



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.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IV.

De Lajard, like a true Frenchman, could not remain many years from Paris, and when at last he wearied of the freshness of the new world, he turned again to his home—the Mecca of his nation.

But alas! he came in a fearful hour, on that day when the mob of Paris, like a sea that had burst its bounds when agitated by the tempest, rushed upon the Tuilleries and seemed likely to overwhelm the royal family in its wrath. The queen had escaped to her bed-chamber, whither with awful imprecations the crowd were pressing. De Lajard was in the palace. "My faithful friend," said the king, in a low voice, "protect my wife." Never was command more quickly made, and when the queen saw him, she exclaimed—"With you I am safe! Where are my children?"

"With you I am safe!" In the midst of the tumult and the horror, De Lajard laid his hand heavily upon his beating heart, turned his eyes away from the queen, and hastened to find her children. The dauphin sprang to his arms.

"Where have you been this long, long time, De Lajard? I have missed you much."

"I have been wandering among the Indians in North America," said the protector, "and returned only when I heard of troubles at home."

"And did you see their wigwags, and hunt deer in the forests with them?"

"Yes, my boy, and will tell you many a wonderful story about the red men, when the good old times come back again."

"And will they ever come back again?" whispered the dauphin, as he heard the loud shouting of the infuriated mob, and heavy blows upon the massive doors.

"Oh, De Lajard, why do they hate my poor mother so? She has done them no harm. You love her, don't you, De Lajard?"

The protector pressed the child more closely to his heart, as he bore him through the long passages, to the room where his mother was waiting for him. The mob pressed close, but he thrust the intruders aside, and finally reached the deep recess of a window, where he had left the queen, behind a temporary barricade of tables and chairs, which he had raised for her defence.

"Thank you, thank you," said the queen, while her eyes overflowed with tears. "My brave De Lajard, leave us not."

Standing by her side, he kept the crowd at bay, and spoke cheerfully to the dauphin and young princess, who felt safe only in his presence.

One year from that time, the once beautiful queen, the pride of the palace, and the worshipped of that brilliant court, the descendant of a long line of brave kings and brave queens, was an inmate of a loathsome prison, execrated by the people, the jest of coarse ruffians and persecuted by a brutal jailer.

The fair, delicate boy, with hair so like his mother's in her youthful beauty, (alas! it was white with sorrow now,) that curled in long silken ringlets upon his neck—this child, who had been bred in all the luxuries of the palace, the pride and idol of his mother, he too was shut up in a narrow cell alone, night and day alone, save when Simon, a monster in human shape, brought him his food, or came to torment his innocent captive.

Once, a crowd collected upon the outside of the prison; he could hear the tumult and the shouts, like the noise of a distant storm, and wondered what it might be; but he had long before ceased to ask for any privilege, and he laid his aching head upon the rude mattress and tried to sleep. The day before he had been called out to see his father, the king.

He looked so sad, and laid his hand upon his head and blessed him so earnestly, that the child feared he should see him no more. Seated upon his knees, with one arm round his neck, the boy listened to the father, as he tried to console his weeping wife, or whisper words of comfort to the weeping princess.

But in all this deep sorrow, sorrow such as the world seldom sees, and which, when the tragedy was fully acted, sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world; in all this, I say, the victim had a source of happiness of which their persecutors were ignorant, and knowing which, even they could not take away. In the gay pleasures of the court, Louis had known his wife only as the votary of gawdy, and fashion, or the dignified, unyielding queen, proud of her position, and tenacious of her inherited rights. Now tried in the furnace of adversity, the pure gold came forth from the dross. Or rather to use our former figure, the waves of sorrow had rolled over her head, but her hand had seized the pearl. Never perhaps was there a more beautiful scene in the annals

of prison life than that presented by the royal family, before a refined cruelty suggested their separation. The nobler traits of the king came out like rich groups of flowers in mosaic, and the soft, tender affections of the wife and mother, no longer pent up with the cold demeanor of the husband, flowed in one deep stream, making glad the hearts of all the members of that imprisoned group. No affliction could disturb this new and more perfect union, no floods drown, no flame devour it, and when Death came, the husband and father walked calmly forth to the execution, sustained by the hope that he should meet them where persecutions are unknown.

It was well for the dauphin that he was ignorant of the time of his father's death, and that sleep, that friend of childhood, wrapped him in her soft mantle and bore him gently to her own fairy land.

Blessed sleep! thrice blessed art thou, for thy love to little ones; thou driest the tear on the infant's cheek, thou hushes the sob of the weary child, thou dost calm the throbbing brow of the mourner, and bear the aged back to the flowery paths of childhood. At thy magic touch the mania is quiet as the sleeping babe, and at thy approach pain flees away like clouds before the north wind's breath.

The type of death without its terrors—the scapegoat bearing the ills of life far away into the wilderness, but no victim to the sacrificial knife.

When man sinned, God drove him from Paradise to toil mid thorns, and in much sorrow, but he permitted the Angel of Sleep to pass silently like a shadow, out with him, and borne upon the wings of the blessed comforter, sinful Adam and his descendants have been permitted again and again to visit the place where God had walked with man. Oh, sleep! thou hast given us such visions of glory, that if we are ever permitted to enter those glory gates, whose golden hinges have turned at thy bidding that we might glance therein, we shall remember, even there, thy sweet companionship on earth, and of all the friends we love here, we would still choose thee to bear us to that valley of shadows from whence none ever return.

We have said the dauphin slept. It was the only consolation left. Deprived now of the society of his mother and sister, the poor child became almost a maniac. But his sufferings excited no compassion in his hard-hearted jailer. One day the tyrant condescended to dine with him.

During the dinner he called for a napkin, which he had used before, and confined by a nail run through the corner of the napkin, and fastened to the wall. The nail still hung to the napkin. Angry with the child without provocation, he flung the napkin at him, hitting his temple, and making a deep wound. In sorrowful patience the poor boy bore it all, and listened in silence to the cruel taunts flung at his parents, and the vulgar abuse heaped upon the members of the royal household.

Simon sought, too, in every way to corrupt the child's heart, teaching it the language of profanity, and sensuality. "Why does God permit such demons in human shape?" says one.

Reader, if we ever get to heaven, shall we know from what we are saved, if such devils did not sometimes visit earth?

The mother in her damp, cold cell sat alone, far from the place where her boy suffered, though the same roof covered both. A worn and patched dress was the only remnant of the once luxurious wardrobe. Her hair, still long and thick, but white now, though she was but thirty-seven years of age, was neatly confined by a small comb, and there still lingered, even in her scant and meagre attire, the native modesty of the well bred lady. The dampness of the floor had caused her thin slippers to decay, but her needle had done its best to repair the injury. From the worsted and worn quilt which covered her hard bed, she had drawn threads and braided a garter, as a parting gift to the princess. To her son she sent a lock of her hair; that precious token of a mother's sorrow and a mother's love. All was now done, her preparations were completed, and clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, she said, "My God, I thank thee that my release is at hand. I shall soon meet my sainted husband."

In the proudest days of her queenly life she had been a stranger to that love which, like a line of sunlight, had illumined her lone gray old walls. "And amid the iron grates hall." One by one the members of the royal family had paid the penalty of their high position in society, and "lived with their lives for the errors of their ancestors." The pitiless mob, like the all-devouring ocean,

wrought to madness by the fury of the tempest, had engulfed the largest and most costly freighted vessels that dared to ride the waves—now, perchance, other craft must take their turn.

Sick and helpless, the poor little dauphin lay upon his bed of straw. No kind friend soothed his childish sorrow, no gentle nurse administered relief to his burning brow and aching limbs. Sufferer as he was, he hid his head beneath the bed clothes whenever the door opened, lest he should see the demon face of his jailer. But Simon never opened that door again; the blood-thirsty mob thought him food for the guillotine. Alas! that they had not thought so before—for his diabolical task was too well accomplished. The poor child had borne a weight of agony too great for his delicate frame. Reason gave way, and he became a maniac.

Soon a report was sent to the National Assembly that he had died of sorfolia in the limbs. In Paris this report produced, apparently, little sensation; and the heir to the Bourbon throne, the descendant of a long line of kings, passed away, and none know, in truth, it is said, the place of his sepulchre, unto this day.

CHAPTER V.

"Alas! it is a mournful thing. A darkened intellect."

Years after the events recorded in our last chapter, we find De Lajard a wanderer in Holland and England, but everywhere in disguise; one day a Dutch boor, trafficking in cheese and butter; another, a merchant in one of the cities of the Low country; again he is a sailor, bound to some English port; but whenever and wherever we see him, on the highway, as pedestrian in the fields, in the nobleman's carriage, or on board an English vessel, always by his side is a pale, feeble, idiotic child. Sometimes he carries the boy in his arms, sometimes he leads him slowly along, and again he sits for hours under the shade of a spreading tree, watching the slumber of the unfortunate child. At night the count folds him in his arms, tenderly as a mother her first born; and when Henri, as the boy is called, wakes in the morning, the first object for which his large, dark blue eyes wander, as the face of his friend—there they rest, and the pale, delicate hands sometimes rest, like those of an infant upon the now bronzed cheek of De Lajard, as if to assure himself it is no delusion, no dream—and then he will smile and mutter incoherently, but it is sad to hear him, for it is the babbling of an idiot.

Sometimes De Lajard will play upon the flute, and then the child will sit down upon the floor, and lay his head upon the count's knee, and fold his small hands together; but saving that he is quiet—the countenance expresses no emotion. Now and then he will relate some tragic tale, such as wakes the indignation or the pity of children, but when Henri hears and looks up into the face of his friend while he talks, his eyes are tearless, and his heart untouched.

"Oh, if I could make him weep?" De Lajard often exclaimed. "Tears would cure this dreadful imbecility," but a vacant smile, or a fixed, despairing gaze is all he can get from the little unfortunate.

At last we find them on board a vessel bound for the United States. The count hoped much from the voyage, and every pleasant day he would have a mattress brought on deck, and lay the boy upon it. Then he would sit by his side and point to the waves, and ask Henri to admire the beauty of their curling crests, and point him to the deep, blue sky. Henri would listen, and be quiet while his friend talked, but he seemed to have no more idea of the grandeur of the ocean, or the glory of the sky, than the birds that flew in one, or the fishes that sported in the other. Whenever the count knelt to pray, Henri would kneel at his side in an attitude of deep devotion; but when asked to repeat a child's prayer, he would stare vacantly about, and no entreaty could induce him to utter a word.

If he was told about our Father in Heaven, and His kindness to His creatures, he would listen awhile as if half understanding it, and then lay his hands upon the count's face and stroke it gently, as if that was all of heaven he could understand, all the God he could worship. His hair, which had been cut off, or had come out from disease, began to grow again. It was dark brown, soft and curly, and when Henri was quiet it was a pleasant sight, the beautiful boy, with his large dreamy blue eyes fixed on his protector, and his thin hands clinging to his, as if he felt safe only when the count was in sight.

In the year seventeen hundred ninety-five Count De Lajard and the little boy were seated in a canoe rowed by Indians, and gliding swiftly over the clear waters of Lake George. It was the month of October, when the autumnal foliage was in its greatest beauty. The mountainous scenery was gorgeous in its robe of many colors—there was the golden sugar maple, and the deep red of the white maple, interspersed with the purple of the ash, the deep green of the pine and hemlock, and the paler hues of the elm and sycamore. Small, green islands, fit for the abode of fairies, were scattered here and there, contrasting finely with the deep blue waters of the lake; on Diamond Island was a grey old fortification, and far to the south in the distance the ruins of Fort William Henry, reminding the gaze that war had disturbed a spot that nature seemed to have dedicated to peace. The count thought of his countryman, the gay and gallant Montcalm, and of the bloody scenes which enacted on those quiet shores.

But as he looked on lake and islands, on the craggy mountains that rose abruptly from the shore, and on the broad forests, untouched by the woodman's

axe, he spied a little village at the southern extremity of the lake. It looked like a human beehive, full of bustle and activity—Indians in their gala dresses, with their wives and children, and white men driving a brisk trade with these forest hunters.

The different tribes of Indians had come down in squadrons of light canoes, laden with beaver skins and other spoils of their year's hunt; the canoes were on shore, and the men and women were busy unloading their contents. A camp of birch bark had been pitched near the village, and a kind of primitive fair opened with great ceremony by the governor-general, who, seated in a large elbow chair, with the Indians ranged in semi-circles round him, seated on the ground, and silently smoking their pipes. Speeches were made, presents exchanged, and then the sales followed. A brisk traffic was kept up for many days, and the village was alive with naked Indians running from shop to shop bargaining for arms, kettles, knives, axes, blankets, bright colored cloths, and other articles of use or fancy.

The count made signs to the Indians that he wished to be landed there, two naked savages jumping into the water and dragging the boat as near to the shore as possible. Little Henri was borne in their arms across the surf, and then hand in hand the count traversed this primitive bazaar. On their way they encountered a corpulent, good-natured looking old Dutchman, standing behind a rough counter laden with peltry. De Lajard stopped and addressed him in French, the man answered in German, at which the boy looked up and smiled.

"Mein guten knaber," said the Dutchman patting him on the head, and handing him a handful of nuts and confectionery. The boy bowed gracefully, and thanked him in pure, well-accented German.

"You look like a little prince," said the Dutchman, as he looked at him more attentively, admiring his dress, which was of velvet, richly embroidered, with a little three-cornered hat upon his head, around which was twined a tricolor velvet band.

"Can you tell me," said the count, "where I may find a young Indian named 'Red Cheek,' a brave of the Iroquois tribe?"

"You mean the chief, now known as Thomas Williams. He has white blood in his veins, and having married the old chief Thunderbolt's daughter, the beauty of the tribe, by the way, he has 'settled down' as we civilized folks say, and adopted many of our customs and manners. You will find him in his tent at the farther end of the village, a little away from the bustle of the place."

Thither the count went, and recognizing the tent by its superior size, and the neatness of its exterior, he carefully pushed aside the skin which served for a door, and entered.

On a low stool sat Wenona, beautiful still, but with a look of subdued sadness. She was dressed in a fine broadcloth robe, most exquisitely embroidered.

In a swinging hammock by her side, lay a young Indian boy watching his mother as she made and embroidered little birch baskets, and sung with touching sadness an Indian song.

De Lajard paused a moment, holding Henri firmly by the hand, lest he should make a noise, and gazed earnestly on Wenona's face. The little boy in the hammock, however, soon discovered them and motioned to his mother. She turned and met the gaze of De Lajard. A deep blush was plainly discernable beneath her rich olive cheek, and then her black eyes sparkled with a joy she could not express. Rising, she welcomed the count with a native grace, which art could not surpass, and offered him a seat. Fixing her eyes upon the boy with a look of admiration and pity, she gazed from him to De Lajard, as if for explanation. "Mine, mine," said the count.

Wenona saw the child was weary, and taking her own boy from the hammock, she placed him therein, and then commenced preparing food.

"Wenona, I cannot stay, and while we have the opportunity, let me ask of you one favor."

She seated herself at his feet as in days of yore, and clasping her hands, waited for him to express his will.

"Wenona, this child has no mother, she has floated like a bird to heaven—he has no father, he has gone to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit beyond the setting sun. He is sick, and our Father in Heaven has taken away the light of his mind. I love him, Wenona; he is dear to me as my own life, but I cannot nurse him as a woman can. Will you take him and cherish him as your own? For my sake, Wenona, will you be a mother to my boy?"

Wenona took the golden cross from her bosom and kissed it, then looking at the picture of the Virgin, she made the sign of the cross, and lifted her eyes to heaven. "By this I promise," said she, still holding the cross.

"Wenona never breaks her promise," said the count. "Will you, then, by the holy cross, swear never to divulge how you came by this child? Take it as your own, and let your secrecy be the pledge of our eternal friendship."

"My husband!" said Wenona with trembling lips. "No secrets from him," said the count, whose face was the mirror of his honorable soul. "I will see him and explain all to-day."

Meanwhile poor Henri had fallen asleep. The count stood and watched him some moments, and in spite of his efforts, tears fell like rain drops as he looked on the beautiful and unfortunate child.

"He will miss me, Wenona, and my heart breaks to leave him. Be kind to him, love him for my sake—for my sake, Wenona."

"Wenona never breaks her word," said the Indian maiden.

"Here is gold, and I will send more," said the count, as he flung a heavy purse into the hammock and went hastily out.

Finding Thomas Williams, he exacted a promise of secrecy from him, and then went his way.

In a few days the Indians that had assembled in the little village of Cahwell, having supplied their wants and parted with all their furs, took leave of the governor, struck their tents, launched their canoes, and piled their way up the lakes and into the St. Lawrence, on the shores and in the vicinity of which river Thomas Williams and many of his tribe passed what they called their "winter hunt."

In a bend of the river at the confluence of the river St. Maurice with that of the St. Lawrence was a convent established by the French Catholic missionaries. Its whitewashed walls and neatly enclosed gardens, its tall steeples with the cross upon it, stood out in the middle of that broad domain of forest, lake and river, like a tiny picture framed and set within a larger one of bolder coloring and deeper light and shade. This seemed drawn by a more delicate hand, and won the traveler by its home-like aspect.

Thither De Lajard bent his steps, and was met within its walls by a venerable priest, who after ordering refreshments for his guest, and seeing that all his bodily wants were supplied, invited him to a private conference in his own apartment. The priest was worn with sorrow, prayer and fasting. He had before the revolution in France officiated as priest in the royal household, and been an actor in the eventful reign of Louis Sixteenth. His brother was the king's state minister.

The gay courtier De Lajard and the priest had not met since the palmy days of the commencement of Louis's reign, and now it was with sad hearts they rehearsed in the forests of the new world, the tragic events that had shaken the thrones of Europe.

A sad and solemn secret they shared between them, and parted, the count full of hope, the old man with a mournful shake of his grey head, and a benediction on his parting guest.

Tenderly, as if the invisible spirit of his noble guardian were ever hovering near, Wenona watched her charge. He was a sickly and troublesome charge, requiring constant watchfulness and nightly, as well as daily care. But Wenona's patience never flagged; if necessary her own children were neglected that the fair-haired boy need not want.

Often in the night little Henri would awake in great agony, and in plaintive tones cry out, "I want to go home! Oh, take me home!"

Now and then he would have more pleasant dreams, and as soon as he had learned to express his thoughts in the Indian tongue, would tell them how he wandered in his sleep amid splendid houses, and saw long lines of gaily dressed soldiers, and heard rich music. But more frequently images of horror would present themselves, and he would not be pacified until Wenona would lay down by his side, and soothe him with kind words. He was lame too, and often in the marches, though he was but an infant, and the Indian women, who believed Wenona's story that he was her own child, pitied her that she should have borne so helpless a child.

His hair had grown long, and was very fine and soft. Wenona would often spend hours in dressing it, and twining its sunny curls round her fingers; she did not cut it, but let it hang in long ringlets upon his shoulders.

In course of time Wenona had many children, all of them swarthy in complexion and with strongly-marked Indian features. It was strange to see so fair a child as little Henri, numbered in the group; but it was supposed his European features were derived through his father, his grandmother having been a white woman.

In 1799, four years from the time when Wenona first called him "my son," he was at play with his brothers by the river side. A high rock rose abruptly from the water's edge. Among other feats of the little fellows was an attempt to climb this rock. Henri imitating the others climbed up with the agility of a squirrel; but alas! his poor head was not as strong as theirs. He became dizzy and fell, striking his head against a jutting piece of rock, but falling at last into the water.

The screams of the children brought an old Indian to them, who, taking the child, who was all appearance senseless, he rolled him rapidly in the warm sand. Suddenly Henri opened his eyes, and at once a new world was opened to him!

He felt like one awaking from a long, long dream. His reason had returned; the broken harp was strung again, and would yield music to the touch. He was very weak, unable to rise, but as he lay upon the sand, and looked upward to the sky, and upon the tops of the distant mountains, robed in "living green," a world seemed to his view to have just sprung from the creating hand of its Maker. He was carried home, and for six weeks he lay upon his bed of skins, Wenona, night and day, anxiously watching by his side. Though he could understand the present, the past was still a fearful dream. "Mother! mother! see him!" he would exclaim, "drive him away!" and he would be in such agony that beads of sweat would stand upon his pale face, until Wenona's gentle words and soft hand would soothe him to repose. Through her care he lived, and was able to play with the children again. At the request of his adopted father, he was named Eleazar, and ever after went by the name of Eleazar Williams.

He was one day at play with his brothers, when his mother called him to her. "Go, my child, to

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. SPIRIT COMMUNION.

BY CORA WILSON.

In the silent twilight hour, voice whisper unto me, And my longing spirit listens to the murmur of the sea. And the deepening shadows wait me to a summer land of bloom. While the dream of youth returns from the solitude and gloom. On a silvery beach, all studded with the treasures of the deep— Gleaming pearl and scattered coral, over which the wavelets leap. With a song of summer gladness, where the stately palm tree bends. Come unto my longing spirit, visions of what life could be, Deep imbued with aspiration, holiness, and purity; To my soul's deep chambers gliding angel harmonies attune, There the slumbering lyre awaiting the responding spirit boon. Life and Love! the dream returns, fraught with all its mystic power. And the inner gem is gleaming, with the glory of its dower. On my brow the hand is resting of one loved and gone before. O'er my heart the peace of heaven steals on that sea-girl shore. To my lone heart's invocation, from a mansion in the skies, Lists a radiant seraph, dwelling in the light of Paradise. And with spirit-arms enfolding clasps me to her angel breast. On my soul the impress leaving of communion with the best! By my soul's upwelling gladness, by its freedom and its bliss, I can tell the angel signs of a mother's hallowed kiss. And I know that "Love eternal," is the watchword of the spheres. That the starry crown of glory, oft is formed of earth-wrung tears. In the silent twilight hour, voice whisper unto me, And my longing spirit listens to the murmur of the sea. Life, with all its earnest beauty, Love, with all its holy might, Beckon 'mid the deepening shadow—Onward, upward, thro' the night! PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13, 1857.

POOR TOM, A CITY WEEB.

When I first became acquainted with poor Tom—Craddock was his surname—he was about twenty-five years of age. His appearance never altered. He must have been the same at fifteen as he was at forty. Imagine a short, shambling figure, with large hands and feet, a huge water-on-the-brain-looking head, surmounted by rough stubbly red hair; eyes that no mortal ever saw; for, suffering from a painful ophthalmic disease, they were always encased, not so much in spectacles as in a perfect bandage of green glass; dress which, though ill-made and of necessity thread-bare, was always clean and respectable. Imagine these things, and you have all that I care to dwell upon of the physical characteristics of poor Tom. He was earning a very scanty pittance as an usher, or rather common drudge at a classical and commercial academy at Hackney, where I was sent as a youth to learn the science of book-keeping by single and double entry, and to post up and arrange numerous imaginary transactions of great intricacy and enormous magnitude in sugar, hides, and tallow. Tom's intellectual acquirements were on a par with his physical advantages. Being sent out by his parents into the world to shift for himself as his father had done before him, he had shifted himself into a very ill-paid and monotonous occupation. Tom's parents were, no doubt, very good people, as the world goes. The father was a quiet, plodding man, with no ideas beyond the routine of his office. He had been put into an ordinary government situation in his early youth, and had trudged backward and forward on the same old road for eight and fifty years. The mother was a hard, dry, Calvinist, crammed to the throat with doctrine, but with neither head nor heart. Her children—and she had eight—were all the same to her; the girls went out and kept schools, and the boys went into the world to sink or swim, as their father had done before them. They had all been decently clothed and fed up to a certain age—they had all had the same meaningless education—they had all sat under the same minister, and had served as teachers in the same Sunday school. They were all—with the exception of Tom—old, hard, selfish, and calculating; there was nothing like love amongst them; its place was supplied by a propriety of regard that was regulated by the principle of duty. Though poor Tom, with his half blind eyes, and general physical disadvantages, merited a treatment a little removed from the rigid equality which governed his parents in their family organization, he never met with it; he was one of the eight, and he had his eighth of attention—neither more nor less. His mental training was even below the level of his brothers and sisters, because the medical attendance, consequent upon his diseased eyes, took from the fund that was methodically set aside for his education. If, as was the case in the year when he underwent an operation, the surgical expenses swallowed up the educational fund, and something more, his clothes fund was debited with the difference, and he suffered for his bodily failings in a short supply of boots and hats. The father kept a book in which he hid opened debtor and creditor accounts with all his children, as if they had been so many mercantile vessels. When Tom arrived at the same age as his brothers had arrived at when they went out before him, he received the same hint that it was time that he sought for a means of obtaining a livelihood; and, feeling his own short-comings, and want of energy, he accepted the offer of a chapel connection, and quietly sank into the position at the school in which I found him. Poor Tom's personal appearance gave rise to all kinds of heartless jokes, such as only self-willed, thoughtless schoolboys make. His eyeglasses were always a fruitful source of amusement. Many a lad in all the full glow of health, has tried to break those green coverings to see what kind of eyes were concealed behind them. Tom bore all with wonderful patience and amiability of temper. He had small authority over the boys, for want of force of character, but his uniform kindness did a great deal, and many a little tormentor has shed bitter tears of remorse, when he found the way in which his authority was returned. Tom's income was exceedingly small, far under the average of ushers' stipends, but he was very careful and independent with it. One day, after a long and weary day's work, he was sitting at home, and he thought of the many who were able to indulge in the luxury of buying little presents for his favorites in the school. One day, when

Not long since, dear reader, we met with the Indian missionary. It is stated in Lemarins, and I think also in two other, and still more authentic histories, that the wound which Simon made by the nail in the napkin, left a scar upon the left temple. A similar scar we found upon the missionary. It is also stated that he died of scrofula, which affected his limbs. There are scars upon the limbs of the supposed Dauphin, which skillful physicians pronounce acrofulous. Our description of him would agree with that of another, who, in a brief notice of him some time since, thus speaks: "He is now about sixty-five years of age; five feet nine inches in height, and inclined to embonpoint. His eyes are dark, but not black. His hair dark, rich and glossy, and interspersed with gray. His eyebrows are full, and of the same color; upon the left is a scar. His beard is heavy, and nose aquiline. The nostril is large, and finely cut. The mouth is well formed, and indicative of mingled firmness and benignity of character. Most, however remarkable, is the full, protuberant upper Maxilian lip, the distinctive feature of the Austrian family. This, the experienced observer is well aware is never found in the aboriginal, and very rarely among the Americans themselves. His head is well formed, and sits proudly upon his shoulders. In his address he is easy, and in conversation animated. His manners are, and ever have been, uniformly polite and gentlemanly, indicating French, rather than English parentage. But there is not the slightest indication in his person or countenance of Indian blood. And if there be anything in family resemblance, whoever has seen Louis the Sixteenth, or likenesses of him, or is acquainted with his family, in beholding this man, would notice the similitude." Since the confession of De Lajard, or Belanger, as the newspapers termed him, the missionary received a small package from Paris. It contained a child's ring. It was found in the crack of the floor, where Dauphin was confined, in a room of the Temple. Another person has sent him a robe, which once belonged to the queen, or as the giver expressed it, "his mother." A gentleman obtained in Paris a correct likeness of Simon, the jailor, and handed it to Mr. Williams. At the first glance, an involuntary shudder passed through his frame. He took it, turned to one side, while his feelings almost overcame him. There was the demon face which had haunted him through the years of his suffering childhood, and disturbed the midnight slumbers of mature years. Many such devils incarnate were let loose upon unhappy France during the first revolution, and when the blood of the aristocrats flowed like water, and the royalists were hunted like deer, from one refuge to another, no wonder that modern research finds many romantic details for pen and pencil. The good old Abbe, in the little convent of Trois Riviere, could have told us many a sad tale of suffering and hairbreadth escapes, but he likes not to dwell upon the past, but in prayer and penance passes the hours that divide him from death, where he trusts to meet his martyred king, who gave his blood as an atonement for the sins of his father. One fact alone we draw from his lips. When the poor little dauphin lay sick in his prison, two physicians were appointed to take charge of him. "They were secret loyalists. They laid a plan for his escape, and caused it to be carried into execution. They reported him worse, and finally dead. The officers were bribed, and the guards intoxicated. A dead body was introduced from the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the living boy immediately passed beyond the power of bolts and bars." The compassion which the most civilized nation of earth refused to the heir of the Cæsars, was found in the wigwam of the North American savage. There was no home for him in the land of his birth, when Napoleon ruled the realm; but when Louis Philippe was enthroned in the Tuilleries, would not he recall the secret, guarded like buried treasure for so many years? Alas! would the son of Egalite search in the wilds of America for the lost heir of the elder branch of the Bourbons? Yes, he did search for him; but to quote again the words of another, "It was probably to make overtures to him to renounce forever all claim to the throne." He received the same answer which his royal cousin gave to the ambassador of Napoleon, at Warsaw:—"Though I am in poverty, sorrow and exile, I will not sacrifice my honor." We spoke in the first part of this narrative of the children of the queen. Maria Theresa de Charlotte, the sister, was older than the dauphin. She shared his imprisonment, or rather the same prison enclosed both; but after the death of her father, mother and aunt, and the escape of her brother, she was left alone. In 1795 she was exchanged by Austria for some French prisoners. Her life was an eventful one, full of sorrow and suffering. After many changes, we find her at last in the little village of Frohsdorf, in Austria. It is an old feudal estate, near the Hungarian frontier. The chateau is surrounded by a dry moat, crossed by a stone bridge. It is painted white, and the pointed roof is crowned by chimnies, and garret windows, and ornamented with a triangular gable. A traveler says, "The site is stern and melancholy." To the west lies a vast plain, at the extremity of which rises, in all its magnificence, the chain of mountains, which separates Styria from Austria. On the east is a long hill, on the summit of which runs the Hungarian frontier, guarded by armed peasants. In this distant retreat, "in a plain, dark attic, and severely simple room," the aged princess spent the last years of her life. There, shut up from the world, she lived amid the souvenirs of the past. Around her are the portraits of her father, mother, and the unfortunate Princesse Lamballe—the black waistcoat which her father wore in going to the scaffold, and the lace kerchief which her mother mended with her own hands, before going to the Revolutionary Tribunal. Once a year she takes these relics out, and, shutting herself in her own room, lived awhile with the beloved dead. After an exile of twenty-one years, she expired on the nineteenth of October, beloved by all who knew her. She never forgot in her life the memorable words of her father, contained in his last will: "I recommend my children to my wife; I wish her to make them regard the grandeur of this world, if they are condemned to enjoy them, as dangerous and perishable advantages, and to turn their thoughts towards the only solid and durable glory of Eternity." Thus passed this daughter of the Cæsars from a life of sorrow, to the eternal gates.

It was neither a Chinese junk, from "farthest Ind," manned by Celestials, to attract the curious, nor did the crescent wave at the mast head, that our shipbuilders might collect to compare her clumsy bulk with our own world-renowned clippers. Neither was it a British yacht, so with a challenge to the enterprising Yankee, who never yet refused to raise the gauntlet. It was simply a French frigate, neatly built, and finely rigged, to be sure, and giving to the breeze the tricolor flag of La Belle France. But similar vessels are coming and going constantly, without exciting so much interest. Ayl this is the "La Belle Poule," and her freight is a prince of the blood, De Joinville. We Americans are accused of undue adulation to such personages. But as long as fortunes are made by the exhibition of "wooly horses" and mummy princesses of the masculine gender, let us charitably conclude that it is our curiosity, rather than our reverence, that leads us to flock in crowds to gaze upon so rare an exhibition in our country as a royal prince. But then De Joinville is young, handsome, and fascinating. The ladies will forgive the title in admiration of the man. So parties are made, dinners given, and Stuart, in his marble palace, adds greatly to his fortune by the increased sales of gala dresses and white gloves. A large party has assembled to welcome the prince at the fine mansion of Judge B. Mrs. R., of Philadelphia, Mrs. S., of Boston, the beautiful Misses Q's, of New Orleans, are present, and a reporter is already behind the curtain, to give as minute a description of their dresses, as if he were witness on a criminal trial. Boquets are up in the market, and democracy is certainly at par. But still, "The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men," but not half so brightly as the smiles of the courtly foreigner. "Moste Is there with its voluptuous swell," but not half so sweet is the melodious discourse of the hired band, as the musical accent of the prince's inimitable French. In the midst of all this gayety the prince disappears. He is in the ante-room, in close conversation with the French consul. "Can Monsieur tell him where a certain Episcopal clergyman, by name Eleaner Williams, resides, a missionary to the Indians?" The consul is startled at the question, but etiquette forbids any expression of surprise. He cannot inform the prince; but his friend, Mr. Ogden, of that city, would be able to do so, and he will consult him. He is requested so to do, and report to the prince. Again De Joinville mingles in the dance, and wins many a bright glance from republican beauties. They did not dream then that only a Brazilian princess, from the sunny land of diamonds, could satisfy the ambition of the son, or the craftily laid plans of the citizen king, his father. No matter—the fairy little plans that dance on the green sward of the fresh young hearts there will do them no more injury than the romances their eyes might wander over, if they had remained at home. How many novels might be woven out of the little episodes in a young belle's heart, during her first season, better than the "Chronicles of Canongate?" for Sir Walter. The consul learns that the Indian missionary is at Green Bay, Wisconsin, up among the great lakes. The prince expresses no surprise, takes the direction, and, as he wishes to see the scenery of North America, will visit the lakes during the summer, and may give the missionary a call. The missionary, as we should have told before, is married. There may have been some youthful romance in his heart, connected with our "little Ellen," and perchance Longmeadow, with its acres of waving broom corn, its fertile fields, sloping hills, its noble river, and its busy farmers, especially their loaded tables, steaming with hot buck-wheat cakes, yellow corn bread, and pumpkin pies, never rise in vision before him, but little Ellen comes too with her light step and sweet smile. But long after his school-days were over, he encountered, in some of his wanderings, the daughter of a French officer. She was told that the missionary was an Indian—"May be he is, and may be he is not," she thought, and all true philosophers have to come to similar conclusions on many great subjects. At any rate, her doubts weighed but lightly in the scale against her inclination, and they were married. On board a packet on one of the Western lakes the prince and his suite were pursuing their travels. It was ascertained by some one that the missionary, Mr. Williams, was on board, also. An introduction took place, when Mr. Williams informed the prince that he was hastening home, on account of the sickness of an infant. The child had been born during his absence, and his desire was to baptize it before its death. The prince wished to stand god-father, saying, "I would like to name it for my mother, the queen Amelia." Unfortunately the child was dead when they arrived. The prince remained some days in the vicinity, visiting the missionary frequently. One day he requested a private interview. It was long, and, to the missionary, it would seem startling. To use the language of another, "What transpired between them will probably go down to the grave unknown." But where, during all these years, is De Lajard? Has he forgotten the child for whom he once cared so tenderly? Many years have passed since "more gold" came to Wenona, and many more since the "strange gentleman" clasped little Henri in his arms, and wet his face with his tears. The missionary has no other recollection of him. All that transpired before his face, in seventeen hundred ninety-nine, is like an indistinct dream. Wenona never refers to those days. The prince, it would seem, has bound the minister to secrecy, and not even his wife knows the particulars of that last interview. Death may not reveal it; it is among the secrets of the earth, which the last great day alone will reveal. A few years after the visit of the prince, a gentleman died in New Orleans. From what little we can learn of his death we conjecture it may have been our old friend, De Lajard. How painfully the singular revelations of Mesmer proved true, history has already related. More is left to suspicion in the case of the count. Enough that he died in New Orleans, and left the following confession upon his death-bed: "In the year seventeen hundred ninety-five, I brought, from Paris the Dauphin, son of Louis the Sixteenth, by way of Holland and England, to the United States, and committed him to the care of an impostor, named Thomas Williams, in Canada."

assembled round an ample table where baked beans, Indian pudding, pies, cakes, apple sauce, &c., furnished an ample repast to the laborers. "Do you suppose Mr. Ely would have these little savages at table?" asked one. "Why, no, indeed; they only eat with their fingers," replied another. "My daughter wonders how they'll manage in school with them," said another; "for her part, she aint going to sit by 'em." Ellen Ely, a sweet girl of fourteen, heard this conversation, and her sympathy for the poor boys was awakened. "I will be kind to them," she says to herself; "poor things, they will need a friend." Not long after the meeting of the ladies, which I must add, en passant, resulted in the forming of a society for the education of the Indians, which, after the first prejudices were removed, did much good. But, as I was saying, not long after this meeting, a large sleigh, drawn by two small, but strong Canadian ponies, was driven through the village by a tall, muscular Indian, in the dress of his tribe, accompanied by two boys, also in Indian costume, and stopped at the house of Mr. Ely. Little Ellen was at the window; she was a graceful, gentle child, and though her heart beat fast, and she would gladly have retreated, yet she said to herself again: "Poor things, they are parted from their home; I will be kind to them." So she piled the wood upon the already ample fire, and awaited their coming. What was her astonishment, when she saw behind the tall, but not fierce looking chief, the beautiful boy with his long curls, and dark, blue eyes! John, who stood beside him, was not at all forbidding in his appearance, still she thought he looked as Indian boys do—but this vision of beauty before her! Surely it would not be hard to treat him kindly. The boy, too, seemed as much pleased with the little girl. He passed his hands over his eyes, as if there was a mist before him, or he were dreaming; then advancing towards her, he returned her salutation with a graceful bow. "Oh, I am so sorry Miss Prudence thinks they must take off their Indian dress, and wear pantaloons," she said to herself, as she saw the taste of Wenona in their embroidered garments. The boys were reluctant themselves to change, and felt very awkward at first; but Ellen promised she would lay aside their Indian clothes, and that they should wear them when they went into the woods to play by themselves. Eleaner, or Henri, as we prefer to call him, was an apt scholar; and, after some years, was transferred to Dartmouth College. The memory of Ellen was ever fresh in his heart, but now a new field of enterprise was open to him. The alarm of war was heard, and notwithstanding his intention to devote himself to the ministry, there was something in the sound of martial music, and in the show and parade of military life, that stirred his very heart's blood. Throwing aside his student's gown and his aspirations for literary fame, he girded on the sword, and rushed with ardor to the battle's strife; and, as an Indian chief, did honor to the American flag. He had been bred among the valleys and hills of New England, and in the simplicity of their Puritan worship; but his taste led him to prefer the more imposing worship, and the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal service. He was ordained as pastor among the Oneida Indians, and we find our little wanderer the adopted of Wenona, leaving his Indian flock to heaven, winning them by his own blameless life and devotional spirit. One Sabbath morning a traveler, finding himself in the vicinity of the village of St. Regis, N. Y., and knowing that a tribe of Indians resided near, asked of his host at the country inn if there was any house of worship there. "Yes," replied the man, "you will find an Indian preacher, about two miles from here." It was a beautiful morning, and our traveler giving his horse the reins, went slowly towards the spot pointed out to him. Now and then an Indian woman, or a group of children neatly dressed, would be seen wending their way to the same spot. When he entered the church, the pastor was already in the desk, and the gentleman, as he gazed upon him, just then in the beauty of opening manhood, wondered why he should be called "The Indian Preacher." His wonder was still more increased when he entered into conversation with him, and became a guest at his table. The gracefulness of his manners, the urbanity of his conversation, the waving, glossy fine hair, the European cast of his features, all spoke him to be of other than aboriginal descent. But there was the full-blooded Indian woman whom he called "Mother." He knew no other, he remembered no other. True, he sometimes had strange visions in his sleep, as if he were again an infant child, not in the Canadian wigwam, but dressed in rich robes, and sporting on velvet couches with a lady, upon whose beautiful face he loved to gaze; but such visions as these were always succeeded by a demon face, that thrust itself into this paradise, and curdled his blood with his horrible looks. Wenona never spoke to him of his infancy. With eleven children, her cares had increased with age, and the count had long since been numbered among the brighter scenes of her younger days that had grown dim as the shadows of life's evening closed around her. The golden cross still hung upon her bosom, and beneath, in the depths of the heart, lay the yet unbroken vow. One day, before the death of the old Chief, Thomas Williams, the son inquired of him his age. "Why do you ask me? Go to the priest—he keeps the records." To the priest he went, and there found recorded the date of the birth of each of his father's children, eleven in all, but no record of his own. At length he is appointed chaplain to the garrison, stationed on Greys Bay, far away in the north-western part of the United States. His little Indian congregation from St. Regis have followed him hither. His Indian mother has now fallen to his charge. Her other children are dead or wanderers; he alone survives, to return in her old age the care which she had for him many years before.

your father, by the river side; he is waiting for you." He obeyed, and saw standing by the Indian chief, whom he called father, a gentleman, richly dressed in military costume. As soon as he came near, the gentleman clasped him in his arms, and as the little fellow expressed it, "he wet my face with his tears." Again and again he thanked the chief for his kindness to the child, and, leaving gold, departed hastily. The old monk from the convent of "Trois Riviere," in his pious mission among the Indians, passed that way, and stopped with the Indian chief. He took Eleaner in his lap, and talked much with him. "This is not your child?" said the priest, looking inquiringly at her. "The Great Spirit gave him to me," said Wenona; "is he not mine, father?" she said sadly, evidently pained that he should call in question her claim to the boy. "Yes, yes," said the priest soothingly, and a blessed gift too," he said, as he stroked the boy's long curls. "And where did you get these, my boy?" said the priest, as he saw the child playing with a French coin, different from any then in use in the provinces, and a richly chased silver shoe-buckle, with the fleur de lis of France upon it. "They are mine," said the child; "mother says they are." Wenona started, and taking the toys, said quickly, "Mother will keep them safe for you." "This boy must be educated," said the priest. "Yes," said the father; "I intend to send John and Eleaner both to some school in a few months." Leaving his blessing with the child, the venerable Father Columbe went his way. CHAPTER VI. "You'll find a welcome in the style, Our father's ale and drink, A welcome fire and full to all, With little care for rank; The style that by the table showed A bountiful provider, When the Parson blessed the food prepared And took his mug of elder."—EASTMAN. There was quite a commotion raised one day in the little village of Longmeadow, on the Connecticut river, in Massachusetts, by the report that Mr. Ely, a worthy old gentleman of that place, had sent off to Canada to a tribe of Indians, and obtained two boys, whom he was going to educate. Now, a long time had passed, since the Indians had been driven from the Connecticut valley. It is true, they were very unwilling to leave this garden of New England, the fertile meadows, and the fine hunting grounds. They disputed the land at each aggression of the whites, and only yielded to the superior military skill of the latter. But these battles with the savages were only known now as traditions, related by the oldest inhabitants, and though not a savage was to be seen, they were only spoken of as the "Lord's accursed," the "Philistines," that must be rooted out of the land. Their names were associated with helpless women scalped, and infants dashed against the wall. Mr. Ely was an exception to many of his neighbors—"He was an old school gentleman, A personage quite rare In these exulting modern times Of stays, rattan, and hair; One of your true, whole-hearted men, Whose purse, and story, and basket, Whose herbs, and house, and heart, and hand, Are yours, before you ask it." Wishing to do some good to the poor Indian, this plan occurred to him. Now, some of the good ladies, as is often the case, wished to have a finger in the pie, and proposed to furnish the young savages with suitable clothes for attending school. Sewing societies were not in vogue in those days; it was before the worthy inhabitants of the good Bay State had sent the true, old-fashioned "gospel to the heathen," leaving hardly a tolerable share for their own use. I am inclined to think that the ladies of this beautiful village of Longmeadow must have originated at this time the idea of sewing societies. At any rate, the credit shall be theirs until some antiquarian, searching amid the records of the past, shall bring evidence to the contrary. Two or three of the most active went from door to door to appoint a meeting to cut and sew the garments. "Now, you don't say," said Aunt Sally Hopkins, as she stopped her spinning-wheel, and sat down to listen; "you don't say Mr. Ely is going to let them ere savages come back to Old Massachusetts? I'll tell you it's contrary to Scripture—they are the Amorites and Hittites that the Lord hath cursed. They'll bring a curse on the place." "Oh, no, Aunt Sally," said the lady mildly, "I hope not; besides, they are not all Indian blood. They are descendants of Rev. Mr. Williams, of Deerfield, who was taken captive by the Indians. You have heard about it." "La, yes! it was Nance Williams, great uncle; and he aint I seen the bullet-holes in the door at Bloody Brook? and don't I know how they scalped olks and knocked their brains out? No, no, don't you catch me a helpin' 'em back. Who knows but we shall all find ourselves murdered some mornin'." "I hope not," said the lady; "they would thus destroy their own kindred." "Oh, as to that, Eunice Williams," said Aunt Sally, "she might have come back, if she'd been a mind to, but she clung to her idols, and I say let her alone. She married among the heathen, which, you know, is expressly forbidden in Scripture." "No argument would move the old lady; as for leaving her spinning to sew for Amorites and Hittites, she'd no thought of it." The lady, learning wisdom by experience, used another argument at the next house, where two ancient spinners lived. The poor savages would like as not have clothes enough, but what would they be? Their bodies half naked, and what they wore, covered with Pagan hieroglyphics, or idol images. "That would be dreadful," exclaimed Miss Prudence; "so injurious to the morals of our village." "Yes," said her sister, "and out of regard to the virtue of the neighborhood, we will each furnish a pair of pantaloons." This was a fine beginning, and though there was much fear upon the subject, and a great thinking lest such a meeting would be stepping out of their duty as women, they at last collected, and went to work, in earnest. This was in the days before a silver cake basket took the place of pumpkin pies and election cake; or bread was shared like doubtful notes by a State street broker. The ladies assembled, at one o'clock, and worked like bees on the cotton, spools all five, when they

CHAPTER VII.

"Who hath not owned The power of grace, the magic of a kiss?" "Put not your trust in princes."

In the year 1841 there was a large concourse of people assembled upon one of the wharves of New York, awaiting the arrival of a vessel, which had already been telegraphed in the office. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the vessel; it was such as one might see almost any week riding at anchor in the harbor.

ly after the midsummer holidays, Tom appeared in what looked like a new coat, but which he told me privately was a very good second-hand one, that he had been some time raising the purchase-money for. It was the day for cleaning and replenishing all the inkstands and lamps in the school, and this was a duty that Tom had to perform. While occupied in his task, his coat was carefully hung up behind a door, though not so carefully but what it caught the eye of a mischievous lad whose name I forgot now, and who, knowing that it was a new garment belonging to Tom, thought it would be capital fun to fill the pockets with oil. When Tom found out the cruel trick that had been played upon him, I observed tears oozing from under his green spectacles, and for the first time since he had been at the school, he made a complaint to the master. The master, a stout, pompous man, replied in these words: "Mr. Craddock, sir; if you had preserved a proper authority over my boys, this event would not have happened. I shall chastise the offender to preserve the discipline of my school; but, at the same time, I do not consider you free from blame."

The chastisement, to do the master justice, was severe enough, and poor Tom, seeing this, blamed himself very much for having made the complaint, and could not persuade himself that he had not been actuated by a hasty and unchristian spirit of revenge.

Tom repaired the damage done to his garment as well as he could with my aid, and would have walked about in it contented enough; but he had been induced to buy the coat sooner than he would otherwise have done because the master had told him, that "he wished him to appear a little more gentlemanly for the credit of the school," and Tom now feared that he should be ordered to purchase another. A favorite relaxation of the tedium of study used to be an excursion of the whole school to the Temple Mills at Tottenham. An excursion of this kind took place about a week after the above occurrence, and Tom was put quite as his case when we started without any remark being made upon his greasy costume. It was the last excursion that we had, for at the close of the day a boy got away from the ranks—the boy who had poured the oil over Tom's coat—and was found drowned in the river Lea. Of course, the master, who had done nothing but eat and lounge the whole day—throw all the blame upon Tom, who, poor fellow, was nearly worn to death with his day's work, for in a conscientious spirit, that no one might suffer from his bodily defects, he always devoted a double amount of labor to any task that he undertook. He passed a wretched night, grieving for the lost boy, grieving that he had procured him a week before, and racking himself with doubts as to whether he might not have prevented the accident by greater care, activity, and thoughtfulness, although I knew that he had borne nearly the whole fatigue of the excursion. As I expected, the master discharged him the next morning, with an impressive censure upon his carelessness, and some cruel remarks upon defects which poor Tom was only too painfully conscious of.

It was some ten years after this, that I got poor Tom a situation as junior clerk, under me, in the counting-house of Biddles & Co.—old Biddles—in the West India trade. Tom's father had died shortly after he left the school at Hackney, and Tom had come into one of a number of small legacies, which his father had left in equal proportions to all his children. Tom received the amount from his eldest brother, the executor, after a deduction of about one-third, for loans and interest, medical attendance, &c., as per account rendered, from the family ledger before alluded to. Small as the sum was, to a person of Tom's humble ideas and inexpensive tastes, it was a mine of wealth. By great good management he contrived to live upon it for nearly ten years, and it was almost drawing to an end when I seized the opportunity that offered of placing him in our counting-house. Tom had not been idle during these ten years. He had inserted advertisements in the papers, he had canvassed friends, he had walked many times wearily and diffidently into offices and warehouses, he had begged to be employed; but his conscientious fidelity, his industrious zeal, his noble and valuable qualities, were sent away as if they had been the veriest drug in the market, because he could not carry his heart upon his sleeve. And yet we sooner had he left the door, than those who spurned him were loudly asking for that which had just been offered to them in vain. It is useless to preach about not judging by appearances; to say that merit will make itself discovered under the most ungainly exterior; that if the kernel is good it matters little what the shell may be; I know better; we all know better. Qualities of the heart, far more valuable than any intellectual gifts, or force of will, embodied in weak and unsightly frames, may hover near us like unseen angels, and be unheeded, trifled with, and despised. The brazen face and the doubled and tripled lungs are the practical rulers of the world. During Tom's endeavors for get employment he had lost twenty pounds of his little store by leaving it as a "cash deposit," or "guarantee of fidelity," with a "general merchant," who left him in charge of a very dull, quiet, ill-furnished office, for about ten days, at the end of which time even Tom became aware that he had been swindled out of his money.

I got poor Tom into old Biddles' office in this way. Old B. liked to buy his labor, like everything else, in the cheapest market, and when a new junior clerk was proposed, I introduced Tom to do a man's work at a boy's price, and that way of putting it so excited the cupidty of the old fellow, that I had the satisfaction of carrying my point at once. Small as the salary was, Tom was grateful, and never did servant serve a master with more honesty and scrupulous fidelity than Tom did old Biddles. Punctual to a second in arriving at his desk, steady and industrious in his application to work, religiously exact in his economy of time (which being paid for employing he did not consider his own), considerate and correct in all matters of office expenditure, treating other people's property as tenderly as if it had been his own—a man with few desires, no debts, and with always a little set aside out of his small store for purposes of charity. What did he gain by all these virtues? Was Tom looked up to with more respect by his fellow clerks? I am afraid not. Was he advanced to any position of trust by his employer? I am sure not. He was treated with even more than the general suspicion that characterized old Biddles' dealings with every one in business—friend or foe, clerk or client. Tom did not command admiration by any showy abilities, and his solid virtues were left to rot in neglect.

Thus poor Tom did his duty nobly; from year to year, without any encouragement, though he needed none; a poor, simple-hearted, honest fellow; he had

no idea that he was acting differently from other people. "You know, Robert," he used to say to me, "we are not all gifted with talent; I know I am neither active nor clever, but I do my best, and I hope Mr. Biddles is satisfied, though I sometimes fear that he is not." This remark was generally made after one of those miserable wet, busy, muddy November days, when Tom was kept running about from nine till six, under a short, faded macintosh cape, and when old Biddles was more than usually surly.

We passed in this way something like five years together, until I had a serious attack of illness that kept me away from my office many weeks. Tom, after the labor of the day, seldom missed calling to inquire about me, long as the distance was, and very often brought me little delicacies suited for an invalid. I could not prevent his bringing them, although I felt that their purchase must have pinched him in various ways. The nature of my complaint made it necessary for me to take a holiday of a couple of months; and so great was Tom's fear that such a long absence would lead to my dismissal by old Biddles—although even in this anxiety there was not a particle of selfishness—that I was compelled to tell him that my engagement was under articles that could not be broken.

When I returned re-invigorated to my duties, I found, to my surprise, a marked change in Tom. His manner was evidently embarrassed, and in his appearance there was a feeble and clumsy attempt to be buckish. When a man returns to an office after an absence of some months everything seems to him cold and strange; he does not sit into his accustomed corners, his papers look spectral, he hardly knows where to put his coat, and his hat tumbles down from its peg. If the place has been re-painted and furnished (as mine had been), this makes matters worse. I did not question Tom the first or second day, as I thought much of his altered appearance might have been a partial delusion of my disordered imagination. On the third day I fancied from his nervous behavior that he was about to make some explanatory disclosure, and I was not disappointed. After much hesitation and preamble, which he, poor fellow, was little adept in, it came out at last; Tom was in love—deeply, earnestly in love. When he had secured me as his confidant a load seemed to have departed from his mind, and he was happier and gayer than I had ever known him before. As to myself, I was lost in various reflections. I laughed the first and last unkind laugh at Tom's expense, when I thought of him ogling his chosen one through those eternal green glasses. I wondered if the strong olive tint which her face of necessity bore, stood to Tom as the rose upon the damask cheek of beauty seen through the naked eye. Did he kiss those taper-fingers which must have appeared to him as if they were fresh from the dye-tub, or the task of walnut picking? Did nature, which had appeared to his faint vision, for so many years, a gloomy picture clad in one solemn tint, brighten up with a more cheerful glow, now that this new light had fallen on his heart? Poor Tom, when I looked at him sitting there before me, his awkward shape and disfigured countenance, I dreaded lest his choice should have fallen upon some thoughtless, selfish girl, and felt a foreboding that his passion would only end in misery and bitter disappointment.

Tom was too happy to notice my abstraction, and his only desire was to consult me about the capabilities of his scanty income to support a wife. Here, with hard figures to deal with, I was obliged to reason severely, but every objection that I started was overruled by Tom's explanation of the personal privations he could undergo for the attainment of domestic happiness. It was needless for him to enter into details with me, who knew his qualities so well, to prove what a considerate, devoted husband he would be. I knew that his income was inadequate, and the tone of my advice was to dissuade him from nourishing an affection that, I felt assured, must be hopeless.

The next morning, poor Tom appeared with a long list of figures, with which he had been working out a problem over-night, and had arrived at the conclusion, that if he could obtain another twenty pounds a-year from old Biddles, he might attempt the step he was anxious to take, with perfect propriety. When he consulted me as to whether I thought he would get the advance, I felt that his mind was made up, and knowing that his long and faithful services merited even a greater reward, I told him to go boldly to old Biddles and ask at once. It was Saturday morning; old Biddles was late, and when he came, he was very busy; he went out several times, a very unusual thing with him, and when he returned, many people were waiting to see him. All this threw poor Tom into a fever of excitement; he kept running in and out of Biddles' private room in such an unceremonious manner, and upon such frivolous pretences, that at last the old fellow asked him if he was ill? This brought Tom to a stand, and he timidly made his proposal. Old Biddles took time to consider. Tom augured favorably from this, and the next day, Sunday, he prevailed upon me to join him in a visit to the family of his intended wife.

She was much younger than Tom, stout, florid, and rather vulgar-looking. I watched her closely, and her treatment of him, though at times slightly and inconsiderate, did not appear unkind. Tom was so absorbed in the contemplation of his happiness, that I was left pretty much to my own resources, and conversation with a sister. When the visit closed, although I had my doubts, I was unable to form a conclusion whether the affection on the part of the girl was real or stimulated. Monday passed over in silence; on Tuesday the blow fell. About ten o'clock a letter was delivered to Tom, which told him that she for whom he was willing to give up all the comforts he so much needed, for whom he was even then planning out some little thoughtful present, and to whom he had given all the great affection of his kind and noble heart, had encouraged his passion like a cruel, wayward girl, and now threw it aside without pity or remorse.

Close upon this shock followed a formal discharge from old Biddles. He had weighed Tom's proposal, and his fidelity which were endurable at fifty pounds a-year, were not to be tolerated at seventy. The supply was greater than the demand. Biddles was a practical business man.

Some few years afterwards, when poor Tom's shattered frame and broken heart were lying peacefully in the grave, and his clerical successor at forty pounds a-year had embezzled money to a considerable extent, old Biddles felt that for once he had made a mistake, and thought of an awkward, green-speckled clerk who used to sit in his office, and who, if not brilliant, was trustworthy.

"Do you know Craddock's address?" he asked one morning, as I entered his room. (Though I

know his address—somewhere in Heaven, poor dear Tom—I didn't say so).

"He has been dead some time," I replied.

"Hum! put an advertisement in the Times for somebody like him."

We put an advertisement in the Times, for somebody like him; but old Biddles found he could not get another Tom Craddock merely by drawing a cheque for him.

Written for the Banner of Light. ANSWER TO "LILLY"

Art thou, art thou DREAMING? The humble unimpaired song I penned Was but the faint outgushing. Of thoughts which are unworthy thee! Why shouldst thou dream of aught that I can send? O cease, oh! cease thy sighing— 'Tis only when thou'rt folded in sweet sleep— That memory can replete thee. The forms familiar to thy dreams; Oh! cease thy sighing, and thy dream-thoughts keep. Where, where art thou watching? The globe's radiance of thy wretched lights Would cast no halo round thee— Nor could the mystic song you hear Reveal from me aught that is bright. Yes, still am I concealing! 'Tis only when thy soul hath planned its flight, Through mazy folds revealing The shadows of the spirit-land— Thou know'st me only in the realms of night. Linger, art thou lingering? In bowers where fancy dwells concealed? The mystic tones thou'rt fingering Will ne'er allow thee to depart— They'll find thee there till all shall be revealed. Hush! thou mayest not know me, Till passing through the future's golden gate; There I'dal thoughts are Real, And all the veils are drawn— Until that blissful hour, farewell, I wait. LULU.

A TOUCHING (AND TOUCHED) CHARACTER.

Some few years ago, the reading-room of the Bibliothéque Royale, at Paris, was frequented by a personage whose quaint costume could not fail to attract the notice of every visitor. Dressed from top to toe in a close-fitting garb of red, or blue, or yellow cloth, with the grand cordon of some unknown order of knighthood around his neck, and his hat adorned with artificial flowers, bright beads, and tinsel ornaments of every description, the strangely-accounted student would sit all day long in one particular place, with his head bent over his book, apparently wrapt in attention to the subject before him. He was a man, past middle life, his hair and beard were grey, and his countenance, which had evidently once been handsome, bore traces of long and deep suffering, in the furrows which it was plentifully seamed. The curiosity excited by the singularity of his dress could not fail to be increased by the ineffable sorrow expressed in his face; and if any one, interested by his appearance, inquired who he was, he probably obtained no other answer than this: "It is Carnevale."

Indeed, Carnevale's history was so well known to the habitués of the library, that they thought no further answer was necessary; but if the inquirer pursued his questions, he might have heard the following account of him:—

Carnevale was an Italian, of a highly respectable family in Naples. He came to Paris about the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, young, handsome, and well provided with money. With these advantages he had no difficulty in getting into society, and was received with open arms by his fellow-countrymen resident in the French capital. Suddenly, however, he disappeared; his friends lost sight of him; no one knew why or whether he had gone, until some time afterwards it was discovered that he had fallen passionately in love, and had sought solitude in order to enjoy undisturbed the sweet society of the mistress of his affections. But his happiness was of short duration; the lady died, and her death robbed poor Carnevale not only of all that was dearest to him on earth, but of his reason, too.

When he had in some degree recovered from the first violence of the shock, he went daily to pray and weep at her tomb. The watchman at the cemetery noticed that, at every visit, he took a paper, folded in the shape of a letter, from his pocket, and placed it under the stone. This was communicated to Carnevale's friends, one of whom went to the grave, and found five letters hidden there; one for each day since her burial. The last was to this effect, though it is impossible to render in a translation all the pathetic grace of the original Italian:—

DEAREST—You do not answer my letters, and yet you know that I love you. Have you forgotten me amid the occupations of the other land? It would be unkind—very unkind—if you had. But now, for five days—five long days—I have waited for news of you. I cannot sleep, or if I close my eyes for an instant, it is to dream of you.

Why did you not leave me your address? I would have sent you your clothes and trinkets. . . . But no! do not send for them: for pity's sake, leave them with me. I have arranged them on chairs, and I fancy you are in the next room, and that you will soon come in and dress yourself. Besides these things, which you have worn, spread a perfume through my little room; and so I am happy when I come in.

I wish I had your portrait, very well done, very much like you, so as to be able to compete with the other—for I have one already. It is in my eyes, and it can never change. Whether I shut my eyes, or open them, I see you always. . . . Ah, my darling! how skillful is the great artist who has left me this portrait.

Farewell, dearest! Write to me to-morrow, or to-day, if you can. If you are very busy, I will not ask you for a page, or even for a line—only three words. Tell me only that you love me. CARNEVALE.

His friend, imagining that he was suffering from an illusive melancholy which every day would tend to decrease, requested the watchman to take away the letters as Carnevale brought them; but the result was not as he anticipated. On finding that his love did not send him any reply, Carnevale fell into a state of gloomy despair; after having written thirty letters, he ceased his visits to the cemetery.

It was about this time that, as he walked along the boulevards, he saw a variety of bright-colored cloths displayed in a draper's window. He smiled at seeing them, and entering the shop, purchased several yards of each sort of cloth. A week afterwards, he appeared in the streets in a complete suit of red; hat, coat, waistcoat, trousers and shoes, all of red, and of a fantastic cut. A crowd soon gathered around him, and he returned home with at least five hundred dollars at his heels. The next day, he came

out in a yellow suit; the day after, in a suit of sky-blue; each day he was followed by a fresh crowd; but, ere long the Parisians became familiar with the eccentricity of his attire, and none but strangers turned to gaze at him. It was noticed, however, that he varied his dress from day to day, not in any regular succession, but capriciously, and as if in accordance with his frame of mind.

During the revolution of July, eighteen hundred and thirty, his strange costume nearly proved fatal to him. As he took no interest in passing events, never conversing with any one, and never reading a newspaper, he was perfectly unaware of what was occurring, and had no idea that Paris was in a state of revolution. On the twenty-eight of July, as he was walking along the boulevards, he fell in with a band of insurgents from the faubourgs, who, not being familiar with his appearance, and being misled by the cordon round his neck, took him for a foreign prince, and were going to throw him into the Seine. He was fortunately recognised by a cab-driver, who explained who he was, and obtained his liberation. It was with great difficulty that Carnevale was brought to understand that Paris was in uproar, and that his gay habiliments had brought him into peril of his life; but when, the next day, he once more put on black clothes, he relaxed into his former sagacity. He felt his brain grow disturbed; he raved with painful acuteness the death of his love; he was conscious that, day by day, his reason was abandoning him. As soon as he found this was the case, he betook himself, of his own accord, to the hospital at Bicétre, and remained there for some time, under treatment. The physicians were amazed to hear a madman reason as calmly, as he did about his condition.

"Send for my colored clothing," said he one day. His request was complied with; and as soon as he had put on his red suit, he resumed his former gaiety. "It was the black clothes," he said, "that made me ill. I cannot endure black. You are all very foolish to sacrifice to so ugly a fashion. You always look as if you were going to a funeral. For my part, when I am very joyful I put on my red suit; it becomes me so well—and, besides, my friends know what it means. When they see me in red, they say: 'Carnevale is in a very good humor to-day.'"

When I am not in such good spirits, I put on my yellow suit; that looks very nice, also. And when I am a little melancholy, and the sun does not shine very brightly, I put on my blue clothes."

When he left the hospital, finding that his fortune was somewhat diminished, Carnevale determined to add to his means by giving lessons in Italian. He soon obtained a number of pupils—for his story became known, and gained him many friends. His manner of teaching, too, was excellent; he never scolded his pupils, or gave them impositions. If they knew their lessons well, he would promise to come next time in his apple-green dress; but if he were dissatisfied with them, he would say: "Ah! I shall be obliged to come to-morrow in my coffee-colored suit."

Thus he rewarded and punished his pupils always, and he could easily do it, for he had more than sixty suits, each of one color throughout, all ticketed and hung up, with the greatest care, in a room which he allowed no one to enter but himself.

His circle of acquaintances, towards the end of his life, became very large. His gentle manners, and harmless eccentricities, made him welcome everywhere. At the Neapolitan embassy, he was a constant guest; and with the artistes of the Italian Theatre he was a special favorite. Though not rich, his income more than sufficed his moderate wants, and he gave away a great deal in charity. No poor Italian ever applied to him in vain for assistance; many have owed success to his zealous recommendation of them to his influential friends. He delighted in being of service.

His habits were very simple. Every morning, he rose at five o'clock from the leathern arm-chair in which he slept; for he would not sleep in a bed. After a visit to the fish-market, to make purchases for his friends, he would return home, and prepare, with his own hands, a dish of potatoes for his breakfast. His day was spent with his pupils, or at the library, and ended with a walk on the boulevards. In walking, if he met any one he knew, he would take his arm, and enter into a long conversation about Italy, music, or some other favorite topic; and he would fancy that the person whom he had thus casually encountered, was Bellini, Napoleon, Malebran, or some equally illustrious deceased. This hallucination was a source of great pleasure to him: it was in vain to tell him that Napoleon, Malebran and Bellini were dead. "They are dead to you, I admit," he would answer, "but not to me. I am endowed with senses that you do not possess. I assure you they are not dead; they love me, and frequent my company."

Poor Carnevale! May the sun shine brightly on his grave.

COMICAL COMEDIANS.

That clever, low comedian, John Owens, has lately made another trip to Europe and home again, having arrived within the last few weeks at New York, where he was received with great cordiality by hosts of friends. As usual, John was full of anecdote—no tourist of our acquaintance making more in his way out of his travels than he can do. It would be rare fun to hear him relate his interview with Barney Williams, in Paris, as we have the account at second hand.

Fancy John, having cultivated a formidable suit of facial hair, and attired at every point a la mode de Paris, rapping one fine day at the door of a room eligibly located on the Boulevard des Italiens, and receiving in response the exclamation from within, "Entrez!"—of course in the purest Parisian accent. Tipping the rim of his newly-purchased and highly-polished castor over his eyes, till it rests on the bridge of his nose, and assuming something of a swaggering air, John enters, and is received with the extremest demonstrations of courtesy by our friend Barney, who is lying off, in all the luxury of a morning costume—a splendid dressing-gown, and smoking-cap and slippers to match—sipping his *café au lait*, and reading Gallignani.

"Comme vous portez vous, Monsieur?" says Barney, turning to the stranger, without the slightest suspicion who it was, and with all the politeness and an admirable imitation of the manners of the people he was living among; and receiving from his bearded, mustached, and whiskered visitor the usual response. "Asses vous, Monsieur," added he, at the same time placing his guest a chair, and, with the most marked French *empressement*, waving him an invitation to sit.

John could not carry on the joke. The metamor-

phose of Barney into a Parisian was too much for his gravity. Taking off his hat, and, at the same moment, clapping his host upon the back, he exclaimed, in his natural voice and manner—"How are you, Barney?"

"And is it you, ye devil?" said Barney, whose first impulse had evidently been to throw the poker at the head of his visitor, when he found out to whom he had been airing his French. "And what the deuce are you doing in this part of the world?"

"Studying the language, my boy, that's all; and what an illigant lesson I have just got—especially in the accent, eh, Barney?"

Having passed some weeks very pleasantly in Paris, our friend Owens returned home, and, after a swift and agreeable passage across the Atlantic, arrived at the pier of the Collins line of steamers, in the North River, at New York. As he was leaning on the taffrail, like Juliet in the balcony scene, "His cheek upon his hand," and fidgeting himself that he had reached his native land once more in safety, one of those amiable gentlemen who signalize themselves by poking whips in the faces of travelers, by way of catching their eyes, and securing the privilege of smashing their luggage, clambered over the rail, and, giving our friend a gentle slap on the back, said:

"Have a carriage, bub?" John, being knocked quite out of his reverie, and nearly out of all the breath in his body, by this courteous salutation, stood for a moment speechless; and the conchee, scanning his costume and the out of his whiskers, evidently began to think he was a Frenchman. Owens perceived this, and immediately determined to humor the idea, and have some fun out of it.

"Carriazhe! Vat vez zo carriazhe?" "Why, the coach—horses, wheels—things that go round, round, so! Go 'lang! Crack! Take you to hotel!" said the other, gesticulating all the while, and describing, patonimically, the motion of a carriage, the driving of the horses, and so on.

"Aha! Oho! Oui, oui! To zo hotel! Tres bien! You sal make me come to zo hotel Metropolitang?" "The Metropolitang? Of course! Take you there in a jiffy! Show your baggage! Come along, Mounseer!"

"Oui, oui! zat all very good. But how mosh, for take moime et mon baggaze to zo Metropolitang?" "Three dollars! That's all!"

"Tre dollaro! Mon Dieu! Zat is too mosh for zo lectle vays to zo hotel!" "A little vays! My eyes! Why, do you happen to know, Mounseer, about how fur it is—say? Why," continued conchee, rising in excitement, as he proceeded with his pantomimic description of the perils to be encountered in a journey from the foot of Warren street to the Metropolitang Hotel, "there ain't no less than three bridgus to cross, and ever so much tolls to pay before you get there!"

"What zat you call zo bridzie, and zo toll, eh?" interrupted John. "The bridge? Why, (gesticulating,) high up, so! Water running under, so! Cross over! Stop! Pay money every time!"

"I tell you what it is, conchee," says the wag, resuming his natural voice, "I'll give you fifty cents!"

The scamp was dumfounded for a second; but seeing he was "sold," and that if he rode rusty he would find himself in an awkward fix, putting his hand to his mouth, and whispering confidently to Jack, he said, with a wink that spoke volumes—"Call it seventy-five cents, and say nothing, you know about the bridges!"

THE CALORIC ENGINE.

Ericsson, the inventor of the caloric engine, not disheartened by the failure of his great experiment with the caloric ship "Ericsson" four years ago, has continued to labor perseveringly ever since to put in successful operation his plan of substituting heated air for steam as a motor; and we learn from the New York Journal of Commerce that his prospects of eventual success are quite encouraging. Besides two stationary engines, which bid fair to work well, a beautiful yacht has been plying in New York harbor during the past ten weeks, propelled solely by a caloric engine; and although she has been plying almost daily, she has consumed only one cord of oak wood in all that time—the engine being suited to either wood or coal. Another remarkable feature about it is, that after the fires have been wholly extinguished, sufficient heat is retained in the metal of the engine, providing it has been thoroughly warmed, to propel the boat about two miles. The yacht is about fifty feet long, and has an eight feet paddle wheel, which works about thirty turns per minute, giving a rate of speed equal to about nine knots an hour. Although the principle on which Ericsson's caloric engine was originally built is wholly preserved, the mechanism and arrangement are entirely different—the whole being reduced to a simplicity never before attained in any engine.

Punch advises the Governor of Utah to "go it while he's Young."

- 1770. Men to the plow, Wife to the cow, Girls to the yarn, Boys to the barn, And all dues settled. 1830. Men a mere show, Girls, Plans, Wife, silk and satin, Boys, Greek and Latin, And all hands gazzeted. 1857. Men all in debt, Wives in a pet, Boys tobacco squira, Girls dragging skirts, And everybody cheated.

SHAKSPEARE AND BACON.

There is as great a difference between Shakspeare and Bacon as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed and squared, and set across; in the forest, we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunder-storms; everywhere multiformly, everywhere immensity.—Lander.

This city of Des Moines, the new capital of Iowa, has passed an ordinance for the issue of "city scrip," to circulate as money, the same as all other city orders, bearing interest at three per cent. a month, till January next.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1857.

COLBY, FORSTER & CO. PUBLISHERS. THOMAS GILES FORSTER, EDITOR.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

TERMS.

Single copies per year, \$2 00; For six months, \$1 00; For three months, \$0 50. Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS and LECTURERS are requested to procure subscriptions and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to the Editor.

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Persons writing us on business, or editorially, will please direct their letters as follows:—"Banner of Light, Boston."

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

"SPIRITUALISM TESTED BY CHRISTIANITY."

Such is the title of an article in the last number of the New Englander, written by Rev. J. E. Dwinell, of Salem, and since published in pamphlet form. The Boston Courier is of course in ecstasies with it. In the course of its intelligent comments upon it, it declares that persons who are already "settled and grounded in the Christian faith and doctrine, are in no more danger of falling into the delusions of Spiritualism, than into Paganism, or any similar degraded superstition, which has influenced the unlightened human mind." This is quite of a piece with its accustomed manner of remark, and would be instantly recognized even if we did not state, as we have done, its authorship. It is particularly instructive to hear people talk about being "settled and grounded" in any faith, who do not in reality know what they do believe, nor why there is any need of their trying so to do. Spiritualism disentangles the mind from this old time confusion, and makes the way plain and clear for the soul to walk in.

Thus does the Courier proceed to state the argument on the subject of Spiritualism, with a professed Christian:—"You believe in the Holy Scriptures; you believe that the revelations of God; do they reveal such manifestations and phenomena as these, as the means of man's moral and spiritual culture, either at the time the Gospel was given, or prospectively, to accompany and aid his progress towards Heaven? If not, then they are not spiritual,—at least, in any religious sense, but outside of the scheme of the Gospel dispensation, suppletory to that which God has enjoined in His Word, and, if received, a reproach to His infinite wisdom and goodness, which did not comprehend them in His Word."

Now this is a very strong argument indeed! If self-styled Orthodoxy cannot do better than this, it had better abandon its ground entirely. The Courier adds—"there is no answer to this." In the self-sufficient estimation of its writer, probably not; but such a curt non-answering will hardly be found to suffice for other people who reason and judge for themselves.

In scanning the above schedule of the argument propounded by the Courier, we would like to ask what matters can be truly "spiritual," that are not such in a "religious sense" alone. Possibly he may have a faculty of dividing a hair so nicely

he conceives himself quite capable of being religious, without being in any sense spiritual. We would not wish to question his individual peculiarity, on this as well as on most other subjects. But we do not happen ourselves to be thus "settled and grounded in the Christian faith and doctrine." It so turns out that the word "spiritual" is of very frequent use in the New Testament, and particularly in the writings of Paul; whereas we do not remember the chapter or verse in which occurs even once that other word, so much more frequently used by creed worshippers and sticklers for forms—"religion." That is an invention of modern times, adapted to the partizan spirit and character of a certain class of organizations much better than the better term—"spiritual."

The "scheme of the gospel dispensation," as found above, is an old and worn-out phrase, employed only to conceal its true meaning; which is this—the creeds that men have been building, and to which they tyrannically insist that men shall subscribe, on pain of suffering certain horrible tortures hereafter, which are duly set forth in their "scheme," as a penalty for their rebellion. It is this very same "scheme," so much preached and canted upon, that has assisted in dwarfing the spiritual growth of the human soul as it has been dwarfed for so many generations, and it is this new and better light, the gift of a good God to his bewildered children, the bond of peace and fraternity between all men and nations—the pure light of Spiritualism—that will most assuredly put these "schemes" to shame, and bring man at last to understand truly the relation he sustains to his Creator.

In reply to the argument thus adduced from the Courier, we have to say, and so has every attentive and intelligent reader of the Bible to say, likewise, that we are able to find no proof upon its pages that spirit communion was not to be permitted the world in future, even as it had been in the past. If the Courier writes has it in his power to furnish any such, let him tell us where it is. He will find it very easy to assert thus and thus, and the more easy because he has; by the bias of his early education; been taught to believe, without any particular examination, that thus it assuredly must be. But it is full time that he learned that no degree of position can ever reach the point of proof.

If the writer believes for himself, as we conclude he would have us think, that the Scriptures are the "revelations of God," then what reason has he to further believe, whether they do or do not "reveal such manifestations and phenomena as these," that these manifestations are impossible—are denied mankind for all the future? Does he pretend to claim that God, through human and angelic agency, wrote a certain book which we call the Book, and then sealed it up forever? that even if it did not speak of spiritual revelations in the future, such revelations are therefore impossible? How, we ask him, does he reconcile it with his intelligence—leaving his conscience of course out of the account—to "settle and ground" himself in the Christian system of faith, which, as every one knows, rests upon such a foundation alone as is furnished by the very same sort of "manifestations," that to-day he seeks to turn over to ridicule?

But the particular point to which we wish to direct the writer's attention is, the fact that no where in the Scriptures is the possibility or the probability of spirit intercourse denied to the ages that were to come after. The Bible is no such book as that. It cuts off no sources of spiritual enjoyment, even as it sustains no such "schemes" as have been vainly constructed upon it by partizan, though Christian, men. Its great truths—the elemental truths taught by the life, the example, the precepts, and the death of Jesus—will bear no selfish or special appropriation at the hands of a few men, weaving in with them the mixed and unprofitable speculations of their own intellects. They are for all men, and for all time. We devoutly thank the good Father for what he has thus given us, and we continue to receive his abundant gifts with hearts as full of fervent gratitude and sincere humility.

A PUBLIC PAWN OFFICE.

A legal gentleman, who has repeatedly shown himself one of the clearest headed and warmest hearted of the fraternity in the city, has recently communicated a valuable article to the Transcript on the above topic, the suggestions contained in which are, at this present time, of great importance and value. He advocates the establishment by the Legislature of public pawn offices in all our large cities, for the express purpose of extending direct and immediate aid to the poorer classes. And although it may strike one with disfavor at first thought, yet upon careful consideration it will be found that some such machinery, arrangement, or institution, is universally demanded for the relief of those who now, for the want of something like what is proposed, are likely to be made sad sufferers.

The writer recommends that public offices of this character be established by law, that, as the merchants and business men have their banks at which they can obtain favors to correspond with their securities, so the poorer classes may have their bank also, at whose counter they may receive favors to correspond with such securities as they may offer. This seems both just and humane. The only reason why such a matter has not been carried out before, is, because it has not yet been seriously thought of by those who have the management of these things in their hands.

The pawn office in foreign cities is duly legalized, and comes under the proper supervision of government; with us it has hitherto been handed over to the management of men, the majority of whom have no sort of tender mercies for those who most need their aid. Abroad, the pawn office is in reality the poor man's bank. He procures his discounts thereat with the same facilities with which the merchant procures his at another counter. Now he pledges some valuable article of furniture, or some needless part of a wardrobe; now, it is a trinket, a bauble, a flageolet toy perhaps, whose present value is nothing in reality to him, but which may become ten times valuable by saving his family from the pangs of destitution. These articles may also be used over and over again. Money can never be absolutely beyond their reach as long as they have anything to pledge.

It is found that of all the articles usually pledged by their owners, less than one-tenth are, on an average, left unredeemed; and on such articles as are left to be sold, there is rarely any loss suffered by the office. The proposition of the writer is, therefore, in the first place, that, as in the foreign cities, the pawn offices be required to loan about two-thirds of the article offered, at a reasonable and fixed rate, and for a fixed time; and be further required to make all sales of unredeemed articles at public auction. The surplus, after satisfying the just demands of the office, to be kept one year, and then, if not called for by the rightful owner, to be applied to certain designated charitable purposes.

In the next place, it is proposed that the system be engrafted also upon the Savings Institutions, whereby the poor may become lenders to, and borrowers of one another. As it is now, the savings of the poor go to aid the business of rich men, of capitalists, and of heavy merchants; whereas, under the operation of this proposal, it would remain where it should, doing service among the very classes to whom it rightfully belongs. This is sensible and sound, and none can reasonably object to it. The deposit of the poor man would then furnish the means of loan on the poor man's pledge. The writer claims that the statistics of such offices clearly show the safety of such securities.

These are valuable suggestions. At the time of this present trial and suffering, they ought to be heeded by those who have been chosen to perform our legislation. Let the laws be made for the people, of whom the great bulk are of course limited in their means, and sorely need all the aid that can be offered them. We hope the subject will be freely discussed and fairly considered by all.

ARRIVAL OF CHARLES SUMNER.

On Thursday of last week the Niagara steamer landed at her wharf in East Boston, having Hon. Charles Sumner on board, who had returned in her from his summer trip to Europe. Mr. Banks, and others of his political and personal friends; had assembled on the wharf to greet him on his arrival. As soon as he stepped ashore, and had shaken hands with them, he entered a carriage in company with Senator Wilson and ex-Speaker Phelps, and was driven to the house of his mother in Hancock street. There was quite a crowd assembled in the street before the house, from whom he received hearty cheers as he drove through. They seemed unwilling to permit Mr. Sumner to remain within doors longer than was necessary to exchange greetings with his mother, but insisted on his presenting himself and making them a speech. After a few minutes he came forward, and thanked them heartily for their friendly reception in few words, but apparently

earnest ones. After he had retired, Senator Wilson being called on to say something, he offered a few remarks pertinent to the occasion, thanking the people once more for their good feeling and sympathy, and congratulating them once more on the return of their Senator to his native country.

DESPOTIISM.

Such are the present conditions of mentality, that too frequently, amid the loudest professions of freedom, are to be found the practical evidences of tyranny and oppression. In a political point of view, our people are considered as "free, sovereign and independent." The exercise of popular sovereignty, with respect both to State and Federal policy, is without its parallel; and our nation may be truly said to exist as an anomaly in the world's history. And yet, in the very centre of American society, is to be found a species of despotism, so deleterious in its influences upon the general mind, as very materially to lessen any practical appreciation of either religious, social or individual freedom. We mean in the spirit of ostracism for opinion's sake, so prevalent in the present day, in the very midst of our associative organizations—operating like a moral miasma in its influences, and overshadowing, well nigh, every department of thought. That there should ever be a tone of moral sentiment, based upon a due observance of law, and the proper amenities of life in all cultivated communities, we do not deny. Against such a restraining and controlling current, no man who loves his fellow, would complain; and, indeed, it is to be regretted, that the force of moral suasion, can as yet affect so little in American society. But we do condemn, and, as public journalists, shall ever be found opposing those extremes of sentiment throughout the realm of thought, that make themselves manifest around the labyrinth of society, in that despotism and dogmatism, which seeks to anatomize all contrary expressions of opinion; and, in the spirit of ostracism, to exclude equally, from religious or social companionship, any who may dare to mark out a course of thought for themselves.

The present age is emphatically one of investigation; and continually new ideas are bursting forth from the womb of the heretofore unknown, demanding the scrutiny and consideration of the rationalistic and reflecting. The history of the past and present, is replete with evidences of the progress of the race—that the human soul, partaking in a finite degree, of the attributes of its source, and in full, of the immortality thereof, can never stand still—that its expression and capacity must be continuous forever; and that, therefore, man should be ever ready to investigate any proposition that may be presented to him throughout the vast realm of reflection. In other years, the same evidences of progress had not made themselves apparent; and the history of the comparative childhood of the race is crowded with the results of the despotism of ignorance—when bigotry and fanaticism swayed unbecked through the empire of mind, and mental tyranny predominated through all the relations of life. The professed followers of the Founder of Christianity, failing during the middle ages in a proper appreciation of His beautiful precepts, were generally the leaders in every system of oppression—not a star of intelligence arose in the mental hemisphere of the past, but what its rays were more or less obstructed by the clouds of superstition and fanaticism that emanated from the religious persecution of the period—and in after ages only, when the organic laws of progress had aided to penetrate the intrusions of bigotry, could the general mind become participant in the benignancy of the glorious influences of these mental luminaries. Every effort at progress, whether social or political, scientific or religious, served but to arouse the tocsin of alarm, and the conservatism of past ages was at once thrown into the scale of oppression—while a sad fate awaited all, in whom individual exertion at elevation above the common level, made itself manifest throughout the varied and multiplied channels of thought. The misappreciation of the author of the Copernican system, is still a lasting blot upon the escutcheon of another age, while the prison walls of Galileo still loom up darkly in the vista of the past. The names of social and religious reformers of other years, are still fresh upon the scroll of martyrdom, whilst Columbus and his struggles are engraven upon the tablet of recollection, amid the never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences of American boyhood. But it is not necessary that the mind should recur to the incidents of centuries past, for evidences of the despotism of which we write. The present century is not devoid of its incidents of tyranny. Men are still living who remember the ostracism of FÉLIX, whilst the identical model is still to be seen, for making which Error was taken to the abode of luxury. And many perhaps will read this article, who now avail themselves of the results of the genius of Moïse, and yet, a few years since, laughed at the supposition that the lightning of heaven could be rendered so subservient to mind, as to become the errand-boy of humanity!

But we have said, the present age is one of investigation—it is equally an era of suggestion. Throughout every department of thought, of feeling, and of affection, new ideas are springing into being; germs of genius are continually bursting forth, under the influence of the progressive development of the age, like the flowers of nature, in their perfumed response to the summer's sun. Whilst in politics, in science, in religion, and in morals, fresh petals are constantly shooting forth from the trunk of humanity, which blossom, bloom and fructify—unless the frosts of skepticism and bigotry nip the promise of the germ. Under the general development of mind, scientifically and philosophically, much of physical and moral oppression has ceased. But it is certainly problematical, to say the least, whether the race has advanced in any very considerable degree over the condition of preceding ages, with regard to that quota of liberality that should prevail in our social and religious organizations! Under the benign radiance of free institutions and general organic development, new thoughts are being continually born, and their promulgation is likewise constantly aimed at: New schools in social economy, in morals, and in philosophy, are being germinated continually—the human mind, thus giving in the present, even more emphatically than in the past, the evidences of its great unrest—evinced that, as a race, we are still mentally, as it were, but in our childhood. And yet we find, in our observation upon the general manifestations of sentiment, that every new theme meets with a similar antagonism to that which characterized a darker period. In politics, but more especially in a social and moral point of view, is this condition of mind apparent; and, indeed, Despotism has become the self-constituted umpire of society, in certain quarters, that in point of bigotry and moral oppres-

sion, those sections are but little in advance of the conditions which resulted in the physical persecution of the days of Galileo.

It will not be denied, that throughout the length and breadth of the land, more or less, these evils exist. Does it not become each one, then, as Christian, philanthropist and patriot, to aim at the eradication of such a system of despotism—leading, as it does, to the rejection, uncompromisingly, of every new thought that may arise, without the slightest pretension of investigation? If the same conservatism had existed during the last quarter of a century, with regard to intellectual culture and scientific advancement, that now obtains, in relation to the religious and moral field of investigation, the iron arms of enterprise would not now unite the different portions of our widely extended domain; and we should be still relying upon whip and spur for the transmission of epistolary thought. To the Press of the country, that great engine for good or evil, must we, in a great measure, look for the eradication of that despotism of public opinion, which now exists, to such an extent, that much of good, which might be eliminated by a judicious agitation of thought, is doubtless lost to the mind of the present. To the conductors of the Press of the country must the mind look for the guaranteeing of that freedom of thought and freedom of expression practically, that, as a nation, we claim theoretically. To these sentinels on the watch-towers of human liberty and human happiness, must the mind of the age look for a proper direction of thought, and for a just encouragement of the spirit of inquiry, in order that there may be full freedom in the processes of individualization and development. The Press of America, perhaps, more than that of any other nation of the globe, may be said to be ruling the destinies of the people. Let the conductors of our public journals, therefore, set the example of liberality of sentiment, and generosity of feeling, so eminently demanded with regard to each new-fledged thought of the age, and then, indeed, shall the despotism of public opinion, in a great measure, cease the exhibition of its deformity. Then, and not until then, shall that independence and freedom, heralded forth by the outward seeming of the nation, constitute the legitimate basis, morally and religiously, of the future progress of our people.

RECEPTION OF NEAL DOW.

This distinguished champion of Temperance enjoyed the deserved honors of a public reception on Thursday evening of last week, after having refrained from his tour to Europe. The Tremont Temple was crowded with an eager assembly, who had gladly come together to express in this way their admiration of the man who had devoted his life to this most noble reformatory mission. The seats on the floor were all filled, and all the available standing-places were rapidly taken up. The various temperance organizations in the city occupied the galleries, dividing them between the two sexes. Several of the societies made their appearance in regalia.

Hon. Henry Wilson, the President of the meeting, entered the hall a little before seven o'clock, in company with the distinguished guest of the evening, and their appearance was greeted with loud and long-continued applause. The other officers of the meeting, with invited guests, also entered and took their seats upon the platform. Among the latter we observed Sir Charles Fox, of England, who is at present staying at the Tremont House.

The services commenced with a voluntary on the organ, by Mr. W. D. Anderson—after which an anthem was sung by the Tremont Temple choir, under the direction of Prof. Frost. The Rev. C. S. McCurdy called the meeting to order, and the list of the officers for the evening was then announced. Hon. Mr. Wilson, on assuming the chair, announced that prayer would be offered by that prince of reformers, and moral hero, Rev. John Pierpont. A prayer was accordingly offered appropriate to the occasion. R. G. Pitman, Esq., of New Bedford, then offered an address to the distinguished guest, in behalf of the friends of temperance throughout Massachusetts. He began by paying a high tribute of praise to Hon. Neal Dow for the arduous and self-sacrificing exertions that he had made in the good cause, adding, however, that this assembly did not come together merely for man-worship, but in order to testify their abiding interest in the noble reform whose spirit and aims he so truly personated. The days of hero-worship were over, and men were now turning their attention to moral reforms, first among which was Temperance.

Mr. Pitman also alluded to the charges that had been made, that the Maine Law had proved a failure. Nothing, he said, was farther from the truth. Although perhaps in Maine its moral influence may be said to have declined, from sundry causes, it would nevertheless very speedily revive, and Neal Dow himself would be found leading on the Temperance hosts to victory again. The motto of Maine would still continue to be "Dirigo" in the Temperance reform.

Rev. Mr. McCurdy next proffered a reception to the guest on behalf of the Sons of Temperance throughout the State, congratulating him on his safe arrival home, and the success of his mission abroad. He alluded to the increase of the friends of Temperance everywhere, and insisted that total prohibition would yet become popular in all the States. He also spoke in high terms of the order of the Sons of Temperance; they had met with reverses, but the presence of noble women in their midst had operated to cheer and strengthen them greatly. The Order had increased at least twenty-four per cent. within the last year, and continues to grow just as rapidly. He closed with offering the guest a brother's welcome.

At this point, the Sons of Temperance rose, and gave three cheers for Neal Dow.

A dozen very pretty young misses then sang a song, which was composed for the occasion, and which called forth hearty applause. After which the President of the evening introduced the Hon. Neal Dow.

On presenting himself, he was received with enthusiastic cheering. He said it was well worth while to make as long a voyage as he had, for the sake of such a welcome. He did not attribute the assembling of so many people, however, to any special interest they felt in himself, but in the cause which he and they had espoused. He said that he visited England in response to urgent invitations to do so, and found the cause of Temperance there in a very different condition from what he expected. The church and the clergy stood aloof, offering no helping hand; nay, they rather offered hostility than otherwise. To such men he administered a severe and deserved rebuke, insisting that they could not reconcile their conduct with their consciences.

It also surprised him, while in England, to find that the party of Friends had declined hitherto to lend the reform the aid of their numbers and influence; but within a year, he was glad to state, a change had been wrought in their sentiments on the subject. Politicians likewise begin to see the important connection of this question with the condition of a country. They had told him over the water, that the Temperance movement in Massachusetts was a failure; but he denied it strenuously. The work was a great work to do; and it would take years before it would be fully accomplished. The same man, said he, who would stigmatize this movement now, would have done the same thing by the American army in some of their reverses and dark days during the Revolution.

In closing his highly interesting remarks, he declared that Maine would again lead off in the Temperance reform, and that all the world would follow; and all of us would yet live to rejoice in the final success of the cause.

His speech was frequently interrupted by the applause of the large assembly, and at its close they testified their approval in the most enthusiastic manner.

Letters of apology were afterwards read from several prominent temperance men abroad, and the proceedings then terminated with brief speeches by Rev. Samuel Walcott, of Providence, and Peter Sinclair, Esq., of Scotland.

A Reception Breakfast was given in honor of Mr. Dow, at the Adams House, on the following morning, at which about one hundred and fifty persons sat down and enjoyed themselves greatly.

THANKSGIVING.

Thursday of this week, by appointment of the different Governors, constituted a Nation's jubilee—when the voice of the whole people, it is to be hoped, hath ascended in gratitude for individual and general blessings. Throughout New England especially, the notes of cheerfulness are heard—when, through the exuberance of feeling, on the part of her hardy sons and daughters, it may be truly said, that her mountain-tops from distant mountains have caught the flying joy, whilst "hill and dale give speech."

If we mistake not, the origin of "Thanksgiving Day"—dates back over two hundred years since—when our Puritan forefathers were deeply imbued with the idea of the special Providence of our common Father, in his dealings with man. In 1611, Gustavus Adolphus assumed the throne of Sweden. During the years 1629-32, inclusive, the Emperor of Austria, aided by the King of Spain and his eminence, the Pope, was prosecuting a war of persecution against the Protestants of the free States of Germany. Sweden was Protestant also; and her gallant and philanthropic chief-magistrate determined to bring the force of his arms and influence into the field of operations, in defence of the oppressed. He did so—fortunately for the cause he espoused; but disastrously, as the sequel will show, for himself individually. He gained two victories over the Catholic troops in 1630. In 1631, he formed an alliance with the Saxons, and defeated the Austrian army, under the command of TILLY, at Leipzig. In 1632, he effected another victory over the Catholic forces—at which time the Austrian commander was slain.

WALSTEIN, one of the most renowned generals who figured during the first half of the thirty-years war, was then assigned the command of the Roman Catholic army of persecution. Against this commander, Gustavus Adolphus presented himself, in defence of his Religion; and fought his last great battle in November, 1632. The Protestant army gained a complete victory; but the gallant King of Sweden was shot dead early in the action.

The first "Thanksgiving Day" celebrated by the Plymouth Colony, was, we believe, in commemoration of this battle—which resulted in the temporary triumph of the Protestant cause.

The decree, which is as follows, was passed at a Court of Assistants, holden at Boston, June 6th, 1632. Present, The Goun'r, Mr Ludlow, Deputy Goun'r, Mr Winthrop, Jr., Mr Nowell, S: Bradstreet, Mr Pinchon.

THE Court, taking into consideration the great mercy of God, vouchsafed to the churches of God in Germany and the Pallatinate, &c, hath appointed the 13th day of this present month to be kept as a day of publique thanksgiving throughout the said plantations.

As years have rolled on, and the descendants of the hardy pioneers of freedom on the American continent have increased in numbers, ideas and tastes have materially changed from what they were a century or two since. The outward ceremonials of the prescribed formula of thanks, are now but briefly attended to as respects the general mind; whilst the appointed twenty-four hours, are converted into a gala-day for all conditions and ages. But who shall dare to say our people are less thankful, because they are joyous! Thanksgiving Day has grown to be an epoch in the history of us all—old, middle-aged, or young. The young are buoyant with expectation as it approaches—their imaginations filled with the whole range of culinary comforts. The middle-aged mingle in the family festivals—gratefully joyous at the reunion of hearts, that neither passion or prejudice have been able to sever. Whilst the aged, surrounded by their children, and their children's children, renew the joys of other years, as the tablet of recollection unfolds the memory of the loved, and perhaps the departed, in whose eyes, during the olden time, they have so often seen reflected the smothered moisture of their own—and through the vista of the coming future, cheerfully look forward to yet another reunion, where the spirit of thanksgiving shall constitute the joy of the soul, and the communion of friends perpetually endure. Cheerfulness and gratitude are the highest notes of praise that man can pay to Deity; and we trust the day may never arrive, when our people shall fail to participate in this national festival—a characteristic of the legacy of our forefathers—in the proper appreciation of which, all may learn to feel their own American home to be, "the dearest, sweetest spot of all the rest."

PERSONAL.

Fred. L. H. Willis, the excellent Medium who has been rendered famous by the un-Divine (not according to Webster) conduct of the Professors attached to the Divinity School at Harvard, has arrived in the city from Philadelphia, where he lectured to large audiences, and won their esteem and love.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HAYDN will speak in the Music Hall on Sunday, Dec. 6th, afternoon and evening, 2:12 and 7 o'clock.

TO NEAR Boston, November, 1857.

Walking from the suburbs, after an early dinner last Sunday afternoon, and in quite a meditative mood, I found myself getting quite oblivious to the scenes around me; the handiwork of man, however, as I slowly walked through the southerly part of your good city, in the shape of new blocks, and even whole streets of eligible houses, rather brought me to consciousness, and though it did not detract from my previous meditative mood, it made me more conscious than I had been, earlier in my walk, that I was so much contiguous to the world of fact as I was to the world of fancy. In my youth I was from circumstances familiar with this broad area, of now comparatively elevated territory, dotted all over with fine houses, beautiful squares, with their choicest trees, fountains, and fountains; these all taught me a lesson in progress, when I remembered the spot as it was, the broad ocean, to use poetic language, ebbed and flowed over these then clam-covered flats; and a little later, might be seen at a distance on both sides of this then narrow isthmus, dikes built up, keeping off the tide, leaving, for many years, a broad space of dreary territory, of clayey foundation, with here and there a patch of grass, which, increasing in extent, from year to year, in time, helped by the drift from the street, and, later still, by the labor of man, filling up, building and improving this dreary waste, has given place to that which I have just described. I was, as you are aware, in a meditative mood, and the pleasant sight before me rather strengthened it; it may be a peculiarity of mine, but whenever I find myself in this frame of mind, my thoughts sooner or later revert to my friend Inphat Flaggabus—they did so in this instance. We were congenial spirits, and no sooner had his image presented itself to my mind than my organism, following the direction of thought, sought his presence; in this instance, the old adage was true; the "personality of evil" is always near when speaking of him. I like, however, the modern style of expressing that idea better—that individuals, like orbs, have a surrounding of greater or less density and extent, reaching into surrounding space like rays of light, though, may be, like the fragrance of the rose, unseen, but not the less real. Reaching forward some of my most extended rays, to borrow a term from light, coming in contact with some of his, they harmonized, as they naturally would in our cases, and drew our foci together, for dwelling upon the thought, the individual appeared, and what was a little singular, he was in a brown study too.

Mr. Flaggabus had been deeply imbued in his youth with the rigid tenets of orthodoxy, the effects of which were apparent now; I was, as my name would suggest, ready for any impression, that being always most apparent which was last made, and probably that was one reason why we so fraternized, for I could listen to him, and like a sieve, never get full, but always was a listener with room for more.

As I said before, my friend retained some of his early impressions, but like the world, the canvass of time as it unraveled had liberalized his sentiments, and without any but a gradual change, he was now one of the strong pillars of Unitarianism—like many others, his change from rigid orthodoxy had been so imperceptible to the doctrine, that a well-ordered life was the true religion, or using poetic language, the time when he used to sing—

"Alas! I read, I saw it plain, The sinner must be born again, Or sink to endless woe,"

to this time, believing in this sentiment of Pope— "For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight, His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

was so gradual a change, there was no time in his career to be called the dividing point. At this time he was wont to speak of old doctrines as having passed away, but always, as I said before, had a regard for his early proclivities in religious matters, which made him charitable to those still in the gloomier walks of religious life. As he attributed to religious teachings the light and circulation of christendom, he would not like to risk his ipse dixit against orthodoxy, and the literal reading of the Bible, even if he could change the world by it, fearing the great mass of humanity would fall from grace into infidelity, instead of embracing doctrines which made duty a God of love, rather than a God of fear fearing the race was not sufficiently advanced; progressed to enjoy his own conception of God and religion, but rather in the background, needing their religious tea made strong, ere they could taste it. Now, while I have been speaking of Inphat Flaggabus, personally, imagine us to have been strolling together from the South End, where you first found us, till we were attracted at the Melodeon door by a notice of Angelo Inspiration. It seemed to be the right thing at the right time, and we immediately turned in there as naturally as if out for that purpose. There was a slight hesitation came over my friend when he found there was an admission fee, as, in his Sunday-school days he had been taught that the "voice of free grace" was to be had without money and without price; but the hesitation was but for a moment. Some would have thought the change brought about was because I had forestalled him in the twenty cent investment, the price of two tickets, but I knew him better; it was owing entirely to early impressions, which as quickly became liberalized. He remembered how often the box was passed round for the dropping of pence, to pay for the droppings of the sanctuary, at home and abroad; and also the large amount of taxation the religious world submits to sustain preaching, and the ordinances of religion; this is the process his mind would go through, but with the instantaneousness of thought, to reach the conclusion that there was no difference in paying ten cents at the door, or three times as much in the form of a quarterly tax. Some also might have thought that the times which have brought about of late a sort of economical revival, to use a religious term, might have operated against further progress, but this was not so; we were both of us frugal, naturally, in parting with our small change, but were of that class who love money only in the abstract; to make it plain, we had no surplus at any time to spend in idleness, but saying nothing of myself, I have seen my friend give a poor woman, selling fruit at the corner of a street, a piece of money, voluntarily, to help out her slender profits, on a very hot or very cold day, when many a well-dressed applicant for funds to buy a communion service for a poor church, or to spread Christianity among the heathen; may, by their ill success, have thought him miserly. I appreciated his: good sense, and would fain follow his example. Here, again, while prosing, imagine we had walked in, and finally seated in one of the front pews. My friend was never known to take a low seat in any synagogue, and I have frequently congratulated myself by being his companion, as I

did in this instance, for it was not early, and the house was full. He was blessed with a large share of what is called modest assurance, which, at times, was very useful, and there was also an intellectual look about him, which seemed ever to make favorable impressions. A few, apparently full of females, by some interior prompting at the first sight of him, turned their unseeing circular distenders to a position about corresponding to their persons, and the obliquity of the ecliptic, and there was plenty of room for both of us. We were just seated, when four young ladies rose and sung in a sweet, natural manner, a few verses, perhaps not what a sectarian would call strictly sundry words, but they were appropriate, and of an elevating tendency, quite in harmony with our devotional feelings. Mr. Flaggabus was in just the frame of mind to be easily pleased, and he remarked of the singing, which was really good, that he enjoyed it full as much, and he had no doubt the Deity did also, as if they had been singing with the rapture of old times, the old prayer-meeting hymn—

"When I can lend my title clear, To mansions in the skies," &c.

The speaker, Mrs. Hatch, a young woman on the sunny side of twenty, with light hair tastefully hanging in curls over her shoulders, rose, and crossing her hands over her bosom, addressed a prayer to the "Great Spirit" of the universe, which combined simplicity with the most exalted eloquence, which, being finished, she gave us a discourse of an hour or more, without notes; and as my friend Flaggabus observed, it was a very finished production, faultless both in its style and its sentiment. The subject was Jehovah, in the elucidation of which she bore hard upon the God of the Old Testament, and also upon the God of Christianity, and Mr. Flaggabus was afraid the common mind would be unable to discriminate between the qualities imputed to God by Christians, and that Great Spirit of love Himself, who was never angry, who bestowed his blessings at all times and upon all, who was seen both in the harmonious action of distant orbs and the tiny insect on the fragrant flower beneath our feet. And thus, like those in olden times, who, parting with their idols, and having no proper conception of God, find themselves without an object of worship. In talking with him on this point afterwards, I suggested to him that I thought the common mind further advanced than he was aware of, that it had advanced so far that their inclination was for something more in harmony with common sense than the doctrines taught from our pulpits generally, and although retaining the name of Christians, the whole subject is indifferent to them, and unless we have some new dispensation adapted to the good sense of the nineteenth century, we shall be soon, if not already, a nation of practical infidels. I felt it my duty to say this much, knowing Mr. Flaggabus breathed in a more intellectual atmosphere than I did, while I was more of a representative of the mass to which he referred, and there being no other champion present in our tete-a-tete, I had an impression that it was my duty to enlighten him on this point. He thought I might be right. I should say here that my friend paid great attention to the fair speaker, declared her sentiments to be pure, common sense Christianity, and when she ended with something like this, "however we may differ in our conceptions of Deity, in one thing we will all agree, that it is in accordance with the will of our God, and the sentiment of true religion, to help and assist, as much as in our power, those in circumstances of poverty and suffering," he remarked, "those are my sentiments exactly."

Mr. Flaggabus had paid but little or no attention to Spiritualism, and seemed to be giving the credit of this truly excellent discourse to the lady speaker, and when I told him she was in a trance and entirely unconscious, he was skeptical; so prejudiced are those brought up with sectarian ideas, that had he known it at first, it is a question whether he would have appreciated, as he did, her teachings. It might have been otherwise with Mr. Flaggabus, but not with the generality of people of his religious training; as it was, he said it could not be. Prayed, it is hardly possible to suppose any one, with such intellectual gifts as to be able to discourse so eloquently, without notice or notes, and being willing to attribute it to other powers than their own. It would seem so, said he, and whether from spirit or not, it was one of the best things I ever heard. And I said, amen.

As I find my little growing long, I will not give any further details of our conversation in this subject, they were all favorable to the theory of Spiritualism; and he thought, and so would any one, that there was more pabulum or mental food in her discourses than could be found in a dozen ordinary sermons. Yours truly, John Wax.

MASSACHUSETTS PAPER CURRENCY.

The present disturbed financial condition of the country, and the prevalent disposition to attribute our difficulties to the action of our banking institutions, will undoubtedly induce the legislature, at its next session, to take the subject into consideration, and perhaps lead to some change in existing laws.

That a change is necessary, most persons agree; but the difficulty lies in determining what shall be done, and my purpose now is to place before your readers some ideas, which I know are entertained by many practical men who have been growing into a belief that our present system, however good at one time, is not sufficient now.

It is true, that we have a general law, as all States should, in relation to the business of banking. But although passed in 1851, and amended in 1852, it has never been used—and it never will be in its present form.

Either special charters will be obtained, or private banking houses aid, continue to increase, and virtually engross, a large proportion of the business.

In that event, the bank bills, without which business cannot be conveniently transacted, will be supplied by institutions in other States more and more, and we shall have the opportunity of not only losing the tax which should be imposed on all such bills, but assume the risk of their redemption.

Now it seems to me, and to others who have been fair observers of our present system, that it falls in two very important particulars.

First. That it does not sufficiently provide for certain redemption of the bills issued, which should be done not only at the place of issue, but in the city of Boston; as, is now done, not by law, but by agreement among the banks themselves.

Second. That the tax on the capital of banks is entirely unjust, unless it can be shown that the obligation is in proportion to the capital, which, as all know, is not the case.

Therefore we say, without fear of contradiction

from disinterested judges, that the tax should be on the circulation, and not on the capital.

We know that banks in the country with small capital and large circulation, will resist (and perhaps for a time successfully) the enactment of such a law. They will see, as all can, what would be the consequence.

But we are advocating what the people at large had a right to demand, and what they will, sooner or later, have; and that is, a sound, entirely reliable paper currency, and therefore do not stop to ask whether it suits the few or not.

And we not only expect that we shall have such a currency, but that a larger proportion of the profit to the banks on the circulation will, in the shape of a tax, thereon, revert to the people in the form of revenue to the State treasury, which should be nearly double its present sum.

It should be added, in conclusion, that while the special charter system, now in force, fails to furnish any real security, that banks shall always be ready to redeem their bills, the general law, both in this and other States, is essentially vicious in requiring that the banker shall go and invest his active, live capital in a specific and very likely scarce security for that purpose. He is thus compelled to deprive himself of at least a portion of his means, and the State, instead of strength, really gets but weakness.

What do we wish the banker to do? Clearly to take such business paper and such only, as will be paid at maturity, and they cancel his notes. It is upon such paper, and not upon specie, that our bank bills are based. They are only another form of mere business paper, with the endorsement of the bank, to give them a wider currency. They are measured by and redeemable in specie, as all contracts are, unless otherwise provided; but they are not, nor can they ever be, to any purpose, based upon specie. It is simply a mistake in the use of terms, and should be corrected.

We say, then, again, tax the circulation, and not capital, and take the most ample security on whatever you will of real value, that all the bills furnished by the State to the banks can be redeemed if necessary by the State, and that without delay or loss. The bills are State promises—let the State see to it, by selecting good agents.

THE MORMON REBELLION.

At last, and so distinctly that there can be no mistaking it, the Mormons are in open hostility with the United States. It has been reported that such was the fact some months ago; but it was so much easier, and so much more peaceful, too, to believe the contrary, that the public mind inclined to treat such rumors as indefinite matters, not of consequence enough to disturb the ordinary tranquility of the nation. But we are all undeceived now. The mask, if there were ever one worn, has fallen completely off; and behind we see the hideous and naked features of that corrupt and barbarous system that has already made its proselytes all over Europe, and dares to defy the authority of the general government within the limits of its own territory.

Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah, has sent word to Col. Alexander, the commanding officer of the United States troops on their march toward Salt Lake Valley, that he could allow him to proceed not a step further, and that he might have permission to remain where he then was for the winter on one condition, viz.: that his troops should surrender all their arms to officers whom his Excellency would duly commission to receive them. This certainly is cool, even for the arch spirit of Mormondom. Col. Alexander, however, kept quite as cool on his part, and sent answer that the troops under him would remain where they were for the present, and in their future movements, be directed only by competent and proper military authority.

Additionally to this, Brigham is Great has duly issued his ukase, or Proclamation, to all the dwellers in Mormondom—big and little, willing and unwilling—declaring the territory of Utah to be under martial law, defying the United States troops, and interdicting persons from passing into and out of the territory except by special license obtained from himself. This last act of the brazen prophet of Evil has capped the climax. He has gone the full length of his rope. There is nothing left him now but to hang himself.

This now and boldest step of any that he has hitherto taken, places the question in its true light. The issue is finally joined. The Mormons defy the general government, forbid them to enter their territory, and enrol themselves in military organizations with all the zeal of those fanatical crusaders who followed the lion-hearted Richard to the Holy Sepulchre. They can be met now by the United States in but one way; and that, an attitude of hostility. They have outlawed themselves by their own acts. The government will be obliged to treat them like enemies, since they have voluntarily thrown off their allegiance as citizens. The problem, however, is still a difficult and mysterious one.

MRS. HATCH AT THE MELODEON.

On Friday evening of last week, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch gave an audience to the public and such persons as were inclined to propound questions to be answered by the intelligences that spoke through her. The assembly was quite a large one, and the attention that was universally paid, best testified to the deep interest that is felt in our midst in the subject of Spiritual manifestations. The Courier pretends to believe that the modern revelations are less thought of than formerly, and that popular interest in them has wonderfully abated; if the writers in the Courier would attend such meetings as those which Mrs. Hatch draws together, they might be differently convinced, though they might not be willing to confess their error, either.

Many of the questions put by persons in the room were calculated, either in themselves or the proper answers they provoked, to excite the sense of the ludicrous; and these were received with such a spirit accordingly, and the answers their interrogatories received were exactly adapted to the needs of the case. We thought, especially, that the gentleman who was so anxious to learn whether, under any circumstances, it would be right to take a fellow being's life, ought to have been perfectly satisfied. Mrs. Hatch's explanation of many texts of the Bible, that have been for years wrested from their true and natural meaning for the support of religious platitudes, catechisms, and creeds, was entirely satisfactory to every enlightened and liberal mind. These portions of her lectures are usually of the highest practical instruction, and work a great amount of solid good.

THANKSGIVING.

This good old Commonwealth first claimed that thanks For common weal, behooved the nation's giving; But time and men have out the quercus pranks; And changed the thanks to extraordinary living. Our father's praying, in the olden age, Will not, I fear, be instance to the younger; Though, there exist much pranks, to assuage A long looked-for, and uncultured hunger. Now I, for one, respect the ancient way— A little self-denial makes us better: The Proclamation of Thanksgiving Day— Should not it be respected to the letter? Oh, ah! Johnson's card—that good-souled, easy sinner, Good-by—I hope he's killed a mongrel goose for dinner!

MR. A. B. WHITING AT THE MELODEON.

The style of mediumship of this gentleman is truly remarkable. Those who are acquainted with his antecedents readily place him among the best mediums and lecturers of the age. In the afternoon the subject chosen was, The Necessity of Spirit Control and Communication. The lecture was continued for an hour, too rapidly for the pencil of any reporter, and its construction and argument were faultless. At the conclusion of each lecture a subject is chosen by a committee from the audience, upon which the speaker improvises a poem. The subject chosen for the afternoon poem was—The duty of Christians connected with the present Theology. Though a subject so little suggestive of inspiration, a poem of twenty minutes in length was given, showing the presence of a well-trained and musical mind.

The evening lecture was upon the subject of Inspiration. Inspiration was found everywhere on the face of the earth—always the same in power—but the minds of men made its apparent difference. One man would stand enraptured in wonder before the Falls of Niagara—another would pass it by with a glance, and become entranced over a pebble washed by its stupendous waves. God was inspiring men all the time, and inspiration was needed by them.

The lecture was one hour and a quarter in length, and was listened to with the closest attention, after which a subject for a poem was chosen, which was, "The relation of the Spirit to Deity." Each word of the poem ending a line, was used as the beginning of the next line, and truly it was a musical and worthy production. Mr. Whiting is a young man of limited education, and it would be well for those desirous of learning the nature and extent of spirit control, to listen to him. He lectures in the Melodeon Sunday next, afternoon and evening, at 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock.

CONFIRMATION OF A MESSAGE.

LYNN, Nov. 21, 1857.

DEAR SIR—Having seen in the Banner of Light of this week a communication from the spirit of Samuel Winn, with a desire that you may prove him, I write to say that I am the only daughter of Samuel Winn, who died in Woburn on the 6th of August, 1826. So far as he speaks of family and connections, it is correct, and there appears no error except the distance from Boston to Lynn. I am very much obliged to you for publishing the message, as I have earnestly wished for a communication from my father through your paper; and hope he may communicate with me through Mrs. Conant, and be more explicit. Should you hear anything further from this spirit, you will confer a favor on me by writing to me, or publishing what you may get in your excellent paper, as I shall be sure of seeing it immediately after publication.

Yours, &c., S—h M. E.—th.

Messrs. Colby, Forster & Co.

J. G. PIKE, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.

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

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

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

MUNSON'S DEPOT, NEW YORK.

At No. 5 Great Jones street, Mr. Munson keeps a depot for the sale of papers and books, upon the subject of Spiritualism.

He also keeps a record of the names and residence of mediums, lecturers, &c., so that persons visiting New York may at once be placed in possession of such information.

It also will contain the names and places of residence of such mediums and lecturers, in different parts of the country, which will save much time and trouble to the friends who desire such knowledge.

Mr. Munson deserves the patronage of the Spiritualists visiting his city.

SUNDAY MEETING AT 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

Rev. D. F. Goddard, of Chelsea, spoke at this place in the forenoon and evening to crowded, attentive, and appreciative audiences. Mr. Goddard speaks from the heart, and he reaches the heart. His lectures were full of soul-inspiring truth and beauty.

HARVARD'S REPORT.

It is reported that Napoleon III, Emperor of France, has sent to Boston for that report of Prof. Felton and his associates, which it was believed was to demolish the Spiritual Theory, but failed to get the order filled. Where is that report? Is it not a pity to disappoint an Emperor, gentleman?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M—T, DEDHAM.—Your token of the Sunny South shall be forthcoming. We would not wish to denounce the Catholics, or any other class who may differ from us—but we would strenuously advance the doctrine of supremacy of reason over all the other attributes we possess. We would show where they are "L.A.S." And I believe you, yourself, lamented the prevalence among established Christians, of that most unfortunate principle. We are deeply indebted to you for your favor. It will appear in our next. H. A. F. E. GUILFORD, N. Y.—We will do as you request. Our object is to circulate the truth, and we are not so very set in the exact point of our rules.

Late European Items.

The Collins steamship Atlantic, Capt. Eldredge, from Liverpool, Wednesday, Nov. 11, arrived at New York on the evening of the 22d inst. The Atlantic brings \$125,000 in specie, and 71 passengers.

The news by this arrival is highly important and interesting, both as relating to financial matters and general news.

The Western Bank of Scotland, the Glasgow Bank, of Glasgow, and Messrs. Dennistoun & Co., merchants, have failed.

Breadstuffs were slightly lower, with a dull market. The decline amounted to 1s per barrel on Flour, 3d per bushel on Wheat, and 6d on Corn.

Telegraphic advices from India are a fortnight later than previous dates.

Delhi was in complete possession of the British on the 21st of September.

The King of Delhi had surrendered himself, and his life was spared; his two sons were shot.

Gen. Nicholson has died of his wounds.

Messrs. Dennistoun & Co., the heaviest house in Britain connected with the American trade, suspended on the 7th inst. Their principal house was in Glasgow, with branches in London, Liverpool, New York, New Orleans, and Melbourne; but it is said the Australian house is not compromised. The cessation of American remittances was the cause of its suspension.

On Monday, the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to 10 per cent.

The Western Bank of Scotland, Glasgow, with a paid up capital of 1,500,000, and deposits of 6,000,000, has suspended. The business of the bank was immense, and it had one hundred branches in Scotland. The proprietary members are wealthy, and no eventual loss is apprehended.

The advices from America were regarded as more favorable.

Messrs. Hoge & Williamson's acceptances (Liverpool correspondents of Wm. Hoge & Co., New York) have been dishonored.

It is reported that the American house of John Munroe & Co., Paris, has stopped.

Four hundred thousand sovereigns were taken from the Bank of England for Scotland, the suspension of the Western Bank having caused a run on all the Banks, including many Savings Institutions. There are less uneasiness in mercantile quarters, but demands for discounts were pressing.

A letter from Hamburg of the 7th, reports a general panic in the Stock Market. Specie was scarce, and bills of Exchange unsalable.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have decided to lay their Cable the latter part of next June, commencing in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, as originally designed. Messrs. Glass & Elliott have commenced the construction of additional cable, making 3000 miles in all. Messrs. Easton & Ames are building new paying-out machines.

The London Times devotes a leader to the remarkable coolness of the Americans under the existing crisis, and strongly censures the uncontrolled issue of paper money.

The Directors of the Bank of France had an audience with the Emperor, and unsuccessfully urged a duty of 3 per cent. on specie exported. The Emperor is reported to favor an advance in the rates of discount to 8 per cent.

The Paris correspondents of the Daily News says: It has been reported that 80,000,000 francs in English bills, and 40,000,000 in French bills on the United States have been returned protested.

The Independence asserts that recruiting for the English service is going on secretly in France, and that 100 francs is given to each recruit.

Accounts from the French manufacturing districts represent a complete stagnation in business.

The financial pressure had reached Sweden and Norway.

The Senate of Frankfurt have interdicted the residence of an old political refugee named Froebel, who has since become an American citizen, and the American Consul threatens to break off relations unless the Russian for his expulsion is recalled.

The Russian war steamer "Caspian Sea," has been lost. The captain, three lieutenants, and eighteen men were drowned.

Dramatic.

HOWARD ATHLETIC.—Cinderella was repeated every evening during last week, and taking into consideration the bold attempt at opera, and its success—and the spirit with which those little ones go through their respective roles—it demonstrates the superior aptitude of children to a surprising degree. The representation bids fair to have a long run, and we hope it may.

We hear that Mr. Barrow is forming an excellent company for the spring season at this place. The Marsh Children leave for New Orleans in February, and it is not impossible that he may open before the commencement of his lease which we believe is in March. Mr. Henry Wallace will return from England to fill the place of Stage Manager and to play the first old man. Mr. James Bennett will also return to fill the place of leading tragedian. Mrs. Barrow is of course the leading lady—others constituting the company are ladies and gentlemen of well known ability.

THE NATIONAL.—This place continues to attract large and appreciative audiences. The Female Forty Thieves is shortly to be brought out.

ONWAY HALL.—The hard times seem to be just the times for this establishment—for people will enjoy themselves if possible, and no better place for a hearty laugh has the city than this.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—That LIBERTY TREE continues to spread inviting branches, if we may judge by the numbers who seek it for diversion.

It was presented last Monday in connection with Lucrezia Borgia.

BOSTON THEATRE.—We are pleased to learn that the prospects of this excellent establishment are brightening. Last week full salaries were paid the machinists and orchestra and two-thirds to all other employees. Lamoureux and the sisters Prudence have created quite a sensation—and the audience nightly manifest their approbation in floral acknowledgments.

Monday last the Golden Horse was presented, with its wealth of scenery and dance. Wednesday a new divertissement will be presented.

We have received a Christmas Game entitled "Jotham Pod, his Trip to Paris, and wot B. Fel-Him There." We tried the game with the children, and had a merry hour. They enjoyed the curious positions into which Jotham B. Fell, hugely.

Poetry.

A PEEP AT HOME.

BY ANNA M. FRETTON.

"De it ever so lowly, there's no place like Home."

"Put the kettle on the stove, Kate, Heat the water for the tea. Let us have all things in order, Under should our motto be."

Thus the mother said, and smiling, Locked the baby to and fro, Pressed a kiss upon its forehead, Stroked the little locks of tow.

Katie put the kettle over, Swept the nicely painted floor, Made the chairs look so inviting, Hung the broom behind the door;

Drew the table to the centre, Whisked linen on it spread, While her own, her little fingers, Neatly sliced the snowy bread.

Father comes, all white with snow-flakes, Cheeks as red as damask roses, Rubs his hands so brisk together, Says he believes he's almost froze.

Soon as warm, he takes the baby, Rubs his whiskers on its cheek, Gives his hair to little fingers, Pockets gives to little feet.

Says "there never was a baby Half so pretty, half so smart," With unequalled, Katie loving, Oh, what sunshine to the heart!

Reader, will you not believe me? 'Tis a truth and you must know—Angels stoop, and love to linger, 'Round that hallowed home below.

CHRIST'S MISSION.

Mr. Edron:—Much has been said in relation to Christ, his coming, death, and resurrection. But feeling much more may be said, and listened to with interest, will you allow one who desires to "reason and see if these things be so," a little space in your columns?

Upon this subject, it seems to me, nothing positive can be given, but it must be simply a matter of opinion with individuals, therefore take mine for what it is worth. As far back as you have any knowledge, man has entertained a belief in the immortality of the soul, and an indefinite idea of a life hereafter. And why? Because man is a drop of Deity, the God is within him, and that of itself is eternal life, and cannot die, and it must of necessity beget in man's consciousness a belief in a life, when this body shall have been dissolved into its element, Earth. So man, we find, is possessed of an intuitive knowledge of a future life, and we also find in different ages, ideas, differing according to growth of spirit, concerning this future life.

Again, this God-principle in man, (which, as it is God, can never die,) is shown in the need of his being, for something to worship; and, therefore, in ages long since past, we find him worshipping images, made in the highest perfection of art, and of the finest material, to represent his God.

All these things tell you to-day, this God-principle has been growing with man, in all the past, and his idea of a God has ever been his highest conception of all that is wise, good, and true. Ancient history seems to show us a growing necessity in man for some more definite idea, or, in other words, man had grown into the necessity, (through the law of progress,) for something higher to worship, though his perceptions of a future were not clear, and his longings for truth must be met.

This love of progress to which we have alluded, and of which we will speak at length hereafter, teaches us that demand and supply closely follow each other, and when this want in man for something higher to worship became a necessity, it was answered in the coming of Christ. He came to establish a new law, for he says: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." And his whole life, as far as we can learn, was spent in the manifestation of that love he professed, and his death was necessary to teach man, by a practical illustration, (for they could receive no other,) of a resurrection from the grave, and of a life hereafter. He chose twelve of all the world, who could best understand him, and to whom he might more particularly give these teachings, and through them have they been handed down to the present time.

These men were mediums, or spiritually developed, and not only saw what few, if any others could see, but through their condition they aided and strengthened him in all his trials, which were more of mind than body; and they also testified of him that he had risen.

Spiritualists are often accused of disbelieving the Bible—but not so. We believe we find more of worth and beauty there than those who read and receive the truths contained in the letter, rather than the spirit. We believe Christ came, lived, and died, giving us the best and truest example of a perfect man, and to which we should all aspire; but teaching his resurrection, we do not believe as many do, that he, in his natural material body, walked, ate, and drank, with his disciples after he had risen.

That the people of that age were coarse, material, hardly susceptible to this great truth, is evident from the fact, that only twelve could be found who could then receive his teachings, and they only in a material sense. Therefore, he did seem to come again among them, eating, and drinking, and he bid doubting Thomas thrust his hand into his side, and see that it was him. The record does not say whether he did, or did not; but, be that as it may, he might just as well have formed them then, if he did, as for them to see him eating and drinking with them; or, that he was seen at different times, and afterwards ascended into Heaven with his material body.

Now, if one part of this story be correct, so may be the whole; if he did eat and drink with his disciples, we may readily believe he ascended bodily into Heaven, which few to-day are prepared to admit. I receive it not all, but believe rather he assumed a body as the only way to teach them of the resurrection, they being so material they could comprehend nothing of a spiritual body. He must meet them on their own plane, as this was the only way they could be taught of another life, or a resurrection from the dead; and you find throughout the account given of the resurrection, it is often read, "that the scriptures or the prophecy might be fulfilled," all tending to show, long before this, a need was seen in prospective for this same manifestation and demonstration of another life.

We find perfect harmony in all the prophecies, and the fulfilling thereof, both in the Old and New Testaments; and it does not become man to say

otherwise of the receiving of this truth. But we do say we do not believe in the letter but the spirit thereof. We do not believe Christ's natural body was raised, for that would show us nothing at all of the resurrection, and the Scripture would not be fulfilled. If the record means anything, he was a man as we are—only more perfect; and so much with God, he called himself the Son of God—so perfect in his organization, he could live in the world subject to all the temptations thereof, and yet above them—his whole life spent in giving forth those lessons of love, rather than wisdom—and, finally dying, that his brother men might live. But not as old theology has taught us; for that is but an outgrowth of a later past. But that man might live in his highest conceptions of God, that he might live, and not die, daily, in the enjoyment of that which would elevate rather than degrade him. That he might live in the assurance that man is of God, and cannot die; that good rather than evil is the prime mover of man, and that as God is the centre, or life of all things, he will outwork himself, in all his attributes of love and wisdom, through every particle of matter. And shall man, the highest perfection of his works, fear? No, no! In the perfection of this love, fear must die; and this is the blessed life we enjoy from the coming, death, and resurrection of our most perfect teacher, Christ.

This example is necessary for us all through life, and as nearly as we live in accordance with that new law, that law of love, so do we bring the Kingdom of Heaven within ourselves, and we shall be raised into newness of life, even while in the form.

To me, from my stand-point, it seems the past has had to do with the past; and all the writings thereof are clothed with so much of materialism, that we of the present day cannot accept them in the letter, but in the spirit. How far I am correct, let the softening of the old Calvinistic creeds answer.

In conclusion, let me say, set me not down as infidel, thought I do choose to take reason for my guide; and if you agree with me not at all, exercise that charity which Christ taught as first of all the virtues.

[Communicated.]

KING ALCOHOL—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By this you will readily perceive that I have been, and am an individualized existence; my character I shall make known to you as I proceed, and shall endeavor to show you what suffering man brings upon himself when he steps between his Father and the arbitrary laws which that Father has made to govern the Universe. My opinion is, that I was not intended to be an individualized being, but that I am such existence to the perverted nature of mankind.

That I was not made in vain, I will admit, but was intended to be a component part of everything in nature; and, had mankind but allowed me to remain where my father placed me, I should have fulfilled my quiet mission, and mankind would have been benefitted thereby. But, alas! I have been taken from my congenial companions; therefore, I am not to be charged with blame for fulfilling the laws of my perverted nature, inasmuch as it is in harmony with the great Law of Compensation which governs the entire handiwork of my father. Having been thus taken from my native element and run my mad career without license, will you glance with me into the mirror of the Past, and then say if I have not reason to be proud of my position.

No earthly potentate wields a sceptre like mine. With my magic wand, can I transform good into evil. Scarcely a spot upon this beautiful footstool of my Creator, that I cannot count thousands of my willing subjects, who bow in most implicit obedience to my commands. The destroying of nations, as well as individuals, I control; ay! even the head that wears a crown, resigns willingly to my authority.

Shall I enumerate to you a few of my victories, that you may understand my true position? You will perceive, that oftentimes I have to disguise some of my deformities, in order to gain admission to the most select and fashionable society.

This I can readily do by taking advantage of the friendly and social qualities in man's nature; also, the propensity which distinguishes the monkey from all the brute creation below him, viz.: that of imitation. I use my power very gently at first—tempting them by degrees. When once they have made my acquaintance, they really believe that if I am not necessary to their existence, I am at least a very sociable and agreeable companion. I perform such miracles upon my subjects, that they oftentimes cling to me even in the agonies of death.

Are they subject to fits of despondency, my presence changes them, as it were, into the happiest moods. Do they feel the hand of Poverty pressing hard upon them—but a moment, and the riches of Golconda roll at their feet. Are they suffering from hunger or thirst, I banish them at my command. Ay! more than this. If old and tried friends meet together, I can change their friendship to hatred; and, vice versa, I can cause those who are at enmity to shake hands, and, for the time at least, be friendly one to the other.

When I gain admission to the palaces of the rich, and those high in authority, by my magic influence I tempt them to commit acts, which they would not do without my aid. Thus has the crowned despot been but a tool in my hands to commit the most wholesale murders and atrocities. I have even penetrated (the so-called) Halls of Justice, and both judge and jury have been accessories to judicial murders, and short-comings, of which their consciences reproved them when I had withdrawn my influence.

I have caused the beautiful field, which should blossom like the rose, to be covered with human blood, merely by the rash act of one of my willing subjects. I have made man rule with a rod of iron his fellow man. I have allured the young and unsuspecting of earth to deeds of darkness, and sent them to an untimely grave. The tears of my widows and orphans would fill an ocean. It may appear strange, but as I hover over the beautiful resting places of all that is mortal—alas! for the fallibility of the nature of man—how few of the silent multitude, were they to stand forth as witnesses, could say, that directly or indirectly they had not been my willing subjects? Yes, even the arm which was sworn to protect innocence and virtue, I have caused to fall them to the earth, and crush them with the iron heel of despair. No earthly monarch can boast of so many willing slaves as me. Were the sturdy firmament one sheet of parchment, and the ocean turned to ink, they would scarcely suffice to write my entire history. Do you recognize me? My name is KING ALCOHOL.

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 EXPERIENCES AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER XV.

Scene at the Lord High Chamberlain's—Distinguished Persons—Professor Faraday—Sir David Brewster—American Mediums with Irish Brogue—Mr. and Mrs. Roberts—Julius—Mrs. Hayden number two.

Mrs. Hayden gave a number of scenes at the houses of the nobility and gentry; one at the Lord High Chamberlain's in Park lane, which is worthy of a passing notice. Prominent among the company at this party were the Duke of Argyle, Wellington and Sutherland; the Marquises of Breadalbane, Waterford and Stafford; the Duchesses of Sutherland, Wellington and Argyle; the Marchionesses of Breadalbane, Stafford, and many other titled persons, whose names we cannot now call to mind. A little incident which occurred at this scene, although exceedingly trifling in itself, happily illustrates the good breeding of the English aristocracy, and the respect they pay to all persons under their roof, without regard to position in society. It is customary at opening parties in London to pass round tea and coffee to the guests. On the present occasion there were from fifty to sixty of the "flower of the English aristocracy" assembled, yet Mrs. Hayden was the first to be served. This simple yet delicate compliment seemed intended to give her the assurance louder than words could have done, that although she was there only in a professional capacity she would be treated with all the deference that was paid to any of the guests, without regard to their exalted positions. Although deeply imbued with the spirit of democracy, and the glorious truth that all men are born free and equal, we could not but admire the beauty and simplicity of the manners of the English nobility, and we take pleasure in paying to them so just and merited a tribute.

At the very height of "table turning" in London, Professor Faraday came out with an article in the Athenaeum, giving his learned (?) but ridiculous explanation of the phenomena, which he pronounced the result of "involuntary muscular action," at the same time accusing everybody who came to a different conclusion as being non compos mentis, which it is needless to say was scouted by every one who had tested the matter for themselves, and adopted by all who had not done so. "Verily, verily, the wisdom of the wise is as but folly."

One of the results of Faraday's letter was to stimulate Sir David Brewster to visit Mrs. Hayden with two scientific friends to test the matter for themselves. After two days' experimenting, Sir David and his companions arrived at an opposite conclusion to his learned colleague, who could not be induced to pay Mrs. Hayden a visit. The only test of intelligence which Sir David could be induced to seek was an answer to a mental question, to which he received through the alphabet the name of JULIA, which he pronounced to be quite right, and the name of a person of whom he was then thinking. We regret to add that, some months after, he wrote an article for one of the Reviews, in which he endorsed the "delusory" view of the phenomena.

There were several persons of distinction in London who became mediums, but not being proof against the ridicule and willful skepticism of their friends, the most of them kept it a secret from all, save those who "had faith" in the manifestations. There were no public mediums in London at the time we left, although we had not been in England more than three or four months, before two or three were advertising—among the rest, a Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who announced themselves as the "celebrated American Mediums," and that they were prepared to gratify "serious and enlightened minds" with "spirit communications from their departed friends." We regret that we have not a copy of their advertisement, which appeared in the "Times," otherwise, we would give it to the reader as a curiosity in modern literature. Without wishing to do Mr. or Mrs. Roberts any injustice, we feel "impressed" to give it as our humble opinion, that they were deeply imbued with the spirit of fanaticism, and did much to bring the phenomena into disrepute in London, during the short time which they continued to "gratify serious and enlightened minds." Instead of being Americans, they were both Irish, (as they afterwards testified, under oath,) with the richest kind of a brogue. Being unable to pay their way, they left London for Cheltenham, taking with them an insane mesmeric subject, named Julius, who declared himself to be *Ecco Homo*, arraying himself in a scarlet robe, and harranguing the people in the street, for which offence he was taken in charge by the police, and committed. Shortly afterwards he was released, and in company with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, and a Mr. R. H. Isham, a merchant of New York, to whom they were indebted for funds, set sail for the United States, since which time we have not heard of their whereabouts.

The next person to call attention to "Spirit Manifestations" was a London barber, who resided at 37 Somerset street, Portman Square. Mr. Robert Chambers, of the Edinburgh Journal, paid him the honor of a visit, and was gratified with the following highly important and extraordinary intelligence, purporting to come from a spirit:—"I am a spirit, sent by the God of love, to impart the knowledge given me for men, for their good. I say, we are unto those people named the Haydens, they are not words and responses from God, but from the devil; they are false and wicked spirits that respond at Mrs. Hayden's. At Mrs. Roberts, they are good spirits; their idea of religion is true, for it is the religion of Christ; but although their religion is right, yet they are not what they ought to be, they are hourly offending their God, and all power will be taken from them, unless they alter, and are more careful of the way they treat their blessing sent from God, for the instruction of mankind."

The above paragraph, says Mr. Chambers, was written on nine sheets of paper, and we should judge as much from its weighty importance. It may be well to add, that we never had the pleasure of meeting either the barber, or his medium.

One morning, on taking up the Times, we were somewhat surprised and indignant to read an advertisement, informing the "curious public" that Mrs. Hayden would answer any questions desired, or obtain communications from the spirits of the departed, on the receipt of half a crown in postage stamps, which were to be enclosed in the *perno* Mrs. Hayden, at the store of a respectable tradesman in Pall Mall, who had been solicited to take in the letters by some unknown person, and, in the spirit of accommodation,

had done so, without any knowledge of the advertisement, or the true character of the correspondence. Suffice it to say, that some unprincipled person had taken the liberty to borrow Mrs. Hayden's name and popularity, for the purpose of defrauding the "curious public." We immediately paid a visit to the place designated by Mrs. Hayden number two, but she was not at.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

CLAIRVOYANCE BY THE INDIANS.

In the year 1766, Capt. Jonathan Carver, of Boston, Mass., made a journey to Michillmackinac, Mich., 1300 miles from Boston, then the most remote English post on this continent; and from thence proceeded westerly to the Falls of Saint Anthony, and northerly round about the head waters of the Mississippi; thence easterly to the shores of Lake Superior, and by that lake to the point of beginning, expending considerable money and nearly three years of time in the journey, which was undertaken for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of the remote and unknown regions of the West, then recently acquired from France by the Treaty of Versailles. He was in hopes of being able to penetrate "to the head of the river of the West, (the Oregon,) which falls into the Straits of Annin," and following it to the sea, there terminate his journey. But being unable to procure the quantity and kind of goods which he desired to present to the Indians, to induce them to favor his designs, he reluctantly retraced his steps easterly to Boston, where he arrived in October, 1768, after traveling "near 7000 miles," and penetrating much farther westerly than any British subject had before. The history of his travels, a very interesting work, was first published in London in the year 1778, with the patronage of Sir Joseph Banks, F. R. S., &c. In the fourth American edition, printed in this town in 1802, by Samuel Eberidge, on pages 72 to 75 we find the following story, by which it appears that the art and wonders of Mesmerism were known to the Indian priests, at Grand Portage, Wisconsin, a century ago. They beat the Davenport boys at the game of undying knots.—*Bunker Hill Aurora*.

"The traders we expected being later this season than usual, and our numbers very considerable, for there were more than three hundred of us, the stock of provisions we had brought with us was nearly exhausted, and we waited with impatience for their arrival.

One day, whilst we were all expressing our wishes for this desirable event, and looking from an eminence in hopes of seeing them come over the lake, the chief priest belonging to the band of Killistnoes, told us that he would endeavor to obtain a conference with the Great Spirit, and know from him when the traders would arrive. I paid little attention to this declaration, supposing that it would be productive of some juggling trick, just sufficiently covered to deceive the ignorant Indians. But the king of that tribe telling me that this was chiefly undertaken by the priest, to alleviate my anxiety, and at the same time to convince me how much interest he had with the Great Spirit, I thought it necessary to restrain my animadversions on his design.

The following evening was fixed upon for this spiritual conference. When everything had been properly prepared, the king came to me and led me to a capacious tent, the covering of which was drawn up, so as to render what was transacting within, visible to those who stood without. We found the tent surrounded by a great number of the Indians, but we readily gained admission, and seated ourselves on skins laid on the ground for that purpose.

In the centre I observed that there was a place of an oblong shape, which was composed of stakes stuck in the ground, with intervals between, so as to form a kind of chest or coffin, large enough to contain the body of a man. These were of a middle size, and placed at such a distance from each other, that what ever lay within them was readily to be discerned. The tent was perfectly illuminated by a great number of torches made of splinters cut from the pine or birch tree, which the Indians held in their hands.

In a few minutes the priest entered; when an amazing large elk's skin being spread on the ground, just at my feet, he laid himself down upon it, after having stripped himself of every garment except that which he wore close about his middle. Being now prostrate on his back, he first laid hold of one side of the skin, and folded it over him, and then the other; leaving only his head uncovered. This was no sooner done, than two of the young men, who stood by, took about forty yards of strong cord, made also of an elk's hide, and rolled it tight round his body, so that he was completely swathed within the skin. Being thus bound up like an Egyptian Mummy, one took him by the heels, and the other by the head, and lifted him over the pales into the enclosure. I could also now discern him as plain as I had hitherto done, and I took care not to turn my eyes a moment from the object before me, that I might the more readily detect the artifice; for such, I doubted not, but that it would turn out to be.

The priest had not lain in this situation more than a few seconds, when he began to mutter. This he continued to do for some time, and then by degrees grew louder and louder, till at length he spoke articulately; however, what he uttered was in such a mixed jargon of the Chippeway, Ottawa and Killistnoes languages, that I could not understand but very little of it. Having continued in this tone for a considerable while, he at last exerted his voice to its utmost pitch, sometimes raising, and sometimes praying, till he had worked himself into such an agitation, that he foamed at his mouth.

After having remained near three quarters of an hour in the place, and continued his vociferation with unabated vigor, he seemed to be quite exhausted, and remained speechless. But in an instant he sprang upon his feet, notwithstanding at the time he was put in, it appeared impossible for him to move either his legs or arms, and shaking off his covering, as quick as if the bands with which it had been bound were burned asunder, he began to address those who stood around, in a firm and audible voice. "My brothers," said he, "the Great Spirit has designed to hold a talk with his servant, at my earnest request. He has not, indeed, told me when the persons we expect, will be here; but to-morrow, soon after the sun has reached the highest point in the heavens, a canoe will arrive, and the people in that will inform us when the traders will come."

Having said this, he stepped out of the enclosure, and after he has put on his robes, dismissed the assembly. I own I was greatly astonished at what I had seen; but as I observed that every eye in the company was fixed on me with a view to discover my sentiments, I carefully concealed every emotion.

The next day the sun shone bright, and long before noon all the Indians were gathered together on the eminence that overlooked the lake. The old king came to me and asked me, whether I had so much confidence in what the priest had foretold, as to join his people on the hill, and wait for the completion of it; I told him I was at a loss what opinion to form of the prediction, but that I would readily attend him. On this we walked together to the place where the others were assembled. Every eye was fixed by turns on me and on the lake; when just as the sun had reached his zenith, agreeably to what the priest had foretold, a canoe came round a point of land about a league distant. The Indians no sooner beheld it, than they set up an universal shout, and by their looks seemed to triumph in the interest their priest thus evidently had with the Great Spirit. In less than an hour the canoe, reached the shore, when I attended the king and chief to receive those who were on board. As soon as the men were landed, we walked all together to the king's tent, when, according to their invariable custom, we began to smoke; and this we did, notwithstanding our impatience to know the tidings they brought, without

asking any questions; for the Indians are the most deliberate people in the world. However, after some trivial conversation, the king inquired of them, whether they had seen anything of the traders? The men replied, that they had parted from them a few days before, and that they proposed being here the second day from the present. They accordingly arrived at that time greatly to our satisfaction, but more particularly so to that of the Indians, who found by this event the importance both of their priest and of their nation, greatly augmented in the sight of a stranger.

This story, I acknowledge, appears to carry with it marks of great credulity in the related. But no one is less circumspect with that weakness than myself. The circumstances of it, I own, are of a very extraordinary nature; however, as I can vouch for their being free from either exaggeration or misrepresentation, being myself a cool and dispassionate observer of them all, I thought it necessary to give them to the public. And this I do without wishing to mislead the judgment of my readers, or to make any superstitious impressions on their minds, but leaving them to draw from it what conclusions they please."

MISS C. M. BEEBE.

We are gratified to learn that this able advocate of Spiritual Science, has been commanding the attention of philosophical minds, at Dodsworth's Hall, New York. We know of but few champions of the cause of Truth, who equal this estimable lady in depth of thought, beauty of style, or eloquence of expression. Her language is exquisitely chaste—her topics appropriately selected, and her discourses always characterized by a deep-toned eloquence, that must carry conviction to appreciative minds. The following extract from one of her discourses, taken from a recent number of the Spiritual Telegraph, is not devoid of force or beauty. Speaking of the facts of Spiritualism, she says:—

"We know that these visible facts are but the wrappings and husks of glorious vital meanings; that the outward is only a faint symbol of the inward, as body and soul, as shell to kernel, or as cloud to lightning. The materialist degrades the symbol itself, while he confines the entire fact to the outward sign. I ask of the natural philosopher as a natural philosopher, no faith in the ghostly theory till he is thoroughly baffled and confounded in affixing any other theory to all the facts! But in the name of these all-impetive facts, I demand of him that he dismiss not his dancing table till he knows the *anima* that inspires it; that the resonant dead shall render up its secrets to the hands of dynamic law, and the gleams of non-electric light which glimmer in the friendly circle, or with the silent midnight watcher, be compelled to testify of their physical paternity, before grim philosophy attempts to hide its ignorance under assumed dignity, or covers its shameful retreat under the petty cries of humbug and delusion. These are not our facts; they are the facts of the Almighty Mover of the Universe—brother or facts with the mountains and the shores, gravitation and the movements of all vital things.

Inasmuch as they stand flatly in the face of every physical system, and the wisdom of the naturalist, they demand at his hands, first of all, a thorough solution, not only for their own sake, but for that of all other systems made doubtful by their stubborn non-conformity. While the bust naturalist is pouring over the phenomena to catch the mere physical law of them, we will continue to enjoy the simple solution which has come to us with all its sufficiency and clearness.

Let us drink of the waters of *resilite*, and delight in their healthful freshness, whether we can translate their chemical formula or not. It may be highly useful to the scholar to know that 'H. O.' is their symbol in the books of the learned, but the thirsty traveler, in his wilderness of life, will not read the symbol letters as hydrogen and oxygen, but as suggestive to the thrilling call, 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' come ye to the fountains of spiritual life, and the glorious fellowship of the immortal, dead to us no more forever, and be glad that our days are allotted to us in this dawn of a sublime era which is to establish the immortality of the social nature. That eternal love is life's eternal pledge."

TO MRS. G.—BY, FROM HER BROTHER

[Through the mediumship of L. K. COXLEY.]

- Sister, still I love to be, Brother, dwelling near to thee; Near in spirit dwelling, About thy home in earth-life— Earth-life swelling, mental strife In thy nature welling. Sister, I can happy be, Mingling brother-love with thee; Mingling mine with thine, Grace, Speaking joy—controlling fears, Chasing back the burning tears, Tears burning sister's face. Sister, to the dawning day, Brother, sheds a passing ray— A ray of love divine; Divine as love immortal— Immortals ope the portal, That spirit rays may shine. Sister, Hope shall brighter seem— Hope shall send a radiant beam To light thy journey through; Light, that shall to these unfold, Unfolding joys yet untold, Joys that never bid adieu.

A PRAYER.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. E. A. K. of Roxbury.]

Oh! voice of the Deity, speaking through all Nature, from the bubbling brook to the roaring cataract, and pealing thunder—from the chirping bird and sweet songstress, to the rushing wind, sighing and breathing in the distant forest—listen to the prayer of Thy children. Bend Thine ear and hearken unto the voice of frail man! Grasp the winds in Thine hand, and bid all Nature be still, that Thou mayst hear the voice of Thy child, we beseech Thee. Oh, Most High! Father of all things, expand and enlarge our hearts, so that we may drink in the waters of pure life, ever flowing from their fountain, Thyself; enlarge our minds, and make them capable of containing truth, wisdom and knowledge, emanation of Thyself; fill us with Thy divine effusion, and influx, Love; make us all brethren, united together by stronger ties than family, clasping all to ourselves in love and charity, whether saint or sinner; cherishing the good, and by filling the heart with love, drive out all that is evil. As Thou hast made us after thine own image, enable us so to live, improve and deport ourselves, that we shall be an honor to Thee and Thine. We ask Thee, Father, in faith and sincerity, to lead us Thine aid through all sunshine, all trials, and all eternity. The spirit of JOHN WEAVER.

MISS SPRAGUE.

By a letter received from a warm-hearted friend, residing in Providence, R. I., we learn that Miss Sprague, the eloquent trance medium, lectured at that place last Sabbath, November 15.

The public debt of Russia is said to amount to 6,938,000,000 francs, about \$1,866,600,000.

The Messenger.

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

At our sitting, November 13th, a spirit manifested, speaking in a dialect we did not understand. The only intelligence we could glean from it was that he was a spirit from Ceylon, named Goanghee.

Jeremy Belknap.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, thou who art from everlasting to everlasting, we do, at this time, most humbly beseech thee to bless thy children.

Oh, God, our Father, thou who art ever with us, we know thou art reaching far over the heads of thy children; we know thou art able to save all thou hast created, and we know thou wilt eventually save all thy children.

Oh, God, our Father, thou who gave us mortal forms, which we have laid beneath the common mother, earth, we entreat thee to open wide the door, that we may come to bless man, both on earth, in heaven, and hell.

Oh, God, our Father, thou who art ever with us, we know thou art reaching far over the heads of thy children; we know thou art able to save all thou hast created, and we know thou wilt eventually save all thy children.

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you will be as happy as you wish to be in the home all ready for you.

Allice, I often try to manifest through you, for you are a medium, and I often try to make you aware of my presence—but, as yet, I have not succeeded. Think of me, my dear child, as happy in my spirit home; yes, happy in spite of all that was when I dwelt on earth, for God is love. Yet, if I were on earth again, I would live far different. Now, dear child, if you will sit for me, I will try to manifest through you. I see your dear little ones, and often try to guide them aright. I see your dear companion also, and have many blessings for him. Oh, tell him I will meet him in my spirit home, if he is faithful to the charges entrusted to him; and I now thank him for all the goodness of heart he now has towards my dear child.

Oh, Allice, try to bring those dear little ones up in light, and learn them to love rather than fear their God. I will often come to you, and will aid you all I am able to. I wish to come to all my earth kindred, but cannot; I shall in God's time. Therefore, think of me often, for I come like the wind and go like the same. I will surely answer your call.

Oh, my beloved son! how my spirit hovers near him in all his daily walks; and the rich fruits of a mother's love shall yet be his; yes, that which failed to ripen on earth is mellow in the spirit life. From Alice Patten to Allice Allen. Nov. 13.

John W. Webster.

I have often visited your circles, and I find gathered here a great company of spirits, all anxious to give something, to advance some idea which shall benefit themselves, and those to whom they come. I am sad to-day, very sad, and I can assure you, my friends, I do not take this form under my control, without taking upon myself one of the greatest crosses I ever met with.

A few short years ago I was with you; yes, in your city. I lived as other men lived, spoke as other men spoke, walked with the multitude, as other men walked; and oh, how came I to be a spirit—how came I suddenly to leave earth, and enter the spirit land? Would you know why? It was not the love of money or of gain which sent me here, but I desired to sustain my position in life. I did not dare to throw down my armor. I would to God I had come out and told my friends just how I was situated, and called upon them for advice and aid. But instead of doing my duty in that respect, I pondered over my sorrows day after day, night after night. God only knows how my soul was tortured during the last year I lived on earth; and when I was led to commit the sin for which I was executed, my brain was on fire. I was not responsible for that act, but I was responsible for what preceded it. Yes, sorrow kindled a fire within my soul, and while that fire was burning wildly, I fell into temptation, and in an unguarded moment I struck my enemy, and caused his death. I do not return to denounce those who denounced me, but I do return to request those who stand high before the public, to see to it that they are not low within, for it is hard to stand high before the public, when we stand low within our own souls. I had many private sins; I was a thief, not because I loved to steal, but I stole to keep up my reputation. I took that which was not mine, to keep up the position I wished to sustain, and the future became a wreck, as the world knows.

Oh, had those who professed to be my friends, been indeed mine, it would have been different. My friends were the friends of Professor Webster—not of plain John W. Webster, and I committed many sins to sustain my reputation, for I knew they would leave me when my earthly name and title departed.

The man I murdered was more murderer than murdered; this is true, for he placed my soul within a slow fire, and in that fire was the shaft of death. I do not come to plead my own cause, but I do come to plead the cause of those who may be in the position I was once in. Oh, they had better sustain God, than mammon, for God is a firm and lasting friend, while mammon is a bubble, that breaks before the first ill wind.

If I had been sound in mind, if my soul had not been all on fire, I should not have done as I did. I could have concealed my victim; my profession taught me how to dispose of such subjects, and I repeat it, had I been a sane man, I would not have thrown myself open to the public as I did. I saw it when too late, when remorse came like an avenging angel, to prepare the way for repentance. I wondered how I could have made so great a mistake. After reflection, I saw that sorrow had burned out the lamp of Reason, and I was not myself. He who was my worst enemy dwells now beneath me. Who gives him that dwelling-place? Not me. The God of all the earth has placed him beneath me. And yet my lot is hard enough; dark indeed must be the sin of those who have a darker mantle than I reading upon their shoulders.

Education does much to debase mankind; this you may prove, if you will, and find it true. The mechanic would have struggled on, never caring what the world would say; but I, the Professor, could not do this—and why? Education would not allow me. I could not bow; I had been reared by too hard a master. I could break, but I could not bend. When the scourge was laid upon me, God knows I tried to bow before it, but Education would not let me. Oh, mine was a hard lot! And my children my children! If I could have closed their eyes and their hearts, I could have been happy; but oh, a double stain rested upon them. And my wife! ah, her gentle spirit was soon wafted to heaven. Yes, Heaven—for who should live in Heaven, if not she? I shall one day be with her, but not yet—her spirit is pure; mine has not yet been purified in affliction's furnace.

I have a word to say to young men. If they choose a profession, I pray them never to let their profession rule them, but be in readiness to bow before any cross the times or custom may place upon them. When sorrow comes to your door, and knocks for admittance, let him in—do not, I pray you, refuse to bid him welcome. He lays his hand upon you heavily, pray to God for sufficient strength to bear up under it, but take him in as your bosom friend. God will then give you strength, and though you be a stripling, you shall have power over the Goliath of sorrow, be he never so terrible.

Oh, I would to God I had been as I wish I had been. I would to God I had been a humble man. But there is time for me to progress, and if there is happiness for me, I am determined to have it in God's way, not mine. And it matters not how heavy the cross is, it shall be borne. Oh, pray for me, and when I am happier than you, I will pray for you. Nov. 13.

William Staples.

My name was William Staples. I never knew you. I have been here seven years, and I am very glad I'm dead, and away from earth. I have a wife on earth, and sons, and I should like to communicate with them, if you have no objection. The boys did not treat me exactly as they ought to. I suppose I was to blame, though, for I used to drink. They said I used to keep drunk all the time. Perhaps I did—but there is one thing sure, I died drunk, and waked up in heaven, sober. I lost about thirty years on earth, dead loss; I have got to go over that time just as though I had never lived there. I never progressed one step during that time, and the man who drinks cannot progress. If he drinks something that takes away his intellect, he cannot progress. It is not his body that progresses, it is his intellect, and if he deicides it, how, in the name of Truth, can he progress? Now I have got to live these years over again.

I said I waked up in heaven; well, it was heaven to me, for I saw all my friends around me. I saw my mother, the first one. She said to me, William, do you know where you are? I said, Yes, mother, but I did not know; I thought I would not let them get the better of me. Well, I've been sober seven years, and I have improved that time, I assure you. Why, bless you, if you had heard me talk at that time, you would have thought I was a perfect devil. Now I want to tell the boys, George, in particular. I am sober, and I did not go to hell to get sober, either. I am punished for doing as I did; enough, not too much. Poor George, he used to say, I'm

afraid father will go to hell. Oh, George, said I, I'll go to heaven, yet. He experienced religion once, and belonged to the church.

My wife (she's one of the best women God put upon earth,) used to pray for me day and night, and do everything she could to make me happy, and I did everything I could to make her miserable.

I have a particular reason for coming here to-day, which you don't know, and never will, perhaps. They have said something like this: I know why father does not come to us; it's because he is dark—you see they have just begun to get light in Spiritualism. I want to let them know it is not so—but because I could not control that medium. I shall talk as good as the rest by-and-by.

Well, I think I'll go, now. I do not want to tell where I used to live on earth. George lives in New Hampshire. Nov. 13.

James Russell, Fayal.

It was written—"I wish to speak, and will do the best I can." James Russell, Fayal." After obtaining control, the spirit said:—

From my earliest recollection, I have been taught to love and fear God. And as I passed out from my earthly form, I said if God will, I will come again; I will send a message to you, my friends, who have watched over me in my hours of sickness and sorrow. To you I will come, and if Spiritualism be true, I will give you that I now give you, and those words are these—"Peace be unto you." I shall be recognized by these words—I shall be known, and many hearts will thank God that the door is open between the material and spiritual world. One stood over me, and he said—Brother, be at rest; angels are hovering over you. I know it, said I, I feel it. Another said—James, you do not believe in Spiritualism—will you come back if it be true? I will, said I, if God wills, and I will give you these words, "Peace be unto you." And I return to speak thus to my friends, after seven months of absence. Oh, that I could speak through a medium there, but God has willed it otherwise, and I wander to Boston, the place where I was born, and where I lived with my uncle, John Russell, until I went to Fayal with him at ten years of age.

Years ago he passed on, and left me with all his earthly possessions.

I had two cousins, an aunt, a wife and two children living in Fayal at the time I am now speaking to you through this stranger medium. I have an interest in a house there, called the Fayal House. I tell you these things, not because they benefit me, but because I wish to give you all I can to prove my identity.

Suffice it to say, I promised to come, and I have come. I find Spiritualism true, as God is true, but it is mixed with error. What I mean to say is, that spiritual intercourse is a fact, and that Spiritualism is to fill the whole earth with the glory of God in years that are to come.

My daughter is a medium; she was told she was a medium before I left earth, but I forbade her to practice, because I feared it would injure her. I now regret to tell her that the powers she has may be brought out and used for the glory of God, and the welfare of her fellow men. I want her to pray much; for oh, I could not be happy in heaven, if I thought my wife and children were not living in the love and fear of God. I am not so far off that I cannot see what is passing on earth—no, that which I loved on earth and left there, draws me back to it.

I have much that I might give in regard to worldly affairs, but let the dead bury their dead—I am going after true happiness. Let those on earth take care of the things of earth. If I can, I will aid them, but they should be competent for that task.

My folks may ask why I do not give some advice in regard to affairs I left so unsettled. I would have them settle as they desire; what is proper for them suits me. I only ask for their happiness and that of all God's creation.

I know I shall meet them in due time, and we shall all live together. I am sure of it, else heaven would be hell to me.

Oh, how meagre everything on earth looks to me, when compared with my own spirit home. I see nothing on earth which pleases me, except the dear familiar ones who are a part of myself. I love to go there, to the place that was once my home, and read their thoughts. Heaven is there, heaven is here, heaven is everywhere within me. I have passed on to the seventh sphere of happiness, but it was no more heaven to me than it is here. It was more pure, but I was not fit for that place—therefore I could not tarry there, and it was not heaven to me.

When I was on earth, I was taught that God was the Judge of all the earth, and judge only in one sense. I might say I believed that he was an unmerciful God. I was taught to love and to fear God, to bow down before him; but oh, when I cast off my mortal form, I found heaven where I was; I did not have to travel for it—I found it in the fact that I was free from suffering, free from care and from sorrow. I found it all around me.

And you mortals may be in heaven, if you will; and the best way I know of, is to do unto others as you would that they should do to you; seek to make others happy; never seek to make self happy at the expense of others, but rather seek to make others happy at your own expense. Jesus said, do unto others as you would have them do to you. If you do this you will find heaven everywhere.

Nov. 14.

Littlefield, of Boston, drugged for money.

I have now been dead two years, and it is well that I manifest. I have imperfectly done so by raps and tips to my friends; but I am anxious now to make a communication that will startle the community, especially a part of it. My name was Littlefield, I lived in Boston, I died of what my physician pronounced to be delirium tremens, but what was in reality poison. I will give you as correct a statement as I know how to give.

I was in the vicinity of 40 years of age; I would rather not give you the exact age. I was a trader, but for something like two years I had been in the habit of spending a portion of my time in gambling. None of my friends knew this, but my wife supposed it might be so. I had something like \$3000 in my pocket, the day I was drugged. I had gambled none for three days before the day I was drugged. I did not know I had enemies, but it seems I had. They did not intend to kill me; they intended to say I had been drunk, and as a natural consequence had been robbed. They drugged me, and I was carried home to my house about eight o'clock in the morning. My attending physician was one P.—he knew I was poisoned, but he could not save me, as the dose was too much. He said I was called to this man privately—it will not do to give an antidote for poison, for his friends will then know he was poisoned. I shall get my reward, said he, and as I had no hand in giving the poison, it will not be my sin. I shall receive the reward if he dies. He had promised silence at all hazards, and he knew if he gave remedies he would sentence certain men. He had sealed his own lips before he was aware of it—'Tis pity, rather than cursing him.

I have left a wife who is robbed of almost all that should be hers, and can gain no redress. My murderers console themselves with the idea that dead men tell no tales. But I am not dead. I do not come to injure them, therefore I shall not give their names. They did not intend to do it; in all probability they would have sold their own lives to have avoided my death. But the doctor told them it was all over with me when he looked at me. He did not tell them that by giving me powerful antidotes he could save me, because then the whole affair would have been made public. I want them to know that I have them in my hands, and that if they ever do such a thing again, I shall expose them. I have told the physician's name, because he is in temptation more than the others, and this will be a warning to him. He knew I had been in the habit of drinking hard, and he told my people it was delirium; but I told my wife it was poison. All the prescriptions he gave me were in brandy. I want

my wife to know I am with her, and ask her forgiveness for any wrong I may have done her.

I have given you all I want to at this time. I want my murderers to turn from their evil ways, or so sure as I have a God, I shall expose them. The last place I remember being in was Parker's. I drank twice while I was there, once at the urgent request of those who pretended to be my friends. I do not remember anything after.

I met them in the morning, and as I had parted with them late the night before, we went together that day, although I intended to go out of town on business, in the seven o'clock train, and left the house at about six o'clock for that purpose.

The doctor is a man of high standing, but he has come down in his own estimation since. Let him live on and do all the good he can—he did not hurt me, only he might have saved me. But money is the root of all evil, and he fell at its touch. Good day, sir. Nov. 16.

Harriet Davis.

Oh, when shall the weary soul find rest? When I passed from earth, I expected to be at rest; I expected to leave forever the scenes which were so dark to me there. But God has ordered it otherwise, and I must still linger near that which has been my hell. I am unhappy, I am striving to free myself from earth, but I cannot; the chains are heavy that bind me, and when I strive to rise, all seems darkness and misery where I dwell.

I saw a star, I followed it and it led me here. Out of that star came a voice, saying, use positive power over the form you see before you, and speak to those you see there, and then your bonds shall be broken.

Oh, how little they who live on earth think of happiness. I used to think how sweet it would be to be remembered after death; but now it is bitter, for I know they must remember my faults as well as virtues.

I was born in England in 1791. I came to America in 1798. I lived the first two years in Louisville, Ky. Then I removed to New York with my father, my brother, and a sister. I lived there seven years, and then left and came to Boston, for my father and my sister had died. I came with my brother, who went out as supercargo to South America, and left me in Boston. I formed many acquaintances—the most of whom were bad. I lived in sin near four years, then getting weary of life, I went back to New York. The friends I had known there all passed me by; no one stretched out a kind hand or spoke a soft word. Disappointed, angry, weary, I turned from that place, and next went to New Orleans and thence to Cuba, stopping there three weeks, and then I came to Boston. There I lived, there I died, and my spirit went to God, among those who taught me to sin, among those who did not fear God, nor respect his laws.

Oh, if my friends in New York could have known how my heart bled and how I longed once more to return to virtue and peace, they would not have turned me away; but, alas! mortals think not of the erring ones.

Oh, how my soul burned when I knew I was going! how could I meet my dear friends who had gone before me! But when I had bidden those farewell who stood about my sinful form, I saw a bright form beside me. It was my sister, who bade me draw near, but I bade her depart. She told me to look up, for happiness was in store for me, and she promised to aid me by her prayers, by her light; and so she has, and it was her star which guided me here. I lived at one time at No. 10 South Margin street, and another time at No. 4 Oneida street, at No. 10 Kneeland street, and in Endicott street, and in Chelsea, and in Broadway. I have been here many years, but have given you the names the streets bear now. My name was Harriet Davis.

When I lived in Oneida street it was not known by that name, but the house was a little black house on the bank of the water.

How little you mortals know of the unhappiness you may bring upon yourselves, by misdeeds. You should all strive to do the best you know how, and live as you know you will wish you had when earth is no more to you. Nov. 17.

Emeline Tracy.

I came to you a little while ago. My name is Emeline Tracy. I couldn't control your medium, so I left. Don't you know I told you I was unhappy about my child? I told you she was in Bangor. Oh, I am so unhappy! I told you she was five years of age. Oh, if I could only speak to these people, but I do not know how to do it.

I never saw them on earth, and do not know their names. Oh, I wish I hadn't drowned myself. I am so unhappy here! I don't know how long I am to stay here, nor what is to become of me. I am more unhappy than I was on earth. I have a mother on earth, but she never wants any one to speak of me. The most I come for is to beg those people to be good to my child.

You see when this child was five days old I drowned myself. They thought I was crazy, but I was not. That was early for me to go out, but what care I? the world cared nothing for me, and I cared nothing for myself. They tell me I must come back with love instead of hate, but I can't think so. You do not know about hate, I suppose; I do. Now if he, (the controlling spirit of the circle,) would let me say all I want to, I should say a great deal, but he will not let me. He says when I talk of hating people on earth, I may be sure I am not right myself.

I want to tell George Brown, who lived in Manchester, N. H., that if he ever meets me in heaven I will not own him. I know it is bad, but they said I was so on earth. Five years I have been here, and I may stay 50 for aught I know, and be unhappy. Well, I know God is love, and that as soon as I am good I shall be happy; but it is such hard work. Oh, if I could tell you all, but he will not allow me.

I drowned myself in Lowell, Mass. My right name was Emeline Tracy. I worked in the mill. No one cared for me there, else they would have done better by me. Yes, six years ago I worked in the mill in Lowell; five years ago I drowned myself.

Will you publish what I have told you? Well, when I come again I will tell you more. I was 23 years old when I drowned myself. Nov. 14.

Emily Wallace, to her Husband.

My beloved husband: I see the spirit of Time is casting many pearls at your feet, but the most beautiful of all I see is the pearl of faith. Do treasure it well, my dear, dear companion. I often stand by your side, but you don't see me. I shall, at some time, try to present myself to you.

My dear, I want you to be happy. I do not wish you to say when you lie down at night that the light you have received is too good to believe, and wonder if they who are dead do indeed come and manifest to you.

Oh, give the light all the credit it is deserving, for Truth is upon its face. Dear one, if I do write thus, I know you are gaining much by spirit light. I know, my dear, you try to fully believe in spirit life and spirit communion. Oh, my dear, let not your feet slide upon the quicksands of financial affairs. Seek first the happiness of your own soul.

Now, dear one, think of me at all times as near you, and you must know ready to assist you. Your Emily. Nov. 16.

Henry Howard Lesseure.

Here is a place in the mountains. I see water and trees, and there, thousands of feet below me, I see bones lying in the snow and rocks. I see a skull, and every bone of the human body seems here, except a foot, but I see nothing on them; I see a blue coat, or a piece of one, and a cap, which looks as if it had been here a great while. I see one shoe, the other is gone. I see a gold watch, and a large chain with a white seal. The spirit who shows this to me says it is his body, or the skeleton of it. He wants me to open the watch. I see the name Howard marked on it, on the cap of it is the name of "Johnson, London."

This spirit says he went up in a balloon, landed

there, and died. He is very anxious to communicate to his friends, and he wants me to tell you that he can't speak through me. He belongs in France, his native land. His mother was a German lady—his father French, and he was born in Paris. He says his friends think there is some chance of his being saved by landing on some vessel in the ocean. He says his balloon did not come down with him, but he fell from it, and died before he had passed twenty feet from the balloon—slept in the clouds, and soared on to heaven. He went up from Paris, about eight years ago. His name was Henry Howard Lesseure; he has left a great many friends at home, and they are still looking for him to come to them. Some think he landed upon a desolate island. He has one child, named Louise Lesseure. Seven long years he has tried to come, and begs you will publish his communication, for it will be a great blessing to his friends. He says he has friends in America, who, hearing the news, will immediately send it to his friends in Paris. He has one cousin in New Orleans.

Oh, dear, I must either come back, or die. I am breathing in mist, and I am very cold—the clouds are flying about me, and I cannot hold on to anything. Nov. 16.

The medium was evidently mesmerized by the spirit communicating, who imparted to her his ideas—without dispossessing her of her power over her organism.

John Stewart.

My dear friend Knox—You, in body, are now thousands of miles away from the spirit who dictates these few lines. I see you are not happy, yet you are trying to be. Oh, I could have told you all you have seen and passed through, but did not deem it prudent. Excessiveness is the best, the very best teacher, and I see you have had a good tutor. Now, my good friend, you must get weary; hold on, and soon, very soon, you will begin to eat the fruits of true happiness. Have no fears—all will yet be right. When you sleep, a watch is set over you, that no harm come unto you. I am very sorry you are suffering from your former trouble, and I am requested to tell you it is not the climate that disagrees with you, but the water and your labor. So you must not frame any false ideas as to the climate. That would suit you well when once you get acclimated, and that will not take long. But take good care of your body, and call often upon your spirit friends. All is well with your friends in spirit, and may be well with you.

This is from John Stewart in spirit, to Oscar Knox in mortal life. Nov. 15.

Samuel Wobbor.

Good afternoon. There must be a first time for everything, and I might as well make my first attempt now as any time. I have been dead most fifteen years—it would be that next spring, and I've tried many times to communicate, but never could until now. I was a resident of Boston; my body was buried in Boston, in the ground at the King's Chapel. I have a good many friends in Boston, but I hardly know who to approach. I don't want to send to one who will not know how to treat me. I always was particular not to go a second time to a place where I was not treated well. I would like to go to them, and talk to them, but not without I am wanted. Now I am going to throw a stone at them, and if it hits them in the right place, I shall be pretty sure to receive a call; if not, I shall stay away. My name was Samuel Wobbor. I have a near connection in Boston, who is a tailor. I shall not say what connection—he knows, and so do I, and if he desires to talk to me, I shall be happy to control some medium. He will know me. Then I have another connection in Boston, by the name of Ticknor; he is a publisher, and I should like to talk with him, and introduce him to others who would like to do so. I have another by the name of William Wobbor with whom I should like to talk. I know a great many others, and if any of them wish to talk with me, they must say so, and I will come.

I had strange notions when I was on earth, and I have them now. They were a part of me, and no one else, and I still retain my individuality.

I died of consumption—was sick a long time—died, as I thought, pretty happy—so I was; but I was a little afraid to go, for I did not know where I was going. But it is all right now; I'm progressing well, and am quite happy, and if my friends want to hear from me, they must give me an invitation, and I'll be happy to accept it. November 17.

Edwin Allen.

My dear father, thinking you may be glad to hear from me, I use the mortal hand of a medium I do not know, to convey a few thoughts to you. My very dear earth-father, first let me tell you how very happy I am in my spirit home. Next let me tell you I can come to you at any time I wish, but cannot communicate as I wish.

You, dear father, do not believe in the coming of spirits yet, but will in time. Next, let me tell you how I met grandmother when I left earth, and how glad she was to see me and to help me. Now don't think I am not going to say anything about my dear mother. Oh, yes, I

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jewels five worth-while. That on the stretched fore finger of all Time, Sparkle forever.

Neither men nor women became what they were intended to be by carrying their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

High and beautiful is the lot of the great poet. His lyre is the world, and the strings on which he plays are the souls of men.

Reputation is rarely proportioned to virtue. We have seen a thousand people esteemed, either for the merit they had not yet attained, or for that they no longer possessed.

Evil is in love And ever those who are unhappliest have Their heart's desires the oftenest, but in dreams.

Rose Ellison's Dream; OR THE ORPHAN'S DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Poor Rose Ellison! She had never known a mother's watchful care, and the sunshine of affection gladdened not her solitary pathway.

Her father had been a drunkard, and from the remembrance of his bloated visage and reeling step, she turned with loathing; from the remembrance of his cruelty, his untimely death, she turned with forgiving pity, a pity all devoid of filial love.

A sorrowful, neglected childhood was hers; she was reprov'd for her eager questioning; her admiration of the grand and beautiful met with no response from those around; and chilled and wearied with discouragement, the neglected child would sob herself to sleep.

Then, while the curtain of sleep veiled from her view the hollow world without, a glorious dream revealed a scene of beauty to her longing soul. Towering mountains, bathing in the mellow light of a happier world, enclosed a fertile valley, studded with innumerable flowers, and happy homes, that glistened silvery beneath the eternal sunrises.

With a heart overfilled with tenderness, a spirit yearning for sympathy and appreciation, that cherished an intense worship of the beautiful, all unheeded and unacknowledged her worth and affection, the solitary child, passed on through life, sitting by the stranger's hearth, praying, hoping, seeking for the words of love and encouragement forever withheld.

They gave her tasks far exceeding her feeble powers of body; and doomed to a life of drudgery, the uncomplaining orphan child. But from the spheres of light and love, an angel whispered hope and consolation, and pointed to a starry pathway leading to celestial mansions. The young heart, so richly endowed with the priceless boon of love, found no response to its clinging prayers—on earth; the mind that harbored celestial gifts of poetry and loftiest utterance, was denied the free expression of its inspiration; no loving soul sought with soothing tones the words of cheer, to bring to the light the hidden treasures of that spiritually gifted child.

When the blush of girlhood deepened on her cheek, and the sad eyes gathered lustre from the love-lit inner shrine of feeling, while the throbbing hopes and sacred aspirations of youth led her spirit to the mountain heights of contemplation, from whence she beheld the beauty and utility of life, the glowing promise of a hereafter, the certainty of a glorious future destiny came to the bereaved, aspiring heart.

Beautiful and consoling philosophy! Divine revelations of the Father's love! Glorious communion! Immortal life page unrolled to the seeker's vision! They who scoff at spiritual intercourse know not its sublime convictions, have never felt in their creed-bound slavery the exalted freedom of the emancipated soul, basking in the sun rays of celestial affections, kneeling in adoration at the altars of the ever present God! Throughout this land, throughout the world, there are millions of hearts rejoicing, that erst were downcast; orphaned and widowed hearts rejoicing in the certainty of reunion, in the convictions of eternal life and love.

Poor Rose Ellison! poor and disregarded by the frivolous and blinded worldly eyes; what if the world should never bow in reverence to her spirit's revelation of the true and beautiful? There are listeners near, watchers ever beside her, a maternal angel guiding the trembling feet along the stony, rugged path. Hymns of rejoicing greet her, as she dashes away the world's glittering cup of temptation, and remains true to her angel nature, to the godlike counsels of her own pure soul. Poor Rose! they say, contemptuously, little deeming that weary toiler to be the recipient of angel favors, linked to lofty spiritual beings by the world-encircling links of sympathy and aspiration.

She was truly the " favored of spirits ;" for, often, when aroused from calmness by the taunts and cruelties of her harsh employers, the bitter retort would rise to her lips, a gentle, soothing, most holy influence would lend to rest the warring passions evoked by human coldness, and the " soft answer that turneth away wrath," was all the response given. And when the victory was gained, the self-denial achieved, upon the orphan's vision beamed a smiling angel visitant, and said—" Well done, my child !"

She passed through life alone; no star of love shed its crowning glory upon her pale, spiritual brow, but the uncalled-for angel nestled close to her woman's heart, awaiting the life-breath of eternity to reveal itself in majesty and power. She passed through life serenely, though strangers frowned upon her, and hard taskmasters bade her work with aching fingers and oft wearied heart. But she heard the whisperings of angel friends, felt the soft touch of a spirit mother's hand, and upon her soul were showered the benedictions of the pure and exalted dwellers of celestial worlds; and amid the toil and coldness, Rose Ellison was blest and happy. They tell us that life is gloomy, that this beautiful world is a valley of tears and we. Alas! human coldness, human avarice, human perversion, has transformed this smiling, lovely earth into a semblance of the fabled pandemonium. Sunshine, and light and beauty, musical seas and spirit-whispering breezes greet us; sky and earth and ocean proclaim the Father's love—man alone has perverted his divine faculties, and brought the darkness and the fear beside the smiling domains of Nature's holiness.

But thanks be rendered unto Thee! Source of all good! Loving Father! there are true hearts and loving spirits kindling at the touch of Thy awakening hand. It was when youth's rosy light had fled from the weary brow of the toiling Rose, that the holy influences ever guiding her, led her to awaiting earthly friends, to home and quiet independence. Silver-haired, world-tried men and women, whose children were dwellers of the land of peace, called her daughter. The down-trodden and the erring, the laboring and the weary, called her " dear sister Rose;" and many called her friend. She fulfilled her mission of usefulness, over guided by a spirit mother's counsels, led by the maternal hand in nightly vision to the celestial mansions; her heart attuned to the music of the spheres, her spirit in harmony with Nature's beautiful revelations. She envies not the rich and gay, for abiding wealth is here, and exalted and purified by past toil and experience, her soul has gathered strength, and has attracted to her side the companionship of the good and pure dwellers of this and many worlds. Such was the Orphan's destiny.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1857.

The Busy World.

AN INTERESTING LAW CASE.—Among the cases argued before the full bench of the Supreme Court last week, was that of the Atlantic vs. the Merchants' Bank of Boston. This case involves the sum of \$25,000, which the Teller of the Atlantic Bank loaned to Mr. Hooper, formerly Teller of the Merchants' Bank, to make good his account, and which check the Merchants' Bank refused to pay, Mr. Hooper, in the mean time, having committed suicide. As an incident of this affair, it is now stated that " operators " in the street lost \$120,000 in connection with it.

The best quality of bread is sold in Albany for three cents per pound.

Forty-eight PAUPERS have been sent from Lowell to the State Alms House, at Tewksbury, the present month. There are now about 900 inmates of that establishment. New accommodations have just been made for 300 more.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Mirick, of the Greenfield Democrat, has been appointed a weigher and gauger in the Custom House. Salary \$1500.

DEATH OF AN EX-V. S. SENATOR.—Hon. Horatio Soyourn, one of the most prominent and respected of Vermont's great men, and who held the position of United States Senator for twelve years, died at his residence in Middlebury on Saturday.

Messrs. John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School street, have on their counters all the weekly newspapers and monthly publications as soon as issued. Their store is convenient of access to ladies, who will find it a resort where they can select their own light reading.

WASHINGTON IRVING is gathering materials for a life of the world-renowned Kit Carson. A man to whom America is mostly indebted for its knowledge of the far West, gained under trying difficulties and uncommon dangers.

SILVER BEDSTEADS.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce reports that six bedsteads of silver have been ordered from one of the

large furniture establishments of that city, by the Pasha of Egypt, in contemplation of the marriage of his son with the present Sultan's daughter. The cost of the set is estimated at \$70,000.

A New York paper article has this caption: "Lo! the Poor Alderman! The city treasury is empty—there is nothing to steal!"

Persons purchasing railroad tickets will frequently find a printed notice upon them—"Good for this day only." A Judge in the western part of New York State has just decided that this is of no legal force, and that a passenger, having purchased a railroad ticket from one point to another, has a right to ride on any train he chose, stopping over at any place on the road a day or more at his pleasure.

An attempt was made on the 20th inst., by two men to garrote Dr. Alex. W. Slott, while he was on his way from a visit to a patient. He shot one of the assailants, when they both escaped.

General James Hamilton, whose name was once familiar to the public in connection with nullification in South Carolina, lost his life on the 16th of October, by a collision between the steamers Galveston and Opelousas, in the latter of which he was a passenger, near the coast of Texas. He was a native of South Carolina.

CLEVELAND, NOV. 20.—A terrible snow-storm occurred along the whole chain of lakes yesterday and to-day. The propeller Jersey City, bound down, with a cargo of beef and flour, sprung a leak while going into Dunkirk. She had four feet of water in her hold.

Hon. Charles P. Chandler, Senator elect from Piscataquis, Me., died very suddenly of disease of the heart, at his residence in Foxcroft, on Tuesday evening last.

Attempts still continue to be made to keep up the demonstrations of the unemployed laborers in New York, but the gatherings are insignificant, as the workmen evidently see their folly and keep away.

Murders and robberies are as rife as ever. Evil is abroad, backed up by King Alcohol; it therefore behooves all good citizens to be on their guard.

It is said that in the prize fight between Coburn and Gibson in Canada twenty-one rounds were fought in thirty minutes; when Coburn was declared winner of the stakes, amounting to \$1000. Is there no way of preventing these brutal fights?

Flashes of Fun.

Some people take pleasure in dunning others, especially when debtors shuffle every way to avoid settlement. Mr. W. is one of this stamp. He had been annoyed in this way by a man who owed Dr. G. a small amount, and took occasion to dun him before company.

"Ob," says the debtor, "I pay my small bills alphabetically. When Mr. A. calls, I settle—ditto Messrs. C, D, E, &c."

"Hold on," interrupts the collector. "When you get money enough to pay Mr. F., just retain it, will you, and cancel Mr. G.'s bill, which has been due about long enough?" The laugh was turned upon the poor debtor, who instantly paid up.

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover.

"I can't say," he replied, "I never ate any; but I tell you I'm death on possum."

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken, is not all the more competent to sing "pieces."

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because, having eyes, they see not; and having ears, they hear not.

"Tom—come, now tell us the biggest lie you ever told in all your life, and you shall have a glass of stout?"

"A lie! I never told a lie in all my life."

"Draw that stout."

VERY ART.—Before Judge Rogers, a few days since, Mr. Butler, one of our eminent counsellors, preferred a request that the Court would allow him to change a name on an important document that he had in his hand. He had entered the name James—under an erroneous impression, and wished to change it to Joseph, the correct one. His Honor mused a moment, and replied, "By all means, certainly; certainly, by all means;" and then added, extenuately, "We are all liable to mistakes, for you may remember we read in Scripture, 'Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.'"

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

Said Anna's precursor—"A Kiss is a noun, But, tell me if proper or common," he cried. With checks of vermilion, and eyelids cast down, "Tis both common and proper," the pupil replied.

"There it is! I've lost Betsey."

"How so?"

"Why! I flattered her so much, she got so thundering proud she won't speak to me."

A recent poetess, speaking of a deceased infant, uses the following:—

Her laughing eyes and sweet, sweet hair—Smith, (the villain,) says—it's head must have been dressed with a honey-comb.

They are getting up "Anti-Wood meetings" in New York. Singular, this cold weather; but it is said they prefer Coal.

"Papa, what does the editor lick the Price Current with?"

"Whip it with? he don't whip it, my child."

"Well, this ere paper says, 'Price Current carefully corrected,'—and when I gets corrected I gets licked, hey! don't I?"

"Nuff oed, my son."

The late Mr. John Jones, being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

A usual thing in time of a money panic. He replied, "a suspension that would not resume in a short time, or a failure, in which the assets did not greatly preponderate over the liabilities."

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax work, pointing to a slim figure.

"I thought he was a very stout man."

"Very likely;" but if you'd been here without victuals half so long as he has, you'd been twice as thin."

"Father, are there any boys in Congress?"

"No, my son. Why do you ask that question?"

"Because the papers say, the other day, that the members voted Mrs. Brown's 'Dun' out of the house."

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Thomas Barry, Lessee and Manager; J. B. Wright, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2; performance commences at 7 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—R. G. Marsh, Lessee and Manager. Return of the March Children. The Curtain will rise at 8 1/4 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. Enslin, Lessee and Manager; J. Higgins, 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; performance commences at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Incorporated 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. Whiting (the celebrated trance speaking medium) of Michigan, will speak at the Melodeon 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 Melodeon, on Friday evening, (November 27,) at 7 o'clock.

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

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

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

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at FREMONT HALL, Winchmount street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

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

CHARLES H. CORWELL, 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. E. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

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

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

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

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

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

H. F. RIPLEY, Canton Mills, Me.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted three times, 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.

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

ROBERT R. CROSBY, No. 6 ALDEN STREET, BOARDING HOUSE. A gentleman and wife and single gentlemen, can be accommodated with board; also, transient boarders. Spiritualists will find it a quiet home, with circle privileges, evenings.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE DIVERSION OF SOCIAL PARTIES AND FAMILY CIRCLES.—A TRIP TO PARIS. A New and Laughable Game, being a Truthful Account of What B. Folson Got Up To.

This New Game for Home Amusement consists of a book of 24 pages, with 100 printed Cards, all enclosed in a neat box. It comprises ENDLESS TRANSFORMATIONS OF WIT AND HUMOR. There is nothing about it in the least degree objectionable to any class, religious or political. It is equally well suited to all ages. Its use can be learned by 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, Periodical and Fancy Goods Stores. A. WILLIAMS & Co., Publishers, 100 Washington St., Boston.

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

MRS. L. B. COVETT, WRITING, SPEAKING AND PERFORMING MEDIUM, No. 53 Harvard Street, will sit for Communications between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M., at 10 P. M., or, if desired, will visit families. Terms moderate.

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, ROOMS No. 12 in the State, opposite the Boston Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes.

MRS. KENDALL HAS TAKEN ROOMS AT No. 18 La Grange Place, where she offers her services to her friends in the writing and speaking medium. See also her list for her spirit paintings of Flowers.

T. H. PEABODY, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 1 AVON, Boston. Having for two years tested his power, will undertake the cure of all diseases, however obstinate. He will be assisted by Mrs. Peabody, one of the most highly developed mediums of the age. Patients visited in or out of the city.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, RAPPING, WRITING, TEST IMPRINTING, (Letters on the Arm) and OLIOGRAPHY-PATENT MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place Boston. May 14-15

MRS. E. A. HAYWARD, Unconscious Trance Medium, 45 Harrison Avenue, Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 6 to 9 P. M. Oct 8

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place. May 14

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Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies will receive one copy in addition. From the above there will be no variation. Sample copies sent free.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. Those debtors of receiving this paper by mail, are informed that money sent in REGISTERED letters will be at our risk.

SOLICITORS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS. In order to protect the public from imposition, every agent who is sent by us to collect subscriptions, is furnished with receipts by us. The public are cautioned against paying subscriptions to any persons not having the name of LECTURERS and Agents furnished with these receipts on application to us.

Persons writing us on business, or editorially, will please direct their letters as follows:—"BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston."

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

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

Mrs. Mettler's NERVOUS BRITANNIC 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 Lungs, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Constipation, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Respiratory Organs. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

Mrs. Mettler's HEALING OINTMENT.—For Burns, Scalds, Fresh Ulcers and Wounds of almost every description, Boils, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Swelled and Sore Breasts or Nipples, Glandular Swelling, Files, Chapped Hands or Chafing. Price, per bottle, 50 cents.

Mrs. Mettler's REMARKABLE AND UNSPESIFIED LEMNENT.—For Lameness and Weakness of several parts of the human system, Contracted Muscles and Sinews, Rheumatic, Inflammatory and Neuritic Affections, Gout, and Stiff Joints, Spasmodic Contractions, etc., etc. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

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

NOW READY. WARREN CHASE'S NEW BOOK: THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF THE LONELY ORPHAN: OR THE WORLD'S CHILD: Being a history of the successful struggles of an ambitious mind to rise from a dishonorable birth, abject poverty, limited slavery, scorn, contempt, and rivalry, to usefulness, distinction, and fame.

The book contains an accurate likeness of the LONELY ORPHAN, whose name and face are those of a distinguished and popular lecturer of the nation. Price \$1. For sale by WARREN CHASE, at large, and by B. B. MARSH, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston; sent by mail, postage free.

A LADY, HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED AS A LECTURER AND Teacher of Singing, the Piano, Organ, and Elocution, desires to find a home for herself and her mother, where the services of both would ensure them a comfortable and permanent residence. The young lady would require the privilege of occasional absences in her capacity as a public Lecturer, and as an Organist in the neighborhood. Highest references exchanged. Locally no object. Address S. Young, care of S. T. Munson, Publisher, 5 Great Jones Street, New York. 11-25 Sept. 18

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROFESSOR HUBB may be found at his residence, No. 13 Osborn Place, leading from Pleasant Street, a few blocks from Washington Street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such accounts of their Past, Present and Future, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party, enclosing one DOLLAR, Professor Hubb will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, a full narrative of the person writing will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence, and the address of the party.

Hours of consultation from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. 11-21 Aug. 31

REMOVAL. J. V. MANSFIELD, THE BEST WRITING MEDIUM ANSWERING SEVERAL LETTERS, gives notice that the public that he may be found on and after this date, at No. 8 Water Street, near Washington Street, (over George Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store), the rapidly increasing interest in the phenomena of spirit communion rendering it necessary for him to occupy larger rooms for the accommodation of visitors.

As Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is absolutely necessary that all letters sent to him for answers should be accompanied with the small fee he charges. Consequently no letter will be hereafter attended to unless accompanied with \$1. (ONE DOLLAR), and three postage stamps.

Persons who desire to receive answers to their questions, to act under any influence which may present itself for the purpose of answering such letters as are sent to him. About four-fifths of all letters sent are answered.

Audience hours from two to three o'clock, each afternoon, Sundays excepted. 11-25 June 15, 1857.

C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, Bridgeport Conn. Terms.—Clairvoyant Examination and prescription \$3. By a look of hair, if the most prominent symptoms are given, \$2; if not given, \$3. Answering sealed letters, \$1. To ensure attention, the fee must in all cases be advance.

"Dr. Stiles' superior Clairvoyant powers, his thorough Medical and Surgical education, with his experience from an extensive practice for over sixteen years, eminently qualify him for the best Consulting Physician of the age. In all chronic diseases he stands unrivalled." May 7-11

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES MAINE, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted at 77 State Street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring to be cured by the above process, on moderate terms. Patients desiring board, should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should include \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. May 28

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found very effectual in his practice during the last twelve years, takes this method of informing those interested, that he continues to administer it from the most approved modern apparatus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of diseases he gives his special attention.

J. CURTIS, M. D., No. 25 Winter Street, Boston. July 2

"THE CURE." THE GREAT SPIRIT REMEDY.—Prepared through the mediumship of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Nov. 28, 1857, for the removal of chronic Rheumatism and diseases arising therefrom. Price \$1 per bottle, carefully packed and sent by express to any part of the country. By the dozen, 25 per cent off.

N. E. Patten, ordering the "Cure," will please send a statement of his peculiar case, when convenient, in order that more particular directions may be sent, if necessary, or that the "Cure" may be so modified to meet their peculiar state.

Address W. R. Hayden, No. 5 Hayward Place, Boston. July 5

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, THE BANNER OF LIGHT, &c. BRITANNIC AND FAM