may ask where is that shelter? I will tell you. God dwells within each child of his. He seeks to govern each child of his, and every child may recognize God within himself if he will—he may follow the still small voice if he will. But instead of this, as soon as the child reaches the age of four years, he is placed under certain restrictions, governed by certain rules which may be repugnant to his nature. He is taught to worship God in one way, and one way only—he is taught to follow the dictates of his conscience in one way, and perhaps that is repugnant to his nature. And so the Teacher, God, is kept confined, bound down by certain creeds, certain laws that are laid upon the child. And because he cannot follow the dictates of the God within, and cannot follow the dictates of those who bind him, he rushes on—the light within becomes a taper, all surrounded by darkness, and he cannot follow its light; it is like a flower crushed in its infancy. Oh, then mortals, assist God to govern his own, and he will educate them in the right, if allowed so to do.

But man has sought out many inventions that are not pleasing to God. You may argue like this—that when the child becomes the man, he will act for himself, think for himself. But it is not so—the first impression will be the last—all the sunlight of heaven may be poured down upon the child, but it can never obliterate that which was first imprinted upon him. Ah, it is engrained upon his nature, and however hard he may endeavor to remove it, the blighting influence clings to him, even after he has gone down to the land of dreams.

Oh, then let God rule—educate your children, but never compel them to walk against the dictates of their God within.

But, say you, God is not able, in the little child, to dictate. Ah! is God less in the little child than in the man? Oh, guide the child, but never dictate. Oh, were I on earth again, I would teach that God is able, in everything, to carry on his own work. Minds moulded in bigotry and superstition seek to govern the child as it grows up, and if God shows himself in the child, they strive to cover Him up by their erroneous ideas. Oh, pray God that your land may grow up in freedom under the guidance of his God.

Over thirty years have passed since I dwelt with you. God gave me a son; but I passed on to spirit life ere that son became a man—a youth. I view him now crushed by false education, and I cannot rest—I return to speak to him, and if I can move one member of society to perform his duty in reference to the little ones which are coming up, to a sense of duty, I shall be happy.

Oh, how blest the thought that the loved ones who have passed on to the land of the spirit, can yet linger at times around those they love! And if they can, may not God devise some means whereby they may reach the hearts of those dear ones? Is His arm shortened—is God less powerful than in the days of Jesus? No. He it is that bids us come, and in His own good time He will cast aside the veil which separates us, and you shall see us, and we shall stand face to face with you, and you shall not then doubt that the Lord your God permits his angels to bear you tidings of peace. Ah, doubt lingers around you mortals—it hovers over those most enlightened; even Spiritualists doubt! you are faithless, you cannot place implicit confidence in those who told you so to do, and I, his humble subject, will not lead you astray. My time has expired, and with a blessing I leave you. My name, when I inhabited a clay tenement, was Samuel Winkley. Nov. 12th.

Mary Bowker.

DEAR JOHN—I have now been in the land of visions near four years, and you think of me as dead, as gone to heaven. Yes, I am in heaven, and that heaven is by your side. Oh, John, you cannot, in all your wild imagination, picture anything so beautiful as I enjoy in my own spirit home. When I first left you I was carried home by an angel band, and for a time was inclined to rest, but soon I thought of you and the dear friends I had on earth, for I knew I had left earth; and, as I wished to meet you, I seemed to be almost immediately transported to my earth home. And, oh, what misery I beheld there! You, and all my dear friends, were weeping over my body, which had not been consigned to the tomb, but was reposing in the coffin. Oh, then, how I longed to speak with you! But I could not—there seemed to be a thin veil between us, and you heard not the sound I made to attract your attention. I lingered near you many hours, and at last grew weary and left, thinking I would come again and try to manifest to you, but then came the thought: will he receive me who am dead? Oh, yes, my interior being told me you would not reject me, although you did not believe in the coming of Spirits. And now this day, I, for the first time, have sought and found a medium, through whom I can commune, and I bless the God of the Spirit and Mortal, that He has so bountifully provided for His children. Ten days after my death, I stood at your bedside; you saw me, and wished if it were reality, I might come again; and now I do come again with this double proof of my coming.

From Mary Bowker in the spirit life to John Bowker on earth, to be published at a convenient time in the Banner of Light. Nov. 11.

This communication was written. It will be seen there is no residence given, and, of course, we cannot test its truth in any of the particulars it states, which can be tested by mortals? We shall be pleased to hear from the party to whom it is addressed.

John Hodgdon, Stratham, N. H.

I have been here a good many times, but could never get a chance to speak before. They say the world is being revolutionized, and I think so, too. To begin with, I was killed in Stratham, N. H., blasting rocks. My name is John Hodgdon. I have been trying to come over since I died, and I'll tell you why. All the folks say if I had not been drunk, I should not have been killed. Now it was a confounded falsehood, too much for anybody to carry on their shoulders. In blasting rocks, there is always one appointed to touch off the charge. I had a cane pole, with a match on the end, and I supposed it was long enough to give me a good chance to get off. But blast it! before I had got two steps, a rock struck me, and it took the life out of me in less than two minutes. I knew what it was that hit me, but not much more, and then I was in the spirit world in an instant. Well, I saw them all around my body; I saw two doctors, then my wife, my brother, and my son. They were in the greatest trouble, and I could not tell for some time what the matter was. I did

not seem to realize that I had been hurt much, and I did not until my body was buried—then I seemed to wake up, and I wanted to come back. Good heaven! I had so many things to say to my wife; and, among the rest, I wanted to tell her I had some money in the bank; for I know she had not enough to get along with. But she found it out, and then I was so glad! but before that, I worried a great deal—for spirits do to worry. Well, I told you what I came for—that is, to take the idea out of people's hearts that I was drunk. About two years ago I learned I could come back, and I have been all this time trying to get a chance. My wife is married again; that is all right enough. She is quite old now—let me see—she must be nearly sixty years old. She married about three years, I think, after I was killed, which was in 1837 or 1838. I think; but the thing which transpired at the time I died, knocked about all memory of time out of me. There are a good many folks around there who know me, and I don't care how long a time has elapsed, for it's never too late to do good.

There used to be a minister by the name of Parker, and he was eternally preaching to me. He used to say, Hodgdon, if you don't repent, you'll go to hell. He was at my funeral, but I am not in hell. I am unhappy, because I have been thinking to come back and set that matter right, and now I have done that, I shall be happy. I haven't been round much since I have been here, but have been waiting to see which way I ought to go. I could not get rid of wanting to come to earth, and it seemed if I went one way, it was not right, and if I went the other it was wrong. I never went to school a day in my life; all I ever learned I learned from other folks—that is, by seeing and hearing. I have done all I wish to do, and now I'll leave. November 11.

Dr. Charles Cheever.

It is very strange some people will always be on the wrong side of everything. Try them on all sides and they are sure to be on the opposite side with you. They have a kingdom of their own opinion and nobody is right except they coincide with them.

Now you may be sure of one thing, the foundation of such men is bigotry, and it will be sure to slide out from under them.

I think there are many spirits who have left their earthly bodies who know quite as much as I do. Now I have friends on earth, and you might as well talk to this table as to talk to them of Spiritualism. But the time will come when it will not only appeal to their outer sense, but to the inner, in spite of all they can do. I lived on earth to a good old age. I had a chance to see humanity in all its forms, and I always made up my mind to this—he that was the roughest outside, was generally the best inside. Not because I was rough outside, for I was rough both outside and inside. I am Charles Cheever. I have been standing here for the last hour, and was perhaps a little anxious to say something—not because I expect to make my people believe I am Charles Cheever, for that time has not come yet, but because it is my God-given right to come. When it is proper for me to go to my people direct, I shall do so; but if I please, I shall stand off and throw these stones at them until the time does come. It is amusing to see spirits to stand near earth and see the wars raging there. Everything is at war—you Spiritualists are at war among yourselves, each with himself. God is going to change, not himself, but the temple he lives in. I have been trying to obtain a medium this year, but mediums do not like me; but when God gives me power to come, and the controlling spirit objects not, I shall come. Now mediums must learn one lesson—to call nothing common or unclean. All intelligence comes from God, I don't care how high or low it is, for all intelligence is of God, and cannot manifest except by his will.

I followed my profession a good number of years, but when I came here I learned my work was not done, and the faster it is done, the happier I shall be.

I have not yet learned the philosophy of coming, and I find it difficult to come near the mediums in spirit form without making myself seen by them, and they do not seem to fancy my influence; but I know enough of the human form to keep me from injuring it, and, God knows, would not harm a medium for all His creation. I was a physician.

This spirit manifested to us some two years since, when we proved him true.

John Flanders.

I can't speak well. I've come to communicate to my friends. I went to a circle in New Jersey, and they sent me here. Oh, I wish I was on earth now—then I might not be without knowledge. I died in the year 1820—yes, thirty-seven long years I have been a spirit. Now I have friends, and to them I come. I was born in Pawtucket, R. I., and I died in Providence, R. I. My friends, the most of them, are living in New Jersey, in Chesapeake City. Oh, how confounded hard it is to visit earth and find your friends deaf and blind. Well, my speaking trumpet is good and my sounding board is all creation; so if they form atoms to lift up space in your material world, I shall be pretty likely to make them sound ere long. I went to a circle in New Jersey and tried to communicate there through a medium, a little boy, and wanted the same sent to my friends. I knew they knew my friends well, for I had seen them together. They said to me—Go to Boston and seek out the medium for the spirits' paper—so I came here. I asked you no questions and you have told me nothing. I care not what your customs may be, for I have customs of my own, and shall ever seek to make peace with myself in preference to the world at large. I was 67 years of age when last I lived on earth. I did not die from disease, but was thrown from a carriage and despatched that way. My name was John Flanders. I have a son by the same name, living in Chesapeake City. I have two daughters, and grandchildren, many of them, so it seems to me.

Now I come to let my friends know that I can commune; they told me to come here, from the circle in Jersey, to give my name, age, when I died, and state that I communicated to them. They said if I would, they would consider me true, my communication genuine, and would believe me thereafter and assist me. They told me they should know what I said here, because they took the paper. They live near the flats—I used to go there when on earth, but now I can't recognize things as I could when I was here, nor divide off the little places. I was by profession a physician, and was riding from Pawtucket to Providence, when I was killed. My horse took fright and succeeded in capsizing me. I had suffered some from that before, but did not think he was going to break my neck. I always dreaded sickness, and I might as well have gone that way as any. I always prayed that I might not be sick, and you see my prayer was answered. Nov. 11.

Will the friends who sent this spirit here, write us in confirmation of what he says. It will be seen at once that the manifestation is a complete test, if true, for it bears evidence that neither the mind of the medium nor our own had to do with its production.

Nehemiah Thompson.

You have so many spirits here I can't do anything. I don't see how I came to be here. I lived long enough on earth, God knows, and I don't want to live there any longer. But I saw this medium and wanted to do as others did, and like a good many people, I did not know what I had got into. But I am here, and am told I must talk before I can go. I never was very happy when I lived on earth, and I ain't very happy now. Everybody was trying to harm me, and everybody is trying to do it now. I lived on earth to be 98 years old, and I think I know something about it, too. I have got folks on earth—folks that tried to be good, but do not know how to be; and being as I have got here, and am talking, I might as well say what I want to. My name is Nehemiah Thompson. I lived in Chesapeake, N. H. Everybody was talking to me because I

would drink, just as though I did not know my own business best. I would like to know why people can't do what they wish; if they want to get drunk, why not get drunk? I would not recommend any young man to get drunk, but when a body gets old and don't want to live, why should they not get drunk?

Young man, my story is not half told; I was rich once, but I lost my property, and became poor, and I drank to drown my sorrow. I was over 70 then. I was respected once for my riches, but when I was poor, I was thought nothing of. I think I lengthened out my days by drink, for if I had been sober it would have killed me to have been treated as I was. I'm unhappy, and I might as well be so as any other way. When my time comes I shall be happy. I have been told so, and I believe it. My advice is, not to get drunk if you are young, but if you are old and should lose all your earthly possessions, you could be of no service to yourself, and it would not be wrong for you to drink, at least I thought so. Nov. 10th.

This spirit evidently returns with the same mind he had when on earth—not having rid himself of his earth troubles—not having progressed, to use a common phrase, beyond the plane of thought he stood upon when here. He will probably be recognized much better by his acquaintances in this garb, than in that of an angel, had he put one on, unless they have not yet rid themselves of the erroneous idea that death changes the evil or unfortunate to perfect Gods. There are some contradictions in his advice. Like all which comes from the spirit world, ones own reason will enable him to decide what of this to follow, and what to reject.

Luke West.

A little fun now and then, Is rebuffed by the wisest men.

Now all the funny people are not dead, and I can assure you of one thing—there is quite as much fun going on in the spirit world as there is in your sphere. Real, genuine fun—just such as I like to be mixed up in. Some people expect us spirits to come back with all the dignity of Jehovah. It matters not how disposed to fun we were on earth, it's no spirit, says one, because you are not dignified enough.

I have talked through this medium before, and it's my privilege to do so now, and I come partly to have a little fun, and partly to talk to my wife. She wants to believe in Spiritualism, but does not dare to—just like, probably, the Professor at Harvard; but she is a woman, and we must forgive her if she is a bit of a coward.

I only want her to know beyond a doubt that I can come; not here, particularly, for I can come to her in other places. I should say a great deal to her, if she were here, that I cannot give to you, for I know how this is to reach her. It is going through thousands of channels, but what do I care for the people of earth?

I've come, begun in the middle, and left off at both ends. Do you want to know who I am? Well, I'm Luke West. I'm the same funny fellow as ever; haven't got rid of it yet—don't want to—when I see something I like better I'll exchange it. I've seen two of my old friends who have lately come here. One is named Strunkpole, the other Wilson. One died in California—one but West. Well, all day to you. Nov. 10.

This spirit came to us nearly two years ago, at night, while we were reading a newspaper, with no thoughts of such a visit. He was formerly one of West & Peet's band of minstrels, and we never knew him personally. He then requested us to invite a friend of his to visit the same medium, which we did. He identified himself perfectly to him, and the friend was satisfied that the medium was ignorant of the facts conversed about. This is the first time since that we have thought of or heard from him, and it is to this visit he alludes.

Onondauga, Warrior of the Six Nations.

Your council fires are bright, and the smoke goes up to the Great Spirit, and the Great Spirit receives your offering. Pale chiefs, you who dwell where the Indian once dwelt, your brains fill with big thoughts, and the Great Spirit pours living waters into them, and calls upon you to give forth that which he gives to you.

Pale faces, ye live in an age of light, and see to it that there be light within God's wigwam—that house which is not built with human hands, for the Great Spirit dwells within each one of you, and he calls for Love in that wigwam, that it may be light. All is dark where there is so much hate, all fighting one with another. He has given you love, and you cover it with many blankets, so that the light comes not forth. Ah, let love shine in the Great Spirit's wigwam.

You have a mighty battle, and the Great Spirit asks you to fight nobly. He has given you strength, and in His strength you can conquer, if you are right within.

Many moons have waned since Onondauga was with you; since he lived where you live, the fires of his council have grown dim; the Great Spirit has called home to new hunting grounds, the warriors, the braves, their squaws, and their paposes, but they live to bless you, to light your council fires—live to aid you in the great battle you are engaged in. Pale faces, your mighty intellects attack you with arrows of hate; but stand firm, and hold fast the shield of Truth upon the right arm, and lift it when their arrows speed towards you, and with the left arm scatter leaves of love among them, never falling to pray the Great Spirit to bless, not only you, but those who live in high wigwams, and pore over dark volumes. Let your tomahawk be faith, and let your feet be shod with everlasting love, for He said to you: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another." Onondauga learned this commandment, and knew much of your Bible. The good Missionary came to his wigwam and taught him as he best knew, and he learned to live in peace with his white brother. Many moons have come and gone, and Onondauga has gone to his fathers, and the better hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Another chief stood where he stood, and warred against you, pale faces. Where, now, is that chief? He is in the spirit land, very unhappy, for hatred burns in his breast. But the Onondauga who talks to you is happy, because the wigwam of the Great Spirit, which he gave him to keep free from hate, and which the Bible learned him to do, is lighted with the light of love; and he prays the Great Spirit to bless his pale brother, and stands ready to give him of his light, that the pale face may learn to walk in Wisdom's path. Good moon, chief.

From Elizabeth to Bela Marsh.

My beloved son—Are the clouds dark around you? If so pray more, for prayer carrieth the spirit far above the shadows of earth. Oh, my dear, dear son, you, I see, are standing on an eminence reared by angel hands—oh, let not your feet slide therefrom, but be steadfast, be strong in every good word and work, ever reposing, like a little child, in the arms of the angel, who attends you. You sometimes ask, shall I ever be happy? I answer, yes, oh, yes; you shall some time eat an abundance of the goodly fruit. My son, let each crystal sand in your hour-glass come up as an offering to the Giver of all life, and forget not how he hath sustained you. And again, my dear son, you must not be cast down, for the angels are ready and willing and able to aid you. Oh, we invoke blessings upon the head of your dear companion. She, too, will walk in pleasant paths and drink of living waters. Oh, may she sigh no more, for all is well with her on earth and in the spirit, life. Dear son, I will come again and give you more, when I can do better.

From Elizabeth to Bela Marsh, of Boston, written by Dr. Whitney. Nov. 12.

Pearls.

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

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come to me oft, When the light wings of sleep On my bosom lie soft.

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come and we'll stray, Where the whole year is crowned With the blossoms of May—

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come and we'll fly, Like two winged spirits, Of love, through the sky;

Love is the music and unseen spell which soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature, that lingers about the sanctity of our frescoes, and unites in closer union the affections of society, and the heart that loves truly will love forever.

There is a voice within me, And it has so sweet a voice, That its soft heblings win me, Till tears start to mine eyes.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy—Memory that of the man.

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass, Stains the white radiance of Eternity, Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Time writes upon eternity's page the autobiography of each individual.

A month ago the flowers were pale, And like a loving friend, October wrapped them in her veil, And nursed them to the end.

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant—of all tame, a flatterer.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Spiritual Influences.

BY CORA WILBURN.

When we behold the man of the world scornfully curl his lip, at the mention of disinterested love or exalted friendship, can we wonder that he should deny the daily accumulating and well attested facts of Spiritualism, when his soul denies, nay, argues against the very existence of man's holiest attributes?

But angels are not so repelled; they behold what to the mortal vision is not revealed; the springs of goodness and beauty welling up from the depths of that stern, proud soul, never rising to the surface for the thick weeds of selfishness and self-neglect have closed up the avenues, through which the celestial sunbeam may penetrate that soul's darkness with recognition from above.

Superstitious fear shrinks back appalled from communion with the departed, fearing the shrouded form, the chilling touch of the corpse-like hand, shunning the revelations of Spiritualism as the opening portals of a charnel-house. Oh, awoken from this gloomy dream, earth's children! for this abused, and feared, and calumniated Spiritualism is the guardian angel of the beautiful realms you have heard and dreamt of the heaven of the spirit, the home of the aspiring soul!

Go ask of the believer in this dawning light, of the details of his individual development, of the proofs that satisfied the craving of his desolate heart and fainting soul; and you will find, oh, candid investigator of a seeming mystery, that no dreaming fancies have beguiled the heart's earnest search; that overwhelming conviction and glorious realities have given the bosom peace and joy!

Go ask the childless mother; and her drooping brow will brighten with hope, and faith that is no longer blindfolded. The yearnings of maternity have brought the angel child unto her outstretched arms! the sweet violet eyes beam loving recognition, the clustering golden curls are fragrant with the spirit-blossoms of the Eden bowers, and the sweetest of earth's names come in music welcome from the seraph's lips: "Mother!"

The bereaved, the hopeless, the sickness-stricken—go ask of earth's sorrowing thousands; and with a grateful joy pale lips respond, rekindling into life and hope: "We have assurance of spirit intercession; we have heard the melodies of the spirit-land; we have beheld the paradisaic scenes; we have felt the touch of spirit-hands; and we have received messages of love immortal from the dear ones gone before."

fore. Earth, our dwelling-place, has become beautified by these holy influences, and life and labor have borrowed a deeper, holier significance. We are happy, for an unending destiny spreads before us, and the earth's withheld gifts of love and uninterrupted happiness, of wealth and beauty and unchanging friendship, shall yet be ours in the realms to which we journey. That man or woman lives not whom a true belief in Spiritualism has not made happier and better; more at peace within, and with the world. Earth's innocent joys are heightened by the consciousness of their indwelling spiritual power. Nature's face beams with the reflection of supernatural beauties; music's tone is interwoven with the angels' accompaniments, and song uprises on its soaring wings, a heart-offering of thankfulness for the great gifts of life and feeling.

Spiritual influences! awaking to a holier life the dormant energies, sanctifying thought, ennobling expression, thrilling the soul with rapture, inspiring with the coming glories the love-yearning, home-seeking soul! Thousands attest the hallowing power, the beautifying spell. And many souls dream sweetly—prophetically dream of the existing reality that shall be earth's portion, when wrong and suffering no more shall darken her sunny places; when songs of thanksgiving shall take the place of the anguished prayer that now invokes the saving power of a mighty hand to shield from oppression the tolling millions!

Beautiful dream of the future! thy fulfillment awaits the trusting souls that framed thee. Swiftly spreading, the angel truths obtain admittance to palace halls and lowliest cot. Upon the sun-blasted tropical lands, the spiritual influences of the present have poured their awakening melodies; and amid the palm leaf's shade, and the wild flowers bloom, murmur messages of love from spirit realms; while superstition covers beside her crumbling altars, and priestcraft trembles in the effulgent light of truth. In the monarch's hall, as in the peasant's cot, the truth has been proclaimed, the satisfying proofs have been given, that spiritual intercourse is no vain chimera, progression no visionary theory, and Heaven no intangible locality. Yes, this "humbug" Spiritualism, unites the beautiful ideal with the practical uses of humanity; combines life and action; beauty and realization, dream, with fulfilled reality. It teaches not the renunciation of the affections, thereby to attain to spiritual elevation and purity; it exalts, hallows and sublimates the earth-born love, the kindred ties, the union of souls, the harmony of congenial minds. Entwining around our loveliest affections, appealing to our human sympathies, it tells of love beyond earth's conflict; deathless, and pure, and rapturous, beyond youth's most poetic dreams, fancy's loftiest imaginings of realized joy!

It tells of Friendship, binding the souls of those above, in kindred bonds unto the spirits yet dwelling beneath. It tells of might in a holy cause; of power in lofty endeavor, of a sanctified ambition, forever progressing in celestial knowledge. Spiritual influences! oh, brighten my solitary pathway, reveal to me the "silver lining" within the storm cloud; and to my bosom bring those strains of melody, that o'er my soul shed peace and foreshadowed glimpses of the immortal worlds, while earthly youth and hope were mine. Softly whisper your thrilling messages, spirit-breezes playing o'er my brow. Guide my hand, my heart, my willing feet, oh, angel counsellors! Be with me ever, sweet consciousness of spirit presence; lead me unto the opening portals of my spirit home.

Flashes of Fun.

FRIENDLY MEETINGS.

When wearied out with constant toil and care, We slowly saunter home at early eve To greet the smiling faces waiting there—

A lad being put to learn his catechism, to find if there was more than one God; failing to gather any definite ideas upon the subject, and being called up to recite by his mistress, was asked:—

"How many Gods are there?"

"With a forlorn, half-fearful look, he replied: "Two, mum."

He was sent to his seat, with the injunction not to fail again. But, on being called out again, he increased his number by one, and so on till he had five gods; whereupon he was chastised and sent home. On his way he met a classmate.

"What's the matter?" said the classmate.

"Schoolma'am whipped me for missing my lesson. How many gods are there?"

"Why! one, of course."

"My gorry; you go tell schoolma'am that; why, I had five, and that didn't do—one god, why she'll kill you!"

"My boy, what are the four seasons?"

"Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother allers seasons with."

Who was the most noted Judge in olden times spoken of in Scripture? Judge Not.

Why is the Steamship Niagara like an old Continental gun? Because it has a recoil!

No pupil is so greatly to be pitied as the pupil of the eye, for that is continually under the lash.

A Yankee has invented a suspender that contracts on your approach to water, so that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over and drops you on the other side.

PINDAR AT NEWMARKET.

Yankee Doodle came to town On a little pony, Now he's brought a big mare down, Black and strong, and bony.

Any weight abo' 'll carry which Aint laid on by a noodle Winning the Cossack whip, See our Yankee Doodle, Racing men, in diabler!

Where they note their losses, Write how smartly Pindar Licked them British asses, Jonathan, let's liquor on, This new writing paper, Always a good friend to John, Now you're grow'd a better—Pond.

The Busy World.

The Daily Bee—one of the very best of our city papers—will hereafter be published as an evening paper exclusively.

Hon. N. P. Banks will lecture before the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, of this city, on Friday evening, Nov. 20. Speaking of our newly-elected Governor, don't fail to call at the exhibition room of Childs & Co., 19 Tremont street, and see Cobb's crayon portrait of this distinguished gentleman.

A new semi-weekly paper—independent in its character—has just been started in Chelsea—W. E. F. Haskell, editor. With the well-known ability of Mr. H. bestowed upon it, the "Chelsea Herald" is bound to prosper.

ADVERTISERS must not forget that the Banner has a wide circulation, and is consequently a first rate "medium" to place their business before the great public.

The Leocompton correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that the Kansas Constitutional Convention adjourned on the 7th inst. A provincial government, with Gen. Calhoun as Governor, was formed, to go into operation immediately. The apportionment of the State provides for forty-five representatives and fifteen senators.

The steamship Philadelphia, which left Havana on the 9th inst., for New York, arrived at Charleston on the 14th. On the 10th, when off the coast of Florida, she encountered a heavy gale, and on the 13th broke her shaft and disabled her engines.

AFTER HIM.—The revenue cutters at New Orleans have been ordered by government to pursue and capture Gen. Walker, if possible.

The Vermont Legislature adjourned on the 11th, after passing an act appropriating \$30,000 for rebuilding the state house, with such further sum as gentlemen of Montpelier may pay in on their bond; and an act relating to banks, giving the bank commissioner and chancellor a discretion in proceeding against banks not redeeming in specie. This was all that was done in relief of the banks.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Gen Cass to-day received letters from Judge Eckels, Chief Justice of Utah, who is on his way to the territory, and beyond Fort Laramie, stating that an express had arrived, bringing intelligence of an attack on the United States Quartermaster's train by the Mormons, in which seventy-eight army wagons and their contents were destroyed. The government officers here do not fully credit the report.

Among the bequests of the late Seth Grosvenor, Esq., of New York, was a legacy of \$50,000 to Judge S. C. Fessenden, of Rockland, Me.

Lola Montez has made a decided hit in Philadelphia, and has had to repeat her lectures.

NORTH AMERICAN TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, embracing delegates from the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, assembled at Chicago on Tuesday week. One hundred and three delegates were present. Rev. John Marsh, D. D., of New York, was elected President. The following resolution were unanimously adopted, after discussion:—

Resolved—That, in the opinion of this Convention, the true principle of temperance is total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, and that this should be inculcated and taught in all temperance meetings, in all pulpits, and public schools, and families; especially impressed upon the rising generation, that our great work of reform may be handed down in purity to those who shall come after us.

The following resolution was under discussion at the time of adjournment, on Tuesday:— Resolved—That the principle of unconditional legal prohibition should be the ultimate aim of temperance organizations and temperance men.

GOLD IN WISCONSIN.—The Chicago Tribune says that a gentleman from Wapocosa county, Wisconsin, has brought from there, for testing in Chicago, a piece of genuine gold-bearing quartz. It is said that the auriferous quartz is abundant in that locality. For the sake of that State we hope the say is not true—there is a richer gold mine in the prairie soil of Wisconsin than ever will be found in the rocks.

RECEPTION OF NEAL DOW AT HOME.—On Thursday evening, Hon. Neal Dow was publicly received by the friends of temperance at Lancaster Hall, Portland. B. D. Peck presided. The reception address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Pratt, of St. Stephen's Church, and Mr. Dow replied in a speech of half an hour. After the supper, addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Bosworth, Rev. Dr. Shailer, and others. The affair was quite a success, the hall being nearly filled, and much enthusiasm prevailed.

The Canadian admirers of Mr. Thomas D'Aroy McGee, now editor of the Montreal New Era, have presented him a substantial testimonial of regard, in the shape of a handsome writing desk, containing a purse of 10000.

MURDERERS SENTENCED.—Breen and Slavin, Sen., the murderers of the McKenzies family, at St. Johns, N. B., have been sentenced to be hung on the 11th of December next. Slavin, Jr., was likewise found guilty, and his sentence is to be passed hereafter.

Commander Theodore P. Green, U. S. Navy, has been appointed Light House Inspector for the First District, in the place of Lieut. George Henry Preble, who has been appointed First Lieutenant in the Navy Yard, at Charlestown, Mass.

A balloon race is to come off shortly, for \$2000 a side. Buffalo is to be the starting point.

The few mills in Woonsocket, R. I., which still continue in operation, obtain labor very cheap. Reductions to the extent of twenty-five per cent. have been made. At these reduced rates but few of those willing to work can obtain anything to do.

The U. S. Treasurer's statement shows the amount in the different depositories to be \$11,868,000, of which \$6,758,000 is subject to draft. The receipts for the week ending the 9th inst. amounted to nearly \$580,000.

A Washington letter says that Ex-President Pierce has accepted the invitation tendered him some time since by President Buchanan, offering himself and wife a passage to Madrid in the Powhatan. They will sail somewhere about the last of the month.

BANK WANTED.—The Bangor Union says: "An individual arrived here from the West a few days since, in pursuit of a bank purchase. He was authorized by his Western friends to offer as high a figure as \$5000 for one ready made. Other parties are in town, who understand all ready to commence private banking operations. Capital is the only thing lacking."

Amusements.

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

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—R. G. MARSH, Lessee and Manager. Return of the MARCH CHILDREN. (The Curtains will rise at 6 1/4 o'clock precisely. Prices of Admission: Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. EMMETT, Lessee and Manager; J. F. WILSON, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

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

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7 3/4 o'clock.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—A. B. WINTING (the celebrated trance speaking medium), of Michigan, will speak at the Melodion on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will lecture in the Melodion, on Friday evening, (November 20), at 7 o'clock.

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

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

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

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

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

QUIRKY.—Dr. A. B. ORRILL will lecture in Quincy, next Sunday, forenoon and afternoon, at the usual hours.

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

NEWBURGH.—Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture in the City Hall, Newburyport, on Sunday evening next.

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

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

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, 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, Burlington, Vt.

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

Wm. B. JOCKLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

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

Mrs. AMOS DRAKE, Union, Me., is authorized to take subscriptions for the Banner.

Advertisements.

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

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square. 11-25 Sept. 18

DENTISTRY.

W. D. & A. BROWN, DENTISTS, No. 14 Hanover Street, Boston. WILLIAM D. BROWN. AMMI BROWN.

MRS. MUNSON will hold circles for development and communication from spirit friends, on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, commencing December 1st, at No. 3 Winter Street. Persons wishing to join either of these circles, will leave their names at this office.

TERMS.—One dollar for two hours; opening at 7 o'clock precisely. 11-25 Nov. 21

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS, Labels, &c., handsomely illuminated, in the highest style of the typographical art, will be executed promptly, and upon reasonable terms, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 17 Washington Street. June 11

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.—ALL THESE REMEDIES are compounded according to Mrs. Mettler's directions, given while in a state of Clairvoyance, and are purely vegetable, and perfectly safe under all circumstances. Mrs. Mettler's BILIOUS REMEDY.—For an Impure state of the Blood, derangement of the Secretions, Bilious Obstructions, Unequal Circulation, Sick and Nervous Headache, Inactivity of the Liver, Constipation of the Bowels, Irritation of the Mucous Membranes, &c. Price, per bottle, \$1.

MRS. METTLER'S DYSENTERY CORDIAL.—A Stomach and Bowel Cordial.—Price, per bottle, 50 cents.

MRS. METTLER'S CALCULATED ELIXIR.—For Cholera, Cholera Palms, Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia Pains, Bilious Stomach, Fever and Ague, and inter-vening Indigestion. Price, per bottle, 50 cents.

MRS. METTLER'S NEURALGIC MIXTURE.—For Bilious Obstructions, Acidity of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation of the Bowels, Headache, and Febrile symptoms occasioned by cold or worms. Price, per bottle, 50 cents.

MRS. METTLER'S PULMONARIA.—For Colds, Irritation of the Throat, and Lung's, Coughs, Asthma, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Respiratory Organs. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

MRS. METTLER'S HEALING OINTMENT.—For Burns, Scalds, Fresh Cuts and Wounds of almost every description, Bolls, Salt Rheum, Blisters Swelled and Sore Breasts or Nipples, Gings, Itching, Piles, Chapped Hands or Chaffing. Price, per box, 25 cents.

MRS. METTLER'S REMARKABLE AND UNSPEAKABLE LIVERMENT.—For Lameness and Weakness of several parts of the human system, Contracted Muscles and Sinews, Rheumatism, Inflammatory and Neuralgic Affections, Callous and Blisters, Spasmodic Contractions, &c., &c. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

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

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE DIVERSION OF SOCIAL PARTIES AND FAMILY CIRCLES.—A TRIP TO PARIS, A New and Laughaible Game, being a Truthful Account of What It For one Jothan Podd.

This New Game for Home Amusement consists of a book of 24 pages, with 100 printed Cards, all enclosed in a neat box. Sold at all the Book, Stationery, and Fancy Stores. It is complete in itself, and requires no other apparatus. There is nothing about it in the least degree objectionable to any class, religious or political; it is equally well suited to all ages; it can be learned by any one in a moment, and it may be played by any number from 2 to 50. Price 50 cents. Sold at all the Book, Stationery, and Fancy Stores. It is complete in itself, and requires no other apparatus. There is nothing about it in the least degree objectionable to any class, religious or political; it is equally well suited to all ages; it can be learned by any one in a moment, and it may be played by any number from 2 to 50. Price 50 cents. Sold at all the Book, Stationery, and Fancy Stores. It is complete in itself, and requires no other apparatus. 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