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HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of
LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

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

IV. PATTY.

The child, who, in truth, became an orphan from the day of her father's condemnation, continued with her old friend, Mrs. Shadblow, still, to whose motherly heart she had supplied the place of the little daughter that had died before Patty was born. The red house on the hill was shut up; not even Miss Larkins troubling it with her presence. The place seemed dooming, like its former master. People shunned it, if they could; and little boys always went a great way round, rather than follow the beaten road that led them up by its door.

Mr. McBride took the necessary steps at once to foreclose his mortgage, of course; for the overreaching lawyer would be thought to have quite forgotten himself, had he neglected now to gather the inquisitive harvest he had himself been at the pains to put in the ground. People generally might not have suspected him, in truth, of any hardness in this matter, which, to guilty, was nothing more or less than one of business; and they were satisfied to argue with him, that as long as the property was likely to run on in value, it was no more than an act of justice to himself to secure his little fortune against a needless loss. And so the little place went—house and land, furniture and all. And Mr. McBride pocketed the results of the forced sale—a sale made, too, under the most untoward circumstances—and had the hardihood even then to claim that the entire amount of his lien had not been properly satisfied.

Certainly, no one could have suspected that the lawyer himself was at the bottom of this crime. There were no stains of blood upon his garments. He did not set Zera Hawkins on to the commission of that deed, of which he so soon afterwards labored with might and main to convict him. Oh, no! And still—by putting this thing and that together—by recalling sundry threats and intimations which he had but a little time before dropped into the prisoner's heart, and which he had intended should lodge and rankle there—and by helping in this silent way to strengthen the partiality of his victim for the woman whose little store would be sufficient to relieve him—Lawyer McBride knew what other people could not so well know; and, at times, his own heart, must have convicted him of instigating the tragedy, at which the moral sense and the humanity of the public were so curiously shocked. There was no dreadful verdict of guilty for him from the lips of a jury of his peers; but in his heart, when other men felt easy and at peace, there was a still, small voice often speaking, that sent a shudder through his very soul. If the life of this helpless and innocent woman were the cost of a devilish conspiracy, then was he the chief of all the guilty conspirators; and of that he could not be insensible.

So, without a home or a parent, little Patty was turned out alone into the world, where only the warm and all-embracing heart of Mrs. Shadblow was ready to receive her.

Mr. Shadblow and his wife lived on the west road out of the village, and in as pretty a spot as a Huckabuck heart could reasonably desire. There was not much lawn before the house, but that lack was abundantly made up by the pleasant reach of garden in the rear. It was a brown building, that had at least once in its life seen a cloak of white paint on its clap-boards, with a plenty of little windows stuck irregularly all over it, and a back roof that swept down towards the ground, until a man could easily reach up and put his hand into the water-tough. Inside, was old-fashioned furniture enough to turn the head of a curiosity-hunter. Old lounges and easy chairs, covered with faded chintz, yet suggesting comfort and domestic coziness above all things, were set plentifully about in the front rooms; while what was called the "keeping-room," was one of the snugest and most inviting little family boxes it is possible to conceive.

The supper-table was a delight all by itself. Nothing could be more fanciful than the baby-house parlor, of old china, of the tiny teapot of the little heap of white slices of bread, or of smoking hot biscuit; and to take in the entire dimensions of the little oval-shaped table, together with all that could be crowded upon it, would not have required any greater effort than to comprehend the area of a Japanese "waiter," such as belonged to one's own grand-mother. Everything was snug and diminutive. A little bit of a fireplace, that looked like a mere hole in the wall; brass andirons, about as big as grass-hoppers; a looking-glass, hardly larger than the tidy housewife's pleasant face, so often seen in it; six or eight paces in the window, that it took two to look out of; into the street; a carpet, with a figure like a dot; inside shutters, with as many folded

parts as there are to a sixteen-bladed penknife; a creaky little rocking chair—it was Mrs. Shadblow's—sitting up like a oricket on the corner of the hearth; and a "two-foot" mantel-piece, that would comfortably hold exactly three round-backed sea-shells and a couple of low brass candlesticks.

Patty was at home in such a house at once. She loved Mrs. Shadblow like no one else in Huckabuck. The house was not such a novelty to her, either, by reason of sundry Saturday afternoon visits that she had been induced to make there in past days. The garden-grounds seemed to her like the domains of a little Eden. And with such a friend, in such a place, might it be expected that the child would best overcome the present disadvantages of the unhappy circumstances that surrounded her.

But Mr. Shadblow was hardly a man to correspond to his wife. He had a good farm, and ten or a dozen thousand dollars in money, invested where it was doing a handsome service for him. He was rich, as the estimate went in Huckabuck, and his wealth was rolling up every year. But he was glooming more and more so every day he lived. His heart was bent on saving—a saving, he kept it. Nobody ever thought of making an odd penny out of him. Every additional family expense he combated as if it were an enemy with a knife at his throat. A trifling social folly could not find its way into his head or heart. The temptations to spend, that perpetually beset ordinary men, never reached him in the form of temptations at all. And with his still increasing plenty, he began even now to be haunted with that most uncomfortable ghost, that whispered in his ear almost every day of his life, that he would yet come to want, and be thrown on the none too tender mercies of the town. Better wholly poor—will not everybody say?—than rich, and at the mercy of a bodiless spectre like this!

"How long do you calculate Mr. Shadblow to keep that child?" at last inquired Mr. Shadblow of his wife, after Patty had gone off to bed, one night. "Because," added he, with an emphasis and a pause, "I don't feel myself that we can afford such an expense!"

"Oh, la! Mr. Shadblow," appealed the nice little woman, fidgeting in her rocking-chair. And there she stopped. Thus long that unpleasant question had been delayed; she had hoped the husband for asking it was not yet come. But her husband had been considering it by himself for several days; and now he plumped it out without a syllable of warning. It fairly frightened her out of her usual self-possession, and her answer stuck exactly in her throat. Ready as her usual "Oh, la!" that was always ready at her hand, she could not have got it she had had to die for it.

"I don't see as I'm bound to support her," he went on, leaning over upon his knees. "P'raps you do, though. I don't know what you do think about it. She's no relation of either of us. She haint got no claim on us of any sort. Suppose she haint got a home; what then? It don't follow, as I see, that my house-door must stand open for her. For my part, I wish that everybody would 'tend strictly to their own affairs. I mind my business, and don't trouble nobody; and nobody sh'ld trouble me. Say, Miss Shadblow—'he hardly ever was at the pains to climb over the two syllables of her proper married appellation—I want to know how much longer you calculate to keep her?"

The little housewife fidgeted badly before she essayed to open upon him in reply; and no doubt she would much rather have taken a good whipping on the spot, than go through the scene that was sure to follow—not only then, but at any seasonable or unseasonable time during Patty's stay. But some good angel flew over her just at that critical moment, and dropped a kindling thought of the child and her destitution exactly into the right place in her heart. It made her bold. And she went to the core of the subject without further hesitation, putting all the life and aids aside, as if they never had anything to do with the question.

"Why can't she stay with us, Mr. Shadblow? I'm sure I don't see. She can't be any very heavy expense. She don't eat much, nor need many clothes; and when she gets big enough, if you should want her to go away then, I'll be bound that she'll find some way to get a living! never have any fears about that! And, besides she's a good girl—"

"Sigh a kind of, girls ain't so very scarce, I hope!" he interrupted.

"Yes, I've looked at her as much as I want to, Miss Shadblow." He set his elbows doggedly on his knees at this.

"See what she can do for us, too —"

"Help eat up our vittles and things; and wear out new clothes for us; and cost us money to educate!"

"She can wash and wipe dishes already, as well as I can myself," the little woman went on. "She will soon be able to sew well enough to make your new shirts for you, Mr. Shadblow!" She thought she got upon strong ground there.

"My shirts!" said he, contemptuously. "What did I get married for, I want to know, but for that thing exactly—to get somebody to do my cookin', and make my shirts?"

Mrs. Shadblow collapsed on that branch of the subject, and got up a new head of steam on another.

"There's a hundred ways that she can be useful to me, and to you, too. You know you always want somebody to run down to the foot of the cellar-stairs, and draw a pitcher of older for you. And I want somebody to come and go for me, too; to send up stairs for this, and into the next room for that. And Patty's a good girl, and a willing one; and she's been so unfortunate, too; and I pity her so much; and she seems to think so much of us; and she haint got no other home to go to, neither; and nobody will ever take any pity on her, or any care of her; and—and she makes me think so much, Mr. Shadblow, of the dear little creature we lost ourselves!" and here the bereaved mother's voice filled, choked, and broke down. She looked steadily at the mantel, and felt her eyes moistening with tears.

Nothing was said for some minutes. Mrs. Shadblow at length, regained her composure, and her husband still set his elbows jammed into his knees. With every moment of the silence, the poor woman thought she had regained touch with her appeal. He was thinking better of the matter. He was letting his feelings soften a little. Perhaps he was considering whether it wasn't best to call up Patty from her little bed even then, and adopt her in due form and ceremony as his own and only daughter. Mrs. Shadblow began to get encouraged about it. She even withdrew her eyes from the shining brass candlestick on the mantel, and ventured to turn them very slowly upon him. And just as they got round to his face, he looked up from his downcast posture, too; it was a look of recognition, in its fullest sense, that he gave her.

"Wal," said he, breaking the silence that was giving birth to so many cheerful prospects in the thoughts of his wife, "I wish you would finally make up your mind, Miss Shadblow, and tell me once for all how much longer you 'spect to keep 'the girl'!"

There it was! There was no sort of use in saying another word, at least by way of petition. Mrs. Shadblow was down. The subject was exhausted. Further discussion would be highly unprofitable.

"I want to know," said he, with an ugly hitch—as if he meant mischief, and nothing but mischief—"exactly how much longer she's going to stay; because,"—another emphasis and a pause—"I just mean to reckon up the amount of her expense to us, you see!"

His wife's temper, though by nature as genial as the sunny side of a garden wall, soured at this, and perhaps just enough to do her good; for it fairly awakened her to some proper sense of what was due to her own feelings; and put a little bit of a twang into her reply, that made it so much more peevish, from its very acidity, to the palate of her peevish lord and master. She got up from her chair, flung her well-fell little self out of the room, and left nothing but her smart answer behind her!

"She may stay as long as she likes, Mr. Shadblow; and you may turn her out of doors just as soon as you think best!"

And off she bounced, with a bumping heart, to bed.

"Oh, dear!" the deberted husband groaned aloud. "This is what comes of trusting your happiness to a woman! If I'd only known this before I was married!—but I didn't, and couldn't expect to! I don't 'spose I'm cheated any worse than a good many other men are—and yet it's hard tollin'!" He sat there by himself an hour, and made himself as miserable as he could. His wife lay awake on her pillow, and diligently engaged herself in the same occupation. And in this way the matter was arranged. Mrs. Shadblow—we are bound to say it of so nice a woman—generally yielded; but it could not be expected that she always would do so. There are occasions when it is wholly impracticable, even to the most amiable natures that turn themselves up to the sun. This was one of that exceptional kind.

The terms of this novel style of arrangement were, that Mrs. Shadblow might continue to have her own way as long as she liked, and Patty might stay where she was; but that the whole question was still an open one, to which Mr. Shadblow might claim it his privilege to return as often as he felt a disposition to make himself more than ordinarily fretted. It was not a bargain in so many words, but that was the amount of its meaning. As for the cost of the thing, Mr. Shadblow would sooner have volunteered to house and care for a whole procession of charity schools, than to forego the morbid enjoyment which his selfishness at the presence of

this one little child would offer him every day. If there was nothing else for him to worry his patient wife about, here was Patty just to his purpose. And little enough cared she how much he fumed and fussed, so she did but feel certain that her young chick was close under her wing.

In this style of interior life, the Shadblow household—three in all—got on through the autumn and the winter. One day, the mistress of the house was blowing soap-bubbles all painted over with happiness; and the next, she was up to her elbows in the sour suds of misery. Such an influence had the shifting moods of one wretched faultfinder. To-day, she would be secretly planning how she might be the instrument of making Patty, as fine a lady as ever walked the streets; and to-morrow, she was in the direst straits of distress, to know how she was to manage to die in a bed of her own, and out of the shadow of the poor-house.

The girl went to meeting on Sundays, and during the winter months, to the old red brick school-house for her "learning." There wasn't overmuch of that commodity to be got at the latter place, albeit Mr. John Porring, who had taught there and thereabouts for at least three generations already, thought he carried a full "value received" for the entire Connecticut School Fund somewhere in the top of his head, and was quite capable of dosing it out in quantities decently proportioned to the usual rate of about one dollar and thirty-four cents per flaxen poll. To him Patty went, for the purpose of developing the rich gifts of her nature.

With snow and blow, and rain and sleet, the winter wore away. It seemed on a hanel a short step through the white drifts to the unmeasured meadows beyond. Ten miles away, the condemned father laboriously got through the dreary days, nothing off every one with a sad regularity. In Huckabuck, the people went about their usual winter work and play, attended meeting always when the snow-storms blotted out their dogs. In the evening, they went to their highly unique lyceum and singing-schools, learned to dance—the most ungaily of them—of the Bungalow Brothers, in the upper hall of John Kagg's tavern, as their fathers and mothers had done before them, and in every reasonable manner earnestly followed their old time-honored customs, and remained true to their ancient and moss-covered traditions.

BRIMFIELD JAIL.

Spring, in and around Huckabuck, was as welcome and as beautiful as it could be anywhere in the world. As soon as the sun began to creep back to the Northern latitudes again, and hold its old place nearly over the heads of the good people of New England, it was wonderful to note the changes that followed quickly after. The grass sprouted fresh and green all along under the stone walls, and by the edges of the town street; the meadows, where the spring floods had baptized them in patches, broke out in the daintiest carpet it is possible to imagine; the waxen buds on the garden trees put forth their wings, and made the boughs and branches look like little wanderers of verdure hovering in the air; golden dandelions starred the grass as far as you could see; birds came back to their old haunts, and put up most intoxicating specimens of song; bees murmured slumberously among the blossoms; the children gambolled everywhere over the village turf; and women sat by open windows and doors, to breathe the reviving spring odors, and let their eyes drink in the joys of every new-born morning.

The farmers brought their seeds at Mr. Penny-bright's store, and scattered them far and wide over the newly ploughed fields. Little by little, the crops were all planted. The cattle went back to their summer pastures, and blue-frocked butchers came round to buy up the bleating calves. Every yard sent up a confused cry of chickens, just out of the shell, whose little wad bodies made you think of nothing but lumps of dough, stuck around with downy feathers. The oats were sown on the sloping hillsides, and brushed in. The corn was planted in regular rows, with now and then a hill of pumpkin-seeds and white beans sprinkled in between. The sly old turkeys were off in the lots and the woods on stolen noys, promising, if let thoroughly alone, to bring in a good drove of tender fatlings for the usual ceremonies at Thanksgiving.

But if Spring thus brought gladness to many hearts, it did not to all. There were dark mists wrapped around some souls, which even its bright sunshine could not dissipate. Of this unhappy sort, there was now one in the cheerless confinement of Brimfield jail.

So trippingly had the days and weeks gone off, June was already close at hand before one could stop to count how many days there were yet left in May. Still, beautiful as June promised to be to some, there was at least one to whom it was a terror. For in that month it had been ordered that Zera Hawkins should, with his own life, pay the forfeit adjudged to his crime.

The day for the execution was fast drawing near. Up to this time the inhuman father had sullenly refused either to send for or to see his little daughter. But as the event approached nearer, terror began to perform a work for which every appeal to his natural heart seemed useless. He at last consented to have a final interview with his child, and sent a message, requesting her to visit him in his cell. Time and solitude had wrought a visible change in the man's appearance. He had grown thin in person; his hair was thickly streaked with grey; the lines of his

countenance were deeply marked; and his eyes wore a staring and glassy expression, that, of itself, gave the observer some faint idea of his suffering.

Only three days before the fatal one, Mr. Shadblow consented to humor his wife so much as to slip the horse into his venerable old chaise, and carry her and Patty over to Brimfield. The neighbors looked out of their doors to see Patty on her way to take leave of her father, and in their hearts sincerely pitied her. She wore a black ribbon on her plain straw bonnet, as she had done since her mother's death, and her eyes showed signs of weeping. As she sat up in the high chaise, between her only two friends, it was enough to make one's heart bleed to read the silent grief that was written on this early age upon her pretty face. Men looked idly after them, and thought to themselves of the criminal—"Well, it will be very soon all over with him now!" and women stopped and gazed at the vehicle, and said, in a hushed voice, to their children—"This is the last time Patty Hawkins will ever see her father!"

Mr. Shadblow, determined not to belie his natural instincts, instead of driving up to the public house, as many would have been likely to do, went straight to the residence of the jailor; where, as soon as his errand was made known, he and his little party were eagerly welcomed by the whole household. They were pressed to come in, and make themselves as much at home as they could. Mr. Shadblow was suited exactly, because the trip now promised to cost him nothing; as for his wife, she secretly thought she should have felt a good deal easier, if she were sitting down and expecting dinner somewhere else than under the same roof with the unhappy criminal.

Not until they had eaten dinner, was it thought best to take Patty into the jail apartment to her father. Only the jailer went in with her. He conducted her, timid and trembling, and looking anxiously all around her, through dim passages floored with brick and stone, opening and shutting a heavy door in the world to be afraid of. In one apartment, she saw haggard looking men, gazing listlessly through the grating; in another, wretched women, outcasts and exiles from the world, black mingled in with white, and all seeming to try to make themselves as miserable as they could. The floor felt chill to the child's feet, whose shuffling over it almost sent a chill, too, to her heart.

Presently they came to the door of the prisoner's cell. It was situated in the upper row of apartments, and opened on an extending corridor, supported by stout iron girders. Patty climbed the little steps close at her conductor's heels, her heart bounding strangely with agitation. The sun but half illuminated the place, and the atmosphere was close and oppressive.

The jailor slipped the key in the lock, and, as he opened the door to enter, remarked—"Hawkins, here's your little girl!"

The prisoner was sitting on the edge of his low bedstead. As soon as he understood what this visit meant, he roused himself up, gazed anxiously around him, and tried to say something; but his utterance, he found, for a moment was choked. Once or twice he passed his hand through his hair, as if he were trying to collect himself. And then Patty stepped across the stone threshold, and stood trembling in the middle of the cell-floor.

The moment she saw her father, she fell to crying. She put one hand up to her eyes, and went fumbling among the folds of her dress with the other. The jailor withdrew just without the door, and waited on the corridor until the meeting was over.

Seeing that his child would not speak, but rather seemed afraid of him, he addressed her himself, though he hardly dared trust his voice to do so.

"Patty," said he, "don't you know your father?" She broke out crying more violently upon this, and answered him by nodding her head.

"You ain't afraid of me, are you, Patty?" he went on. "I ain't a-go'in' to hurt you because you told such a hard story against me to the jury! Oh, no, Patty; I s'pose you couldn't help tellin' what you did; and yet, I'd no thought you was awake that night—I mean the night your mother died. In fact, I didn't know nothin' about it myself; 'twas all a strange thing; the strangest thing in the world. And they're goin' to—do you know what they're goin' to do with me for it?" he asked.

She at once put down her hand, and looked first at him, and then all around the confined apartment. Possibly she did not comprehend the whole of it yet. He fixed both hands, in pantomime, about his throat and neck.

"They'll put a stout rope jest round here," said he, "and then they'll swing me off! And that'll be the end of me! You never'll see any more of me again! It's a hard fate, I know; but who can git rid of his destiny?"

He relapsed into silence. For some minutes not a word was spoken. The child did not really know what to say. As for the father, he was too busy with his thoughts.

Something there was—it was apparent in the very attitude and expression of his little visitor—that assured him of her unconquerable dislike and fear. He watched her closely, determined to be satisfied whether it was so. And every little action, every look, and syllable, went to confirm this most wretched suspicion. He had in truth alienated his own child's affection, and he must go to his grave with out even one heart-beating in sympathy with his own. To be feared, and deserted, and despoiled of one's own offspring, in a judgment under which very few are ordered to leave the world.

He sought finally to destroy the influence of this fear; for he felt that his punishment would be terrible indeed, with this last infliction added to it. So he put out one of his hands, and called his daughter to him.

"I shall hurt you," he said. "What makes you so afraid? What do you shake and cry so for? I'm your father, you know; nobody but your own father! Aint you goin' to like me any more, Patty? Can't you like your father just as you used to? Come, now; throw your arms round my neck, won't you?" and he held down his neck for her embrace.

But instead of meeting him as he had hoped, she

shrank back, and expressed in her countenance every symptom of fear and dread. She stopped her tears immediately, as if some new feeling had suddenly gripped the mastery.

"Oh, God!" the unhappy man groaned out. It

was more than he could bear.

"Won't you come to me, Patty?" he called again, with more vehemence of feeling. "Are you afraid of your father?" And then he began to mutter to himself: "What a fate this is for a man, isn't it? Hated by his own children! Miserable—miserable! If I'd ever thought I'd come to such a day as this! He passed the palm of one hand over the back of the other, contemplating their thin appearance with a great deal of melancholy. "There aint much left of me, at the most. They'll very soon get through with this job! I'll give 'em as little trouble as I can, anyway! Patty, come here now! I want to look once more in your face."

She reluctantly obeyed him, and stood between his knees.

"Now," said he, laying a hand gently on each shoulder, "I want to tell you something serious. You aint agoin' to have a father much longer, for he'll be hung! There's no kind o' help for it—he'll be swung off in spite of all he can do! And that'll be in a very few days, Patty. Now, what I want to ask you is, who are you goin' to live with? Who do you live with now? Who brought you over here?"

Patty told him that Mrs. Shadblow did.

"And do you live with her?"

She answered him that she did.

"Good Heavens!" And then he stopped to reflect.

"She was the one that put you up to testify aginst me in Court! But that's no great matter now. Let it go. And so you live with her, do ye? Care you like to stay there? Does she take as good care of you as your mother did?" At this the child looked as if she would cry again. But she controlled herself enough to tell him how kindly she had thus far been treated by Mrs. Shadblow, and that she was promised a home there as long as she would stay.

"No!" muttered he in reply. "I guess old Shadblow has altered a good deal from what he used to be. There was a time when Old Malachi said he would 'so much as give a little scull away, to help feed a poor man's hog; but I'm glad he's changed about so. Leastways, I shan't have no objection to his doing all he's a mind to for you. I never could make a cent out of him myself!"

Patty interrupted to explain that it was his kind

mercy that he did.

"Wal," said he, giving his thoughts no farther

uneasiness about her future, "you be a good girl to the old woman, and I guess she'll let you stay. You can't do no better as I see, for Lawyer McBride has got all there was left of my little place, where you was born and brought up, my daughter, but where you never'll find a home again!"

This allusion to his once happy home awakened

for a moment the deeper and better feelings of this

nature, and he hesitated before going on. It was

not so easy a thing to bid these dear old memories

depart.

"I only hope," said he, "that all that McBride

gets will plague him and his as long as he lives. Yea—I wish that the man who has done such a

thing as he has, may live to be cursed with his

gains, and that his memory may rot! I don't

know but I'd fall as lief be in my own shoes, as in

his!"

Again he paused; but now it was because of the

passion that controlled him. He brought down his

foot upon the floor. In a rage, and gnashed his teeth.

He passed his fingers through his hair till it stood

out in all directions, and made him look wild. Sud-

denly he threw his arms around his daughter, and

caressed and embraced her as if till that last mo-

ment he had never known what it was to love her.

She suffered these tokens of his affection as well as

she could; but she tried, ever so much, it would not

have been possible for her to return them. Again

and again he kissed her forehead and cheeks; rudely,

to be sure, yet still as gently as became one

unaccustomed to the bestowal of such marks of

affection. Now he held her off from him, to look at

her face again; and now he drew her hastily back

into his arms, and laid his hot cheek against her

soft and silken hair. It was touching to see how

his various feelings had been wrought upon; how

they shook his frame, as a furious wind shakes the

stoutest structures; and how, in a moment, as it

were, he was utterly bowed, and his giant strength

subdued.

"Can you ever think of me ag'in as your father?"

said he. "Or will you let people learn you to forget

me? Say, Patty; will you love me after I'm gone? Will you promise that I shan't pass out o' your

mind, after you begin to feel you won't see my face

any more?"

Instead of directly answering him, she drew back

a little, began to work her fingers nervously to-

gether, and asked him in the saddest of human

voices: "Did you kill my mother, father? Is it

true, what folks say about it?"

He could not immediately answer. But as soon

as he was able to collect himself sufficiently, he

replied: "That's what they're goin' to hang me for,

Patty. Aint that enough? You mustn't ask me

anything more about that?"

But in thus endeavoring to satisfy her innocent

curiosity, he suffered a greater pang than the fatal

drawing of the cord could inflict upon him. The

forced keeping of his secret put another heavy

weight on his heart, that no human aid could roll

away.

For nearly two hours—long enough of themselves,

but fabulously short to him—this final interview

between father and daughter was protracted. It

drew to a close at length, and without bringing

blame to either heart. The prisoner took his child to

his arms once more, as the jailer came and looked

in through the grating, as if he never would let her

go again. Then after the sudden impulse of his

better nature had thus spent itself, he held her off

from him for a moment, gazed earnestly in her face,

kissed her cheeks, her forehead, her hands, and her

hair, and explained in a voice like a painful moan:

"Good-bye, Patty! Don't forget your father!"

And the jailer took her away. She was weeping

bitterly. Little enough, in truth, could her heart

comprehend the meaning of the scene in which she

had been so prominent and unhappy an actor.

Her good friends soon after started for home with

her, neither of them breaking the ominous silence

that brooded darkly all around them. Mrs. Shad-

blow had got a brief account of the interview from

the jailer, and was now more than ever moved with

love to the little one she had taken in charge. She

held her carefully by the hand all the way; and

now and then drew her close to herself, as if she

were fearful of losing her out over the high dasher

of the chaise.

When the morning of the fatal day arrived, there

were scores of men who rode away from Huckabuck

street in the direction of Brimfield, so that the place

looked almost deserted. They might have professed

some sympathy for the dying man; but their curi-

osity was greater than that. Everybody felt the

awful impressiveness of the event; and still, there

were many who could not help thinking that this

was no less a murder than the act by which his own

wife had so unexpectedly come to her end.

VI.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

The little red schoolhouse stood at the fork of the road; and although there certainly were other school-houses in other districts, yet this was the only institution of learning in Huckabuck of which mention was ever specially made.

Mr. John Porring, a man in the neighborhood of forty-five years, kept the school, and was like to keep it as long as he lived. People were infected with the notion that he held a life-lease of the building; and was alone privileged to impart instruction within its four brick walls as long as they held together. No one ever awoke from this delusion, to keep awake any length of time. If, now and then, one and another rubbed his eyes, and wondered why nobody else could keep that school as well as Mr. John Porring, it was not long before the old opiate influence fell on his lids again, and he surrendered himself to the logic of events as quietly as those who had never thought to raise the question at all.

A rough board entry was constructed without the schoolroom door, that produced the effect of a vestibule. The water-pail stood in it, with a bright tin-dipper hobbling about on its surface; and around the walls, on hooks and nails and wooden pegs, hung an assortment of youthful clothing, graded to the ages and sizes of its proprietors. In winter, the place was full of skates and sleds; and there was snow enough on the floor to satisfy a visitor from Greenland.

Patty was turned in with the one, two and three score that from season to season packed themselves into this edifice, and was expected to pick up such crumbs of learning as Mr. Porring sprinkled for the younger chickens over the floor. Hitherto, she had attended the scanty little school over in her father's district, with perhaps not more than a dozen schoolmates. But now she was to have a new schoolhouse. Her ambition was appealed to, and she felt that she was put upon her good behavior.

In the summer time, Mr. Porring surrendered his rule and his frown, and went to ploughing, and hoeing, and laying stone-wall on his farm, so that an opening was thereby created for some other person of equal ambition and ability. As the larger boys and girls were mostly wanted at home during the warm months, to work on the farm and within the house, a female teacher was generally employed for the few small ones that remained, at the rate of two whole dollars a week, and the privilege (for it was such) of boarding herself, instead of "boarding round." This arrangement hardly amounted to more than an infant's school at best; where mothers sent their weans to keep them from under foot, and give them a chance for a couple of sweet naps a day across the hard benches of the schoolroom.

It was in winter, however, that the little red schoolhouse was in its blaze of glory. Then Mr. Porring resumed the sceptre and the crown. It made no difference to him, the big and the little were all served alike. Girls and boys came in for a share of the same treatment at his impartial hands.

He was a tall, bony, lank individual, with hands and feet of about equal dimensions; a high and narrow head that sloped off rather too much for physiological purposes, behind; his stiff, straight hair carefully brushed up to a peak over his forehead; a long, swallow-tailed coat on his back, worn somewhat shiny at the cuffs, elbows, and shoulder-blades; a small eye, secreted in the thickets of his eyebrows; and a pair of feet encased, first, in blue velvet stockings, and secondly in a couple of calf-skin slippers, that he always wore in school hours. Mr. Porring, in fact—so the Huckabucks thought—was a wonderful make-up. And what was as wonderful, his intellectual dress was as piebald, and oddly assorted as any that his sense of duty impelled him to wear to school or to church.

As he called out his classes to recite their tasks, he had a bustling business way of slapping the open book upon his hand before starting off with the exercise, and crying at the top of his voice—"Now, then! let's see who's a-going to be smart, to-day!" The larger ones were ranged around at desks that lined three of the walls; on the fourth a sort of sentry-box had been erected for the teacher, within which he sat and bawled his ferule, or adroitly pitched books at the heads of unsuspecting offenders.

In the middle of the room stood an iron box-stove, which in cold days was crammed full of wood, and set up the roar of a wild beast with too many sticks poked into his cage. For the matter of the general health—if in fact that was an item worth consideration—the children might as well have crowded into the fiery little stove itself, as to stow away as they did in that close room. It was as tight as a drum. The fire burned away, and the wavering lines of heat went dancing up into the air. The little fellows on the low benches next the stove sat as still as mice, and went on roasting their heads. When their faces got as red as red apples, they held up their spelling-books for screens, and betrayed their uneasy feverishness in a variety of modes, which Mr. Porring sharply rebuked—for he could have order in his school—by shaking his ruler at them and frowning. Or they timidly begged to go out into the entry for a drink of water, which he as often refused, telling them it was all nonsense, to drink so much cold water in the winter time. Still, he allowed himself to go to the door now and then, to snuff the fresh air, get a clean and cooling drink, and lay in a new quid of No. 8 Virginia twist.

And there they all baked and stewed, and fried,

and simmered, together. Boys on one side of the room, and girls on the other. Big boys and little boys, big girls and little girls. Little boys looking up to big boys, to learn the new tricks, and little girls watching the big girls to see if there was anything more worth communicating. Some repeating their lessons, on a variety of keys that would put a music-teacher at fault. Some with their books close to their faces, whispering and jabbering, and making their jaws go as if learning was something to be got into the system by a process of mastication. Little boys sticking pins slily through one another's trowsers; pulling their neighbor's flaxen hair; chewing paper ends and snapping them up against the ceiling to make the girls laugh; and while poring and tittering with each other over the good time they expected to have—if they didn't get a trimming from Mr. Porring first—when school was over for the day. Mr. Porring shouting above it all,—"Next, parse might have loved; and see if you can put it in the right mood and tense!" A hum rising in your ears from all around the room, like the dry heat swimming up from the surface of the stove. A shifting scene of faces, some older and some younger, some scowling and some smiling, some studying the lessons and some studying mischief, but each intent on getting through at the easiest rate. And to vary the picture a trifle, a large negro fellow sitting by himself in the corner next the door, his ebony countenance sweating out more fun than a whale's blubbery ever did of oil. Over the edge of his slate, on which he pretended to be forever "copying," he took sly observations of the tricks that were performed around the room, and laughed under his breath till an unguarded explosion brought the school round to him in a moment. Then he began to spit on his slate again, and fell to rubbing out his "sum" as earnestly as if it were the most ludicrous operation ever performed in pure or mixed mathematics. He had a singular way of lifting his scalp as he elevated his brows, and so setting his frizzled heap of wool in motion. This never failed to put the little boys in good humor, for which they too often had to pay tribute to Mr. Porring's ruler. The negro's name was Morgan; but everybody called him "Gosh," because of his using that expletive so frequently in his conversation. He was the cleverest fellow in the county, and would have harmed himself as soon as he would anybody that lived; but his African skin was as sometimes of drollery for other folks' merriment.

When we come to count him in the school of Mr. Porring, the list is complete. Gosh was first to slip out the door when school was dismissed, and first to gather a knot of boys, big and little, around his stalwart figure afterwards. He was the hired man of General Tunbely, a farmer and cattle trader in Huckabuck, who allowed him his winter's schooling so long as the little brick schoolhouse was not too crowded to hold him. In summer he worked out on the farm, and continued as great a favorite with the boys as before. If any of them wanted to go fishing on a wet day, Gosh was ready with his line and worms. Or he would peel the bark from pockerel, dace, and suckle, as he called for torches to spear.

It was here that Patty Hawkins began her education. Many have begun it under auspices less favorable, and performed more than was hoped from them.

"Now, then," called out the pedagogue, one morning, "I want all hands to look over their lessons this forenoon, and do their very best; for the Committee is going to visit us this afternoon, and they will find out who has thrown his time away this winter!"

Every eye sparkled at this intelligence. Books were hunted out of their heaps, and leaves fluttered as if a breeze drew into the windows. There was a fresh demand for water, and Mr. Porring improved the confusion to send one of the larger boys for another armful of wood. The girls asked a hundred questions about their lessons, and the smaller fry set up a buzz of business all by themselves. Gosh rubbed out the last sum on his slate, and made ready to begin at the beginning again. Mr. Porring slapped the back of a book against his palm, and called out once more,—"Come! don't let's be too long getting at it!" And with this last spurting they started off; the hum set in for the forenoon; and the old iron stove began to throw off its rays of heat. The schoolmaster slid around like a cat in his slippers, furnished his rule like an emperor, issued his orders like a captain on the quarter deck, and bestowed frowns enough here and there to intensify the hue of the blackest thundercloud. If a stranger, or if one of the Committee, could have dropped in on them thus, he might have imagined himself in a three-story manufactory under fast headway, with a water-wheel rumbling and tumbling underneath.

True to their appointment, and as punctual as they were true, the afternoon brought the expected Committee along. The boys heard their footsteps in the entry, and sobered down their visages. The girls fell to blushing, and applied themselves timidly to their books. Gosh elevated his eyebrows as he gazed around the room, and set his wool a-going as if the shivers had got into it. And the teacher slid slyly across the old oak floor with a book in his hand, to answer the dignified knock outside, and welcome in his visitors.

When Mr. Porring, therefore, opened the door, he offered one hand to the Committee, lifted the other, with the book in it, majestically, as a sign for the school to rise, and, with a stiff and respectful bow, asked the august body to come in. There were but two of them that afternoon, although at times a larger delegation ventured out. It was not considered so necessary to inspect the schools of the town, especially if the character of the teacher was pretty well known.

"The Committee!" announced Mr. Porring to his school, as Deacon Soso and Ellery Zigzag entered. At which some of the larger boys half bowed, the girls turned pale and looked down to the floor, and the little ones on the low benches glanced at each other and trembled.

Deacon Soso the reader knows. Mr. Ellery Zigzag was the village tailor, who kept a shop in a small second-story back chamber. He had club feet, that an unknown chiropodist, had at some time tinkered upon, and succeeded in working over into what was neither a club, nor any other kind of a foot. On these two nameless extremities he rolled into the schoolroom, swaying this side and that behind Deacon Soso, handed his hat to Mr. Porring, and sat down and began to look about him. His face was hard and forbidding. He had a low, mean forehead, piercing blue eyes as sharp as needles' eyes, and a stout cane with an ivory head, which he sucked half the time, and half the time rubbed gently against the edge of his chin. And his lower lip curled over like a dried oak leaf.

Patty looked at the Committee with a feeling of dread. Deacon Soso made her appreciate her own littleness above all things, but Mr. Zigzag filled her with fear.

One by one the classes were called on, from the A-B-abc, to the students in Geography, Arithmetic, and Philosophy. The little ones began with tying a crack in the floor, holding up their heads, and making their "manners." The larger ones gave their answers in a wild Indian yell, that would have frightened the bears from the remotest settlements. While the very largest essayed to put a little more dignity into the thing, and so spoiled the effect of their exercises altogether.

By and by a fresh armful of hickory was jammed into the stove's stomach. The Committee tipped back leisurely in their chairs, and surveyed the scene with the utmost complacency. Or, now and then, Deacon Soso got up and commenced a dignified stroll around the room, looking over the busy ones' books, paying particular attention to the large girls, and pulling the ears of the children on the low benches.

When he approached Robert McBride, he stopped to ask him if his father was well to-day, and if he had gone out of town; and when, a little farther on, he came to Patty, he rested his big hand on her head, and, looking a volume of sermons at the others next her, remarked in his great gruff voice,—"Ah! this is Hawkins' little girl! Her father was a bad man!—bad man! It's unfort'nit she had such a father!"

The tears stood in the child's eyes. The day was spoiled for her. As long as she lived that cruel speech would rankle in her breast.

After school one of the boys thought to taunt her with what the Deacon had said; but Robert McBride manfully stepped up and gave the young scamp the drubbing he deserved for his impudence.

Finally the Deacon came to Gosh. All the boys were watching their black friend, for they knew what was rolled up in him; and although his face looked as long as Mr. Zigzag's came, that was no assurance it would not round up again as soon as the Deacon's face was turned.

Gosh hugged his slate close to his breast. In the other hand he held his book.

"Let me see,—what do you study, Morgan?"

said the Deacon, offering to take the book.

"R-r-rith-m-e-tic," answered the darkey, the wool going up and down on the top of his head.

When the Deacon had run over the book, said he,

"Here, I'll put you a sum to do. Give me your slate!"

And before the fellow could help himself, his

questioner had taken it out of his hands.

The Deacon looked on the face of the slate, and of a sudden came to a full stop. First he looked blank,

and then he scowled; and finally he looked into the face of Gosh.

There was a rude picture scrawled on the slate, and underneath it the title—

"Old Soso."

Little by little the joke leaked out in that corner; and even while the Deacon stood there, the negro

began to fill, swelled out at his cheeks and lips, burst forth in a suppressed rip, and was obliged to

face, to let the laugh escape, and turn away his

exercises! The Deacon gave him back his slate and book, and dropped the remark in a hoarse whisper,

"That's poor business, Morgan!—poor business!"

Class after class came forward, went through their

mechanical drill, fired off their intellectual wadding

at the Committee by platoons, and retreated in confusion to their seats. The A-B-abc sung on a key

above the reach of any pitch-pipe. Mr. Porring

shouted till his face was red. The girls folded their

hands in their laps, and, with a telegraphic nod or

scowl at the boys on the opposite side, awaited the

end with patience.

And it soon came. Mr. Porring asked the Com-

mittee if they wished to put more questions. "I

don't, air," answered the Deacon; and turned to Mr.

Zigzag. That gentleman gave a negative wag, and

tried to bore through a little boy's head with the

gimlets of his eyes.

"Attention now, the whole school!" said Mr. Por-

ring, retreating against his sentry-box. "Boys, let

your books be where they are!—Girls, I mustn't

see any more whisperin' goin' on—Those little chil-

dren!" and he pointed up and down the whole row

of them with his ruler. "Silence, now!" waving his

hand as if he were stilling some very turbulent wa-

ters. "Hsh! hsh! hsh-h-h!"

"Deacon Soso," said he at last, "will you address

the school in some remarks?"

The Deacon looked up, as if he didn't know what

to do about it; although he would have lain all night

and winked till sunrise again, if Mr. Porring

had omitted that courtesy to him. But he got on his

of the hall sat the twin brother of the teacher, whom everybody knew as Mr. Eliza Bungalow; with a happy countenance, that seemed always half asleep; a mouth set to a smile as fixed as the north star; eyes nearly shut; and his fiddle bow still going with a measured scrape-scrape-scrape, to the music of which the pupils slipped through the usual salutatory exercises of the evening.

The Bungalow Brothers were born dancing-masters. Hardly a man or woman thereabouts, or anywhereabouts, in fact, but had taken his or her initiatory lessons from them. They were pioneers in the field torpichorean; and they kept their ground bravely for years and years after, when the noisy brass-bands began to bray the modest violins out of hearing, and fandango movements, with foreign names that nobody could understand, imperiously pushed all our simple old country-dances—minuets, reels, cotillions, and chases—to the wall. If they could hold their own against these monstrous innovations, it was saying a great deal for them.

Elijah Bungalow, in popular phrase, was the teacher, and Eliza the fiddler. Though, at odd times, and when his brother was sick, or had too many engagements on his hands, the latter could stand in the gap for an evening or so, and make things go off very smoothly. Elijah did the talking, the walking, the scraping, and the dancing; Eliza was good for nothing at such matters, but stuck to his violin, kept himself perched up in his pulpit, and busily sawed away to order. It was related of Eliza Bungalow—which I am as willing to believe as any person living—that he could fiddle as well asleep as awake; for many and many a time had he sat behind the tallow-dips in John Kagg's hall, and, with eyes shut for half an hour on the stretch, sawed off tune after tune as regular as a blind wood-sawyer, changing one for another without the slightest hesitation, at the call of his brother from the floor. Everybody knew he was asleep; and finally, to test the matter, it was found necessary to bestow on him a far different kind of punch from that he was so fond of, in order to rouse him up to the gaiety of the scene.

From town to town the Bungalow Brothers went, one winter after another. They never minded the deepest drifts in the roads, but somehow managed to get round to their regular appointments. Many a young fellow has made his eyes ache, for looking down the street to see if there was likely to be a school that evening; and many a girl's heart has bounced nearly out of her white bosom, as she stole the hundredth glance out of the window, and finally caught a glimpse of the faithful twin-brothers in their shaggy buffalo coats, driving pell-mell up to John Kagg's tavern-door.

During the winter in question, the school went ahead finely. A new generation had just then reached the latter limits of their dancing days, and flocked round Mr. Eliza Bungalow in full confidence that he was ready to do for their manners what nobody else could. There were tall and short among them, stout and thin; chubby and thick, and light and graceful; lank and bony, and runts and all-flesh. To see but the noses!—hooked and pug, turned up and flat; round and square, straight and thin; short and long, and white and red. Or the eyes!—blue and black, yellow and gray; white and green, squints and askew;—round and full, little and narrow; very wide apart and staring, and very near together and half shut. The ribbons that streamed from the heads of the girls; the slippers that squeezed the young fellows' feet; the smirks, the nods, and the smiles; the scrapes on the floor, and the stiff bows to one another; the hop-and-go-forward, and the skip-and-come-back-again; the dance-dance-diddle, to the squeak of the fiddle;—these were the weekly sights that winter, that made the old tavern on the corner the brightest, and the lightest, and the happiest place in the known world. John Kagg quietly picked up the loose change thrown on his little bar, and said for his part he liked to see the fun go on; "he really loved to see young folks enjoy themselves!"

The Deacons shut their eyes as they went by on such evenings, and whispered—Pennybright!—under their breath. Deacon Soso felt that the whole place, with every living soul in it, was basely scandalized by the toleration of such doings; and I do not doubt at all, that, if he had had the power, he would have put them down at the edge of the sword and the point of the bayonet. He would have put all sorts of sin out of the world at a single stroke, and everything like cheerfulness along with it. The earth would have had the benefit neither of sunlight nor moonlight, nor of starlight, neither, if he had been allowed a hand in its original arrangement. He would have had everybody's face made just twice as long as it was, and everybody's soul I cannot tell how many times smaller. Ditto, the other Deacon, Ditto, Mr. Pennybright. Ditto, all the rest of sad-eyed ones, who verily seemed to think the Devil was the pleasantest fellow in the world, and that they might not therefore smile, lest it should happen to suit him.

And the dancing-school went on without interruption.

It was customary, at the termination of these winter schools, which usually ran a round of a dozen weeks, to give what was called a "quarter-ball," an assembly something between a quadrille party and a husking frolic, with a dash of "hunt-the-slipper" thrown in. The fun of these affairs belonged to those who chose to go; while the profits found their way into the big Bungalow pocket. And not even stingy John Kagg was stingy enough to envy the brothers any of their good fortune, for the reason, that by hook and by crook he generally managed to bring a big share of it home to his little tavern till again.

Esquire McBride had just pushed back from the tea-table on the evening before the expected annual quarter-ball, with a face expressive of perfect satisfaction with himself. He began first to adjust his cravat, and next to twirl his large watch-chain. Seeing him in such apparent good-humor, his son Robert, who by this time had grown up to be quite a young fellow, approached and asked if he would not favor them with his company at John Kagg's the next evening. The lawyer looked into the fire with a wise stare, gave his seal a few new shakes, asked a question or two further about the matter, and replied—'he'd see; he'd see; but he rather thought he'd go. Robert belonged to the school that winter, and so did his sisters.

With those who look forward to an event that is to bring them a great deal of pleasure, time skips off as fast as they could wish; especially if they happen to have very many preparations to make. So that the whole of the next day was as good as lost to the people of Hukabuck, and, but for getting ready for the ball, might as well have been wiped

out of the calendar. It was cold enough out of doors to freeze a Nova-Zembla anywhere. The snow lay hard and crisp on the ground, with the tracks in the road as bright and glittering as the smooth runners that for more than a week had slid over them. The town was so still, that whenever Mr. Pennybright's store-door was slammed to, it sent a lonely echo travelling up and down the street.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO LOUISE.

O! most respected friend, if not most loved,
Permit a heart thine innate grace hath won,
Which feels its holy sentiments improved,
Since first our mutual sympathy begun,
To thank thee for thy confidence of soul,
O'er which the world can never have control.

From one so young as I, 'tis said, I know,
To hear the sentiments of elder grief,
But bitterness of soul is sure to grow
Where heart's experience strengthens unbelief;
Or when the soul looks back from Present hours,
And finds its Past all strewn with broken flowers.

I oft have felt,—for sorrow, too, must end,—
That soon would come the sunset of my own;
And though it lingers my younger years, and blend
With every joy a tear, a sigh, a groan,
Still would the morn of peace burst forth more bright,
In that my grief had made so dark a night.

But years have fled since first I held the thought,
And shallow friends have forged the chain more strong;
And from a misfortune, dearly bought,
My strange misfortune lodes to still prolong.
How sad a thing it is, possessed of peace,
To find it merged in sorrow's wild increase!

My Past has been a scene, where, strangely wild,
Such sorrows were, as in my after years
Made me forget I ever was a child—
And, as a child, drowned grief in transient tears;
And sadly have my days seemed doubled, when
No youthful hearts should know the grief of men!

I feel, dear friend, the Present is the now,
In which that golden morn of Peace has come,
And all my heart is whispering—'Tis thou
Whose sympathy hath led my being home,
So long a wanderer 'neath thy grief's control,
To eke a holy slumber from thy soul!

From off thy brow the wreath of maiden life
Hath long been plucked, and Matron fills its place;
I see thee thus—a fond and loving wife,
Thy household proud of all thy simple grace;
And thus no lover's accents need offend;
I would respect thee, only as a friend.

I know thy grief, and sorrow on thy part,
But Heaven contains the gem for which you weep,
And God hath pressed the angel to His heart
In love; "He giveth His beloved sleep."
She walks in light, for God's own wisdom leads,
Let resignation fill the heart that bleeds.

When first I met thee, and did greet my heart,
Still brooding over sorrows all its own;
But at thy smile each grief did faint depart,
And left all light, as when the night hath flown;
And thus I pledge to thee a heart's respect,
Whose earnestness shall be its worst defect.

God bless the moment, if it be a truth
That in reality we're friends to-day;
I'll watch the star which blest my morn of youth,
Until life's sunset gently fades away;
And if with God, remembrance still is given,
The chain begun on Earth, shall lengthen out in Heaven.

THE SNOW EXPRESS.

Many years ago, while a subaltern, I was stationed at Blockhouse Point, at the mouth of the Green Snake River, on the north side of Lake Huron. This now dilapidated stronghold was originally erected on a sandy point stretching out into the lake, in the days of the Indian wars, and I could fancy its slender garrison of sharpshooters watching from their loopholes the clustering forms of their Indian foes as they stole along the borders of the forest. The bullet-holes that riddled its massive walls, and its charred and blackened surface, suggested grim conjectures respecting its brave defenders who filled the graves around its foot.

But now there were no Indians to employ the leisure of the unfortunate company of regular troops, that grumbled away their days within the humble fortification that now surrounded the old blockhouse. Our only enemies were bears and foxes which skulked about the woods, and the only Indians who sought admission to the post were those from a little village about seven miles up the Green Snake River, where a peaceable party of Ojibbeways had taken up their abode.

In this dot in the wilderness, I and two brother-officers lived the lives of anchorites: only less contented, and by no means forgetting the world by which we seemed very nearly forgotten. Not but what letters reached us—sometimes—during the summer, by an occasional schooner coming up along the lakes. It was during the other half of the year, when the lakes were bound by the universal fetter of ice, that we lived in unblissful ignorance. Twice, however, during each long, long winter, great excitement prevailed at Blockhouse Point. It was when Indians, travelling over the snow on snowshoes, were expected to arrive with the "express." Day after day we used to walk for miles, hoping to meet our bronze Mercuries; and, when at length they came in sight, with what trembling hearts we returned to the post, to await the opening of their sealed wallets by the proper authority, in ignorance of what tidings "the mail" might contain for us!

On one occasion the news I got was sad enough. My dearest friend was to be tried by court-martial on a serious charge. He had not written to me himself, but a mutual friend informed me that, before another month was past, Lowther's fate would be sealed; and this month's delay had only occurred in consequence of an important witness being required from the lower province. I saw at once that it was in my power to disprove the gravest part of the charge, although Lowther did not know it. Yet, before the spring should come, and the lakes be open to enable me to reach headquarters, the trial would be over, and my friend, in all probability, condemned.

The dreadful thought that he might be sacrificed for the want of my testimony haunted me. I could not sleep that night. Many plans disturbed my mind. Could I not write my statement, and send it by an Indian express? Undoubtedly I could. But, when I came to count, I found it would not arrive in time, unless some one was ever at hand to hurry the messenger on. Why should not I be of the express party? I was young, strong, active, and accustomed to exertion. Surely what Indians could do, I could do. There was not an hour to be lost. At daylight I obtained leave from my commanding officer—a mere matter of form, for both he and my junior

heartily rejoiced at the prospect of Lowther's acquittal. Two Indians were quickly obtained, and everything was made ready for departure in a few hours.

We were a strange looking party. Our object being speed, each carried his own traps, and as few of them as possible. I was clad in a beaver coat and fur cap. My kit consisted of a blanket, a bearskin, and a wallet to hold provisions. The two Indians, who were brothers, were similarly equipped. With rifles ready loaded for any game that might present itself, and snowshoes on our feet, we set out.

In case we succeeded in getting to headquarters at the time appointed, a gratuity had been promised to the Indians (which I resolved to give, whether won or not), and they unmurmuringly pressed on, nearly the whole day, on their cumbrous snowshoes, scarcely giving themselves time to cook the game we killed; then, shouldering their packs, and starting off again. They endeavored to beguile the weariness of the way by lively sallies, at which they laughed till the silent woods rang with their merriment. Chingoo (the ermine), the younger brother, was the most joyous as well as most active of us all; and, however wearied he might be when we stopped for the night, he laughed and jested as he out with his tomahawk the evergreens which were to form our not uncomfortable shelter, and be strewn beneath the bearskins on which we slept. Shegashie (the cray-fish) was our cook and fire-maker; and the rapid way in which he heaped on scores of dry branches, and raised a blazing pile above the snow, always excited my admiration.

When we had accomplished nearly half our journey, we had not overstepped the time we allowed ourselves; but the continuous exertion was beginning to affect our limbs, and the perpetual glare of the sun on the snow, inflamed our eyes. This we found by far the greater hardship of the two. I shall never forget the joy we felt, one morning, when the sun remained hidden beneath heavy cloud-banks in the east. Almost forgetting our swollen limbs in the gladness of being delivered from his dazzling rays, we traveled merrily on through leafless forests of gigantic trees; through tracts of smaller trees, thickly studded with the larch, the spruce, and the fir, whose dark foliage gloomed almost black against the stainless snow; through woods tangled with wild vines, and fragrant with juniper bushes, until at length we reached the shores of a small frozen lake.

Once more we rejoiced that the day was dim; for, in crossing lakes and rivers, we always suffered most, being deprived of the network of branches, which yielded us a shade; sometimes almost impenetrable. But our exultation was short-lived. An exclamation of disappointment burst from the Indians, and, looking up, I saw a few large snow-flakes floating slowly through the air.

"Let us put off our snowshoes," said Shegashie; "we must halt here."

"Why?"

"Because the snow will blind our eyes to the path."

The path, however, was an Indian figure of speech. We were travelling through an untrodden wilderness, guided from point to point by some rock, or bank, or quaintly formed tree. But these objects dwelt vividly in the Indians' recollections. They had traveled this road twice before; and, whatever an Indian once sees, remains imprinted in his memory forever.

At Shegashie's announcement I looked over the lake longingly. I could not bear to lose an hour, far less a day; and I said that perhaps we might get across before the violence of the snow storm came on. My guides shook their heads. However, after a time, they agreed to make the attempt.

Accordingly, off we started across the lake, the snow-flakes floating and playing lazily around us; and, more than once, we congratulated ourselves that their appearance had not deterred us. But, when we had got about half way across, the snow-storm came dashing down in our faces with a fierce gust that almost threw us off our feet. Staggered and breathless, we stopped. Near as the brothers were, I could see no more than the outlines of their dark forms through the thick curtain of snow which fell between us; while nothing was visible beyond, but dazzling snow-flakes tumbling, whirling, and rushing down to overwhelm us.

"We must," cried Shegashie, "keep the wind in our faces, or we shall never reach the shore."

He at once led the way, his brother and I following, and with difficulty distinguishing him as he shuffled heavily on before us. Already the weight of snow upon our snowshoes impeded us greatly, and it increased each moment, until we could scarcely drag them along. The snow blew in our faces, sharp as icicles, whirling past us in wild eddies, almost beating us down. As the storm increased, the wind, which had hitherto blown steadily in our faces, began to waver, and to dash the snow down upon us in every direction. It was impossible to go on.

The last faint lingering shadow of a hope passed away, and we felt there was nothing left but to die. Once or twice I wondered I did not feel the torpor, which is the precursor of death among the snow, steal over my senses; but we determined not to die inactive, and the violence of my exertions heated me to such a degree, that more than once I found myself wiping the moisture from my brow, as I fought the hopeless battle against the whirlwind.

That I am alive to write this, is a proof of the unslumbering Providence watching over all; for there was no earthly hope for us, when an unseen hand guided us to safety. How we reached the shore none of us ever knew; but, at length, still battling against the blinding snow, Shegashie's snowshoe struck against a tree. Close beside it was a thicket of dwarf fir, and we shrank into its shelter—saved for the time.

For hours, the snow continued to fall, as if inexhaustible; at length, however, it ceased, and the setting sun shone out in the western sky, red and angrily. The Indians said that another snow-storm was at hand. So we set about making the best preparations we could for the night. Our friendly thicket was no bad shelter, and Chingoo and I set to work with our tomahawks to cut away the branches, until the place somewhat resembled a bower; then, shaking the cut branches free from snow, we laid them up in soft piles to sleep upon. Meantime, Shegashie busied himself in making a fire and collecting fuel. We were short of food; for, during the last day or two, game had been unusually scarce. But we had sufficient for the night, and hoped to obtain more on the morrow; Shegashie having set several snares round our camp for the small Arctic hares which abound in those forests. Soon after dark the snow recommenced; and, at

though we were unusually well sheltered, I never felt cold so intense as I did that night. I have rarely felt more rejoiced than I did when I saw the early dawn steal over the landscape, and was able to rise from my freezing couch and waken my companions, who rose looking as comfortless as myself; especially Chingoo, who trembled as if he had an ague fit. But a little hot coffee revived him.

Shegashie went to inspect his snares; and, to his great disappointment, he found that they had not been disturbed; so there was nothing for it but to start afresh without breakfast. Just as we had tied on our snowshoes, a few flakes of snow, like tiny birds, came floating between us and the clear blue sky. They were true harbingers; and, within a few minutes, the clouds began to gather, and the snow to darken the atmosphere. Warned by the past day's experience, we remained in our camp. Hour after hour the snow poured down in driving masses; but we were sheltered from its fury. We had fire, and the snow settling on the roof and sides of our bower, made it warm; so we felt that we had more cause to be thankful than to complain, though we were compelled to fast.

Before long, Chingoo's indisposition of the morning returned; and, as day wore on, he continued to get worse; until, by evening, it was quite evident that he was in the first stage of a fever. We did the best we could for him, by giving him hot coffee and such other trifling comforts as our slender stock afforded.

The next morning broke bright and beautiful; but it was at once evident that, poor Chingoo could not travel that day. The fever increased, and the ague so shook him, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could take the coffee from our hands. The snares were still empty, and this day also was passed without food.

On the third morning, Chingoo was still worse. No game had been snared or shot, and hunger pangs were now becoming very fierce. We were so weak that we could scarcely creep. About mid-day a hare came leaping by, through the snow. I shot it, and we dressed it immediately. To this day I think that that was the sweetest meal I ever tasted. We made a part of the hare into soup for our poor patient; but he was unable to take it—to our surprise; for it seemed to us delicious beyond expression.

From that day we never wanted food, and were able to give all our thoughts and anxieties to Chingoo; whose last hour was evidently drawing near. He held out his hand to his brother, and Shegashie, forgetting the stoical demeanor of his race, which he had tried hard to maintain, burst into tears as he folded it in his bosom. When he released it, it fell cold and stiffened upon the snow.

Shegashie did not speak for hours, but wept incessantly. The earth was frozen too hard to admit of our digging a grave. We were therefore compelled to lay the lifeless Indian deep in the snow in a shady place, until his brother could return in the spring to bury him.

On the following morning we resumed our journey; but it had now become a melancholy pilgrimage. The day seemed long and dreary without the joyous youth, whose lively jests and ringing laughter had echoed among the old trees. Towards evening, for the first time in all our travels, we came on the signs of a human being. The broad trail of a pair of snowshoes preceded us along the course we had to follow.

My guide, judging by the tracks, announced the wearer to be an Indian, and not one of the white hunters who are sometimes to be met in these forests. He was right. The wearer of the gaily trimmed hunting-shirt whom we overtook about two hours after, with his dirty blanket, rifle, tomahawk, and knife, his arms covered with bracelets, and bunches of ear-rings weighing down the lobes of the ears, fully attested the accuracy of Shegashie's foreknowledge.

The Indians greeted each other with grave courtesy, and the same polite reception was extended to me. But, in spite of all their gravity, I fancied I perceived a gleam of joy in the wild eyes of the stranger. No wonder, poor fellow! I thought. Perhaps he has passed the whole winter without looking on one human face. He belonged to a party of Indians living far to the north of Green Snake River, and his dialect was a great trial to my Indian erudition.

As his path for the next day or two would be the same as ours, the stranger proposed to join us. Though I must confess that the sight of his blanket, caked with filth, made me feel a repugnance to his company, yet I was too prudent to object; and afterwards, when we stopped for the night, and I found that, leaving the fire-making to Shegashie, he was content to bustle about to collect fuel, and to assist me in forming our night's shelter, I felt more charity towards him, and was more resigned to his raising his pile of branches near my own.

As we sat that evening, round our camp fire, I had a better opportunity of observing our new acquaintance. He was a tall, finely formed Indian, and more muscular than I had ever seen any of his race. Moreover, there was an unusual fierceness in his demeanor, and a strange fire gleamed from his eyes. He took the tobacco we gave him with great pleasure, but he was disappointed that our fire-water was all expended. However, he did not let that damp his spirits, but talked on with more than Indian volubility. Shegashie's stock of news, for which he asked, was soon exhausted. Poor fellow! he had little heart to talk of anything except his beloved brother, to whose story the stranger listened with a contracted brow; but with few indications of sympathy. In his turn, he treated Shegashie to a number of amazing and horrible stories which were current in the woods.

I lost the gist of many of these through not being able clearly to comprehend his language. But there was one I understood somewhat better than the others: it was concerning a very fierce Indian called Mamiskogahjhe (Great red-nailed Bear), who came from far beyond the Great Lake (Superior), and who, on his return home from a hunting expedition, had found his squaw and children the prey of a band of cannibal Indians. Enraged at the sight, this hero fell upon them single-handed, and took the scalps of all except one. That one had fled; and, ever since, Mamiskogahjhe had prowled through the woods, gnashing his teeth and seeking him every where. The missing Indian had shrouded himself in every sort of disguise, "But all to no purpose," said the stranger savagely, "for Mamiskogahjhe slays every Indian he meets, so that that villain must fall beneath his knife at last."

When I had got over the novelty of the stranger's excited manner and gleaming eye, I became somewhat weary of this Indian hyperbole; but Shegashie listened to every word with breathless attention,

I was lounging beside the fire, more asleep than awake, when I was aroused by the stranger abruptly demanding of my guide if he had ever seen this redoubtable bear, the great red-nailed bear: to which the young Indian replied in the negative.

"Liar!" thundered the savage, springing to his feet. "I am Mamiskogahjhe!" and in a moment he stabbed my companion in the chest.

I sprang upon him in an instant, and seized his right arm; which, by a violent effort he succeeded in disengaging. He aimed a deadly blow at me with his knife, but I evaded it, and drew my own. With a yell at his disappointment, he began to draw his tomahawk from his belt with a view of hurling it at my head; but I darted upon him, pinioning his arms. His feet gave way, and we both rolled together on the snow. A struggle for life between us succeeded. The Indian kept making little digs at me with his knife, but he could not get purchase enough to do more than penetrate my clothes and inflict slight wounds upon me. He rolled over with me, hoping to get me undermost; but I always rolled farther than he wished, and got on the upper side again. At length I lost patience; and, still holding his right arm tightly down, I loosed the hand which held my knife. But quick as thought, Mamiskogahjhe changed his knife into his left hand also. Then commenced another rolling and tearing struggle, more like that of tigers than of men, for my foe assailed me fiercely with his teeth. We stabbed at each other wildly, and many a wound I gave and received. At length the Indian relaxed his hold, fell back, and I arose victorious.

My first thought now, after a fervent prayer for my deliverance, was for my poor guide. I found that, though desperately wounded, and bleeding profusely, he was not dead. I bound up his wounds as I best could, and placed him on his bed. My own wounds though numerous, were marvelously slight; more cuts than stabs, and even those, my thick clothing had prevented from doing much damage. I dressed them, and heaping more wood on the fire, sank down beside it to watch my poor Shegashie.

The next morning Shegashie was so weak from loss of blood that each moment I expected to see him pass away, and leave me alone in the woods, to die in my turn. I now bitterly regretted that I had over entered on this disastrous enterprise. However, there I was, and I had nothing for it but to make the best of it; so I set to work, buried my dead enemy in a snow bank, collected my wood, shot a hare; dressed it, and returned to my sad task of watching my wounded guide.

At the end of ten days, despite every adverse circumstance, Shegashie was a great deal better; yet it was evident to both of us that it would be a long time before he could travel. The poor fellow earnestly entreated me not to stay with him, but to leave him to his fate; and he directed me in the right way to pursue my journey. I would not have deserted an enemy thus, much less one with whom I had faced sorrow, danger and death. Yet powder and shot were rapidly failing. After much cogitation, I took all the spare snow shoes, and, by the aid of a bearskin, succeeded in making a sleigh capable of holding Shegashie very comfortably, as well as all our belongings. I rose proudly the next morning; and, placing my companion in the sleigh, recommenced my journey.

It was weary work to drag that clumsy sleigh, the wasted Indian looking out now and then to direct me on our way. I was often obliged to make long detours to avoid thickets and places where the trees grew too close to admit my sleigh between them. When day was done, I had the fuel to collect, the fire to make, shelter to prepare, Shegashie to move, his wounds to dress, and then the game to cook which I had killed during the day. Many a time I thought I should be obliged to give up the struggle. When I lay down to rest I was sometimes so tired that I could not have resisted another Mamiskogahjhe, had he come to end the work the first one had begun; and when morning re-appeared, I recommenced my tugging and dragging with arms so weary, that I did not care if another snow-storm came and sent us to sleep till the great day of awakening.

Neither Indian nor snow-storm came, and I was compelled to go on from day to day enacting by turns the parts of horse, forger, fire-maker, cook, builder and nurse. At length I became so exhausted, that one morning, though it was scarcely mid-day, I began to look about me for a suitable place to encamp for the remainder of the day and night; hoping, after such a rest, to start fresher on the following morning. Suddenly a thin column of smoke ascending from the trees at a short distance, caught my eye; and, turning off from our route, I made the best of my way towards it. It arose from the hut of a newly arrived settler. The man gave us a hearty welcome, and we slept beneath a roof, for the first time for considerably more than a month. The next day he put his horse to his wood-train; and, in two days more, brought us to headquarters—less, I believe, for the reward I promised, than from pity for our worn and miserable condition.

The time appointed for the trial was nearly three weeks past, and I did not doubt that it was over. But the severe illness of the accused had again deferred it. The proceedings were only now coming to a close. So far, they left on the minds of all who witnessed them, but one impression—that my poor friend's military career was ended. Suddenly I entered the court, attired in worn-out rags, my face haggard, my eyes inflamed, my swollen feet hobbling awkwardly on the floor.

Order restored, my testimony was received with the greatest attention; and Lowther was acquitted with honor.

Poor Shegashie! When the spring came, he left me, and returned by a schooner to Green Snake River; whence, accompanied by his relatives, he traveled down to the scene of his only brother's death. They dug a deep grave for Chingoo, and laid him in it on the spot where his life had departed. But Shegashie never more returned to his native village. Parling from his relatives at the grave, he returned to me, and remained with me—a gentle, unobtrusive, faithful friend—until consumption, the bane of his race, took him from me a few years ago.

THE POPPY.

A letter received at the Patent Office, from Germany, says the poppy is cultivated in Southern Germany to a large extent, as a substitute for sweet oil. It has supplanted the use of the imported olive oil wholly in that country. It is further stated that the soil and climate of the New England States are highly suited for the culture of this article, and they might provide the whole Union with sweet oil, and therefore have a large sum of money, which goes to France and Italy. Its cultivation would be remunerative.

Banner of Light.

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TO OUR FRIENDS.

Our associates, THOMAS GALES FORSTER and J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, have started on their tour of the West and South-west, and we accordingly commend them to the kind attention of our friends in those parts of the country. They will be very glad to receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, wherever they may be, and will of course receipt for them accordingly. Their route is Westward through Buffalo and the Western cities, to Chicago, St. Louis, and thence downward to Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, Natchez, and New Orleans. We bespeak for them the kindness and fellow-sympathy of our friends everywhere. They well represent the cause of Spiritualism, and are laboring with a noble and self-sacrificing zeal for the widest promulgation of the truth. Whatever is done on their behalf, therefore, is done for the faith which they are exerting themselves to build up.

TIMIDITY AND FORMS.

There are persons in abundance, who would gladly subscribe to the ideas of change and reform, that in these days agitate mankind, were they not so needlessly timid about what is going to result. Educated under the influence of certain modes of thought, and certain ways of looking at things, they find it next to impossible to break over the barriers which that early discipline has imposed. If they were to depart from established customs, surely, they think, they would be helplessly afloat. If they were to change their old formulas entirely, everything would instantly be chaos. They cling with all the tenacity of despair to the tenets, creeds, modes of thought, and forms of expression, even for no better reason than that they do not know that others may really be made to supply their places just as well.

The force of early education goes a great way in these matters, but lack of proper courage has much more to do with it. In the first place, these timid people are afraid to follow out their thoughts to their legitimate conclusions. In the next place, they do not consider that all these present institutions that we have, all these shifting and complicating elements of society, all these various forms and modes, customs and expressions, are but temporary conveyances of the spirit they contain, and that when they cease to express what they once did, they are no longer good for anything to any one.

Change is not necessarily confusion. To produce reform, is not necessarily to beget chaos. They have but faint conceptions indeed of truth, who are afraid that if its dress is changed, it will be thereby a sufferer; who must see it in just such a garb, standing in just such a position, and aided by just such a light themselves, or else it is no longer truth for them. They but poorly apprehend the character of truth, who put a higher estimate upon its outside than its inside. Methods are variable, and fleeting; they are for a time only; and when the occasion that gave birth to them has gone by, they can be dispensed with. Hence those who have been taught to put more value upon the form than the substance, are in a maze of perplexity and doubt whenever a sudden change overtakes them. Because the old landmarks are gone, they think all is gone. They have not yet learned truth as it is, or they would know too well that while all other things shift and disappear, it alone will remain, as a sure anchor.

Timid people, who cannot give a reason for the faith that is in them, are always afraid of a change in the set formulas. If they cannot have everything just as it was when they first took their superficial survey, they are at sea altogether. They must always have some one to lean upon. A creed is a good thing for that purpose, for many times it saves them the trouble of doing their own thinking, and it is easier to accept something that is ready to their hands.

But no form of faith is good any longer than while it fully expresses that faith. The moment the latter grows and expands beyond the capacities of its former limits, that moment those limits, landmarks, forms, creeds, or what not, cease to be of any worth; and he would be esteemed a superficial thinker, and a person of but a very superficial experience, too, who would grieve at the loss of the unessentials as much as if the living substance itself were lost forever.

At the same time, we are fully convinced that all safe and healthy reforms, whether in the church, in law, or in politics, are gradual and slow; a thousand times more rapid in their progress than a thousand hundred years ago, but exceedingly slow for all that. It is the most prudent and wise course, therefore, to remain right where we are for a time, and cordially assist the working leaven in the labor of leaving the whole lump; rather co-operating to work out the great and living ideas by the timely aid of the existing forms than hold it together, and by our example and precept alike helping along those immovable truths that will outlast earth and time.

Prudence and discretion in these, as in other matters, are commendable; but timidity is not in the least at all in these times. Rashness has nothing to do with it; neither has heat, nor passion, nor excess. We can but work, and pray, and improve the

means we have. New views will continually open to us, and new moulds will be furnished in which to cast the changed aspects of truth with which we have been favored.

PROFESSOR FELTON vs. THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

As usual, I drop in, last evening, at the Melodeon, notwithstanding the storm, to learn what would be said by the "Post Medium," Mr. A. B. Whiting, in favor of the Spiritualistic theory of man and his destiny. On entering, Dr. Gardner was saying that, if desired by the audience, a subject might be selected by a committee, upon which a Poem would be improvised after the close of the lecture, whereupon a committee consisting of three—of whom Professor Felton was one—was appointed to select a subject. Next I listened, with much pleasure, to the melody of the music of the well-known "Singing Sisters," who always attend and give additional interest to the meetings under the management of Dr. Gardner. At the close of the singing, Mr. Whiting took his stand in the desk, and the subject of the discourse was announced as follows:—"The Religious Nature of Man, and its Application to Modes of Worship," upon which an exceedingly interesting and instructive discourse was given, commanding the earnest attention of the audience, not even excepting the learned gentlemen from Harvard.

After the close of the discourse, the subject for a Poem was announced by Professor Felton, and was as follows:—"The Duty of the Living to the Memory of the Dead." Several subjects had been prepared by the committee, but on the first and second being read, the controlling intelligence announced its preference for the first; and after a moment's delay, the medium commenced the improvisation, which occupied near a quarter of an hour, showing the "duties of the living to the memories of the (so-called) dead!" Teaching us that our duty to those who have left the form, and passed to a higher life, is to live lives of purity, love, and kindness to our fellow-man, and thus show our appreciation of the GREAT SOURCE of our being—teaching us that we should understand the great truth, that those friends who have left the form, and passed to the spirit world, are not dead, but that they are only born to a more beautiful state of existence, with the ability to return to us, whom they loved when with us, and cheer and encourage us onward in our efforts.

At the close of the poem Professor Horsford very courteously requested Mr. Whiting to state the sensation, or operation, during the transition from the normal to the abnormal or trance state—which he did with entire freedom—stating that he could not, at will, go into the trance state. He said that he often saw spirits—and he has informed me that he at the moment saw a beautiful female spirit by the side of Professor II., but was directed not to speak of it, as the learned gentleman could not understand, or believe it—and conversed with them. He said he was once warned, in audible language, not to go on board of a steamer in Buffalo, but to go on board of another then at the wharf, and did so; and thus avoided being on a boat which was lost before accomplishing the trip.

As an offset to this, Professor Felton alluded to a very interesting case of a learned gentleman who, after dinner, while seated passively in his library, saw the forms of persons and friends, and of his own father, who was still in the form. This induced him to take medical advice, and, by depletion, (or drawing his superabundance of blood,) he was restored to his natural condition, in which he did not see these forms, and therefore it was only imagination when he thought he saw them!

But it appears that the subject for the poem was selected for a purpose. It seems that there have been several communications purporting to come from the spirit world, published in the Banner, which give representations, in relation to some of the particular friends of the Professor not in accordance with the theological teachings of the past age; and therefore the subject of the poem opened the door for the learned gentleman to give the Banner a thrust, and, through it, a damaging blow to Spiritualism, and at the same time to pronounce a glowing eulogy upon his late friend, John E. Thayer. This brought up a gentleman who seemed to think that the least said is soonest mended. This speaker remarked that there was pretty good reason for it, as could be gathered from his reputation among those who know him well. That although at the close of life he may have made a wise and liberal distribution of his large fortune, he could not, in any sense, be called a liberal man, but decidedly the reverse. The speaker then said he would tell one thing which is true, and would be enough to sustain the position he had taken. John E. Thayer once used every legal means in his power to take the little property left to a widow and children, because the deceased parent owned one share of stock in a factory which had failed, and for the debts of which he was considered personally liable. The story as told was sufficient to show a misconception on the part of the Professor's side of the question, and the speaker closing, said whatever may be the origin or the effects of these post mortem letters, one thing was certain—that the letter quoted, and in part read, was peculiarly true and applicable, and very much such an one as might have been expected from the aforesaid gentleman.

When there was a chance for another to speak, a lady desired to ask the learned gentleman whether it was a reality that Jesus saw Moses and Elias on the mount, or whether it was only imagination? To which the learned Professor said he would merely say here, as he did at a recent meeting in another place—the Melodeon—that he did not wish to compare the so-called manifestations of the present day with the records of the past, in the Bible, which he considered as the inspirations and revelations from God!

In the course of the discussion, Dr. Gardner referred to the so-called "Harvard Investigation," which he said was no investigation at all—as all the required conditions for manifestations were violated, though every opportunity was offered the committee. Upon which Professor Horsford arose, and desired to say that, in that investigation, Dr. Gardner's department was courteous and gentlemanly in every respect. Indeed, a high compliment was paid to him for the course he pursued. The Professor then referred to the experiments with the Davenport boys—saying that the committee pursued the course they did in trying them, for a purpose, and that they accomplished the object in view—though the mediums thought they effected their object. To this Dr. Gardner replied, in his usual energetic manner, stating that such was not the fact, and called upon Mr. Ira Davenport, who was present, to state the facts as they understood them; when he stated that the at-

tempt was an entire failure, as can be readily believed by all who understand the required conditions for manifestations of that peculiar character.

It was gratifying to hear the learned gentleman pay so high a compliment to the medium, Mr. Whiting, and to Dr. Gardner, who labors so devotedly in the cause, so well calculated to enlighten and elevate mankind; but I regretted much to listen to the anathemas against the Banner of Light, which I consider one of the most useful journals devoted to the cause.

At the close of the meeting, the Professors were invited to be present at another meeting some evening during the week. They said other engagements would prevent this, but it was signified that they would attend on Sunday evening next, and it is therefore to be hoped that they will be present, and pursue "the investigation," commenced by the late committee, which Professor Horsford said "was not yet completed."

[We have too much respect for those who have left the mortal form, to discuss the errors or follies of their life on earth, and will make but a passing remark in relation to the communication given us by the spirit of John E. Thayer. It will be seen that our correspondent has reported the defense of the Banner, made by a gentleman in answer to Professor Felton, and that this gentleman gave it as his opinion that, from what he knew of the deceased, the communication was a proper one.]

We are inclined to think that many of our brokers, even the most honest of them, and the best of our rich men, would find it very difficult to get nearer Heaven than Mr. Thayer says in his message he has got. The camel and the needle's eye must be familiar to the Professor, and we do not think the gate of Heaven has been enlarged of late, or that rich men of our day are carrying less loads than their friends of olden times.

In this case we are decidedly of the opinion that the Professor made another of his very injudicious moves in the game of destruction to Spiritualism he has been for some months engaged in, and that the blow aimed at us, is likely to be a decided advantage to that cause.

Our duty to the spirits of Professor Felton's "dead," will not allow us to publish such incidents as would prove the communication a proper one for Mr. Thayer to give; but we will state that, though before the Professor stirred up this matter, we never heard one word derogatory to Mr. T., as an honest, liberal man, in the worldly sense of those words, we have since been put in possession of incidents in his life, which go to prove that the communication is one of the most convincing tests, so far as its spirit is concerned, which we ever published.

We are glad to find the Professor so attentive to our columns, particularly that portion of them, and hope that when he finds our messages so singularly correct, he will be induced to avail himself of our offer to attend his sittings, which is still open, and see for himself the origin of the "post mortem letters."—En.]

EMPLOYMENT.

Daniel Webster said as many good things as any other man. And he was no less practical and plain than he was profound, because he based all he thought, and all he said on common sense. He remarked of employment, that only salvation for rich men and poor men alike—*I say it is employment that makes the people happy.* This great truth ought never to be forgotten; it ought to be placed upon the title page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to head the columns of every farmer's magazine and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness, and I admit the high usefulness, of cheap food—notwithstanding that, the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into a proverb, if it could, that where there is work for the hands of men, there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread; and in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good; in a country like ours, where, with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is great willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses, good clothing, good food, and the means of educating their children from their labor; that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented and happy people.

Truer words were never spoken. The necessity of labor is at all times apparent to the statesman, who knows that an idle people are but a discontented and dissolute people. The problem is, and it has been solved happily in our country, to make every man interested in his work. Here he has a field; he may secure his own home; he is the sole master of his own time and talents; his family he may rear in security and peace around him; every chance that any other man enjoys to rise in public esteem, or to grow in wealth, he enjoys. Nothing is denied him that is within the reach of his capacity and industry. There are reasons enough why the American people should be satisfied with their lot in life.

FEMALES AT THE WEST.

Since such a hejira of females for the West has taken place in New York city, some of the Western newspapers are taking up the subject from their own point of view, and offering such comments as seem to them to be just in the premises. It is insisted by these papers that there is no use in sending out any more unemployed females to that part of the country, for they already have more there than they require, and more than they can think in these times of giving employment to. They say that of milliners, seamstresses, and needlewomen generally, they have an abundant supply; and that the distress among that class of laborers there is quite as great as it is with them here at the East.

Very many went out from the Eastern cities a year or two ago, who are now reduced to absolute want. The ranks having become overstocked, of course the supply was greater than the demand. The mistake lies here: they think they want only sewing women, whereas, they want only domestic, women and girls who know how and are willing to make themselves useful in household operations. The same old prejudice would seem to exist there that exists here, against doing work that was not as refined and delicate as that with the needle. The females are all too much carried away with the idea of being "lady-like," and incline more to pride than to downright practical usefulness.

Unfortunately as such a pride, or prejudice, happens to be, it nevertheless is something that will best cure itself. The law of supply and demand, which is the only law to which employers and employed

pretend to yield obedience in their relations to one another, will not permit the shipping of any more needlewomen West until they are wanted there. Mantua-making, millinery, and all the varieties of the sewing department have been fully taken up long ago; in truth, there is a glut of labor in that line in the market. Whereas in the department of labor called domestic service, there happens to be a great want. There are places in plenty in families, that are yet to be supplied. And while this state of things continues, indifferent domestics will obtain two dollars a week and their board, while poor sewing-girls are starving to death for nothing to do.

Just as soon as this feeling of false pride can be conquered, there will be no walls from suffering females on account of the want from which they are suffering. We know very well what a hard thing it will be to overcome this pride, and swallow all these prejudices whole; but the sooner and more gracefully it is done, the better. No work is beneath man or woman. It belongs rather to us to heighten and ennoble labor, and make it entirely beautiful. It is not what we do, so much as the spirit in which we set about it. All honest effort is honorable. When we confess that it is not, we only confess to the mean fact that we must needs be stayed and held up by circumstances, in order to seem to be noble; and that is truly a dishonorable and beggarly confession.

"HUCKABUCK."

After having given what we have already of our New Story, it will of course be unnecessary for us to call attention now to its delightful characteristics. The reader has got a taste of it for himself. Mr. Jeremy Loud, the author, gives us a very minute and graphic description of country life in New England, and introduces us to personages whose acquaintance all are disposed still further to cultivate. The characters, we understand, are many of them from real life, and will bear a close examination. In particular, we call attention to the perfect vraisemblance that exists on the pages of the author between his descriptions and the actual realities which he so skillfully brings before us.

Country life, and country scenes, if we can only get them somewhat as they are, never fail to attract all classes of readers. In this story of "Huckabuck," our multitude of readers will find that they are accurately and most delightfully depicted. Few writers possess greater skill, or a closer sympathy with these scenes, in describing them, than he whose pen we have enlisted for our columns. And as the story progresses, the interest increases, and will be found to increase, at a rapid rate. "Huckabuck," we are perfectly warranted in saying, is one of the best and most beautiful stories of the day.

THE ART OF AGRICULTURE.

All hail the art to which we owe
 While'er gives happiness below:
 The source of all in church or state,
 Or social life, that's good or great.
 For should our agriculture stop,
 Society must shut up shop;
 Our brightest bellies and beaks must please
 To dwell in caves and hollow trees;
 Our roots and acorns dine, like goats,
 And sup on leaves and buds, like goats.
 Woodchucks would burrow in State street,
 And garts wolves prowl where merchants meet—
 Churches by evil omens are haunted,
 And gutters growl where hymns are chanted,
 Owls hoot church bells with pipe sonorous,
 And croaking crows caw caw the chorus!
 Should cultivators fall, their fall
 Would implicate and ruin all;
 For as old Atlas bears the pack
 Of all the heavens on his broad back,
 The farmer by his care and pains
 The sublimity of man sustains;
 And if by some mishap he stumbles,
 The whole wide world to ruin tumbles.—FESSENDEN.

JOHN PIERPONT AND WORSHIP.

There are plenty of little souls in this world, that resent it in an instant if you dare to insinuate that they are incapable of measuring the greater ones. As Emerson most pitifully says it, a small man, in trying to limit and define a larger one, only chalks out the size of his own outlines upon a background that is plenty large to receive it; in other words, instead of defining others, he merely defines himself. There is a good deal of this kind of business done among people who are fond of arrogating all the goodness, all the piety, and all the religion, to their own sect or party. Very many of them refuse even to admit that a man has any religion, that is, is at all spiritual, unless they are willing to subscribe in full to their forms, or fall in and praise the minister they employ. This is sheer nonsense. This sort of littleness is out of place in this age. It ought to be driven back to the dark places, the dens, and hollows, and cavities of the past centuries, to brood with the bats and owls that found fit companionship with the superstitions of those times.

The following anecdote respecting the poet, Pierpont, is exactly to the point in hand:—

"Pierpont, the poet of 'Palestine,' was at Niagara a summer or two ago, and it was a beautiful Sabbath morning, when he went out to worship, where the light waves just break, and whispers of its Maker's might.

One of those officious, silly creatures, whose religion consists in a straight-bodied coat, an occupied pew and two sermons a week, posted after the poet like a missionary after a heathen. His soul—what little he had—was crooked up into an interrogation point, and wrinkled with anxiety for the sinner's welfare.

'Was Mr. Pierpont going to church?'
 'Yes.' And whom would he hear preach?
 'God Almighty,' was the brief and pertinent reply, as he turned again from the buzzing insect to the eloquence of Niagara.

THE COMING SHADOWS.

Few men of our day are more eloquent than Rev. E. H. Chapin. When he goes at a topic, he first strikes at its core, or great central idea; he illustrates it in the most graphic and striking manner; he turns it over and over, and holds it up in its most brilliant light to the admiring gaze of his auditory; he begets sympathy on the part of his hearers as fast as an engineer gets up steam, and that sympathy of course puts him in the closest imaginable relation with his hearers; he takes all his facts, his arguments, his images, and his smiles, and, enveloping them in a gorgeous garment of language such as few men know how to command, he swings them in a huge body around and around, their solidity and compactness becoming every moment more and more imposing, until, like a crack of thunder, the culmination comes, the ball of fire breaks, and every heart that has been beating so quickly to his powerful syllables and sentences feels almost awe-struck with the man and what he has done.

A recent discourse from this distinguished gentleman to his congregation on the misery that might be expected throughout our cities during the present

winter, contains some most eloquent and striking passages, which we would be glad to publish at length if our space permitted. We are enabled, however, to give a single one, which is a fair specimen of the author's power. Mr. C. observed:—

"It is not the ruined merchant, merely—it is not the spectacle of depreciated property and lost credit, and the manifold discomforts of casual bankruptcy, that most make us shudder and grow sad. Around the gloomy shadow there is still a darker rim. A way down below the platform of financial transactions there looms a sea of faces of working men and working women, looking up among the stopped machinery of factories, and the silence of ship-yards, and all the desolations of suspended labor; looking up to the shadows of an awful winter overcasting them. Men and brethren what shall we do for those whose hard-earned dollars are not merely honor and credit, but bread and blood and life itself? What shall we do for the poorest of babes, that must soon hang on the wretched breasts of famine, and for the women for whom we say something more than 'God help them!' Ah, yes, a financial crisis is a matter for tears and shuddering, as well as for arithmetic and rumor."

He goes right to the root of this matter. He contemplates it as sentimental philanthropists do not like to contemplate it. He drags out into the light, the squalidness, the misery, the destitution, and the vice, that must prevail in so many parts of our land, and contrasts these with the feelings of the man whose greatest and most poignant suffering is because his credit is ruined, and his mercantile reputation brought into disgrace.

Some such sort of reformer like this is needed in these stirring times. We want men to tell the truth. Sentimentalists we have in plenty; but strong men, whose large hearts beat steadily for the miseries of the poor and the woes of the destitute and vicious—these are men that are not so plenty. It requires a decided will to take a man down into the abodes of misery; but let us bless God that here, at least, we have found one whose courage is fully equal to his sympathy.

MEETINGS LAST SUNDAY, AT 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

Mr. Hobb's circle in the morning filled the hall. Manifestations of spirit power were abundant, instructive and useful.

In the afternoon, Dr. Child spoke from the following words:—"Time is the stream we go a fishing in. We drink at it; but while we drink we see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin currents slide away, and eternity remains. We would drink deeper; we would fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. The body is dust; the soul is a bud of eternity." He said: The plant has life, germinates and grows through the various degrees of unfoldings, and comes to ripened maturity. It then dies, and by dissolution the elements of its composition are set free, to be again attracted to their kindred particles. Man's physical body is governed by the same laws. It has a beginning, growth, development and maturity; it then dies, is dissolved, and returns to the earth, ashes to ashes. But above the plant, man's physical body is endowed with a soul that is predestined and ordained to live forever; a conscious living intelligence, that is ever reaching and longing for truth, that abides and endures. And truth is the only food that can make the soul grow to the stature and manhood of a perfect spirit. Error may poison, inflame and surfeit it, but truth alone can make it grow.

The body is only a temporary appendage to the spirit for its protection on earth, while it germinates and unfolds in the infancy of its endless existence. It is only a garment fitted to the earthly demands of the soul, to be worn out and dropped off when no longer fit for use.

All the knowledge of earth and earthly things, when summed up, is but the drop of the bucket, when compared with the illimitable fountain of knowledge that awaits the soul. It is liable to be forgotten and lost. And, in the stream of time, we see the sandy bottom, its thin currents slide away, and we look above, where spirits and angels are, where the soul may satisfy its longings from the eternal fountain of truth, where worlds innumerable, peopled with intelligences, are rolling in beauty, in harmony, through the vast immensity of space.

TUCKERMAN, THE MAIL ROBBER.

This poor man has at length got to the end of his rope. His guilt is established beyond question. Through the exertions of Mr. James Holbrook, special mail agent, he was detected in rifling the mails between Boston and New York, and is now secure in jail in New Haven. The probability is that he will find a place in the Connecticut State Prison for some twenty years. The connection of the guilty criminal with the losses of the Eastern Railroad is well known to the community. In that case he has thus far escaped punishment. But the course of a wrong door is always downwards. The first step is the bad one of all. After that, there seems to be little hope for him. The young men may well take warning from the fate of Tuckerman, and lay the lesson close to heart. His end may be considered to have been reached already.

MEETINGS NEXT SABBATH.

The spirits controlling Mrs. Hatch announced at the Music Hall, on Sunday last, that they would speak on "The Moral and Religious Nature of Man."

Mr. Whiting, whose medium powers have afforded us much satisfaction, is to occupy the desk at the Melodeon next Sabbath afternoon and evening, at the usual hour. The meeting, last Sabbath evening, was rendered particularly interesting by the discussion, in which Professors Felton and Horsford participated, and it is supposed there will be an opportunity for discussion presented on the next Sabbath evening.

FREE AGENCY OF MAN.

Do the immutable decrees of God prevent the free agency of man?

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch has recently delivered a very able lecture on the above subject, which was fully reported, and will appear the present week in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, with a cover, and got up in the best possible manner.

LORING MOODY AT CHARLESTOWN.

Loring Moody will lecture in Washington Hall, Charleston, on Sunday next, Dec. 18. And will repeat his Scientific Course in the same place, commencing on Monday evening, Dec. 14.

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

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

A brilliant celebration of one of these fifty-year marriage ceremonies occurred in the neighboring town of Brookline, one evening last week, of which we are tempted to give an account as furnished by one of our city contemporaries. The event occurred at the house of Mr. Baker, father of the member (by the same name of course), of the firm, Grover & Baker, makers of sewing machines. The Traveller says of it: "The house is located on an upland lawn, on Chestnut street; and in addition to the brilliant light streaming from the windows of the mansion, the grounds were decorated after dark by innumerable French colored lanterns, disposed at intervals along the street and the avenue which led up to the house. The occasion was that of the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Abel and Sarah Reed Baker, who were married in Boston, on the 3d of December, 1837, by the late Rev. Dr. Baldwin.

Several hundred invitations had been issued, and all were responded to. The pleasant scene was commenced at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, by the arrival of the elder portion of the guests, many of whom had been intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Baker in their younger days. In the parlor of the house were two wax medallion portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, which were taken during or just after their courtship, half a century ago, and it was suggestive of much deep thought to turn from the silver-haired host and hostess to those artistic faces which portrayed their semblance when life was fresh and young. The portrait of Mr. Baker is that of a sprightly, intelligent and vigorous young man, while that of Mrs. Baker, who was married at about the age of sixteen, is as pleasing and fascinating in its expression as any one could wish, and though somewhat girlish, is even the more attractive for that. Between them hung a portrait of Dr. Baldwin.

In the same room there was an elegant screen of evergreen, behind which stood the piano, and there were several receptacles of the same material, in which guests deposited cards and sentiments. Among these we noticed several from personages of note in public life, and a very pleasing series of verses addressed to the bride and groom of the golden wedding—from the pen of Rev. Dr. Jenks.

In the withdrawing-room, too, on a table, there were many appropriate presents, including a splendid silver tea-set of eight pieces, presented by Mr. William E. Baker to his parents, in honor of the occasion. In the dining-room, "that prince of caterers," J. B. Smith, had provided a richly spread table, and his officials constantly supplied from the kitchen the means of satisfying the wants of those who had assembled, as they were called upon from time to time.

There were something like a hundred visitors in all, who, as the elder guests, paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Baker between four and six o'clock, and many of them retired before seven and returned home, leaving an opportunity for the younger folks to pay their respects during the evening. Before all the elders had retired, however, there was a pleasing and appropriate address, made by Rev. Mr. Manning, associate pastor of the Old South Church. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are communicants of that church, and to the regular and steady life which they, as Christians, have led, may be ascribed the apparent ease and absence of fatigue which enabled them to receive and entertain so many guests.

About seven the influx of the youthful and the middle aged guests commenced. The cold wind had dried the roads, and many came on foot; but carriage after carriage rolled into the grounds, and left their inmates at the door to add to the numbers congregated, till the rooms within were crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Congratulations were fairly showered upon Mr. and Mrs. Baker for several hours, and the scene was rendered even more pleasant by the music of a choir of youths and ladies, led by a musician of some distinction, which, at the proper time, interrupted and silenced the gay voices of the guests. Some of the proceedings of the evening were both unique and affecting, and none who were present, even if they live to celebrate such an event, will forget the incidents of the evening. It is to be hoped that some at least of the several hundred guests will one day reap the results of the wish which gallantry and beauty so often exchanged—"May you live to be the bright particular star of some golden wedding yet to come."

WHY CANNOT SPIRITS OPERATE IN THE LIGHT AS WELL AS IN THE DARK?

By consulting Carpenter's "Manual of Physiology," London edition, 1846, we shall find a Scientific Key to the whole mystery, if there be any mystery about it. I quote from page 313, sections 640 and 641. "If the stem of a vine, or of any tree in which the sap rises rapidly, be cut across when in full leaf, the sap continues to flow from the lower extremity. . . . But, on the other hand, if the upper extremity be placed with the cut surface of the stem in water, the absorption of that fluid will take place, as is evidenced by the withdrawal of the water from the vessel. . . . If a branch, when thus actively absorbing fluid, be carried into a dark room, the absorption and ascent of fluid immediately ceases almost completely; and is renewed again, so soon as the leaves are again exposed to light. Now we know from other experiments that light stimulates the exhaling process, while darkness checks it." . . . (See Sec. 87 of the same work.)

Again, I extract from the 55th page of the same work, section 95:—"The most striking proof of the influence of light on animal development, however, is offered by the experiments of Dr. Edwards. He has shown that if tadpoles be nourished with proper food, and be exposed to the constantly renewed contact of water, . . . but be entirely deprived of light, their growth continues, but their metamorphosis into the condition of air breathing animals is arrested, and they remain in the condition of large tadpoles."

Here we see that the vital processes are quickened into activity under the stimulus of light, while they are comparatively dormant or passive when this stimulus is withdrawn. Now it is under this condition of passivity in the living forces, which are everywhere diffused, that spirits are better able to lay hold of, and use for their purposes, those invisible but none the less real substances, with which the atmosphere is everywhere more or less charged. It is, then, while these invisible materials are at rest; in the dark, that spirits can use them well, but not so well, while they are active, under the stimulus of light. Again, we know that certain chemical processes cannot be carried on in the light. The daguerrotypist, for example, goes into a dark closet to prepare

certain of his materials, for the simple reason that light interferes with his operations. So he performs in the dark.

Moreover, light, as everybody knows, dissipates coloring matter. Our clothes fade in the light, while their colors may be quite "fast" in the dark. I am endeavoring to elucidate this, and other scientific matters connected with Spiritualism, in a series of illustrated lectures.

Those who wish to pursue this subject further, will do well to consult the work from which I have quoted, and others of a similar character.

Yours, for "More Light,"
LORNA MOORE.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

The Boston Investigator, an interesting and well written paper, whose editors have for years manfully fought against the intolerance of mis-called Christianity, and who have done much to develop the exercise of man's Reason, publish the following account of some manifestations:

"To Dr. HAMMERT:—Dear Sir—Having read with increasing interest, the discussion between yourself and Mr. Beckett, the more so, being myself an Atheist, of the class who believe that they themselves, as well as everything seen, heard, or felt, is a part of the existing power, by Theists called God; also, utterly repudiating the idea of the existence of a spirit of any description after the death of the body, (as it is called,) which I consider the finale of man—in consequence of this, I dedicate this scroll to you. I have attended several of the spiritual circles, but never until yesterday, saw the first thing done that I could not account for satisfactorily, to my own mind.

But I have been completely nonplused by the Davenport boys, who have been with us now near three weeks. A party of us young men and old, have been trying to get an opportunity of investigating the matter for the last two weeks, but could not succeed, being put off by the manager from time to time. One of our number being determined to get into the box with the boys, yesterday we succeeded in gaining a private circle, some fifteen going together, with a full determination to ferret out the humbug. One of us carried a pocket full of stout leather hand-cuffs, and got permission to bind the boys, with what, and as firm as we pleased. Two of the party then bound them, their hands behind; they were tied by their wrists to the seats, so that it would be impossible for them to aid each other, being face to face at least five feet distant. The doors were then closed, the lights extinguished, and instantly there was a rustling sound in the box, and in about two minutes one of the boys called for a light, as the spirit (John) was beating him with the strap, which we could all hear applied as by a powerful man. The doors were then opened, the boys were free, and the straps and cuffs scattered on the floor!

We then wished to put on iron shackles with looks, but were denied the privilege; having had our way and choice at first, we could but allow the manager his. He then shut the boys in the box with some six or eight yards of rope lying on the floor, and extinguished the lights as before, and the same sounds were heard, the ropes were slashed from side to side, seemingly by a fury. Presently, more rope was called for, and thrown in the box, and within five minutes from the time the doors were first closed, they were again opened, and the boys were bound hand and foot, the rope drawn to the centre of the box and tied through a hole in the extra seat, (a long one extending across the back of the box). One of our party was then tied, with his hands behind him, and fastened in the centre of the long seat, and shut in. All was silent for a few seconds, then he commenced talking to John, but John did not seem to like the intrusion, and commenced pulling his imperial, then his mustachios, then gave him a tremendous blow on the side of his head that hurled him to the seat. He then grappled at his throat, and untied his cravat, which was enough for our friend, and he called loudly to be let out. All of this transpired within two minutes, and a light was struck immediately. All was again silent, but the doors of the box were all bolted on the inside, and our friend unbolted the centre door with his foot. He declares positively that he placed one foot upon each of the boys' feet, and they did not move!

When the doors were opened, the boys were bound hands and feet, as they were five minutes before when we examined them, and in such a manner that I would defy any man to unbind them in fifteen minutes. The doors were again closed, with a large tin trumpet, a dinner bell, a drum, tamborine, guitar, and violin lying on the floor and seat, and the strings of the violin commenced snapping as in the act of tuning, and a voice through the trumpet saying, "I'll play God save the Queen!" Then a second's silence, when I sang out, "Don't stop to untie the boys, but give us the tune;" when instantly the violin and tamborine played Yankee Doodle. Then the voice says as before, and another tune was played, again speaking through the trumpet, "I'll play the Soldier's Joy," which was also done. The five instruments struck up a sort of devil's tattoo several minutes; then a throwing down of the instruments one by one, whilst the others were playing, until we heard them all fall to the floor; then the boys were untied, and we left, perfectly astonished, wiser as when we first entered the hall, and completely baffled, but satisfied that there was a greater mystery than we could fathom.

And now, for one, I would be very happy to see you here, and have you go into the cage with me some day next week. I am not satisfied. Our scientific men must take this matter in hand, and sift it to the last grain. It must be accounted for, by some means.

If you, Mr. Editor, think this worthy a place in the paper, please insert, after rectifying the blunders of an uneducated man, or forward to the Doctor, as you may see fit.
A. P. SHERMAN.
Lowell, Nov. 6, 1887.

HUME ABROAD.

Mr. Hume, the distinguished medium, has been the instrument, while abroad, of exciting a very wide and lasting interest in the wonderful manifestations that have been made through his organism, and many accounts have been forwarded by correspondents to the leading journals of this country. Of course the usual amount of incredulity has been excited on the part of those who are determined never to believe anything, and an equal or greater amount of ridicule has been heaped upon the whole matter. Even the old maxim, once considered sound and safe, "as is the man, so is the matter," has been cast aside as of no worth in these matters, whatever may be its admitted value in all other matters but this.

The correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, however, gives a very graphic account, in one of his letters from Baden-Baden, of the various manifestations that have been made through him, the whole of which we should be glad to incorporate into our columns; but we do not have room. His remarks, however, that Mr. Hume most affects the society of Russians and Poles, and seems particularly partial to persons belonging to these countries. In a recent assembly where several of both nations were present, the following occurrences took place, which our readers will thank us for giving:

"Princess Dolgorouky asked him to give her an evocation, and left it to his choice to select any person she had ever known, and who had departed this life. In an instant the Princess bowed her head and listened; a profound emotion soon appeared on her face; tears rolled down her cheeks; the voice she had heard was that of her brother, killed at Sevastopol. Another lady, one of the most beautiful of the Russian society, lost her husband about three years ago; she had married him quite young; he had bequeathed her an enormous fortune. During the whole evening she laughed at Mr. Hume's feats, and showed that she prided herself on being superior to the weakness of believing in Mr. Hume's powers. He suddenly said to her in an authoritative voice, "Will you go into the next room, madame?" Astonished to receive this invitation, she obeyed. In an instant she returned, pale, trembling, frightened half to death, weeping; she sank half unconscious into an arm-chair. She saw her deceased husband standing in the middle of the chamber, his arms folded, and his eyes open, and looking at her. Now all of these feats took place in public, before and upon people who would not become the confederates of a professor of legerdemain—there can be no suspicious over them, but they reverse all our ideas of the laws of gravitation, and those laws which separate the spirit and corporeal world. What is the explanation to be given of it? Is it a deceit Mr. Hume is able by his mere volition to put upon spectators? If it be so, it reveals strange metaphysical phenomena as yet unknown. Or is it something else? I know not what—undreamed of by philosophy."
—Cor. N. O. Picayune.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.
Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished form to me appears,
And one to me is shame and fame.
They reckon ill who leave me out;
When I am the whole, they but myself
Am, and doubtless have I been the whole;
I am the hymn the Brahmins sing.
Where gods are many, mine is one;
And close I hold the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

A PORTENTOUS EXPLANATION.—The following is the first reply I have seen to Emerson's celebrated enigma, "Brahma." I find it in the Transcript. Mr. Emerson never writes without communicating high thought, and, although to many minds, he sells in the clouds, to those who give deep attention to his writings, they contain a spirit of inspiration which leads to the higher vision of life, as of higher purposes, than the petty efforts which are almost the sole aim of our present semi-civilized condition of society. I think the writer of the following is one of those who feels this inspiration, and that he has solved the enigma.—HERALD. M. F. Y.

BRAHMA.

I am a dweller with the one high God,
And God himself dwells here, unseen, with me;
He is embodied in the material shell,
And he exists in every stone and tree.
Man thinks he slays me, saying, "God is naught,
For chance first formed me, and still crown him away."
I am the chance he worships in his thought,
And I am all to which he homage pays.
"As milk to curd, as water into ice,"
So do I change my ever-changing form;
I am fair Virtue, I am hideous Vice,
I am the sunshine and the raging storm.
All things to me, how far so'er they seem,
Are near, for I am earth, air, water, fire;
The life of man is but a "fifteen dream,"
And all created things to me aspire.
Many may doubt—"It is I who gave them thought,
Which which they vainly think from me to flow—
Dispel illusions, seek me as you ought,
Say, I am Brahma, and in thyself I find me."
Wouldst thou this riddle read? I am the Soul,
Which both the body and unknown have their start,
And I am God, for God is but the whole,
Of which all souls form each an equal part.
CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 20, 1887.

From the Providence Journal, December 4.
BRAHMA.—As the Journal is entitled to the honor of having published the first of the many parodies of "Brahma," it begs leave to offer to the bewildered readers of that incomprehensible poem, the germ from which it was probably developed, in the "Mahabharata," a Hindu epic poem, composed about three centuries before the Christian era, occur the following lines:—"For he that thinks to slay the soul, or he that thinks the soul is slain, Are fondly both alike deceived; it is not slain, it slayeth not, it is not born—it doth not die; past, present, future, known, it is not. Ancient, eternal and unchanged, it does not with the dying frame. Who knows it incorruptible, and everlasting, and unborn. What heads he, whether he may slay, or fall himself in battle."
This translation may be found in an article on India, in the Bibliotheca Sacra, for 1832.

WHAT IS, AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It is strange to think how greatly our situations have been modified, and in many cases controlled, by circumstances. Oftentimes the merest trifle is sufficient to change our whole after life. We walk blindly into the arms of fortune, and receive only what she chooses to give us; with some she is lavish, and with some she is niggardly. Many sue hard, determined to wear out the fickle goddess with importunity; while more are content to let life slip along with them as it best may, and have no words except those of regret at times, that they have not been favored like others, whom they enviously point to.

All this is suggested by a juicy little passage that has lately come under our eye, from the press of J. G. Holland, Esq., formerly editor of the Springfield Republican. It carries us back so far into the past—into the freshness of boyhood, and sets in motion such a pleasant train of thought and reverie, that we would like all our friends to indulge in the same delightful associations that, through its means, have so freshened ourselves.

The passage occurs in a letter from Mr. Holland, who is looking around among the Vermont farmers, to the Springfield Republican:—

"Imagine your correspondent imagining the life he might have led, and came very near leading, for that matter, among the hills, as a farmer. He would have grown stalwart and strong, with horny hands and a face as black as the soe of spades. He would have taught school winters, worked on the farm summers, and gone out laying for fifteen days in July, and taken pay in the iron work and running gear of a wagon. At two and twenty, or thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attentions to a girl with a father worth two thousand dollars and a spit curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing school, and 'sat in the seats' and sung without opening her mouth—a pretty girl, any way. Well, after seeing her home from singing school one or two years, taking her to a Fourth of July, and getting about a hundred dollars, together, he would have married her and settled down. Years would pass away, and that girl with the spit curl, would have had eleven children—just as she has had—seven boys and four girls. We should have had a hard time in bringing them up; but they would soon be able enough to do the milking, and help their mother

washing days, and I, getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, should be elected a member of the legislature, having been assessor and school committee for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of older in the cellar, and my newspaper in my hands, I should sit and look over the markets, through a pair of gold-mounted spectacles; and wonder why such a strange, silly piece as this should be published."

HARVARD HEARD FROM—THAT LONG-COMING REPORT—LIGHT BREAKING—LEISURE AT HAND—WHAT WE MAY EXPECT!

Boston, December 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR—I attended a lecture last evening in Cambridgeport. The discourse was delivered through the organism of Mr. A. B. WHITING. After the discourse, a poem was improvised, after which Prof. Felton arose and made some remarks, in which he stated that all the alleged modern so-called Spiritual Phenomena could be explained on other grounds than as coming from disembodied spirits. The question was asked him by some one present, when the long looked-for report in explanation of the phenomena from Harvard might be expected. He stated that as Mr. Agassiz' time had been very much occupied in another direction, it would account for the delay, but as much time would not elapse before the report would be given to the public. I make this communication to you, thinking you would hint to your many readers the prospect of a report some time.
J. W. G.

Late European Items.

ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC, with four days later news. She brings 90000 in specie, and 70 passengers, including Peter Parker, late minister to China. The steamship City of Baltimore, from New York, arrived at Liverpool on the 25th ult. The steamship Persia arrived out at noon of the 21st. The Anglo Saxon left Liverpool noon of 26th for Portland.

The Banks of England and France were each gaining bullion rapidly.

The pressure on the Bank of England is gradually diminishing, and there are signs of a relaxation in the discount market. Money is abundant at 6 & 7 per cent on Stock Exchange. There are rumors of probable funding of Exchequer bills.

M. Fould, French Minister of State, was on a visit to London, it is believed in reference to financial affairs, and the question of the Principality.

The French government had informed the deputation of distillers that inquiries had been instituted and would be guided by the result.

It is said that the Spanish-Mexican question still portends danger. Lord Howden had gone to Madrid to urge the reception of the Mexican Envoy.

The financial crisis is beginning to sensibly affect Russia.

The Bank of Lisbon was about to raise its rate of discount.

At Hamburg and Stockholm large money institutions had been formed to assist commercial men and sustain public credit.

The extra mail from China had reached Suez. Hong Kong dates are of Oct. 6. The news is unimportant. Tea is quiet.

In London, American securities were active. Illinois Central and Erie Bonds have improved; but shares of the former had receded \$1.

The deaths by yellow fever at Lisbon average eighty daily.

Prince Gagarin, Russian Governor General of Kuitais and Mingrelia has been assassinated by one of the sovereign princess of Mingrelia.

Vienna advises a note a continuance of the financial and commercial crisis in Austria. Money is scarce, and raw produce declining daily.

A violent typhoon at Macao on the 1st of October had caused severe damage, chiefly to native shipping.

Lord Elgin was at Hong Kong, on board a man-of-war.

Flashes of Fun.

One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs. —, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron Von Seiditz Powders, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. —, and an invitation sent in form. After awaiting a considerable time, no Baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house with excuses from the Baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Dutchess Von Ezzom Saltz, which she read out to the company, without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.—Thom Hall's Jour.

The editor of a Western paper thus introduces some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend, who has lain in the grave many years for his own amusement."

THE GREATEST CURIOSITIES EXHIBIT.—The spectacles at the Museum. They can be seen through by old or young with wonderful accuracy.

"Grampa, do you know the United States have been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging Tories?"
"Certainly not; what kind of Tories?"
"Territories!"

A lady at sea, in a gale of wind, being full of apprehension, cried out, among other petty exclamations:—

"We shall go to the bottom—mercy on us, how my head swims!"
"Zounds, madam, said a sailor, "you'll never go to the bottom while your head swims!"

An awkward man, in attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor.

"There, now!" exclaimed his wife, "we have lost our dinner!"

"Oh, no," answered he, "it's safe; I've got my foot on it."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C. C. MANCHESTER, N. H.—Forward them, and we can then judge. The other matter shall be attended to. We are already aware that the circulation of the Banner is rapidly increasing in your section of the country; but we desire all Spiritualists to keep their shoulders to the wheel, that we may sooner have "Light" still.
Answer.—"Moonlight" your lines do not possess quite literary merit enough to publish. The sentiment is excellent. Try again.

The Busy World.

OPENING OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.—Washington, Dec. 7.—A dense crowd is gathered in the Galleries and other parts of the Capitol. Fifty members are present in the Senate, which was called to order by the Secretary, who read a letter from the Vice President, stating he would not be able to reach Washington at the commencement of the session. The oaths were administered by Mr. Bright, the oldest Senator. Mr. Fitzpatrick of Alabama was chosen President pro tem. After other routine business, the Senate went into executive session, and confirmed the appointment of Geo. M. Bowman as Superintendent of Public Printing.

HOUSE.—Two hundred and twenty members present. The House proceeded to the choice of Speaker. James L. Orr, of S. C., had 125 votes. G. A. Grow, of Penn., had 84; scattering, 13. Messrs. Giddings and Banks conducted the new Speaker to his seat. Mr. Orr returned thanks.

A HARD CASE.—A man named John Ross, an American by birth, and a native of Philadelphia, appeared at the Cambridge Police Court, on Saturday, for permission to enter the House of Correction for four months, stating that he had sought in vain for employment, and had been compelled to beg his food, and to accept of lodgings in Watch-houses. Justice Ladd heard the story of the unfortunate man, who pleaded guilty to the charge of vagrancy, and received his coveted sentence. A sad lesson for the times.

BUSINESS MOVING.—We learn that the Messrs. Batchellers, of North Brookfield, extensive shoe manufacturers, who have reduced the number of their workmen several hundred, during the severe financial pressure that has prevailed for the last two months, are again increasing their business. The low price of stock and labor affords an inducement to shoe manufacturers to resume the business of manufacturing at the earliest moment that the market will afford a prospect of selling to customers who will pay.—Worcester Spy.

THE REVOLUTION AT ST. DOMINGO.—By the arrival of the British mail steamer, via St. Thomas, at Havana, later intelligence has been received from St. Domingo. Senor Baer still maintained himself in the city, and, being master of the sea, there was no probability of his being expelled by his enemies. On the other hand, Santana was in possession of nearly the whole country, and his troops occupied the capital.

SHIPBUILDING.—Mr. James O. Curtis, at Medford, has laid the keel for a new ship of about 650 tons. She will be owned by Messrs. Lombard & Co., and is intended for the Calcutta trade. This is said to be the only vessel, in the vicinity of Boston, that has been contracted for within the last three months, with the exception of a pilot boat.

A Quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant, hugging and kissing the servant girl. Broad-brim saw the face of his wife as she peeped through the half opened door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: "Betsey, they had better quit peeping, or there will cause trouble in the family."

VERDICT IN THE GROTON WILL CASE.—The jury in the case of J. T. Loring, appellant, vs. John G. Park et al., executors of the will of the late Jonathan Loring, on trial of late in the Supreme Court sitting at East Cambridge, returned a verdict for the heirs, on the ground that Jonathan Loring, the testator, at the time of making his will, was of sound mind, but unduly influenced.

Joshua Eaton, Jr., a boy fourteen years of age, has been sentenced to the New Hampshire State Prison for six years, to be kept to hard labor, for shooting Geo. Elisan Sweatt, aged fifteen years, son of Dr. Sweatt, of Sandwich. The killing was in July last.

The steamship Daniel Webster sailed from New Orleans on Saturday morning for Havana and New York, with the California mails and 94 passengers, of whom 60 are for California. She connects with the Northern Light at Havana.

THE ROW ON THE ERIE RAILROAD.—The report by telegraph from Piedmont, that a fight had occurred, and that cannon were posted to prevent the landing of laborers, is untrue. On Saturday everything was quiet, and the old set of hands were at work.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior says that upwards of sixty-one millions of dollars in pensions have been paid out on account of revolutionary services. The entire quantity of land donated for military services is sixty millions of acres.

DEAN & CLAYTON, No. 2 Union street, corner of Elm street, have just got in a new assortment of fancy goods and cloths. Now is the time to make selections at this No. 1 establishment.

A man named Jacob C. Spicker has been arrested in Ohio and taken to Philadelphia on a charge of being extensively concerned in the passage of counterfeit ten dollar bills on various Connecticut banks.

STILL THEY COME.—Miss Maria L. Pease, of Adrian, Mich., a young lady only fifteen years of age, has become developed as a trance-speaking medium of brilliant powers.

The report of Postmaster General Brown is said to be fully prepared, and occupies fifteen octavo pages. Much of it is devoted to a discussion upon the overland California mail route.

ATTEMPT TO ROAST A MAN.—William Kilfillen has been arrested in Cincinnati, for attempting to roast a man named Adam Shaffer, a few weeks since by putting him over the fire in the forge of a blacksmith shop.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.—The entire military force now in Florida has been ordered to take the field against the Indians. The State volunteers number 2000 men.

Advices from Havana state that four cargoes of negroes, numbering upwards of 2000, had been landed in Cuba within ten days. Three of the vessels sailed from Massachusetts, and are, it is thought, owned there.

Jones, indicted for murder, whose trial at Springfield is just concluded, has been found guilty, and sentenced to death.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Dec. 7.—Breen, one of the murderers of the McKenize family, hung himself in his cell last evening.

THE ORPHAN'S FAIR.—About ten thousand dollars were realized by the Orphan's Fair at the Music Hall, which closed on Friday evening.

Rev. Mr. Kallioch has resigned his pastoral charge, and will leave shortly for Kansas.

Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.
THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Tritemius, of Herbolpolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious chole,
Heard from beneath a miserable voice—
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry,
And, looking from the easement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,
And withered hands stretched up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
My beautiful, brave, first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's gallery, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
I give," Tritemius said, "my prayers." "Oh, man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies!"

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always poor.
A single sabbath is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God will spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then said Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon the if a human soul I prize
Above the gift upon His altar piled!
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He laid within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the ladder shade,
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came
He rose to find the chapel all a-flame,
And, dumb, with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Hand-Writing on the Wall.

BY MRS. J. M. JACKSON.

In a vast saloon, within whose walls an army
might have met to battle, the mighty men of Babylon,
six hundred years before the birth of the Messiah,
were met to celebrate the annual feast, at the desire
of their king. All that the genius of man could de-
vise, all that wealth and power could command, were
lavished upon the decorations of that magnificent
banquet. Couches covered with the most costly fab-
rics; columns overlaid with pure gold; lamps, of the
same precious metal, were suspended by chains of
cunning workmanship, and shed their perfumed
lights by thousands along the royal galleries; dra-
peries of purple and scarlet, held up by glittering
cherubims in forms of exquisite taste. A throne, at
the upper end of the saloon, supported by columns
of porphyry, was of solid gold, set in, like mosaic
work, in rows of topaz and carbuncle, the second row
of emerald, sapphire, and diamond; the third, and last,
was of amethyst, agate, beryl and jasper; the steps
to the throne were of polished ivory. Curtains of the
richest embroidery, fastened to a canopy shining in
gold and crimson, directly over the royal seat, fell on
either side in glittering folds, sweeping the floor with
its gorgeous fringe. Seated upon the throne, in all
his regal splendor, his royal garments blazing like a
sun; the jeweled crown, the sparkling sceptre, the
towering form, all proclaimed him to be the mighty
and powerful ruler, the majestic, but doomed Bel-
shazzar. Gallery above gallery flashed with the robes
and tresses of countless multitudes, while the sound
of lute and harp, cymbal and trumpet, pealed forth
amidst bursts of rejoicing from myriads seated in
long perspective at those well-filled tables. The king
was in a gracious mood; he shouted in exultation;
wine flowed like water, poured from a thousand
flagons. The most beautiful women, the boasted
pride of Babylon, were there, smiling in all the
charms of youth and beauty, dazzling in the splen-
dor of jeweled robes. Alas! for Babylon, the queen
of the East; so soon to lose her freedom by the de-
bauchery of her king, and implicity of her people.
Intoxicated with wine, flushed success, and thought-
less as to the consequence of the sacrifice, the drunken
monarch ordered the slaves to bring in the golden
vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house
of God, which was at Jerusalem, by his father; and
they brought them, seven branched candlesticks of
gold, the silver vessels, the table of show bread, the
ark of covenant, the cherubs, and the mercy-seat.
Then was the sacred vessels of one of the most divine
rights of the religion of Jehovah polluted by the
orgies of a Bacchanalian feast.

Hark to that shout, the deepest profanation, the
deadly sin: "A health to the king of kings, the con-
queror, the God, our Belshazzar!"

Scarcely had the golden cup fallen from the hand
of the last blasphemer, when he caught the ghastly
expression of his human god; but why glares the
idol's eye? Why should the king tremble? Why drop
the sacred vessel just raised to his lips? Ah! there
came a silence more appalling than the fiercest yell.
The lamps gave out a faint light, the lower part of
the hall was shrouded in gloom; abject fear fell upon
all that multitude; from prince to subject, all were
bowed in the same superhuman terror. An unnat-
ural light slowly filled the place. The eyes of all were
directed to a space upon the wall, as a dark, bodiless
hand glided along the architrave, and rapidly traced,
in characters of living fire, the inscrutable and fear-
ful letters, distinct, bold, and clear—the message
from God! big with the fate of the empire: "Mene,
Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

Smiling lips, licentious stares, were exchanged for
pallid countenances; fear had sobered the entire
group, and the king was troubled; his trembling
hand refused to hold the sceptre, and his knees smote
one against another. As soon as his lips obeyed the
impulses of his heart, he cried aloud: "Bring in the
Astrologers, the Chaldeans, the Soothsayers, and who-
ever shall read the mysterious writing, and show me the
interpretation thereof, shall be clothed in scar-
let, and have a gold chain about his neck, and I will
make him a ruler in my kingdom."

And they came—the wise men of the East; the
Magi, the Brahmins, of Hindoostan, the Chaldees,
of Babylon—they came with words and symbols of
power, but even as they came, a paleness overpread
their faces, for they felt an inward consciousness of
their impotence—a certainty of failure in their

hearts. As soon as their eyes were raised to those
letters of unearthly light, they were speechless!

"Away with them—to death with the impostors,"
and more innocent blood was added to the sacrifice
of the last banquet of the king of Babylon. Still
others came, mightier and wiser; old men, with
beards of snow, to whom every breeze that wafted
o'er their mountain homes, every star that shone,
had an intelligible voice. They were versed in all
else, but they knew not that fearful hand-writing.

"Away with them, away."

At this moment the queen threw herself at his feet.
"Oh, king, let not thy heart be troubled, nor thy
countenance be changed; for there is a man in thy
kingdom, in whom dwells the spirit of the true God.
His name is Daniel, and he alone can read the writ-
ing, and show the interpretation thereof."

And he came, the despised Jew, the captive youth;
he, the prophet of the Lord! He was greeted with
scorn, received with shouts of laughter! He attempt-
ed to elucidate what the Magi had failed to do! He
with coarse raiment, leathern girdle! He, with
beardless cheek, the miserable Jew; elected by God!
But, as the boy advanced, the mirth subsided, for
there was something in the youth, as he strode, with
a firm step toward the throne, the grave aspect, the
inscrutable eye, all told of confidence in his own pow-
ers, all spoke of a serious purpose and truth. Bel-
shazzar trembled at his approach. He had heard how
that dark and pensive boy walked amid the fiery
furnace, and whom the burning flames left unscathed.

One moment the young prophet gazed into the face
of the horror-stricken despot, then pointing with his
finger to the ominous letters, he read, in a clear, un-
faltering voice, the words of the spirit, so fatal to
both king and subject:

"Mene, mene, God hath numbered thy kingdom,
and finished it; Tekel, thou art weighed in the
balance and found wanting; Upharsin, thy kingdom
is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Did it occur to him to doubt the awful words, to
punish the bold youth? No! Belshazzar bowed
his head; he doubted no longer. He had now heard
the words of the Omnipotent; he believed, but re-
pented not; all fear had passed away with the cer-
tainty of his destruction; men and women were ruin-
ing to and fro, weeping and wailing; men sheathed
the unavailing sword, and prepared to deliver up
themselves to the enemy. Belshazzar sat firm on
his ancestral throne; the sun threw its rays upon
the Euphrates, and war chariots rolled along; spears
and banners thronged, and there was a great cry in
the streets, for Babylon was taken; blood ran in
streams, flames ascended from that devoted city.
Amidst all this desolation, Belshazzar sat unmoved,
gazing upon those letters that had so surely an-
nounced his doom! There the avenging sword of
the Persian found the king, and drank his blood, and
Darius reigned king of Babylon.

Thus was the spiritual manifestation fulfilled, and
made plain to the vision of the medium; Daniel,
chosen before the self-styled Magi, the reputed wise
men of the East. Why did not Belshazzar deny his
power to elucidate the writing? why, but the inward
conviction that it was the truth. Thus it is with
skeptics; they will not believe in the power of spirits
to communicate, until it strikes them with a convic-
tion which they cannot deny; some fact hidden from
the world for years, is suddenly brought forth by the
power of the medium, and they have no more to say
against the truth of a manifestation, than so surely
reads their most secret thoughts, and I feel assured
that all who will investigate with honesty of purpose,
will soon be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

[Communicated.]

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

NO. II.

MR. DEAR W.—Your petition for more light on
the path of earthly duty is heard, and shall be grant-
ed. Already you feel a life-giving energy, a definite-
ness of purpose before unknown. The motives that
actuate you, are higher, more elevated, more satisfy-
ing to the deep spiritual aspirations of your soul.
You recognize more fully the paternity of God, and the
great brotherhood of man. A wider scope of thought
and desire goes forth to elevate and restore. The
love, and not the fear of God, is becoming the radiat-
ing sphere of attraction, revolving all things in His
wisdom to glory and praise.

'Tis not that man is liable to the heavy penalties
of the law, but because he is capable of its perfection,
that your spirit yearns to lift him from the miry
clay and pitfalls of sin. This is right; it is the
work in which ministering angels join their efforts
with yours—it is the work of eternity. With you it
has begun in time; its struggles and sacrifices you
have endured, its calm and holy serenity you have
enjoyed. Its deep joy and peace often steal over you,
making the sunshine of heaven, and the melody of
its angels, vocal in the human heart. Our prayers
have been around you like the morning mist and
evening dew, enveloping with their incense, till the
cloud has parted, and the rays of the sun of right-
eousness fall direct upon your heart, opening a vista
into heaven, through which we can descend and as-
cend to bring you the bread of life.

We have no new doctrine to teach, differing from
the divine counsels of our Lord and Saviour; Jesus
Christ. Upon that same platform of faith and re-
pentance must the soul ever rest, that would know
the peace of belief. We come to make this faith an
actuality, a living principle of action; to show that
the laws of spirit life and progression are ever the
same, whether in mortal and spiritual nature—that
it is born of God, lives in and through Him, and
ever tends to Him. The elements of the kingdom of
heaven are all within man, not outside and above him;
and we would teach how they can be wrought into
perfection. We would establish faith in our glorious
immortality, around which so many thick clouds of
skepticism have gathered. We would lift the veil of
death, and show him the minister of God's love,
leading His children to a nearer, truer existence in
His spiritual presence.

You have accepted our mission; you acknowledge
our individuality and power, and now the great
question has arisen in your mind, what is to be the
result of all this intercommunication? We answer,
its individual result will be what each heart shall
make it; we can operate only through the will and
the affections; as these are open to receive, more
and more of heavenly trust and light will be
given. The progress of reformation must always be
slow—not according to our knowledge and happiness,
but by his capacity to receive, must we impart to
man. We can point out the path of self denial, but
man must walk therein cheerfully and voluntarily
to know its peace. The weeds of sin in the human
heart are under the control of the possessor, not under
ours. "A thine for shall this go?" is written in our
halls of knowledge, and if through our affections we

transcend that divine ordinance, not only we, but
those we love, feel the pangs of violated law.

Self-sacrifice and discipline are still our correctors;
but beauty, love and truth are so much more clear-
ly defined than with you, that the spirit by its own
perceptive excellence breathes in and harmonizes with
their requirements, and becomes a law unto itself.
As we mingle with earthly friends, and imbibe their
sentiments and feelings, we are tempted through
them; as they are strong and true to duty, with
pure motive, we are made strong, and can give ad-
ded strength to those we love. But when, alas, tem-
ptation assails the heart, weak to resist, our spirit in-
fluence is weakened. It either sins with the mortal
or leaves with tears of sorrow, and, in its home of
purity and peace watches and prays till it can again
come to cheer the mortal on to truth and duty.
Not seven times, the Saviour said, but seventy times
seven, plead with thy brother to save him.

This must all be the real outpouring of the spirit;
no seeming of action; it must be as free as the rain
or sunlight. There must be strong confidence in
God, in man, and in ourselves, to perfect the influ-
ences of His holy spirit. His love and blessing
pervades all space, adorning with beauty and glory
the whole animated scenery of intelligent creation.
Joy and love with us is as spontaneous as the air of
Heaven; to think, is to act and enjoy, and praise is
the overflowing of our happy existence.

When the mission of duty comes, to help some
poor wanderer home to the bosom of God, the cross
is cheerfully borne, for angels' blessings rest upon
it, and if the crown of thorns is added also, we know
it is wreathed with heavenly flowers, whose perfume
will heal and strengthen for all duty. We bind it
upon our brows, giving all glory unto God. Our
armor is not of steel or brass, but the love and con-
fidence in God our Father is folded about us as a
shield, and His word is our defence and support.
The dove of peace flies before us, carrying influences
of truth, and many harps touched by cherub fingers,
ever echo to us of our heavenly homes. Many de-
voted associates welcome us back, take our burdens, and,
if weary, bear us to the green banks of the river of
life, and gently sooth us to repose.

"If we have one regenerated mortal heart to offer
up—one purer motive excited—one brother brought
nearer to the fold of righteousness, our joy is inex-
pressible great. There is indeed "more joy in
Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over
ninety and nine just persons." We judge not as
the world judges; there is more attraction and con-
geniality where the meek and humble soul is seeking
after God in silence and prayer, than where the
tithes of *enies* and *cumin* are paid, forgetting the
weightier matters of the law. The whitened sepulchre
is to us no abiding place. In spirit and truth only
can we teach of truth and God.

I have thus endeavored to answer some of the
many thoughts as well as questions of your mind,
and I will again come to you, with the permission of
this friend, to speak of things pertaining to our
everlasting peace. But, my dear W., I would not
have your mind too much engrossed with this sub-
ject. I understand your deep longings after truth,
and, thanks be to God, I know also they shall be
satisfied; but all things in order. Your spirit is
now in its earthly temple, there to declare the glory
of God, by a happy, consistent Christian life, giving
practical illustration: that truth and duty are the
true guiding stars of the Christian course—that the
star of Bethlehem still pointeth unto life, and many
shall follow in that light to know of God.

We are with you, and through you many channels
shall be opened, through which angel ministers shall
pass to the sin-stricken soul, and the perfume of
our joy shall descend into your soul, making pure
inches unto the Lord. Be calm, trustful and watch-
ing; you know not the day or the hour in which the
Son of Man shall come or his angels; but we come;
be ever ready, for our call is to the sons of men.
The joys of eternity have begun; for, are you not
daily in its work, and breathing its influence. The
mist of death will by and by remove the garment
of mortality, and the spirit will be rebaptized into
the Kingdom of Heaven. There is, indeed, a *baptism*
of water, and the baptism of the spirit.

My spirit flows so freely through this channel, I
know not when to cease; but I must, for I feel I
have already transgressed the bounds of politeness.
I am, as ever, your loving wife and spirit guide.

SPIRITUALISM DYING OUT.

We are often told by the opposers of Spiritualism,
that it is dying out, that, ~~being~~ one of the delu-
sions of the day, having no foundation but in the
morbid imaginations of those gifted with a large
organ of marvellousness, it has not vitally enough
to prolong its existence. This was the cry when its
"first faint knockings were heard," and it is still
kept up by those who are content to form their opin-
ions from mere rumor; who never investigate, there-
fore know nothing of the progress it is making,
until they find it invading their very households,
and their own families falling victims to the "stu-
pendous delusion." This is unendurable, and cannot
be quietly submitted to; so when, finding all other
weapons fail, their last resort is to the whole voca-
bulary of invective, sarcasm, and slander, vainly
hoping thereby to arrest its farther advance, forget-
ting that, though we place

"Truth upon the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim Un-
known
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His
own."

So it has been, and probably always will be. Truth
comes in forms so simple as not to be recognized by
the masses, who, looking for its advent in places of
power and trust, reject its claims and despise its
advocates, ever placing wrong upon the throne, until
it has forced its way above all opposition; then they
are ready to worship what was so willingly crucified
before, and are among the first to embalm, in the
archives of history, the names of those who have
planted its banner, amid obliquity and reproach, upon
the highest mountain peak.

We well know with what gloom the theology of
the past has surrounded the bed of death, and as
we have stood by the open grave of some loved one
gone before, and heard the cold words falling upon
the coffin lid, and the still colder words from the lips
of our spiritual guides, the heart has been filled with
doubt and perplexity; and instead of trusting in
the love of our Father alone, have been taught
to regard him as a being of wrath, in whose ears the
dying groans of the conscience-stricken sinner is
sweetest music.

But Spiritualism teaches a sublimer faith than
this; it tells us death is but a natural change, no
more to be dreaded than the slumbers of childhood
when weary and seeking rest. And in place of
gloom and terror, angel voices are singing songs of

welcome, and our loved friends, in realms of bliss,
are waiting for us to come.

This is the true view of our spiritual faith; and
instead of dying out, it is spreading from shore to
shore, from continent to continent—and will in
God's good time, as men are able to learn it, be the
means of uniting us all in one great family, when,
forgetting our old sectarian blockings, mankind
shall join as a band of brothers in banishing want
and misery from the earth.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following chaste little production very prettily
conveys the idea of a mother's love—even after her
spirit shall have been removed from contact with
earthly surroundings—and, indeed, long after the
material mind has ceased to recognize her watchful-
ness and care:—

MOTHER—Mother, at the mention of this little
word, how many pleasant thoughts rush into the
mind. It tells of ceaseless watching, and untiring
efforts for the good of precious ones. Mother, it
speaks not of a being living for herself alone, but of
one whose almost entire thought and action are given
to promote the welfare of those from whom, in after
years, when gray hairs shall adorn her brow, and
her step, perchance, shall have grown prematurely
feeble, she has a right to expect affection, and willing
effort; but from whom she is too often obliged to
turn to those less dear, ere she finds the sympathy
her soul is craving.

I see a young and beautiful mother stretched upon
a bed of suffering; beside her lies a sweet little one,
of which, even during her delirious moments, she is
continually talking. The shutters are blown open,
and the last rays of departing day enable me to see
the death-dew gathering on her brow. She whispers;
I catch the sound: "My child, oh, my Father, bless
my child!" A moment more, and the casket alone
remains; the jewel is with its Maker. Poor, mother-
less child, thou art drinking the cup of bitterness to
the very dregs, though thou art unconscious of it.
No loving mother's eye shall watch o'er thy childhood
hours. But I am wrong. Let us part for a little
the veil that separates earth's children from the
dwellers in that "Better Land." Once again I see,
and she is watching over that little one with more
than her former solicitude. A mother's love never
ceases, even though her child, when he arrives at
maturity, forgets to love and respect her, and does
not allow himself to be guided by the precepts she
endeavored, in his youthful days, to instill into his
mind.

The perpetuity of the affections, and the capacity
practically to demonstrate their existence, on the
part of the angel world, is one of the holiest and
most beautiful inculcations of Spiritual Philosophy.
The affection of a mother, perhaps, is the purest and
most enduring feature of the human soul, whilst
mingling amidst the scenes of earth. But when that
love has been transplanted, as we are taught—when
it has passed through the refining processes of the
circles above us—when it has been divested of any
contamination that earth may have possibly occa-
sioned—it is impossible for the human mind that is
still confined within the shackles of the human form,
to conceive of its exceeding purity, and of its exten-
sive and unbounded capacity! Removed from earth,
and drinking in the purifying and happy influences
of its heavenly associations, that love still reaches to
earth! Its influences and impressions are bestowed
upon those the spirit left behind, when it took its
departure for a happier home! It reaches back to
earth—though, not again would it seek to have its
burnished wings in the troubled waters of this mate-
rial tide! The rather does it seek to so purify the
earthly stream surrounding the loved ones below,
that when they, too, shall be called to leave the
shores of time, they may be enabled to find their
way to circles corresponding with the love that has
watched over them; and, like her who has gone be-
fore, have their lingering hopes of happiness changed to
a blissful and eternal fruition of enjoyment. How
much happier would humanity be, could the mind
but accept this beautiful and truthful philosophy of
the skies!

SPIRIT INTERPOSITION.

Almost every hour of existence is replete with evi-
dences of the personal interposition of spirits, in be-
half of those with whom, under the operation of the
laws of attraction, they are most intimately associ-
ated. And we are satisfied, that if greater attention
was given to the cultivation of individual harmony,
the beautiful idea of the "ministry of Angels," even
with respect to material conditions, would become
more emphatically demonstrated to the children of
men, as a reality, than it has been considered either
in the past or present. We learn from the Spiritual
Clarion, of Auburn, N. Y., which is ably conducted
by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Clarke, of a recent oc-
currence of this kind, wherein the interposition of a
spirit-father resulted in saving the physical life of
his son. The facts are:—"As C. K. Bennett, con-
ductor on the Southern Michigan and Northern Indi-
ana Railroad, was standing, a few months since, on
the platform of one of his cars, going West, at mo-
derate speed, he was suddenly seized on the shoul-
der by some invisible power, and forced from his
position on the platform. Immediately after, an ex-
press train came dashing along, and ran into Mr.
Bennett's train, smashing the platform from which
he had just been ejected, and doing a work of de-
struction which would have inevitably cost him his
life, had he not been rescued as he was. The spirit
thus interposing in his behalf, was the father of Mr.
Bennett."

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN
MICHIGAN.

We have received a letter from Benjamin Lewett,
of Fallsburgh, Kent County, Michigan, giving us
an account of some wonderful physical manifesta-
tions, occurring at his house, which correspond to
those given through the Davenport mediums, and
those to be seen also at the spirit rooms of Mr. Koons
and Mr. Tipper, in the State of Ohio. We have not
room for the entire letter, but we give a few of the
facts occurring, as illustrative of the astonishing
power the spirits are enabled to bring to bear at the
brother's residence. A heavy stand is taken up,
turned with the legs uppermost, and passed round
the room, above the heads of the circle—the legs
making indentations in the plastered ceiling; the
guitar, accordion, and tamborine are taken above
the reach of the circle, and passed around the room,
giving forth music in perfect time with tunes played
by one of the circle on a violin; a bell is also taken
above the circle, passed around the room, and rung.
Different instruments are also tuned by the spirits,
without the aid of human hands—for instance, the
accordion is held by one invisible agent, and the
guitar by another—and they are tested by these
operators, until the latter is made to chord perfectly
with the former. Besides, the trumpet is spoken
through by the invisible friends; all these things,
our correspondent adds, are done in the presence of
parties "fully competent to examine and report upon
such phenomena."

FORGIVENESS.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. Emma A. Knott, of Roxbury.]

How sweet to forgive, but how blissful to be for-
given! Let thy heart be slow to cherish anger or re-
gret, but quick to forget or forgive. Better be many
times deceived wrongfully, than to withhold things
aid from one who is deserving. As there are more
false than true, thou must expect ingratitude often;
but let not this hinder thee from doing good when
thou canst, for I tell thee truly no deed is lost.
Though the present may cast its veil around it, yet
it liveth forever, and exerts an influence. Then be
careful that thy deeds are worthy of thyself and thy
Creator. Withdraw not thy hand when need draw-
eth nigh, nor fear to extend it in friendship to the
fatherless and poor. Kind words are easily spoken,
and love is too necessary for thine own happiness
to be cast away. Each bosom hath its fount of love;
cause it to flow more quickly by sympathy and friend-
ly feelings, that its waters may not become stagnant
and putrid, when they should be fresh and pure.
Turn not away from the tempted and fallen, for thou
knowest not the history of a heart, save thine own—
thou canst not tell how it may have been wronged,
therefore have pity for thy unfortunate brother or
sister; for hast thou been in like circumstances,
thou might have done the same. Take no praise
unto thyself that thou art better than another, for
thou hast no strength but that which is lent thee
from thy Father. Look into thine own heart and
cleanse it from error, and thou wilt have little time
for looking after thy brother's faults. Work for
thine own salvation, and do all the good thou canst,
and may the blessing of a peaceful conscience which
is the brightest boon, follow thee forever.

JOHN N. MAYNITT.

Correspondence.

JOSEPH B. LEWIS, LECTURER.

COLUMBUS, WARREN Co., Pa., Nov. 20, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR—It may be interesting to you to
learn how the good cause speeds along in this section
of the country, as the Banner has some circulation
here.

For the last three Sabbaths we have been favored,
and highly delighted, with the services of the above
named gentleman, from the far-famed Buckeye State.
I have heard Mr. L. deliver three addresses; one on
"The Rights of Humanity," speaking of Woman's
Rights in particular. One other on "Truth," and
the third on "Progression." These subjects were
handled in a most masterly, logical, and eloquent
manner, giving, as near as I can learn, general if
not universal satisfaction.

Six lectures, I believe, have been delivered here,
or in this section, by him within two weeks past.
As a great natural orator, he has, but few superiors,
and has never had his equal in this section on any
subject.

His voice, modulations of voice, gestures, command
of language, and reasoning powers, are masterly and
most admirable; and his powers of description are
far above and beyond the power of my pen to de-
scribe. Suffice it to say, those who wish to appre-
ciate his wonderful powers as an orator, must hear
him. He is an impressional speaker, retains his
own individuality, and is by far the best exponent
of the Harmonical Philosophy that we have ever
heard in this section or any other.

Whether Mr. L. intends to remain in this region
much longer, I cannot say, but hope he will, as I
believe he is capable of doing more good here than
any other lecturer that has ever been in this sec-
tion; and, with encouragement, which he certainly
deserves, and ought to have, I think he is calculated
to do as much good wherever he may go, as any
other man.

Yours for the Right, D. W.

LOWELL, Nov. 23, 1867.

MR. EDITOR—Brother Willis was with us yester-
day, and our spirit friends gave us two most excel-
lent lectures, which were listened to with the utmost
attention by all present. The argument in the fore-
noon was to present clearly that there is no antago-
nism between real Christianity and true Modern
Spiritualism. The subject was ably presented, and
beautifully expressed. There was, through the two
lectures, a flow of pure and holy sentiment, that
touched a chord of sympathy in the soul, that made
it vibrate in harmony with angelic music, and all
felt, as did those of olden times, "that it was good
to be there," and held communion with our angelic
visitors.

Bro. Willis bore away with him the kindest re-
gards of all those who are attached to the new
dispensation. To be sure we are not many, nor do
we stand in the most places, but we have strong and
full hearts of sympathy, and are ready and willing
to share it with him who has had to bear the shafts
of ridicule and malice; and we will not refrain from
expressing our little word of cheer to our brother, if
it will but assist him to bear up amid the struggles
of life, knowing that God and good angels are on the
side of Truth and Right, and that no power in the
universe can effectually crush out freedom of thought
and inquiry.

Yours, truly,

A. B. PLIMPTON.

KILLBUCK, Nov. 30, 1867.

MR. EDITOR—In your paper of last week I noticed
a message from John W. Webster. I will say, in re-
gard to him, that he has been prescribing for my
wife, who has been quite out of health some three
years, during which time I have had many of the
most noted physicians, but none seemed to help her
at all. Webster speaks through a medium by the
name of Rice, who is a good healing, speaking and
writing medium. I would say in regard to my wife
that she is now quite well—so that she can attend to
her household affairs. I receive your paper every
week with much pleasure. Concerning the message
from Webster, let me say it was my request that he
should come, and speak through your medium as a
test. And the very next paper contained the mes-
sage that I requested. I send this that you may
know the circumstances. Yours respectfully,

HENRY A. WILKINSON.

WATERBURY, N. Y., November, 1867.

MR. EDITOR—We have a hall for the convention
of the few who have given themselves up to a
sacrifice to public opinion for the truth and right.
When laborers call at your office, please speak to
them our locality, and say that we would be most
happy to meet them here in conference, and in
spirit. If we cannot stimulate largely in individ-
ual inspiration and bodily entertainment, we will
at least contribute much to the spiritual life of
our brethren. Yours for truth and right,
D. B. KIM.

The Messenger.

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

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but fitly beings, liable to err like ourselves. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not good—the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

The Alpha and Omega of Man.—William Levine.

I have been sent here this afternoon to speak in relation to the Alpha and Omega of Man.

Let me first briefly state why I came. A worthy brother, living but a short distance from this place where we are now conversing, one who is searching for Truth, and would fain find and place it within his bosom, seems to have been led astray by some benighted Spiritualist, who has either lost his taper, or never had one. The Spiritualist has been informing him that those who have cast off their mortal forms, teach that these bodies once sprang from the brute creation, or that man, in the beginning of his natural existence on this plane, was a four-footed beast, and that, in the order of progression, he has become a man. The never-ceasing wheel of progression has fashioned him at last in the image of Deity.

Now, our brother seems to be in darkness here, and if they who have received light from beyond this sphere are in darkness, where shall the wandering ones find light?

I would suggest that they present to us themselves, if they do it in no better way than did Nicodemus; if they do it at night, they had better do it than to remain in darkness.

Now, man is the king of the animal creation—the master-piece of the Creator, God; fashioned like unto Himself—not fashioned at first in the image of the beast, and, after a time, growing up in the image of God. As we see things, it seems thus. Man is a distinct animal, far superior to the lower order, because he is blessed with wisdom. All others may have intelligence, but man has Wisdom, which is God, and man will always retain his individuality; the man will be the man; the identity which manifested from the beginning will be the same in the end. So if our brother seeks down to the lower order of creation for his origin, he will not be likely to find it there. He had better go higher—reach upward to his God, and draw down Wisdom from the never-ceasing fountain of Wisdom. All things in the animal, vegetable, mineral, and floral kingdom—all go to prove that each piece of God's workmanship retains its own identity throughout all eternity; it will become more beautiful as it passes on, from change to change, yet the beginning is there, be the ending never so beautiful.

Christ, eighteen hundred years ago, taught you that man would progress through all ages of eternity. But did he tell you that the animals would become perfect also? We think not. You were taught that one Nebuchadnezzar was driven forth from among his kindred, to eat grass with the beasts of the field; but that did not make him a beast, for the same Wisdom God gave him, remained with him. We find him again walking with his kindred, as other men.

The spirit, as it passes out of this material organism, takes upon itself a body equally as material to it, as yours to you. Yet you mortals cannot discern it. There are many spirits dwelling in spirit life, who do not believe they have passed through the change of death, and were I or you to tell them they were dead, they would say you were insane, for they have bodies which retain all the senses possessed by the material body, and they do not believe that is true with man after death. The spirit may be suddenly cut off from the mortal body, by accident. Now, so near is the likeness between the mortal and spiritual body, that the spirit will not believe he has passed on; and many a spirit has been brought back for no other purpose than that he might look upon his mortal body, in a coffin, and be convinced that he had ceased to live as a mortal. Now there are many degrees of happiness or changes the spirit is obliged to pass through in the spirit life. Wisdom shines out more beautiful at each change, and the old material passes away. God comes out more prominent at each change, and yet in form the spirit is like to this mortal form. It shall and will retain its own identity, because the laws of God cannot be trespassed upon.

Many on earth think that the only change they have to fear is the change of death. Although the spirit-body is not subject to decay, the change is just as certain, just as well defined, which transports the spirit from one sphere to a higher one, as is that the mortal experiences.

We would that mortals would reach on for more beautiful things; instead of considering themselves of the beasts of the field, would move on to God, and know themselves as God's.

God is in the lower orders, but he has not fashioned them in the sphere of Wisdom, though He has endowed them with intelligence or instinct, while man has the same instinct, but has also the highest attribute of Deity—Wisdom.

We trust our good brother will at some time give us an opportunity of explaining this to him, face to face. We trust he will take the Bible he professes to preach from, and come to us, and we will be most happy to give him all the light we have received in our journey through the land of spirits.

I am assisted by the spirit of one Fisher, who lived on your sphere some six years ago.

From William Levine. Nov. 21.

John Adams.

The influences which have just been actuating the medium, have been rather against me, and as I happen to be a novice in this philosophy, and my chance happened to be next; I find myself in no very good control here.

[One or two who had been inebriated had just manifested.]

I understand my friend Winkley has proposed more questions, and I am ready to answer him. He asks:—

What is Spiritualism? Spiritualism is the dawning of a new Era—the unfolding of new Truths—the rising of a more brilliant sun than has ever yet made glad the inhabitants of earth. That is my way of answering his query.

I understand him to ask: "What part of Spiritualism do I preach that I do not believe?"

Our friend at times promulgates truths that hold up the doctrine of Spiritualism, and defend it nobly. He often says the spirits of the loved ones are often near, and know our thoughts.

He distinctly says, in the pulpit, that he believes spirits do indeed hover around those they loved on earth. Out of the pulpit he says: "I believe no such thing." He has said so in my presence. "Why, he could not help it," I once answered. I told you that he was a medium, and that at times he preached under its influences. He cannot help it, because at these times angels pour their inspiring thoughts into his soul, and the tongue utters them.

Now my friend Winkley is a good man. I don't know him for still standing where I see him; his mind has not yet fully come. I am told Jesus once said, "My time has not yet come." Now his time has not come yet. He believes it in part, not in all.

When I was on earth, I always spoke just what I thought, and never was afraid to give my ideas to any man living. I considered myself just as good as any man, and that I might have just as good a claim in regard to heaven or hell as any body else. Now I come back to earth, and give my own ideas, not caring whether any one believes them or not. I don't believe because a man has studied for the ministry, he knows any more about Heaven than the beggar does. I don't believe he has any right to teach people of Heaven, a place he knows nothing

about. I don't believe he has a right to push his ideas of Heaven down others' throats.

Now we spirits have a just right to come back and describe Heaven. What we see we know; you have never been there, and can have no ideas of Heaven or the spirit land. You have no right to tell my friend, Winkley, that you know more about Heaven than he does, and he has no right to say the same to you; when you want any information in reference to spirit land, call upon those who have been there.

If everybody on earth would only consider themselves their own saviours, and not lean upon the minister, or the church, it would be better for them. You have all got to be your own saviours if you are ever saved. God won't save you—you must save yourself. The Baptist may tell you that Christ died to save you, but I tell you that Jesus had no more to do with saving you, than he had in making this table, and if you rely upon him, you will be lost. He calls himself a Saviour, and he is, in this sense. He teaches you to live up to your own conceptions of right; he taught you to practice the law of love, and by following his path, you may be saved. He was his own Saviour, and you must be your own. Every tub must stand upon its own bottom, every man be his own saviour, and your ministers will find their labors to make people understand Heaven, have amounted to nothing.

I believe in foreknowledge in one sense. I believe that the superior intelligence ordered all things from the beginning, and knows just what you are going to do. But he leaves man a free agent. I believe he sees through all time. I believe if you are to commit sin, he knows it, because he sees which principle, good or evil, will predominate.

I wish I had been in the spirit land a little longer, and could answer my friend Winkley better; but I am a novice in these things. The question in reference to Samuel Winkley has been answered, I understand. Nov. 24.

Rev. Mr. Tucker, Boston.

Every sin brings its own punishment, every good deed its own reward. Sin is sin, under whatever raiment you may find it; and he or she who continueth in sin, continueth in hell, the fires of which shall continue to burn until the chaff is all burned up, until the gold is all refined.

All men are born tinged with evil, therefore all men must necessarily suffer, and the fruits of the suffering shall be happiness eternal. Ye who stand upon a higher plane than the murderer, should look upon him with pity rather than harshness, for sin is within that casket, and punishment must follow—death must ensue—and as death is but the bud of life, life eternal will be the end thereof. Man should so far seek to understand his spiritual nature, that he may cultivate it, that by purity of thought he should keep clean the garner of the Lord.

Man is placed here upon this natural sphere, that he may not only cultivate the outward, but the inward, that he may purify himself; that he may thoroughly purge his soul, that no punishment may come hereafter. Man should strive to throw off sin as he casts off this mortal casket. He should strive to bury all sin in the grave, and become a victor over death, which is sin.

The great superior Intelligence is watching over you children, and although he suffers you to be tempted, yet he will not that you be led astray. Although he knows that darker influences are to be brought to bear upon your spirit, to sink it lower in the scale of life, he may not will it so to be. You are your own judges, your own saviours. Within every soul there is a fountain of living water, and in that fountain you may bathe, and in time it will make you clean.

Jesus was tempted as you are. Jesus had this same fountain, and often plunged within its waters, and came up more pure, until he became a perfect man; and he he cried, come up hither, I and my father are one. And again, be ye perfect as God is perfect. Distinctly telling you that you are your own saviours; that you are the gods of creation. You are all standing upon a plane, ready as it were for the tempter to draw nigh unto you; if you are ready to meet him with a frown, as was Jesus, you will conquer, and he will flee; but if he catches you playing with the strings of evil, toying with that which belongs unto him, most surely he will conquer. He will take advantage of the evil within you, and strengthen his own.

Oh, be ye Gods in goodness; let not the holy light within you burn in vain; let not the heavenly prompter speak to you in vain. Your father wills that you be happy. What though he knows you will pluck that fruit? In knowing, he does not will; but in seeing, he does direct; for constantly holy influences are going down from Him to you children, and if you receive them you are wise.

If it is vain that the children of earth plead that they do not know the right; they are clothing themselves with deceptive garments—carrying a banner which does not bear their impress. The Holy One suffers all this, yet He is a God of Love and Pity, and sympathy is enthroned within that Temple of Deity. Then you children should seek to walk by the light within you, coming up in no other way. Let the evil tempt you as he will, yet the lamp of intelligence shall light you in the path of duty. God above has given you the lamp, and you that err with this lamp, sin knowingly, and are punished accordingly.

A few short years ago, and the spirit who now controls your medium was with you in an earthly existence. He then would not have spoken to you as he speaks now. He has received still greater light from the source of light, and as he receives it, he hopes to impart a portion at least of it, to mortals. Oh, may it be said of each of you, when the body shall be consigned to the tomb, "Oh, death, where is thy sting; oh, grave, where is thy victory." And let no sin be found upon the spirit; let the grave only have victory over sin, and let your souls be acceptable to Divinity. Consider well your position in life, clothe yourselves in the garments of Divinity, and seek for wisdom from the fount thereof; and the only way you can seek it is through your own self. Seek it in God's own way,—do not seek it in one another, but stand alone, and let the right hand ever be interlinked with your Father, God.

My name on earth was Tucker. I preached in Boston, in the Baldwin Place Church; but now, as I enter that church, I am not heard, not understood. Nov. 24.

Junius Brutus Booth.

I have a son; to him I wish to commune—one son in particular; he now stands just where I want him to stand—not spiritually speaking, but intellectually. He bids fair to do what I want him to do, and that is, to become high in his profession. One thing, and one only, lies as an impediment to his progress, and that is the use of ardent spirits—not ardent of this kind, but of the kind you find in deacons. He will tell anybody, that at times, when he goes forth to drink, he cannot; then again he seems to be himself, and can drink. I want him to know that at such times as he cannot drink, I am with him, and if he will become acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism, I will make him acquainted with higher laws than he has any conception of. I want him to know that I have the power to so control him, that he shall be perfect, speaking of his profession, without the aid of this stimulus. I don't want it, he doesn't want it; without it I will raise him, because I am permitted to—with it he will sink. This is the first time I have thrown a pebble at him; if it hits in the right place, I will throw another; if it hits in the wrong place, I shall be doubly sure to fire again.

I am with him, asleep or awake, drunk or sober—in business or out of it—at times—not all the time; and I will control him, if he will abide by what I give him, and that is keep sober; not half sober, but sober clear through. If he does, life and fame are before him; if not, death and disgrace. If not, he will go on from little to more, until he becomes a brute—not my son. Another hint, and I will leave. He should be orderly. When he sits down to impress upon his brain that he wishes to give

forth, let him be alone—not with the uncouth throng. The world say he has commenced well, and bids fair to be brilliant. If they could see the old man at his feet, holding him up, they might think differently. They would say, Old man, hold on. So I will, if he will let go of one thing. And were I on earth again, and permitted to follow my profession, I would give a lesson in every line, that would make earth tremble. But my time has expired on earth, and another is on the stage, whom I wish to raise to the highest pinnacle of fame, and I will do it, if he will allow me to guide him. Let me be known as Junius Brutus Booth. Dec. 1.

Dr. Dwight, Portsmouth.

I came to you something like a year ago. Since that time I have not communicated. But I have been investigating Spiritualism, and spiritualists also. I find there are quite as many skeptics among spiritualists as there are among any other class; skeptical in this way—if a spirit comes who lived on earth 1800 years ago, you doubt them because they do not come as you think they would. Now they are obliged to come according to the laws that govern spiritual communion—not according to your ideas of their character.

You mortals are obliged to conform to the laws of your nature, in order to tarry in this sphere; if you violate those laws the spirit ceases to actuate the form, and if spirits do not conform to the medium's organism, they cannot give what they wish to. I came here this afternoon, and found an immense spiritual power, and a small material force. I sought to use the instrument before me without complaint, but the medium raised objections to my manner of proceeding, and I was obliged to go and call for the spirit who has control over this form under all conditions and circumstances, and he was obliged to go after another mortal form to aid you. Mortals should not dictate to us until they can see our work; but as long as they cannot see, they are not good judges, and should not undertake it. No man is fit for a judge until he has a full knowledge of the case he is called to pass upon. I speak this that you may know I do not like to be judged. Other spirits may feel this, but they have not the confidence or power to speak as they wish.

I have a great many friends on earth, and I am anxious to communicate with those friends; once I was not—I had got rid of my mortal form, and I thought I should be willing to wait until they came to me; but absence from them in body makes me desirous to commune with them. I want them to know I am happy, and that all the infirmities I once labored under, have passed away. There seems to be a great revolution going on in earth—a mental battle. A great warfare is waged against Error, and I am inclined to think victory will turn on Wisdom's side. Now had this new philosophy been handed to me when on earth, I should have cast it aside as good for nothing, and it is well I did not have it. God brings new stars forth in His own time, and each star gives forth light in obedience to His will; each spirit comes in the spirit's time, and you may call never so loudly, the spirit must bide God's time—for he sends us, as he bids the star to shine. Now I have had very loud calls, but they have only troubled me. I heard the calls, but God did not see fit to allow me to answer them.

When I came here I was disappointed; I thought I had performed my work, but was told that I had just begun my work—that it would never end any more than eternity. And as I had not fulfilled the mission allotted to me on earth, I had to come back. At first I demurred, but now I am willing to do so.

Talk about spirits coming to earth being impossible! It is just as natural and in accordance with God's laws for spirits to come at this time, as it is for flowers to spring up and bloom in summer. I tell you what it is friends, the more light you get here, the more you inform yourselves upon this philosophy, the better you will be when you quit the mortal body. I do not advise you to devote your whole time to this, but render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's,—take care of your material form and spirit also.

I sometimes wander among those who know me on earth, and ask myself if this was the body they cared for or the spirit. I sometimes think it was the body, the material knowledge I possessed, and when that could be of no use to them, they cared little for me. But if there be any one of my numerous acquaintances who would like to communicate with me, (my own particular friends, I don't care for those who had just heard of me, and want to hear what I say from curiosity); but my friends the time has come when I can do it, and if they want me to, they must say so. I find that all spirits are obliged to wait until they are fitted to approach mediums and commune through them, and they may have ever so many calls, they cannot come until God sees they are fit to come. Now I am ready, and wait for calls.

I should like a medium, and think I might do some good if I could procure one, and have the control, exclusively, of the medium powers.

I lived long upon earth—passed through some happy and unhappy scenes; but my spirit is just as young as ever; and it is only when I approach materiality, that I find myself somewhat incumbered by the infirmities of earth. Now I think I'll leave, giving you my name, which was Dwight—old Doctor Dwight, of Portsmouth, N. H. I lived there many long years, a servant for the public. I am pretty happy now—God takes good care of me—so I can't find much fault, but everything is different from what I expected. I think Christians who have spent all their lives forming ideas of their own,—never going out of the limits of the church for them, will find great disappointment awaiting them. I judge by own case, and that is righteous judgment you know. Those who know little about spirit life, and never stop to ask about it, will take it as it is presented to them, and will not of course be disappointed. Good day. Nov. 23.

Elizabeth Wilson.

There's a right way to do everything, and a wrong way; a right way to go to heaven, and a right way to go to hell; a right way to live, and a right way to die.

Some people used to say I was always bound to have the wrong way; my way was wrong to them, I suppose, but right to myself. I lived in Boston, and died in Boston. I feel very glad to get back again, I can tell you. I have been dead most a year, and I haven't got happy yet. I met an old Doctor here two days ago, that came to tend me once when I was sick—his name was Fisher. He gave me medicine which made me a great deal sicker than I was before; and when I went to him after I got well, he said he done it on purpose—meant to do it. I had a fit once, and was kept a bed more'n a week. I had fits before, and they had not lasted me a day. You see I used to drink, and he said if I got drunk, and sent for him, he would make me sicker. But he was a good man, and when I heard he was dead, I felt very bad. When I met him, two days ago, he told me to come here—that he would give me a dose of medicine that would not make me sicker. He brought me here.

I was born in Bangor, Maine; I lived there until I was twelve or thirteen years old; then I went to work out. I got more kicking than anything; I lived with my old man six years, and he beat me out and left me. Two years after he died I got married, and had two children; one was burned up. I might just as well have murdered it, and I feel very bad to think of it; but I can't help it now. The other died with fever.

Do you know where Washington Square is? Well, I used to live there. My name, before marriage, was Elizabeth Barton—after that, Wilson. They say I died in a fit; I don't know, but suppose I did. I used to go out washing, and when I could, I used to steal. The Doctor told me if I had anything that weighed upon my mind, I must tell of it, and that did, so I tell you. The very last time I went out, I stole two silver spoons. I felt bad about it at the time; but if folks had done rightly by me, I should not have been so bad. I never was learned anything; the folks I lived with ought to have done

better by me. They never learned me to read, and that always made me feel bad.

The angels told me, when I came here, that I had committed suicide; that I had no right there. They treated me well; but I wanted to go with them, and they told me I could not, but must stay where I was. I suppose I shall get out of this some time. I always did have the wrong way of everything; I tried to go to heaven by getting drunk, but it seems it was the wrong way. Here I am, a poor spirit, suffering everything a woman could suffer, afraid, all the time, I am going to be worse off. Nov. 25.

George Hawkins, and B. Hawkins.

Well, it's strange—I can't see. Bring a light, will you? I'm sick, and want a light, I tell you. I fell and hurt me. Is supper ready? What's the use of this table, then? Why, what are you writing for, when I'm starving? I live here. Mistaken! Are you crazy?

My name is George Hawkins. Where do I live? Here, I tell you. Why, you're crazy or drunk. I am forty-four years old. I haven't had a doctor, or a light. Where, the — is my whiskers? Why, they're shaved off. Where the — is Jim? He always took care of me when I was drunk.

I lived in Missouri. Either you don't know where you are, or I don't know where I am. Now, to prove that this is my home, I have an old ledger up stairs on a shelf, that tells how long I have been here; that I own this house and so many acres of land, and am master of this place. Who are you? I ought to be in a dark place—I fell down cellar, I tell you.

The duce I am! A spirit, hey? Is this Boston? Then Jim brought me here. What day is this? The 2d day of December, 1857? The — it is! It was in November, 1857, and it was the last day but two that I fell down stairs. Jim always said he'd take care of me when I got drunk.

I lived in Weldon. I had been there two months, and got my place fixed up; I was just going to get married. I want a doctor, and if you'll go just three miles down the road, you'll find a good one; his name is Brown. Dead! I don't like such talk. Give me something to eat, I tell you. Well, I may be a little drunk, but I'll follow you to get over it in four days. I got up and took a tin dipper that holds a gill; I filled it, and drank the ruin; about eleven, I drank it full of brandy, and I'd drank every hour till seven; then sat in a chair, leaning against a door, and the old snip was always loose; it led down cellar, and I recollect finding myself at the bottom. I felt sick, and was taken vomiting, and I finally lost all notion of myself, till I waked up here.

About three hours ago they told me I was dead, but you can't come over me. I know my whiskers are shaved off, and you've rigged me up in a — of a way, but you can't fool me. Now I am an infidel, and don't believe in ghosts, spirits, nor religion—they could not beat it into me.

Where's my trousers? I have got money in them. Oh, you can't frighten me, rig me up in woman's clothes, if you want to, but that don't trouble me. Give me a little rum, and I'll fiddle, dance, sing, cook, or anything else.

Well, now, you've taken possession, I know, but if you haven't killed Jim, when he comes back you'll catch — if you want to eat, go eat anything in the house—if you want to drink, you'll find plenty, and there's a bed up stairs.

Well, I'm going to sleep now. Dec. 2.

B. Hawkins.

Spirit of goodness and power, we thank thee that thou in thy wisdom hast not only found a way for the wise to come unto thee; but we thank thee that thou hast marked out a path for all thy children; and though mortal forms may not see thy way, yet thy power is none the less great. We thank thee that thou not only callest those who call upon thee in prayer, but hast provided for the jubilation of spirit-life. We thank thee that thou hast called for one who was low in the spheres.

Thy children cannot understand, yet thy ways are not the less great; and we pray thee that thou wilt continue to open the channel of thy love, that all may profit thereby. We pray thee that thou wilt call forth even to the hearts of thy children here, that they may not only see those portions of thy laws which the multitude gaze upon, but those portions which are hidden to them.

We pray thee that thou wilt so raise up vessels for the disembodied to visit, that the lowly may not be obliged to wait years, ere they gain their first knowledge of the land to which they have journeyed.

We pray thee that thou wilt shed thy dew upon thy children in earth life; to bless the forsaken one that has just left earth. We thank thee for the way thou hast given us, whereby we can commune with earth's inhabitants; and we pray thee that thou wilt open wider and still more wide the door of Heaven.

Truth, like a brilliant gem, is shining o'er the universe, and however dark some portions of it may be, it shall dispel all those clouds, which obscure the light—and when it sitteth on the brows of the Image of the Father, those who draw nigh to you shall know that the hand of the Father is with you. Dec. 2.

William Poole.

Good afternoon, gentlemen. I hope I don't intrude. I have communicated through mediums before, but not much. I don't understand it as I wish. I came because sent here by friends. The circumstances are these: I was in a house on Third Avenue, New York, last night, where some friends of mine were gathered for spirit manifestations. I was there and gave such manifestations as I could by moving articles. They asked me if I knew of the Banner of Light, and I told them of course I did, for I had communicated through this medium before you know.

Now they all said if I would come here at any time within four weeks, and communicate to them, they would not doubt Spiritualism. Now I shall not fail to move fast in this matter, and I want you to tell them I am getting on miserably well. But it is as I expected, for I did not do the right thing on earth, and because I came here before my time. I was sent here before they were ready for me here, and I shall not be very happy until the proper time. One of my friends said, if you go there and communicate, tell me what the last thing was you gave me. Well, it was a pen-knife. It was into old Bell's and the circumstances were these—he asked me for my knife and I took out one and said, you are always borrowing my knife, here's one I will give you. I had found it some days before. Now this man belongs to one of the first families in New York, and I do not suppose he would have his folks know that he knew me for the world, so I shall not give his name. There were five mortals present on the evening alluded to, but how they could present about the Banner of Light, is more than I know, though I know all about it. Another question was asked me, like this—what I liked best up stairs or down. Now I can't tell, for I have not gone up—only slid into another apartment. Another says, tell us why you couldn't do any better here. One reason was there was not so good a medium. Another was there were all speakers. One said can't you tip this table—another, raise it to the ceiling, and how was a spirit to know what they did want. Now put these ideas all down for it may help to make decent fellows of some of those chaps. It seems they had been told one of their company was a medium, so they looked themselves in and went to work at it. Now my name and I'll leave. I was called Bill Poole. Dec. 3.

Mark Fernald.

You will please read the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew.

Jesus told his disciples to go forth among the nations of earth to preach his gospel. And he saith unto them:—Take no thought for the morrow; and he might have added, for ye shall be cared for.

Friends, this chapter, or its contents, should prove to you that they of spirit life do indeed have power to administer to the physical necessities of man; and that they have power to furnish them with what is necessary to their comfort. They were chosen by Him who rules, to go forth and promulgate a new doctrine; and sure, if he would thus send them forth, he would take care of them; if he needed those physical forms, he would provide wherever to make them comfortable. And is it not so to-day? or is Jehovah not so near that he cannot sustain those who go forth in his vineyard? However dark the storm, however dense the clouds beyond the storm, beyond the clouds the Sun of Righteousness smiles upon you. Behold the medium of by-gone ages, the disciples of the first and greatest medium, going forth, leaving everything behind! Faith shines like a brilliant gem in their interior! He has promised, say they, and He will perform. Look then at the mediums of this day—the same power sustains them. He cries out from on high through various channels, yet they lack faith. How they tempt Him who sitteth upon the throne of Justice, and of Mercy, also. We look about and find them asking, How shall I be sustained? how shall I live through this crisis? Do they go to their God? No! they ask of their fellow-man. Why do they not go to God for help? Because they lack Faith; that which has been sown in their souls, fails to give forth fruit.

We pray for our disciples; we pray that they may have Faith; then sin, and death shall flee before them; the sick shall be healed, the dead shall be raised, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. If our mediums labor for God and his glory, they shall receive a recompense; if they labor for their own glory, their own advancement, they shall receive a recompense, also;—yes, but far different from that which the true disciple shall receive. He who humbles himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be abased.

We, a band of spirits, do, at this time, draw near to earth, with a message to mediums, in particular. We ask them to call upon the God who has sustained them, for aid. We ask them to fall down morning and night, and cry for help from God. We beseech them to have more faith—to walk not in the path of the ungodly, but in the path of the pure. Then shall they rejoice, and not mourn; then shall they sing praises to Him who is God over all.

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Logan, an Indian—on Marriage. Truth Quaintly Expressed.

Logan, the white man's friend, comes from the hunting ground of the Great Spirit to greet you white men. White braves, you have many ideas, but no clothing for your ideas; you talk of your squaws and your union, and you build a wigwam without a frame; you cover it without skins. Logan stood behind your medium—he heard your words, and they fell like arrows upon him, and he said, the Great Spirit willing Logan will come, and clothe your wigwam with skins.

Logan is unused to your "pale squaw medium"; Logan is unused to conversing with you, white man, you pale face; you white men of the small hunting-ground, Logan the red man of the mighty hunting-ground. He builds his wigwam, he covers his wigwam; he gives his ideas, he clothes them with words. He gives forth nothing to sound unharmoniously to the ear of the white man.

Logan has his squaw—without her he would not be happy, and the Great Spirit has taught Logan to seek his happiness in his own way.

The white man who comes to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, beyond the grave, has his little squaw he had on earth, if he seeks happiness there and she seeks happiness with the brave. Two form a circle, a sphere; the Great Spirit, too, is male and female—a circle, a sphere, positive and negative. The Great Spirit fashioned the squaw, the brave—he divided the two and he gave the great law of affinity to govern the two. But the pale faces have the fire-water and the two come together without making a circle.

The great brave of the place who came here thirty-one years ago, took to himself no squaw. He found no squaw so high as he, and therefore he remained one half of the Great Spirit, until he went beyond. What then, did he marry? No, he found the harmonious union, the angel, and he is now a circle—God united. God formed the circle and then there was harmony. The Great Spirit created two—if he had wanted more than two he would have created three or four or more. But he wanted two—for what? To form increase? not all. His face becheld part in one, and part in the other, and when they two come together he had harmony; if they do not come together, if each is not happy with

