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HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of
LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

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XXXII.

THE TIPTOE REBELLION.

You may want to know what was doing up in Huckabuck, all this time; but if there had been anything going on, I should have felt it my duty to drop all else right where it was, and proceeded to make a note of it without delay. There was nothing doing, just as there always had been.

The old town nodded away. Its sleepy burghers still dozed on the tavern bench on summer days, and packed themselves into the little stores and bar-rooms through the nipping winter weather. Deacon Soso frowned—H-h-h-med!—and looked wise, as before. Mr. Zigzag rolled up and down the street, and pierced everybody through with his sharp blue eyes. Mr. Pennybright sold just as many grindstones and mop-handles as he used to sell; and looked over and under, but never through, his spectacles at those who came to the Post Office for their letters.

Mr. Shadblow—ah, but he was getting no better of it. How very poor he felt! How he neglected the fair means of adding to his board, and went about saving, and plying up, and eternally complaining! His wife had a sore trial of it, indeed. She would have rejoiced at the thought of getting back Patty's society again, but as for wishing to have the child share her daily trials and discomforts with Mr. Shadblow, it was entirely out of the question. She bore, and bore patiently; ever trustful, ever cheerful, always trying to find the bright side.

And Mr. John Porringer—he never would leave that little red schoolhouse as long as he lived. His hair was getting quite gray, as it was; and it had long been a popular maxim with the sturdy Huckabuckers, that in a heap of gray hairs wisdom was somewhere secreted. They could not see any special necessity of hunting for it in the skull. Yes, there ruled Mr. John Porringer over his daily squad of pupils, the undisputed monarch of all he surveyed. His intellectual serfs still continued to regard his blue woolen socks with scholastic respect, and to catch the fire of his glance with awe and trembling. Gen. Tunbely grew no leaner; and as for his growing much fatter, it was not to be thought of. He was weighing his regular two hundred forty odd, and "hearty as a buck, I thank you"—as he had occasion to say of himself quite frequently. In all this time he had not married Mrs. Banister yet; nor got Abigail Lovitt back to keep house for him; nor called out Mr. Nathaniel Tiptoe to mortal combat. He looked savage at the school-teacher in church sometimes, and occasionally broke off bits of his teeth in "gritting" them at him; but he never way-laid him, shot at him, cowed him, or interfered with his peace in any conceivable manner.

Mr. Tiptoe, however, had trials of his own. His boys began to get the upper hand. He was afraid to try to flog the bigger ones, lest he might get flogged himself; and he existed in a state of oscillating wretchedness between the goading of his energetic sister Sally and the persistent devilry of his pupils. It was all he could do to maintain his own respect with them. Anybody could see he was going into a consumption, with nothing but the capers of the boys and the continual drumming-up of Sally. She was determined to have him conquer them; and he knew just as well that he could not.

John Grace was the largest of them, and of course the leader. He had been with Mr. Tiptoe from the original founding of his celebrated institution in Huckabuck. He had grown to be a large, raw, tall fellow, with pimples breaking out all over his face, and a cracked voice that put you in mind of the voice of a squab-pigeon. Having become perfectly familiar with the weak points of his teacher, he was now ready to lead on any forlorn hope to the capture of the citadel.

Next to him came Bill Barber. A red-headed youth with green teeth, and a pair of sandy eyebrows that ought to have paid rent for the use of his forehead. But his great points were his ears. If he had only been endowed with the power of moving those ears, he could have kept the flies off his face all the rest of his life. How they would have flapped!

Then two small spoons—Washington Ounce, and Phillip Hatch. They were naturally timid, but John Grace was drilling them in. He knew how to use them for his purposes, and had already trained them to doleful practices that would have made even a step-mother weep.

One day they all met in the cobbler's. "Who's going to eat fried hasty-pudding?" asked John Grace, bullily. "I ain't for one!" spoke up Bill Barber, rubbing one of his ears. "The two smaller ones did not respond."

"Nor I, either," added John Grace. Then turning to Washington Ounce, he added—"Are you?"

"No," answered Ounce, with some little hesitation. "Are you?" continued the leader, to Phillip.

The latter was satisfied to express his sentiments by a negative shake of his head. "Hurrah, then!" shouted John, throwing up his cap and catching it as it came down. "Now we're in for it! Hurrah! Go it, Tiptoe! Three cheers for Sally! Down with the fried hasty-pudding! No more fried hasty-pudding for breakfast! Say—will you all agree not to take any more of it for breakfast?"

"I'd a good deal rather put up with that," said young Ounce, "and spread my own bread for supper."

"Go'd it!" chimed in Master Hatch, flinging out his yellow handkerchief.

"Yes," said Bill Barber, "let's eat our pud'n, and go without our bread, unless we can spread the butter on ourselves. I go for that! I say I know how much butter I want, as well as old Sal Tiptoe does! And I guess I've got the strength to spread it on, too!"

John Grace stood and reviewed the matter a moment. "Well," said he, coming over to the rest, "I'll go the pud'n, and refuse the bread-and-butter. Will you all agree to that?"

"Yes!" was the unanimous answer.

"Hurrah, then!" he continued, throwing up his cap again, and this time lodging it in the branches of an apple-tree; "no more bread-and-butter, if we can't spread it ourselves! Hurrah! None of you back out now! Follow me up, and we'll carry the day! Down with the Tiptoes! Three cheers for John Grace and his company!"

They joined in with all their lungs and hearts. No wonder they were disposed to rebel against this parsimonious bread-and-butter scheme. Any boy of spirit would. Every night when they were summoned to the supper-table, they found each one a single slice of bread upon their plates, spread over as thinly with butter as gold-beater's skin. Unless you had looked sharp for it, you could not have seen it at all. There was not enough of it to hold a fly's youngest baby by the foot. The boys thought Miss Sally must possess wonderful sharp eyesight to do such fine work every day, and a knife-blade that would have laid the sun through. Besides this spread slice of bread apiece, they were allowed a single cup of tea-and-water to wash it down, occasionally a two or three inch chunk of cheap sponge cake, and their own napkins to wipe the crumbs from their mouths with.

It was such high living, they concluded to strike for the sake of health and temper together. And they struck.

On the very same day when they went in to the tea-table, after paddling in a tin basin of cold water for two or three minutes apiece by way of preparation, Mr. Tiptoe said the usual grace reverently, and Miss Sally commenced pouring the tea. Each boy had his one slice of bread-and-butter on his plate, obediently to the ancient custom.

Mr. Tiptoe's sister handed round the tea-and-water, and he began to spread his own bread for himself from a lump of butter secreted somewhere in his vicinity.

The boys all hesitated. The two younger ones looked over to the older ones. They saw them sitting back surlily in their chairs, and so they sat back. Not one out of the four would touch his supper, though Miss Sally had been at great pains to garnish their bread with such a beautiful waxen polish. It seemed ungrateful.

Mr. Tiptoe had gone the distance of one large bite into his bread, before he saw that something unusual was about to occur. He immediately laid down his slice in its present mutilated condition, and, crowding his mouthful into one of his cheeks as rapidly as possible, asked what the matter was.

The boys looked across the table at one another, and dropped their eyes to their plates without making any answer.

Mr. Tiptoe glanced at his sister, whose eyes were hurling daggers, pistols, and a whole armory of dangerous weapons at him. Then he turned his attention to the boys again.

"What's the matter, I say?" in a still louder voice.

All still as mice.

"Don't you mean to speak, any of you?" said he, his voice trembling in spite of his effort at self-control.

It seemed as if they did not.

"John Grace!" he called; "what is this for?"

Tell me what this conduct means?"

"It means 't we'll thank you to pass that plate o' butter by you!" was his reply.

Mr. Tiptoe's face flamed up like a blacksmith's forge. Miss Sally half rose in her seat, as if she were going to take the teapot and pour hot water over every one of them in rotation. They could neither of them speak for a moment, the boys had given them such a sudden waking-up.

"Do you mean to be insolent, sir?" retorted Mr. Tiptoe, his black eyes burning like a cat's in a dark cellar.

"No, sir," said John, who constituted himself now the speaker for his party; "but we'd like to spread our bread for ourselves! 'That's all!"

"The ungrateful wretches!" broke out Miss Sally.

"Mr. Tiptoe, why don't you send them off to their rooms?"

"Leave the table this minute," ordered he, "and go to your rooms! and don't one of you leave them again to-night!"

They all got up to obey.

"I know one thing," said John Grace, when he got close to the door; "I don't pay for my board, not till I've eat my money's worth!" and pushed through as fast as he could go.

"What's that, sir?" called Mr. Tiptoe after him.

"What's that you say, sir?"

But the presumptuous rascal was out of his reach, and he was not the man to go in pursuit of him. In fact, Mr. Tiptoe didn't feel like entering upon a tussle that evening with anybody.

"I should think they'd done it now!" exclaimed Miss Sally, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Now what do you s'pose put that freak into their heads, Nathaniel? But I never'd yield! I never'd give up in the world! I'd conquer 'em! Oh, how I wish I was a man!"

"I wish you were," observed her brother, "if you think it's so very agreeable. I'd be glad to change places with you for a little while, I'm sure."

She looked like a thundercloud in its blackest and roughest glory. If there had been any bolts in her, she would have hurled one as straight as a line at her offending brother. If the old mythologists could have laid hands on her, they would have carried her off—*aperta vias*—and made her the wife of their terrible Jupiter.

They finally concluded to sit a while and discuss the affair in all its aspects, and take counsel of their judgments for the future. Thus they could recover their courage, and consolidate their resolutions.

It was presently arranged that Mr. Tiptoe should go up among them alone, and take observations.

When he had mounted to the top of the chamber stairs, he stopped to listen. There was not a bit of noise to be heard. You might have supposed the rebellious rascals had all slipped on their night-clothes and gone to sleep.

He stepped up to the door of one of their rooms—they occupied adjoining chambers with free communication between—and tried the quality of his knuckles on the wood-work. The wood he found was the harder.

They made no answer.

He knocked again; louder yet.

No answer still.

"John!" he called. "John Grace!"

The mutineer took no more notice of him than if he had not been there at all. Yet if Mr. Tiptoe could have stolen a peep into that apartment, he would have seen four boys grouped in the middle of the floor, the two older ones winking and looking defiant, and the two younger twisting their bodies together as if they were taken with a sudden cramp in the stomach.

The enraged teacher seized the door-handle, and tried the latch; the latch, however, was fastened down! Then he shook the door with all his might, setting his teeth together. But the hinges held out, and the boys tittered and shook their fists at him in pantomime.

Finding his progress thus unexpectedly impeded, he hastened down again to report to his commanding officer. Miss Sally received him with a cold and reproachful look, and said she should be ashamed of herself if she had not more "gumption" than all that! Upon which, intending no doubt to practically illustrate her idea of what genuine gumption should be, she started and ran off up stairs as fast as she could go; Nathaniel after her.

She laid her nervous hand on the door-handle and called out in her most suggestive tones of voice—"Boys! boys! What's this door fastened for? Unfasten it this minute, and let me in! Do you hear me?"

No noise on the other side of the door. Young Ounce, however, twirling his fingers about his nose, and Bill Barber getting into position to knock right and left whenever the barricade was carried.

"Do you hear me, I say?" continued Miss Sally, sharpening up her voice against her rising temper. "Let me in! John Grace! William Barber! Washington! Phillip Hatch! I tell you to let me in!"

"No you don't!" replied John Grace.

"Don't you give any such impudent answers to me, sir!" said she. "Open this door, or I will have it broken down!"

"Oh, we could n't!" he answered again.

"William Barber!" she called. "William!"

"Ma'am!" said he, in a kind of blast.

"Do you open this door for me! I will come in! Open the door!"

"Oh, no ma'am!" he answered, with a studied pleasantness. "I don't very well see how I could!"

"It's against the rules of our establishment!" added John Grace.

"You'll get dreadfully flogged every one of you! I wish I could get hold of you!"

"We don't doubt that," said John Grace. "But we'd rather you'd stay outside. Say, though; did Mr. Tiptoe leave any of his butter for us?"

The baffled matron knew not what to do or say. Therefore she did and said nothing. Her brother stepped close to her and whispered something in her ear, and immediately she went away with him to the farther corner of the hall. There they held a protracted consultation in whispers, in which she took much the larger part. Her gestures were really furious.

Some sort of a conclusion seemed to be arrived at, and Miss Sally hastened to the siege once more.

"John!" said she, in a rather mollified tone.

"Well," he answered her.

"Open the door, and I promise not to touch you."

"Oh, how kind you be!" he replied.

"Unfasten it, I tell you, and you shall not suffer for it; you shall have your supper besides, if you will behave."

"All of us, do you mean?" he asked.

"Yes, all of you. Open the door quick, though!"

The boys took a minute or two to compare views on the subject. At last John Grace spoke for them, and said:—

"If you'll promise fair not to touch us, we'll open the door!"

"I promise you," answered Miss Sally. "Open it, then!"

Accordingly he proceeded to undo the fastenings, and lifted the latch.

The instant there was a crevice wide enough, Mr. Tiptoe, who was quite too nervous to engage successfully in an affair that required only coolness and determination, thrust in his arm, and cried out in a bugaboo voice,—

"Now I've got you, you rascals! Come out here and get flogged!"

"No, you hain't got us, you rascals, either!" said John Grace, jamming back the door with all his weight, and calling on the other boys to help him.

"Take care my arm! Take care my arm!" screamed Mr. Tiptoe, who was skinning it in trying to draw it back again.

"Take care of your arm yourself!" hoarsely responded the rebel chief.

"Ow! Ow!" cried Mr. Tiptoe. "You'll break my hand! You're pinching my fingers!"

Sally was braising against the door with all her might, to assist in extricating her brother.

"Oah! ah! Oah! Oah!" Mr. Tiptoe groaned, dancing about in the hall, with his injured fingers in his mouth.

"The villains!" said his sister, seeing what pain her brother was in. "I'll fix 'em! I'll starve 'em out!"

"It's no more than what you've been a-doin', these two years!" answered John Grace.

She hurried down stairs, procured a clothes-line, and tied the handle of each chamber-door to the post of the stair railing; and then marched off with her camp baggage, carrying her wounded along with her.

Poor Mr. Tiptoe's hand! It had to be poulticed for a week!

During the night, John Grace slipped out the window on the shed below, carrying his clothes with him, and took up his quarters with John Kagg. His pocket money permitted it. The rest, however, being less favored than he, remained where they were, and took the chances.

And they were pretty slim chances, too. Mr. Tiptoe overhauled them altogether. Birch was at a premium for some time afterwards. Bill Barber offered some considerable resistance; and even butted his red head with an unpleasant emphasis into Mr. Tiptoe's wretched little stomach. But he paid for it, though, as Miss Sally's dexterous manipulation of the broom-handle abundantly testified. If anybody was ever "conquered," he was that individual.

The two little fellows were let off more lightly; but reckoning in the siege and all, it may be asserted with propriety they lacked nothing of their share of the punishment, either. It was hard for the rebels all round.

Mr. Tiptoe ventured over to John Kagg's at last, and saw the 'scape grace who had been the source of so much trouble to him. Thinking to frighten him into obedience, he ordered him to go home at once. The rebel, in turn, ordered Mr. Tiptoe to get out of the room, and threatened to put him out if he did not go himself, without further ceremony. On consideration, Mr. Tiptoe thought he would not give him that trouble; but returned home and wrote to his father instead, who soon took him away altogether.

Thus ended the famous Tiptoe Rebellion. There had not been an excitement like it in Huckabuck since Othniel Ammidown, Esq., plotted the map of the town upon paper. It rather hurt the popularity of the Tiptoe boarding-school, however, which was proven in its diminished receipts for a long time afterwards. Nathaniel and Sally could hardly be said ever to have got entirely over it again.

XXXIII.

EARLY FRIENDS.

Anna still continued in the same inanimate and lifeless situation as before. Nothing interested her, or seemed even to arrest her attention. She sat silent and thoughtful all the day long, nursing her grief. Her mother exerted herself in many ways to divert her, and to raise her fallen spirits; but she made her efforts only to see how utterly futile they were. Still, she did not despair. She believed this to be a depression that her daughter would in good time get

over, and for which, in the end, she might very likely feel all the better.

Mr. Byron Banister now became quite a regular visitor. Sometimes he was there in the morning, and again in the afternoon. Sometimes he saw Anna, but as a general thing he did not. He was always insinuating and agreeable. There was always a something he was ready to suggest about Mrs. Willows' health; or Anna's spirits; or to offer in relation to their fortunate escape from a longer connection with Robert. He had so much sympathy to express. He was ready with such a host of congratulations, on this and the other subject. It was a little wonderful into how many social shapes he could turn himself, and what a variety of counts he was able to wear.

Mrs. Willows received him into her confidence, for she believed him to be her friend. Whenever he called, she was glad to bestow the utmost attention on him. She never omitted to assure him of the partiality she felt for him. They talked together much of Anna, and of the sufferings she had gone through. Mr. Banister was full of pity for her, and wished he had it in his power to offer her the least relief. He knew what she had endured, but he did not believe that words could bring any balm to a spirit wounded as hers was.

He was playing his part well. It seemed now as if there was nothing but a little lapse of time between him and the realization of his hopes.

Robert was floating about town, without rudder or compass. Having lost his wife, he had also lost his ambition and purpose. He would sit down alone in his desponding moods, and wonder what there was left for him. He had surrendered all his valuable friends, his self-respect, and his prospects for business. So thoroughly disheartened had he become, that he even grew indifferent to the old lures of the cup, and drank, when he did drink, more in obedience to his habit than from the spur of any awakened desire.

Sad and unreflecting, goaded continually by his swift-coming thoughts, and reckless only because he had no one left to care for him, he wandered the streets alone, or sat despairing in his dilapidated office,—the picture of a truly wretched man. Oh, what a change! What a single word have wrought in him, if spoken by the lips of sympathy and love! Even if he had been the vilest criminal that lived, was it right thus to cut him off from those who were not less his brothers and sisters than before?

Thus forgotten and deserted of others, Patty met him one afternoon in the streets. It was not possible for her to be more surprised than when her eyes rested on him. He was so changed since she saw him last! He looked hard at her, and seemed undecided whether he should speak to her or not. Seeing his wretched situation, Patty put aside all feelings of restraint, and addressed him as she used to in their earlier days.

"Robert," said she, "is this you? It's a long while since I have seen you."

He recognized her by hardly more than a glance, and immediately dropped his eyes to the ground. He had not the courage to look her in the face.

"Why," said Patty, much moved with his unhappy appearance and manner, "where are you going?"—for he seemed to be trying to hurry away from her; "I want to speak with you, Robert. I have something important to tell you."

This voice of kindness, the only one he had heard since he became an exile from the companionship of his wife, awoke the old associations in his heart. His feelings were touched. His face lit up with a pleasant expression, as if he had suddenly thought there might be hope for him.

"To tell me?" he repeated. "What is it?"

"Oh, you shall come with me where I live, and we will sit down and talk of it together. There is no place here in the streets, you know."

"Where do you live?" he asked. "Where you did when you first came to Boston?"

"Yes," said she; "in the same place. With Mr. Lily."

He wanted to see Patty alone, and to talk with her. He wished also to learn what it could be that she had to communicate. And still, he could not help that terrible feeling of unworthiness in her society. It appeared to him as if he ought not to be seen walking in the street with her; as if she must experience contamination in his company; as if she could entertain no more respect for him, and could conduct him home only to let him see how much she loathed and despised him. This unhealthy suspicion he cherished toward others, and he saw no reason why it was not to apply as well to her.

Standing there beside her in the street, he was a picture to challenge the pity of all his acquaintances. Even strangers would be led to turn and observe him, and especially the striking contrast he formed with his fresh-looking companion. His eyes were dull and dead; and his loose way of life and want of female sympathy and attention, had left deep lines of care and sorrow upon his face. He had not shaved himself in many days, nor was his linen able to make the least pretensions to immaculateness; and besides being badly soiled and stained, it was tumbled. His coat was considerably worse, and in places garnished with spots of grease. The boots he walked in had not seen blacking for weeks; and one of them was cracked out at the side, and run down at the heel.

His general appearance was dilapidated, and second-hand. Having always been so exact in his apparel, and so studious of neatness, the present style of his dress afforded a contrast that was not

more striking than it was pitiable. But the unhappy expression of his face was worse than all. It combined the sickliness of unwelcome thoughts with the restless resolution of a man without an aim or purpose. It indicated the shame that sat and preyed on his heart, and the shuffling character of the hopes that now and then struggled to the surface of his existence. No wonder Patty was struck with astonishment on beholding that changed and wretched face, and that she failed at first sight to recognize it as that of her early schoolyard friend.

"Come!" said she; "go home with me now, and we will talk it all over. It's only a little ways from here."

He looked down at his dress, and then threw a glance at her. "Perhaps you may not want to walk through the street with me?" he returned. "No; you go on, and I will follow behind. You shan't suffer on my account!"

"No, no; what do you think I have to be afraid of? If you won't go along with me, I shall think you are ashamed to be seen in my company!"

He looked into her eyes, and a new light burned in his own.

"I will go with you!" he said, vehemently. "Thank God! I've got one friend left yet!"

"I hope I shall always be your friend," answered Patty, as they started on together.

She conducted him up into Mr. Lily's little parlor by the outer way, and gave him a chair. He removed his hat, and sat down before her. Oh, how changed he was!—how little like Robert McBride he looked then, as he took his hat off! Patty thought of the morning he met her out the old road in Hucklebuck, when he first acquainted her with his father's purpose to send him to college and make a lawyer of him; and her heart sunk to know that this was the same person in whom she was then so deeply interested; whom, in truth, she used to love with a school-girl's undeveloped passion.

"Now, Robert," she began,—"for she felt somehow possessed of unusual courage in his presence that day,—I am going to be plain with you. You and I were brought up together, you know. We have been familiar with one another from childhood. We have played together, and wept together. Since then I have had my troubles, and you have had yours."

He groaned out with his suffering.

"Say nothing about it," she continued, "for I know it all."

"Then you have heard all about the divorce?" said he.

"Yes. It is over with. We will not speak of it."

"Oh, no—no! I have no words! I have nothing but grief! It's too late for me to do anything now! I have killed her! I never shall see her dear face again! Never shall speak with her more!"

The tears were pressed, as by force, out of his eyes, and he suffered them to roll down his cheeks without brushing them away.

"But what are you going to do, Robert?" she asked, tenderly but firmly. "You are not going on so, I hope."

"Oh, I don't know what I'm to do! I have no hope,—no plan! What can I do, Patty?"

"At least," said she, "you need not throw yourself away! I would not do that, I'm sure; not if all the world came and asked me to."

"I know it, Patty! I don't want to go on in this foolish way! But what else is left for me? Nobody cares for me; nobody is willing to help me; I haven't a friend in the world;—"

"I am your friend!" she interrupted.

"So you are, Patty! I should n't have forgotten you!—But how can you help me, when it's all you can do to help yourself? I am destitute and desolate. I go to see no one, and no one comes to see me. Sometimes I have thought seriously that death was better than this!"

"You must not give room to such thoughts! You must drive them away! They can do you no good, and they may do you a great deal of harm. Will you promise me not to think of such things again?"

He nodded a silent affirmative, the tears still flowing from his eyes.

"Now I want to ask you a question, Robert. Why won't you go back to Hucklebuck, and settle down there in your business?"

"His face was alive with astonishment."

"Go back to Hucklebuck!" said he. "What for? What is there for me there? No! no! I must go away from all my friends! I must go where I am not known! But how? Who will keep me? Where can I do it? And where shall I go?—Oh, Patty! I turn myself this way and that sometimes, and I think I would like to try so many things all at once, and I cannot try even one! It discourages me! And then to believe that all the world is leagued against me,—"

"It is n't!" said she. "You must not think so! Once make a new beginning for yourself, and you will see how false such 'suspicions' are! But, we must respect ourselves, you know, if we expect others to respect us."

He sat a few moments, lost in reflection. She had no wish to disturb his thoughts, and therefore made no further conversation.

Presently he broke out, as if thinking aloud:

"Those happy days! they never will come back again! When I was living them, I little thought what this world was, or how bitter would be my experience. I never feared that trouble would overtake me. Everything was so innocent then; everything was so pure and peaceful! Oh, what a life I have led since! How much of this sorrow is of my own making! We played together, and went to school together—we were both as innocent then as home as birds. We had friends, and everybody to care for us. And now see how it's changed! Oh, God! I cannot bear to think of it! It makes my heart ache so, when I look back only a few years! I know I have done wrong, and so have others. I wish I could live it all over again; I would live differently. I would never be led away as I have been. I have been so foolish,—oh, so foolish!" And he looked up almost supplicatingly to Patty, and asked, "Patty, what shall I do?"

She, the weak and friendless girl, was imparting strength and counsel to the broken and wretched man!

"I would go back home," she told him. "I think you had better."

"No," said he, quickly, as if his resolution on that subject was fixed. "I cannot do that! I never can go home again! I am an exile forever!"

"Have you heard from her lately?" she asked, dropping her voice to a tone approaching one of condolence.

"Not a word for months! I never hear from her now. They have forgotten me, they feel that I have

brought such disgrace upon them! No, they will not want to hear from me again!"

Patty pretended not to heed his last remark, but went on to say that more than a week before, she had received a letter from Mrs. Shadblow.

"And what does she say?" asked Robert. How is Mrs. Shadblow? Is there any news in Hucklebuck—that dear old place where I spent the happiest days of my life?"

"Yes," answered Patty, slowly, and with some hesitation; "there is news—some that I brought you here on purpose to tell you."

His countenance lighted up again. Though he felt himself thus cut off from his friends, yet he would like to hear from them once more.

"Your father is dead!" said Patty. "He went very suddenly."

He looked in her face a moment, speechless. His heart seemed to have ceased beating. Then he collected himself, and spoke.

"Patty!" said he, in a voice of inexpressible anguish. "Patty! Did you say my father was dead? Is he dead?"

"Yes," she calmly answered.

"Then," said he, rising from his chair and smiting his breast, "I have killed him!"

He looked wildly about the room, unable to fix his eyes upon anything.

"What a wretch I am! What a life I am leading! Oh, I have broken my poor father's heart! He hoped everything of me, and I have only disappointed him! He was proud of me, and wanted me to bring honor on the family name! But, oh, what have I done! Patty! Patty! what have I done!"

He paused, and began to walk slowly all around the room.

"Dead—dead—is he?" wringing his hands. Then stopping in the middle of the floor, he threw his face upwards. "Oh, God! forgive me for my crime! Is there any hope that I can ever be forgiven? Will there ever be any mercy for me? Murder! murder! I have killed my own father—my own dear, dear father, whose life was bound up in mine! Oh, if I could see him once more, and ask him to forgive me! Oh, if I could only look into his face again! He did so much for me—he was so proud of me—he never forgot me! I know—I know I hastened his death! And he went without leaving a word for his wretched son! Oh, Patty!—Oh, Patty! pity me! oh, pity me!"

Still he continued his rambling about the room, now gazing at such trifling objects as chanced to catch his eye, and now searching among the moving crowd out the window for he knew not what.

"My poor mother, too!" said he; "left desolate, when I ought to have been her stay through the rest of her life! And my sisters—oh, how they must feel it! Poor girls—they always loved me! Dend, and I not hear of it? Father—father! Come back to me again! Come back! I will see you—I will talk to you! I want to tell you that I am still your son! I am not lost—I have not thrown myself away—I will do better—you shall be proud of me yet! Oh, if he could answer me again! I wish I could hear his voice! Shall I never hear it? Father—Anna, both lost to me? Both gone? I banished from their hearts? Oh, what is there in the world now? What shall I live for? What is left? Father! Father! Father!"

Unable longer to keep his feet, he threw himself down on the floor, and laid his head childishly in her lap. She smoothed his tangled hair, and sought to calm the fever that was raging in his brain. She cautioned him against this excess of his passionate grief, and exerted herself to restore his self-possession. But her words were idle in the tempest of his anguish. He tossed his head from side to side, groaning and weeping all the time. He wrung his hands, and beat his breast, and tried to tear his hair.

"Be calm," she said to him, over and over again.

"Be calm, Robert. This will do no good. It will hurt you. You cannot help what is past, you know."

"Oh, heaven! Oh, my wicked heart!" he cried. "I cannot live any longer! I do not want to live! I want to die! I have murdered my father! Oh, Patty! I am only as innocent as you! My heart will break—I cannot breathe—I must die! Oh, Patty! help me! What am I good for? Why was I born! What is left for me now! Oh—oh!"

She suffered him to rave in this idle way, till he became at length exhausted, and found relief from his destroying excitement in fresh tears. They gushed forth plentifully, and rained into her lap. Still he lay stretched across the floor, and she sat supporting his head. He looked up to her for all the help he dared hope for. He begged her to impart her own strength and courage to him. His cries for assistance and sympathy were pitiful indeed to hear.

A raging fever had set in, and his face was flushed with its sudden heat. He said he felt as if his head was bursting asunder, and he pressed it between his palms with all his strength. That countenance had no story to tell then of his beautiful youth, and the sunny days of his innocence. It bore no marks of anything but long dissipation and immeasurable suffering.

Patty kept him with her till he became more quiet. Then she begged him to remember that she was still his friend, and always would be; and she promised, if he would prove himself worthy of it, to go and intercede on his behalf with Mrs. Willows again, in the hope of bringing about a second union. The brave and faithful girl! Would there were more in the world with hearts as great as your own!

When Robert at length became comparatively quiet again, he left her. She had kindly loaned him money from her little store, and he had promised to come and talk with her again on another day.

XXXIV.

A NEW PLAN.

Some mornings after, while Patty sat at her work over a flock of rare birds to somebody's order, and while her thoughts were busied about the unhappy friend, the door opened with considerable more suddenness than was customary, and the sunny face of Mr. Lily lighted up the room in a minute. His countenance wrought as rapid a change on Patty's spirits as sunrise produces on the murky mists and fogs of night.

"Well!" said he, smiling in spite of himself; "this is pleasant, is n't it? This looks like it. I'm glad to get up stairs again. I like to be where I can look down on people, and wonder what they are all driving after so. We get a good view from these windows, Patty."

"Excellent," said she. "I could sit here and amuse myself by the hour."

"So much life," he remarked,—"such a bustle of ways! People moving and talking and driving on so. It puts spirits into me. Sometimes I feel as if

I wanted to jump right down among 'em, and whoop and hullo as loud as I can."

Patty looked at him in some surprise, for, though she knew well enough how thoroughly genial he was at all times, she never remembered the time when he seemed to feel as antic as now.

Mr. Lily kept rubbing his hands together, and laughing. He appeared to want to say everything, but said nothing, because he did not know where to begin.

By and by, however, he came at it.

"I've got something I want to tell you, Patty," said he. "I want your opinion and advice. Nothing like two heads, you know—especially if one of 'em is such a head as yours is!"

And then he stopped to let off a little of his surplus good-humor by way of a laugh, and to rub his hands again.

"Well," said he, dropping his voice to a low whisper, "I've sold out!"

Patty let her work fall in her lap, and sat straight up and looked at him.

"Do n't be scared," said he. "I did n't mean to tell you of it till it was all done with, for I did n't know but you would oppose it. I had a good chance, and I let the whole establishment go."

She could not help asking herself the question at that moment, "Then what is to become of me?"

"Now I want to say a word or two further, Patty," he continued. "When the person who has bought comes to take possession, of course I clear. Which had you rather do, then—stay here just as you are, or go with me?"

She hesitated.

"That will depend upon where you are going," said she.

"Oh, certainly. You do n't think I wanted to carry you to Mexico, I hope, or to give you a sick trip across the water? It's nothing of that kind, I assure you. I shan't go very far. It will be a place you have been in yourself."

Her eyes sparkled, as she tried to guess what place he could mean.

"Well," said he, seeing she could not readily understand him, "I'm going to Hucklebuck!"

"To Hucklebuck!" she repeated after him.

"You know that place, I suppose? And I'm rather of opinion that you like it quite as well as you do Boston. You stay here just to get a living; up there you could have it on easier terms."

"But you have never said a word to me about this before!" her countenance betraying the joy that she inwardly felt.

"I know I have n't. What was the use? I wanted to surprise you."

"Well, you have done that," she returned.

"And I've got another surprise for you yet," said he. "I'm going to buy that same little red house you was born in, that you have told me so much about! I want to own that house. I believe it will just about suit me. Besides, I thought that if you wanted to go back home again, I would see that you went to your own house, and in better shape than you came away in. I have thought of all these little things, you see. I have not forgotten your trials, any more than I have my own. If I take that little house, you understand, I shall fix it all up again. I'll make it as pretty a box as there is in Hucklebuck. Hucklebuck! How I should like to see that place! But I shall see it very soon now. Do you think I shall be disappointed in it?"

"I'm afraid I have given it too high a coloring," said she. "But you ought to remember it's my native place; the dearest spot to me on the earth!"

"Of course. I understand all those things. Well, then; I'm to move up there just as soon as I can arrange my affairs here. I shall buy that house, and put you into it for its mistress! You can do that, or you can stay here with the new proprietor, and earn your living as you earn it now. Which would you rather do?"

"I had rather go to Hucklebuck," she answered immediately.

"I thought so! I thought so!" said Mr. Lily, clapping his hands with joy.

"I know nothing of the person who is to come here," continued Patty; and I do know you. Which would you suppose I should prefer to be with, then?"

"Oh, I thought so! I knew so!" he went on, as joyfully as before. "It's all I wanted to hear from you, Patty. Now I'm easy. Now I can leave my little shop, birds and all, with a good relish. I shall take you along with me. I've always blessed the day I fell in with you, Patty; and now I shall bless it twice over, because we are not going to be separated! Keep up your spirits, then! In a little while we shall be on the way to Hucklebuck! I am going to settle down there and become a citizen. I shall dig, and plough the ground, and raise pigs and fruit, just like the rest of them! Only keep up heart, Patty, and you will see old Hucklebuck again! You never sat and talked with me about that place for nothing. I have remembered everything you said. Now I'm going to put my plans in execution!"

With more of such talk, he left Patty to the new pleasure of thinking the matter over with herself.

She had not been alone again more than half an hour, if really that, when she heard a rap on the door, and got up in haste to open it.

Robert stood before her. He had come up by the outside way.

She manifested some surprise to see him, and especially to see him so much improved in appearance. He was shaven, his linen was clean, that unhealthy, feverish look had left his countenance, and his nerves seemed calm and steady.

"Good morning, Patty!" said he, "I have come to see you, as I promised. I hope you are glad I have come."

Looking as renovated as he did, it would be a wonder if she was n't. She welcomed him with warm words, and conducted him into the room and shut the door.

He hardly gave her time to say anything before he began at once about himself.

"You did me a kind office the other day," said he, "and I have come to thank you for it. I felt then as if I had n't a friend left me; but I feel so no longer. The money you loaned me, has done me most excellent service. I was reduced before that to almost nothing; and I found it the hardest work in the world to get money, even where I had been in the habit of getting it."

Patty told him she gave him what she did, because they were such old friends; and because she pitied him so.

"God bless you!" he returned. "I hope I shall live to do you a favor a thousand times greater than that!"

Though he looked so much better than before, yet she was able to detect the marks of past dissipation, and the lines of present sorrow. "It was appar-

ent that the death of his father had done on him heavily. There was a sadness mixed up with his smile, and a gloom in his eyes, and a tremor playing lightly all through his speech, that told truthful stories of his inward suffering. Patty knew she could not mistake such symptoms as these."

"I have sat down, Patty," said he, after musing a moment, "and thought the matter all over with myself."

"Well, I am glad of it," she sympathized quickly. "I hope you have come to some good conclusion."

"Yes, I have come to a conclusion," he answered. And paused to consider again.

"Well, what is it?" she felt privileged to ask him.

"What I told you the other day?"

"No; not quite that. I can't bring myself to go back again to Hucklebuck. I mean to go West."

"What!" she uttered, in sudden surprise.

"I'm going West. I've made up my mind. Perhaps at that distance, where everybody is an adventurer, I may succeed myself. At any rate, I mean to try. The only trouble with me is, about getting there. I don't know how I can raise the money. If I could only manage once to get there, I shall make it go, I know. I can teach school, you see, or I can edit a newspaper. At any rate, I can get along."

"How much will it take, do you think?" she inquired.

"Perhaps thirty dollars. If I could get more, I might start with better chances. But where shall I go to borrow it?"

"Could n't you write home for it?" she suggested.

"No—no—no! Nothing like that can I do! They must know nothing about it. I shall go without seeing them at all. I shall not even tell them of it. God knows I have brought them trouble enough already; now I mean to remain unknown to them, till I can believe they really wish to know me. Oh, Patty! what a life my life has been here! How I have lost and thrown away everything! But I am going to make a new beginning."

"Then had n't you better go home first, and tell them what you are determined to do? Would n't that give yourself and your friends the most satisfaction?"

"Perhaps; but it cannot be. I shall go unheralded, and see if I can retrieve my——" he could not call them altogether misfortunes, and so he hesitated for a word.

"They will be glad to know it from your own lips. If I were you, I should not fail to return home first. I know you could get all the assistance there that you wanted. And they will feel so much worse, you know, when they find you have gone. Come; why not say now you will go home first? It will be all the better in the end, I know."

"Patty, I would do or say almost anything to oblige you, for I feel more grateful to you than to any human being. But do n't ask this of me. I never can be! My resolution is taken. When my friends hear from me again, it shall be in a way to bring them nothing but gratification. I am young yet, and I can carve my own way. I will not disappoint those who hope anything from me, if my life is spared long enough."

"I do not believe you will, either, Robert. I am one who expects great things of you yet. I always did, since we went to school together and sat on the same bench. Still, I wish you would follow my advice on this once."

He shook his head. It was not possible. Anything but that he would do cheerfully.

"Shall you take your books with you?" she inquired, rather for the sake of keeping the conversation alive than for any other purpose. "I mean, do you intend to try to practice your profession there?"

"Certainly I shall," he answered with promptness. "My poor father gave me an education, and I am to make the most of it. I have thrown away enough already. I can do little enough, even if I accomplish wonders after this. I was bred a lawyer; and I mean to make my way as a lawyer, when I once find my new home. But then the question comes up before me—How am I to raise money enough to find my way there? That is the thing now!"

"Where there's a will, there's a way," answered Patty.

He relapsed into a fit of thoughtfulness, in which she did not see fit to disturb him. Sad thoughts forced themselves upon him, as well as busy thoughts of the future. No one could know the anguish that such casual reflections caused him, overtaking him in all places and at all times. In a moment he saw the wretched past all mapped out before him. He could detect his own follies, and trace them every one up to their origin. His reflections were like knotted thongs, whipping him naked for the wrongs he had hitherto done himself.

"I mean to see what I can do, at any rate," said he, rising to his feet. "I will help myself. But, Patty, promise not to write home about me. I would not have them hear one single word. Let me have only one more chance, and if I fail then—say afterwards what you choose! Good bye! I shall come and see you again!"

And, without any more words, he took his leave and returned down the stairs into the street.

Patty sat a long time and thought about it. She labored hard to devise some scheme by which to assist him. If she could have raised the money he wanted, it would have been placed in his hands before he left the room. But without any considerable amount of money herself, how was it in her power to do more than help him along with her kindest wishes?

A new thought suddenly struck her. Her face radiated with delight. She dropped her work, and pressed her hands together. "Oh," said she to herself, "if it might be so!"

The influence of her new plan did not quit her the rest of the day. She worked out the remainder of the morning, thinking of it; and she ate her dinner, doing nothing but thinking of it still. Continually she kept saying over to herself—"If it might be so! If it might be so!"

Early in the afternoon she asked Mr. Lily if Tom—the boy—might run on an errand for her. "Certainly," said Mr. Lily. "I'll go right down and send him up." Tom came into the room wide awake as ever. "Mr. Lily sent me up to you," said he, speaking at the top of his speed. "Want an errand done, he said. I'm ready. Go right off now. What is it?"

Patty then proceeded to give him the locality of Mr. Byron Banister's rooms; and told him to leave word with that gentleman that she would be very glad if he would call in the course of the afternoon.

Tom started out the door like a runaway. The success of his mission was not long after proved by the entrance of Mr. Banister himself, in full dress for the occasion. His presence filled the room with perfume. He patronized Patty all he knew how, and

proceeded to compliment her in various ways on her appearance. Putting aside these disagreeable preliminaries, with the best grace at her command, she went at once to her request.

"You may think it too presuming in me," said she, "whose acquaintance with you is so slight, to ask such a favor as I am going to; but to tell you the truth, the object is one that calls for my sympathies so keenly, I should be ready to do even bolder things than this."

"It must be an uncommon cause you are interested in. What, pray, can it all be?"

"Of course you know Mr. Robert McBride?" said she, with a face of anxiety.

"I know him to be a poor drunken wretch!" he answered.

Other people might have been disheartened from pursuing the subject, with such an answer as this thrown in their faces; but Patty's mind was firm, and she meant to carry her point at almost any expense.

"Whatever Robert may have been," said she, in a steady voice, "he is a changed man now."

"Ah, you know him, then? Perhaps you have lately seen him?"

"I do know him; I see him quite frequently. It is my belief now that he has reformed his life, and adopted noble purposes."

"Perhaps it was about time," said he, sneeringly. "He wants to go West. There he feels that he can retrieve his character. I have talked much with him about it, and find his mind is made up to go. It will be the best thing in the world for him."

"Or the worst,—one or the other," he interjected.

"In order to reach that part of the country, he wants money."

"I should suppose so."

"I am desirous to help him."

He looked inquiringly into Patty's face. There was nothing but pure honesty there.

"I have but little at present of my own," she continued, "or I could do more for him. So I thought there could be no harm in asking you if you were willing to——"

"No harm at all," he responded quickly. "How much will he want?"

"At least fifty dollars," said she. "More if he can get it. But what I asked you, to call here for, was to see if you were willing to lend me that amount. I cannot pay you all at once, or very soon; but, if I live, I can pay you. You may depend on that."

He sat and considered upon it. Now—said he to himself—won't it be the best thing to get him out of the way,—to get rid of him? I never thought of it. Why, it will play into my plans exactly! Yes, I'll do it!

"Patty," said he aloud, after a time, "I will lend you this money, and willingly. You assure me it is to be employed for removing him from the sight of his friends. Very good. To-morrow I will bring it to you. But be sure to say nothing where it comes from. Mind that. I shall always be ready to oblige you, you know," beginning with his compliments again.

The face of the girl lit up immediately with a look of pleasure, that it was worth fifty dollars to any man to behold. It was remarkably beautiful. The heightened color that burned in her cheeks told how grateful she felt for the issue.</

Poetry.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

[The following truly spiritual poem, beautifully interwoven with the most delicate pathos, was printed many years ago in an Irish newspaper.]

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing to me the holy strain
That soothes me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to thy soft, white breast,
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last,
I fain would see again.
And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry!
Then rock me gently, and sigh and sigh,
Till you tell me fast asleep.
For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.
I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And we rested, as under a bough;
Then near me a butterfly flitted by,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.
My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee,
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly on my forehead,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me!"
My tears and fears she gullied, mamma,
And led me far away;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, dark, fruitless gloom,
Then opened our eyes on land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.
And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And wondering, around me I gazed and gazed;
And songs I heard, and many beams blazed
In the beautiful land of light.
But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babes to me;
Their eyes looked love and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marvelously loved me with an earth-born child,
Saying, "Here, love, blest shalt thou be."
Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair;
And I saw, as I roamed the regions of peace,
The spirits who came from this world of distress,
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.
Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago?
Oh! you gazed on the sad, but lovely wreck,
And they marvelously loved me with an earth-born child,
And your heart was so sore, you wished it would break—
But it loved, and you sobbed on!
But, oh! I had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Though they buried our Jane in the grave when she died;
For shining with the blest, and adorned like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there!
Do you mind of that silly old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door,
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,
And his heart was so sore, and his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?
And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good old man sat on papa's old chair,
While the rain dropped down from his thin gray hair,
And fast as the big tears of speechless care,
Ran down from his glazing eye—
And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flashed through each trembling tear,
As he told how he went to the battle's stronghold,
Saying, "Oh! let me in, for the night is so cold!"
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the world,
For we shield no beggars here."
Well, he was in glory, too, mamma,
And happy as the best can be;
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed in white—
And there was not a scarp had crown more bright,
Or a scabbard robe than his!
Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sound was my sweetest, and my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of light was a guest;
And the heart that has throbbled in the climes of the blest,
Can love this world no more!

THE MAD MONK.

HAROLD'S REVENGE.

After the death of William Rufus, the minds of all were occupied with the question of who should be his successor. The Normans were anxious to place the crown on the brows of his elder brother, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, while the English eagerly turned their eyes towards the young Prince Henry Beaulere, who was accomplished, both in mind and person, and had ever shown more sympathy for the sufferings of the people than his father or either of his brothers.

Prince Henry had followed in the train of his brother to the chase in the New Forest, but had loitered considerably in the rear of the king; and as he rode along, his mind occupied with other thoughts than those of the chase, some one grasped his horse's reins, and a deep, solemn voice exclaimed—

"Hail! Henry, King of England!"

The prince started, and, raising his head, beheld an aged man in an ecclesiastical habit standing before him. His cowl had fallen from his head, and his long white hair streamed in rich profusion down his shoulders. His face was furrowed deep with wrinkles; but even now, at his advanced age, it beamed with a singular expression of intelligence and majesty. His bright blue eye appeared to flash fire; and his lip was wreathed with a smile, which seemed to betoken a feeling of imperiousness and triumph.

"What meanest thou, bold traitor?" said the prince. "How darest thou call me King of England while William Rufus lives?"

"He lives now," replied the monk; "but mark me, Henry Beaulere," he added, pointing to the west, where the sun was rapidly declining, "ere yonder orb has sunk beneath the horizon, the sun of his life will have set forever."

"Cease, cease this idle prattle," said the prince.

"Hail! Henry Beaulere," reiterated the latter; "thou shalt speedily be King of England; thou shalt restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne of these realms; and with English hearts and hands thou shalt conquer the country of the Conqueror!"

At that moment a dreadful shriek ran through the forest; and the monk, seizing Henry's arm, again pointed to the west. The sun was on the very verge of the horizon, and in an instant afterwards sunk beneath it. The prince turned wonderingly towards the monk, but the mysterious monitor had disappeared.

"'Tis passing strange," said he to his attendants;

"know ye aught of this person?"

"'Tis the mad Monk of St. John's," said a page; "he fought on the side of the Saxons at Hastings, and was left for dead on the field. Some benevolent brothers of Waltham, who went over the field after the battle, in the hope that they might be of service to the wounded, discovered some signs of life in this person, and bore him to the abbey. There they succeeded in healing his wounds; but could never pre-

vail upon him to reveal his name or rank. From the richness of his dress, and the value of the jewels which were found upon him, he is supposed to have been a Saxon lord of distinction. He afterwards became a brother of the order of St. John at Chester, and has rendered himself remarkable by his acts of piety and penitence; but his misfortunes are supposed to have disordered his intellect."

"His voice sounded prophetically in my ears," said the prince, "and that shriek was strangely coincident with the setting of the sun. Heaven shield our royal brother! Let us scour the forest in search of him."

The monk's words proved to be prophetic. William Rufus was found dead in the forest; and, within a few hours afterwards, Henry Beaulere was proclaimed King of England at Winchester.

Henry's elevation to the throne was hailed with the acclamations of the whole nation. A few of his brother's partisans endeavored to advance the interests of the Duke of Normandy, but that prince was then engaged in the Crusade in the Holy Land. He had left his dukedom a prey to civil discussion, and, during the whole time he had been the ruler of that province, his conduct had been remarkable for nothing but slothfulness and indecision. On his return from the Crusade, however, he resolved to make an effort to win the crown which his father had won, and accordingly landed at Portsmouth with a formidable army. The English began to fear a renewal of the fatal scenes at Hastings. They rallied round their native-born monarch, and exhibited throughout the country such a spirit of resistance to the invaders, that Duke Robert paused in his enterprise before a blow was struck, and at length determined to leave his brother in quiet possession of the crown, and return to Normandy.

Henry, in the meantime, continued to endear himself to his people by his vigor, wisdom, and justice. He repressed violence, abolished the prevalent system of rapine, interposed between the tyrannous barons and their oppressed vassals, and by his decision and impartiality acquired the epithet of the "Lion of Justice." He, moreover, abolished that odious institution of William the Conqueror, the curfew, granted his subjects a charter, in which he confirmed to them the privileges which they had enjoyed under their Saxon kings; and proclaimed his intention of marrying Matilda, the daughter of the King of Scotland, by Margaret, the sister of Edward Atheling, and lineally descended from the ancient Saxon monarchs of England.

The morning of their intended nuptials had arrived, and the king and the princess had both entered the Abbey at Westminster, amidst the benedictions and applauses of all who beheld them. The barons and official dignitaries then followed them to the altar, and the archbishop was about to perform the ceremony when a stentorian voice from a remote part of the church exclaimed, "Forbear!" All eyes were turned towards the quarter whence the interruption proceeded, and an ecclesiastic, with his features closely shrouded in his cowl, was seen slowly pacing down the eastern aisle. He approached the altar, and, removing his cowl, the king and his attendants immediately recognized the Monk of St. John's.

"What new vagary is this, reverend father?" said the king, forcing a smile, but evidently feeling more respect for the intrusive monk than he chose to acknowledge.

"I say," cried the monk, "to you Norman priest, forbear! This is not an occasion on which, when an English-born prince weds the last heiress of the ancient and illustrious Saxon race, a Neustrian ecclesiastic should mar, by his officiousness, the auspicious ceremony."

A tumult of applause followed the monk's address. The archbishop and the Norman barons frowned, but the official persons about King Henry, who were, for the most part, chosen from among the Saxons, and the Scottish nobles who attended the princess, evidently participated in the pleasurable feeling expressed by the multitude.

"And where," said the archbishop proudly, "if a Norman priest must not perform this august ceremony, shall we find one of rank and honor sufficient to entitle him to perform it?"

A loud and bitter laugh burst from the lips of the monk, which resounded through the aisles of the abbey for several seconds. "Where?" he said, "thou puling priest! where shall such a one be found?" and he thrust his hand towards his side and seemed to be seeking a weapon; but, as his eye glanced on his sacerdotal habit, a cloud gathered on his brow, and his cheeks grew pale as ashes. "Peace! peace! my heart be still," he muttered half audibly; "it is not yet the time; but, sir king, I say to thee, let these Saxon hands tie the indissoluble knot between thee and you fair princess, and so, perchance, may one, who has been the cause of all this country's evils, make some atonement by becoming the instrument of the cure and solace of those evils."

The populace renewed their acclamations as the monk spoke; the Norman archbishop drew back from him abashed, and the king gazed upon him with an expression of mingled awe and wonder. "I know not who or what thou art, mysterious man," said the monarch, "but I have good cause for believing that thou art in some way more and better than thy garb proclaims. Be it, therefore, as thou desirest; wed me to this fair princess; and may Heaven grant that this union may be as thou sayest—the cure and solace of this nation's evils!"

The monk united the hands of the two royal lovers, and breathed his benediction with a fervor and enthusiasm which seemed to affect even Archbishop Anselm and his partisans. The king and queen knelt before the altar, the populace prostrated themselves on the ground, and at the conclusion the organ pealed forth a solemn strain of blended exultation and devotion.

"And now, O king!" said the monk, "thou rememberest what passed at our last interview?"

"Most distinctly do I remember," said the king,

"and not easily shall I forget it."

"Then did I predict," added the monk, "that these things should happen to thee, Henry Beaulere; that thou shouldst be King of England; that thou shouldst restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne; and that with English hearts and hands thou shouldst conquer the country of the Conqueror. Did not the first event happen almost at the moment that I said it, at my first visit? Has not the second prediction been accomplished even now, at my second visit, by the instrumentality of the hands of him whose lips uttered it? And when I visit thee for the third time, King Henry, the third event shall come to pass before we part, and then we part for ever."

The monk uttered these words in a tone of great solemnity; then drawing his robes closely around him, and grasping his staff, he proceeded slowly down

the aisle by which he had entered; the people made way for him, many falling on their knees and craving his blessing as he passed; and in this way, with downcast head and measured step, he departed from the abbey.

"What say you to this, my lord archbishop?" said the king, turning towards the astonished and mortified Anselm.

"My liege," said the prelate, "he is doubtless an impostor; albeit, when I tried to rebuke him, there was something in his eye and brow which deprived me of the power of utterance. It irks me to see your grace so worked upon by the arts of grammarly in which this Saxon monk is, I doubt not, but too well versed. The faith of your grace and your princely brother Robert are too deeply pledged to each other to allow of the possibility of what this dreamer has predicted ever coming to pass."

While the archbishop was speaking, a horn was heard sounding outside the walls of the abbey; and immediately a horseman, whose dress and accoutrements proclaimed him to be a herald, entered and rode up towards the spot on which the king stood.

"How now!" said Henry, who immediately recognized the Norman king-at-arms, "what says our loving brother?"

"I must crave your royal pardon," said the herald, "for what I am commissioned to utter, before I venture to use language which will sound but ill in your grace's ears."

"Speak out," said the king: "thou knowest that thy character and thy office sufficiently protect thee."

"Then," said the herald, throwing down his gage, "I am commanded by King Robert, thy king and mine, thy father's eldest son, to hurl his defiance at thee, and to bid thee immediately resign to him the crown of this fair realm, which thou hast wrongfully and traitorously usurped. What answer shall I bear to thy loving brother?"

"Nay," said the king, while a bitter smile wreathed his lip, "first answer me, I pray thee, where our loving brother is sojourning at present?"

"He is at Tinchebray, in Normandy," said the herald, "where he has collected forces who wait but the signal of his uplifted finger to pour themselves upon the coasts of this kingdom for the purpose of enforcing his just and reasonable demand."

"Say you so?" answered the king; "then methinks it would be treating King Robert, as thou callest him, uncivilly, seeing he is so near us, to send an answer to his so courteous communication by a messenger. We will ourselves wait upon him in person at Tinchebray; and if the arguments which we shall bring with us shall not convince him that his claim is untenable, we must even doff the diadem from this poor brow of ours, and place it on his own. What say ye, lords and knights, and ye, not least in our esteem, our gallant yeomen, will ye accompany us to Tinchebray?"

"God save King Henry!" shouted a thousand voices; "God save Queen Matilda! Death to the Normans! Victory and vengeance!"

"You have our answer, sir knight," said the king, addressing the herald. "Bear it speedily to our brother, and assure him we shall lose no time in confirming your intelligence by our presence. What ho! there, attend him, and show him such respect as is befitting his rank and office. What say you now, my lord archbishop?" said the king, addressing the prelate and smiling; but the archbishop held his peace, and accompanied the royal party to the palace in silence.

It was on the 14th of October, 1107, that the English army under the command of the king, sat down before the castle of Tinchebray, then held by Robert de Belesme for the Duke of Normandy. This was the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Hastings, and of the day (his last birthday) on which King Harold had lost his kingdom and his life. The sun had not risen above an hour when intelligence arrived that the king's fortress was not left to its own resources, but that Duke Robert had arrived before them with a numerous army to its relief, which occupied a strong position in advance of it.

"Who art thou, friend?" asked the king, "who hast so often intruded thyself upon my notice since our embarkation from England? I would not willingly disparage thy prowess, although I know thee not; but I doubt not that there are five hundred in my army who are as good as thou, and who are as much entitled to assume familiarity with me."

"It matters not," replied the knight; "but this shield guarded this arm at Hastings, and neither arm nor shield has since, until this day, been again exhibited in the field; then I fought against the Normans, and they conquered England; now, I fight against them again this day, and by God's good grace will assist thee in conquering Normandy."

Thou seemest a stalwart and vigorous knight," said the king, "and thy appearance but ill accords with thy assertion, that thou borest arms nearly half a century ago. However, Heaven pardon thee, if thou utterest untruths, and visit not our cause with the punishment due to thy falsehoods! There are now other matters that demand my attention too imperiously to allow me to listen any longer to thy prating."

The centre of the Norman army was commanded by the Duke in person, the right wing by the Earl of Mortaigne, and the left wing by Robert de Belesme. Their cavalry was not quite so numerous as that of the English, but in their infantry they had greatly the superiority. Robert never appeared to greater advantage than on that day; and before the commencement of the engagement, he was seen in every part of his army animating his soldiers, inciting them to attack, and reminding them that they must this day prove themselves worthy of wearing the laurels which were won at Hastings, or submit to become the vassals of that people who had then been so heroically conquered. The Earl of Mortaigne, and Robert de Belesme also, who were the inveterate enemies of Henry, and had nothing to hope from his clemency in the event of his proving victorious, were indefatigable in their efforts to kindle the martial energies of their followers. The whole army participated in the spirit of their leaders, and chanting, like their ancestors at Hastings, the song of Rollo, rushed furiously upon the advanced guard of the English. The assault was irresistible; the ranks of the English were broken, and the Norman assailants, shouting victory, advanced upon that part of the main body of the English which was commanded by King Henry himself. Robert de Belesme cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, shouting the name of Henry; and, defying him, if he had a particle of honor and valor, to meet him and give him

battle. This man, who had the reputation of being an incarnate fiend, excited so much terror by his presence, that all fled before him, and left the king almost alone exposed to the assault of Belesme and his myrmidons. The monarch, however, at the head of a small band of friends, defended himself valiantly; but his strength was evidently failing him, and his friends were falling one by one at his side. "Englishmen to the rescue, ho!" he shouted, and renewed his efforts with increased vigor. "Normans, remember Hastings!" exclaimed De Belesme, and made another furious assault, by which the king was unhorsed. "Remember Hastings!" echoed a stentorian voice; "ay, Englishmen, forget it not!" and immediately the knight in black armor, whom we have already mentioned, rode up at the head of a party of about a hundred men, and, smiling De Belesme with his sword on the helmet, bore him from his saddle.

"On, sire," he said, assisting the king to remount; "the Earl of Mortaigne's division has been repulsed by the Earl of Mayo; Duke Robert is contending at fearful odds with the Earl of Mollent; and now, could we but drive back the followers of De Belesme, the victory and Normandy are ours. Once more, Englishmen, remember Hastings!"

Thus saying, the unknown knight put spurs to his steed, couched his lance, and rushed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. The king and his followers imitated his example, and the forces of Helias, Earl of Mayo, who had driven Mortaigne from the field, speedily joining them, carried all before them. The slaughter was immense. The English arrows darkened the air, and every English lance was red to the hilt with blood. The Black Knight, above all, traversed the field like the angel of destruction; wherever he appeared, the enemy sunk beneath his blow, or fled before him. "Remember Hastings!" he shouted at every step that his good steed took; and this cry, which had originally been set up by the Norman leaders, to remind their followers of their ancient triumph, now eagerly spread from rank to rank in the English army, and seemed to give herculean force to their arms, as they hurled their javelins or twanged their bows against the enemy. When a part of their forces seemed wavering and dismayed, the shout was "Remember Hastings!" and they rushed on again as though invigorated with wine; when the English warrior felt the death-wound in his heart, he spent his remaining breath in saying, "Remember Hastings!" to his comrades, and died with a smile upon his lip; when the Norman captive sued for quarter, the answer was, "Remember Hastings!" and his head rolled in the dust!

In the meantime the Duke of Normandy and his forces were resisting with unequal strength, but undiminished gallantry, the attack of the Earl of Mollent. The two divisions of his army were broken and dispersed, and the main body of the English was advancing against him under the conduct of King Henry. He nevertheless fought on with incredible valor, and had even cut himself a passage through the ranks of his assailants, and, being well mounted, was leaving his pursuers behind him, when he found himself surrounded by the Black Knight and a select band of warriors, who had kept close to him during the whole engagement.

"Yield thee, Duke of Normandy!" said the knight; "yield thee—or thy days are numbered."

"I yield to no one," said the duke, "merely because he bids me do so. I yield to no one but to him whose right hand can subdue me!"

"Say you so?" said the knight; "then yield to me," and directing his sword furiously at the breast of his opponent, the latter reeled from the saddle and the shouts of the spectators, which were speedily re-echoed over the whole field, proclaimed that the Duke of Normandy was taken prisoner.

The clamor of the battle instantly ceased. The Normans threw down their arms—some fled, some were butchered upon the spot, and four hundred knights and ten thousand soldiers were taken prisoners.

"Brother," said King Henry, approaching the place where the duke stood in the custody of his captors, "you have put us to some cost and trouble in coming over here to answer your courteous message; nevertheless, it were ungrateful in us, seeing the result, to grudge either. Since, however, it may not be quite as convenient in future to answer your messages, we have resolved to place your nearer royal person; Cardiff Castle is not so troublesome a distance from our place as Tinchebray."

"I am your prisoner, Henry," said the duke moodily, "and must submit to the will of Heaven. Do with me as you please: the curse which our father provoked, when he invaded a peaceful kingdom, is upon me."

"But where is the Black Knight?" asked the king; "our gallant deliverer, to whom the glorious success of this day is so mainly attributable?"

"He stands yonder," said a page, pointing to the left of the king, "and is, I fear me, grievously hurt, for he pants for breath, and seems scarcely able to support his tottering weight."

"Approach, valiant sir!" said the king; "I trust that you have sustained no hurt which a skillful leech will not know how to treat?"

"I am not hurt," said the knight, "but my days are numbered. I have lived to see this day; I am revenged—it is enough, and now I would depart in peace."

The knight's voice seemed strangely altered; during the battle his stentorian tones had been heard all over the field, but now it was feeble and tremulous.

"Unbar his visor," said the king; "surely I have heard that voice before."

The knight's visor was unbarred, and revealed to the wondering eyes of the king and his attendants the features of the Monk of St. John.

"Did not I tell thee, oh king! that at my third visit the third event which I had prophesied, the conquest of Normandy, should come to pass before we parted?"

"True, holy father," said the king, "and thou hast proved thyself the apostle of truth."

"I said, too," added the monk, and his features changed, and his voice grew more tremulous than ever as he spoke, "that when we did part, we should part forever. Yet I have something for thy ear, and for the ears of the knights and barons who surround thee, which I would not willingly leave the world without disclosing."

"Support him," said the king; "he is falling!" and two pages hastened to the assistance of the monk, whose strength was gradually failing him.

"Speak out, old man!" said the king; "who and what art thou?"

"This," said the monk, "is the eighteenth anniversary of my birth, and the fortieth of my perilous fall and the fall of my country; but, blessed be

Heaven! my country has retrieved that fall; and I, at last can die in peace."

"Reveal thy name," said the king, "for as yet thou speakest riddles."

"My name," said the old man, and the stentorian strength of his voice seemed to return as he uttered it, "is Harold—Harold the Saxon—Harold the King—Harold the Conqueror!"

A bitter groan burst from his heart as he pronounced the last epithet; and he lung down his head for a moment.

The king and his attendants gazed with the intensest interest on the man who they had thought had been so long numbered with the dead. Even the captive Robert forgot his own misfortunes in the presence of his father's once powerful opponent. Harold at length seemed to overcome his emotion, and gazed once more on the assembled princes and barons.

"King of England!" he said, rearing up his stately form, and extending his hands over the monarch's head, "be thou blessed! Thou hast restored the ancient race to the throne, and thou hast conquered the country of the proud Conqueror. Thy reign shall be long and prosperous; thou shalt beget monarchs, in whose veins shall flow the pure stream of Saxon blood; and ages and generations shall pass away, yet still that race shall sit upon the throne of England."

His voice faltered—his eyes grew dim—his uplifted arms fell powerless to his sides—and he sank a lifeless corpse into the arms of the attendants.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JONATHAN PLUMMER, JR.

Since Sodom and Gomorrah, never was there a town that could boast of so many eccentric characters as Newburyport.

"Lord Timothy Dexter," every one has heard of—and the illustrious name that heads this article, was his companion and poet laureate. For many years previous, however, Jonathan was content to obtain a livelihood by alternately dealing in fish, and straw for underbeds, which he sold in quantities to suit purchasers. Though his business made it necessary for him to deal considerably with the world, yet he was a lover of solitude. He procured for himself a small residence in a remote part of Newbury, where he lived "alone in his glory," a confirmed old bachelor.

Plummer became a convert at a camp-meeting—and earnestly held forth for his fellow sinners to follow his example—resolving to devote the remaining portion of his life to religion. He changed his business, and instead of a peddler of fish, he became a vender of ballads, ghost stories, and awful warnings—most of which came from his own pen. With these merchantable articles, to which were added a few vials of essences and "certain cures," his basket on his arm, he traveled through the neighboring towns, styling himself "Jonathan Plummer, Jr., Lay Bishop, Extraordinary Traveling Preacher, Physician, Poet and Trader."

He was once for a considerable time confined by a fit of sickness, and on recovering, he wrote the following note and sent it to the church he was in the habit of attending:—

"Jonathan Plummer, Jr., desires to return thanks to the Transcendently Potent Controller of the Universe, for his marvellous kindness to him in raising him from a desperately low and perilous indisposition, in such a measure of health and strength, that he is again able with gladness of heart and transporting rapture of mind, to wait at the Celestial Portals of Wisdom. Said Plummer also desires to give thanks to Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end, for his astonishing favor—his captivating mercy—his parental regard for him, in snatching him from endless grief and everlasting misery, in a miraculous manner—by light in dreams—for causing the day to dawn in his heart, and the day-spring from on high to illuminate his dark and benighted understanding; for chasing far from him the gloomy fog of infidelity, and enabling him triumphantly to rejoice in the glorious light and liberty of the gospel, wherein his blessed Redeemer hath crowned his happy life."

As we mentioned in the beginning of this article, Plummer was the man chosen by Lord Dexter, to be his laureate. The day fixed for the crowning of the poet, the palace of "The First Lord of the East," was thrown open to visitors and spectators. It was a scene worthy of a Hogarth. The speech was made—the laurel was placed upon the poet's brow—and shouts and lusty hurrahs went up, that

"Rattled the welkin's ear."

The measures of glory, both in Lord and Poet, were then full; and after libating with their friends, "five fathoms deep," they retired in complete happiness—in their bliss immense and immeasurable! The laureate continued in his office until the day that his patron died.

Dexter had the finest orchard in the town; but he soon found that the boys would save him the trouble of gathering his fruit. Watch dogs were of no avail, and rewards that he at times offered did no good whatever. At length, the mighty Dexter commanded his servant, Plummer, to issue a cautionary edict to these nocturnal poachers, which he did in the following original document, composed by himself:—

"Whereas, I, Lord Timothy Dexter, having been truly informed that several audacious, atrocious, nefarious, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-violating, immature, peach-stealing rascals, all the spawn of the devil, and rogues and cubs of Satan; do frequently, villanously and burglariously assemble themselves together in my garden, therein plying, fighting, swearing, roguing, duke-egg hunting, with many other shameful and illicit acts, which the modesty of my pen forbids me to express. This is to give you all notice,—Delicarians, Capricarians, Talamunarians, base-born scoundrels, and old rascals, of whatsoever nation you may chance to be, to return to me my fruit and property, or by the gods—the heathen gods—I swear! I will send my son Sam to Babylon, for blood hounds, fiercer than tigers and fiercer than the winds; and mounted on my good horse Lilly, with my cutting sabre in hand, I will hunt ye through Europe, Asia, Africa and America, until I can enter ye in a cavern under a great tree in Newfoundland, where Beelzebub himself can never find ye.

Hear ye ye tattledomillions, thieves, vagabonds, lank-jawed, horning-gutted and tun-bellied plebeians! if any of ye dare set your foot in my house or garden, I will deliver ye to Charon, who will ferry you across the Styx, and deliver ye to the Royal Arch Devil, Lucifer, at his infernal caldron,—where to be dredged with the sulphur of Canaan, and roasted forever before the ever-burning crater of Etna.

Load Timothy Dexter.

Plummer died about forty years since in Newburyport. Dexter, "shuffled off his mortal coil" in 1806, we believe.

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Persons who are friends to the Banner and the cause it is engaged in, can do us a service by persuading the periodical dealer, or paper carrier in his town, to keep it for sale with their other papers.

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More good may be accomplished in the end for us by thus inducing the dealer to interest himself in the sale of the Banner, than by subscriptions, in towns where it is not kept for sale. And the same may be said of the cause, for when a paper is found for sale in the stores, skeptics see it, purchase it for the stories, and perhaps glean the first ray of spiritual light thereby.

There are many persons who read the Banner avowedly for the stories, who make them a shield to cover their desire for spiritual food, which they are not quite strong enough yet to avow.

THE ABUSES OF RELIGION.

Why is it, one may well inquire, that the religion, whose partisan advocates make such loud boasts of its shedding happiness around its path, is nevertheless in practice the greatest source of actual misery that has ever been discovered? Why has this system of pure and heavenly principles been permitted to be so wrongfully warped and wrested from its true spirit and intent, that whereas it is asserted, in the language of the Scriptures, that it shall bring forth grapes, it brings forth only wild grapes? What is the cause of this wicked inconsistency? Wicked, because it works such melancholy results in the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of trusting men and women?

Dr. Channing truly said that "the very religion given to exalt human nature, has been used to make it abject. The very religion which was given to create a generous hope, has been made an instrument of servile and torturing fear. The very religion which came from God's goodness to enlarge the soul with a kindred goodness, has been employed to narrow it to a sect, to rear the Inquisition, and to kindle fires for the martyr. The very religion given to make the understanding and conscience free, has, by a criminal perversion, served to break them into subjection to priests, ministers, and human creeds. Ambition and craft have seized on the solemn doctrines of an omnipotent God and of future punishment, and turned them into engines against the child, the trembling female, the ignorant adult, until the skeptic has been imboldened to charge on religion the chief miseries and degradation of human nature."

And this result has been reached by the most simple logic. The effect is only traced by the skeptic in a direct line from the cause. If a system, no matter whether of religion or of politics, has led to the final exhibit of such a brood of truly melancholy results, the commonest power of reason has authority enough, and justice enough on its side, to declare that the system (to appearance, at least) is a radically wrong or defective one. Certainly, if anything in the world is openly and boldly, in season and out of season, line upon line, and precept upon precept, predicated upon a belief in what are styled the doctrines of the Christian religion, it is calm and enduring happiness; a state of the soul from which no earthly chances or changes are able to abate one single jot or tittle. Thus we are told. But thus, following out the doctrines as they are preached to us from the pulpits, is not the blessed result of it all.

The lack lies where Paul long ago put it; we lack Charity. For though we have the gift of prophecy, or the tongue of an angel, without Charity we have nothing. This is that single golden precept, on which, as on a golden hook, hang all the law and the Prophets.

It is the aim and tendency of Spiritualism to root out these evil weeds of malice and selfishness, of hate and distrust, of lust and concupiscence, and restore the pure principle of a living and active charity. Sounding brass are we indeed, and tinkling cymbals, if we continue with this fatal lack of which we have already made mention. On this basis alone rests each span of that beautiful rainbow, which is called Love. In this rich soil only are deeply rooted those divine influences that grow out of its patient and prayerful cultivation. It is a fatal error for the friends of pure religion to commit, to give it a partisan, or an exclusive, or in any way an uncharitable character. It must needs be as free as the air we breathe, and as pure as the light that pours from the great beakers of the sun, if it would enter into the inner temples of the human heart and there establish its abode.

Charity tends directly to break down the barriers of partisanship. Because charity suffereth long, is not puffed up, doth not vaunt itself, and nowher makes enemies for itself. That must indeed be the true element and principle of the religion of Christ, therefore, which works with its influence just as He worked, and reflects at every turn the spirit of that truly divine and wonderful nature.

Would that men might learn so simple, and so pregnant a truth, without the loss and labor of so many of their best years, without going through so many practical contradictions, without wasting the wine of that serene and beatific enjoyment, that comes down as a free gift from the heavens, blessing and to bless the generations of men until the last syllable of time shall have been recorded!

Recent is said to be about to give to the musical world six new songs.

THE FISHING BOUNTIES.

The Committee on Commerce, in the Senate of the United States, have recently reported a bill to that body advising the abolition of the long-established bounty on the fisheries, and assign as their main reason for such a step that as the duty on salt has been reduced to almost nothing, the only cause for continuing the fishing bounty has thus been removed. This, it must be confessed, places the original establishment of these bounties on a very different footing from the one generally received, and gives rise to discussions not contemplated when the possibility of such a thing as the abolition of the measure was first mentioned. It takes the ground that these bounties were offered for the purpose of refunding the money to the fishermen which they were formerly obliged to pay out in the shape of a tax on salt; whereas they were offered with no such design at all. If we understand the matter, it was simply in order to encourage our coast fishermen, who form the nursery and school for our sailors, to whom we must ever look for the proper supplies for our navy, and who alone can furnish the force of qualified sailors to carry on our commerce with the whole world.

This was the prime object of the establishment of the fishing bounties. We borrowed the happy idea from the English and the French; and a most profitable one has it hitherto proved itself to be. Those nations kept up the practice for the express purpose of schooling seamen, and having a ready resource whenever they might need to replenish their powerful navies. Instead of diminishing this bounty, the French government of late have rather increased it; and the effect already shows itself in the increased number of men and vessels engaged in the business. It is well known that Mr. Jefferson advocated the bounties, and for the very purpose, in his own language, of "fostering our fisheries as a nursery of navigation." And in those earlier days the bounties given amounted to more than twice the tax paid on the salt used in the fisheries.

As soon as the bounties have been withheld, the fisheries have declined; and when they have been increased, the latter have shown a corresponding activity. A Washington writer in one of the New York papers states that in the last war with Great Britain, the fishermen enlisted to such an extent that the fishing grounds were almost deserted, and the previous bounty was doubled, and in 1816 was again increased. At times, these bounties have been given without any reference to, or connection with, salt duties; at other times, the acts establishing or repelling the duties on salt, and those granting or abolishing the bounty, have been apparently passed, either by design or accident, with reference to each other.

It has become a palpable fact by this time, that the fisheries are not able to sustain themselves; if they can rely on government for its aid, they will flourish—otherwise not. They must either be encouraged, or abandoned. If they are worth nothing to the country, nay, if they have not paid their way a hundred times over in the past history of the country, then all our calculation is wonderfully at fault. Out of this promising school have been taken our bravest and most skillful seamen. The Constitution was manned by a crew from Marblehead and Gloucester, when she escaped from the English fleet; and from the beginning to the end of her proud history, these hardy and courageous men stood by her and sustained her fame. Now when both France and England are caring for their navies in every way they can devise, it seems almost suicidal for us to crush out almost the only resources our own little navy would have to draw upon in a time of war with a foreign nation. Ought not Congress to think twice before doing away with so valuable an arm of the national service, and so efficient a supporter of the American name?

HEALTH AND SUCCESS.

Henry Ward Beecher recently delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, on "Success in Life," in which he stoutly maintained, among other good things, that success in life depended very much on the state of one's health. In other words, no person who is afflicted with a torpid liver, who does not sleep well at night, whose eyes and spirits are dull and jaundiced, who never breathes the free wind when he walks, who crouches and creeps along through life, whose views and sentiments are all colored by the dead sea of ill health in which they are unhappily steeped—no such individual need hope, so long as he continues to be such an individual, that he is going to reach that success after which human pursuit is so general.

Among other remarks, Mr. Beecher said the very consciousness of sentient existence was in itself exhilaration sufficient for the individual possessing an unimpaired constitution. How true it is! Only those who enjoy perfect health, of course, know what this remark means. But it has a meaning, nevertheless. There is a time with every healthy person—and that time occurs at least as often as once every twenty-four hours—when the mere consciousness of living is perfect bliss. And he who never has reached such an experience as this, can hardly presume to call himself a thoroughly healthy person.

Success is to be predicated quite as much on good health as on energy, temperance, perseverance, hope, and all those other things that combine to make up a strong and full character. It will be well for those setting out in life to think of this fact. No man need hope that if he is sickly in body, he is going to be brave in spirit. It takes a sound body to make a sound mind; and one may as well expect health by lying in bed all the while, as to achieve success if he is overlastingly "under the weather."

SELLING WHITE GIRLS.

As much as people talk against slavery, it is preposterous that they will silently permit such transactions as we find recorded in one of our exchanges, in this day of grace and boasted civilization. Slavery may not be confined to the colored race. The whites are liable to be forced into its tyrannical clutches, as well as the blacks; and those who recollect the account we recently published of the sale of a distinguished but unfortunate pauper in Maine to the highest bidder, will bear us out in our assertion.

The philanthropists of New York city, under the direction of Mr. Tracy, who has been doing a very laudable work hitherto in sending out boys to the west to procure homes among the prairie farmers, have recently forwarded a lot of young females to the same distant destination, probably in hopes of saving them from woe a thousand times more meretricious. These girls, it is expected, will readily obtain places with the farmers, as the boys have done before them.

Mr. Tracy arrived with a cargo at Jamestown, Wisconsin; and a paper of that place, called "the Inde-

pendent, thus sets forth the style in which they were disposed of.

A charge of ten dollars was made for each person, the money to be paid by the employer, and to be deducted from the future earnings of the young women. The Free Church was thrown open, the young women occupying the seats in rows, some of them crying. Customers then walked along the range with perfect coolness, examining their condition one by one, and, as they found one suitable, they planked the cash, and carried off the prize.

What is this less than sale into slavery? We have attended the regular first of January negro sales ourselves, and seen how the thing looks and works. How is this different? And in a "free church," too! Some of the young women "crying!" Customers "examining their condition, one by one," "planking the cash," and "carrying off the prize!" It is abominable. We blush to record such a dishonorable, such a disgraceful transaction among a free white people. It is high time that the whole press of the country spoke out in thunder tones against such barbarous proceedings.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE CHILD OF PURITY.

Beside a darkly covered bier
 A child at morning lay,
 Bereft, alone, unguided, here
 To trace life's shadowy way.
 Asleep, for a while the midnight sound
 Had died on distant air,
 Her watch had been, but now she found
 Cessation from despair.
 Around the mount the sun's soft light
 Came on in giddy whirls,
 Till, slowly bursting o'er the height,
 It lit her golden curls.
 Her spirit, in the land of dreams,
 Of sorrow drinks no more,
 But floats along its rippled streams,
 O'er treasuries pearl-strewn shore.
 But, ah! her sleep is not the sleep
 That opes the shining way,
 Up which the willing soul may glide
 To realms of brightest day.
 She wakes—from day to day her feet
 In paths of goodness stray,
 While unseen hands that guide her, strow
 With strength 'ning buds her way.
 And sin and evil seek to blight
 This gentle, winsome flower;
 But 'gainst the cloak she wears of light,
 They vainly wield their power.
 Onward, while good and evil wait,
 She nears the final even,
 And enters through the only gate
 Which opens into heaven.

SQUIER.

THE UNLOVED WIFE.

MR. EDITOR.—In the Banner of Jan. 30, a lady asks, "How shall I regain the love of my husband?" I read the reply; and found much in it that repaid perusal; but it seemed to me the advice of a man who viewed the subject from his own standpoint, and who, while he felt pity, and would fain give aid, yet was necessarily, from his very position, excluded from a full understanding of the case.

"I will take my pen and write myself," I said, when I had finished the article; "if I cannot write so fluently, or round my periods with so much grace, I can, with a woman's quicker discernment and warmer impulses, understand the moan of that heart-hunger." But the day passed, and every moment found its duty; another came, though now and then the sad question occurred to my mind, I still found, as usual, the day full of business and cares. The writing-table only brought to mind sterner demands, and I would put this wish to reply to your article, out of mind. Still it haunted me, and day after day came a gentle whisper—"Say one word of comfort."

To-day I sat down, wearied with household cares, and, for amusement, took up my crochet work. Suddenly, by some chain of association, the links of which I can never reunite, an incident of past years occurred to me. I was sitting with a few friends around a bright, open fire, one cold evening. A bitter storm raged without, the wind moaned like a lost spirit, the rain and hail beat against the windows, and the large elms before the door tossed their branches angrily about like old warriors fighting with lance and shield. One of our number repeated the song,

"Oh, pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
 There's danger on the deep."

Soon afterwards a singular noise, like a gentle, but earnest tap, tap, was heard. We listened, but could not, for some time, make out from whence it came. Again and again it came—tap, tap; but where and what it was, no one could guess. We listened in silence—again the sound. Ay! we have it now, it is just outside this window. We threw up the casement. Yes, here is the mysterious knocker; as we spoke, a little bird flew in. It had lost its way in this fearful storm, and now sought warmth and shelter. It was very weary, its wings were wet and drooping, but we placed it upon the branches of the large orange tree, and then brought crumbs to feed it. It seemed bewildered at first, with the glare of lamps and firelight, but soon recovered itself, ate, smoothed its plumage, and flew from branch to branch, as if it knew that it was in the hands of friends, not captors. It remained with us till morning, and was then in no haste to go, but when it had breakfasted, we threw open the hall door, and took the bird on our arm into the bright sunshine, where God's glorious world looked as if dressed for a gala day. The trees glittered with the sheen of pendant jewels; diamond dust lay upon the grass, and the flowers, fresh from their bath, blushed deeply as they raised their drooping heads to salute the morning sun. Ho, king-like in his power, saw the conquered army of clouds retreating in the west, and threw over them his mantle of purple and gold.

My little bird now knew that the storm was over, and flew away to his own home, happier, I fancied, for the food and the shelter we had so lovingly given. Strange that I should connect the question of your correspondent with the plaintive call of this storm-beaten bird. But so it was. My poor, and friend, you feel as if clouds were about you,—a dark storm, perhaps—but take courage, and since you have knocked at my window, let me give you a crumb of comfort. Your very question shows you have not lost all yet. When a woman is sure that she has lost her husband's love, there is no such tremulous inquiry made; the heart settles down into hapless despair, as effectually dead to the joys of life as the arctic navigator whose grave is in the heart of an iceberg. Perhaps then the fault is all in your own too sensitive heart; you have mistaken business perplexities for coolness of affection. Love is not all of life to man, as I am sorry to say, it is to too many of our sex. And yet their love, if it does not fill all their thoughts—if it is but a small part of their kingdom, like the fortress of Gibraltar, in the British dominions, it may still be impregnable. A man who

truly loves, is more enduring in his affections than a woman, but not as demonstrative. Your husband, let me assume, has once loved you; he has singled you from all the world to be his for life. Rest upon that. He is less likely to change than yourself!

Perhaps you have grown negligent. The intimacy of married life requires a greater regard for those daily courtesies, which, though trifling in themselves, strengthen the bonds of affection like golden rivets. A neglect of dress, an indifference to your husband's peculiar tastes may affect him more sensibly than you imagine.

"Alas! how slight a thing may move
 Disensions between hearts that love."

Above all, never let him suspect by word, look, or deed, that you doubt his love. Nothing wounds a true heart like suspicion. Think of what he has been to you,—of what your own feelings would be, should you see him in the coffin, robed for the grave. Live on, love on, and hope ever, and in the quiet performance of daily duties, deserve the affection which, in an hour of despondence, you have doubted. Be more anxious to deserve it than to have it, and your reward will come.

Try and interest yourself in mental employment. The world may say what it will, more domestic duties—the compounding of puddings, or making shirts—will not satisfy all the wants of a true woman.

Household work strengthens the muscles and improves the health, but too much of it dwarfs the intellect. If you have children, their training and education is a mother's noblest work; if you have not, I pray heaven send them to you, and, in the meantime, pursue some study faithfully and diligently.

This will give you strength, and keep the heart from dwelling too much upon yourself. There, my poor, weary bird, I have heard your plaintive call, and though I had only crumbs to give, they were given in sympathy and love.

The night will soon pass, and you will see the blue sky and golden sunshine. Then, if you please, give me a song.

A.

MESMERISM, SPIRITUALISM, WITCHCRAFT AND MIRACLES.

This is the chief title of a pamphlet of seventy-four pages, being a brief treatise, showing that mesmerism is a key which will unlock many chambers of mystery, by Allen Putnam.

We have merely glanced at the advance sheets of this book, but we like the ground the author takes in its pages, and we think it is one which will commend itself to every person who is familiar with the phenomena of Spiritualism.

"As seen by me now, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft, Miracles, all belong to one family, all have a common root, and are developed by the same laws. The spirits of men perform these wonders; and all of them do it, and have ever done it, by substantially the same processes. When these spirits are embodied, we call their work mesmerism, or a result of animal or human magnetism: when the spirits are disembodied, we call their operations Spiritualism. Living men, and dead ones too, are mesmerizers. If this can be made apparent, the world's wonders are at once and easily traceable to competent authors; and the world is favored with a glimpse of a universal law which has not heretofore been duly recognized."

From this starting point the author briefly shows what Mesmerism does, what Spiritualism does, what witchcraft, as seen in New England, was, and then discusses "Bible Miracles," and the mention made in that book of good and bad spirits, which gives rise to some remarks on the same as seen in our times. He then undertakes to show what Mesmerism is, and that Spiritualism is a perfected fruit of Mesmerism. Wherein it differs from the latter is shown, and that spirits out of the form mesmerize subjects as well as the embodied, and asserts that all spirits cannot mesmerize. The author then demonstrates that raps and tips are not mesmerism; that magnetism is not mind. The remainder of the work is taken up with interesting hints on subjects immediately interesting to those who are engaged in the elucidation of the true and truly startling phenomena of spiritual intercourse.

As we said in the outset, we like the ground taken, as it is natural. Mankind seems to have been led to the point by the Almighty, in the various revelations He has made through the Bible first—and more latterly through the scientific researches of Mesmer, Franklin, Gall and Spurzheim, and the more spiritual revelations of Swedenborg. Spiritualism is the fulfillment or ultimate of all these prophets of God; and when mankind studies it by the light of these, its parent sciences, as it were, the fanaticism and folly, which too often attaches to it in our days, will pass away.

The work is humble in its pretensions, but is the more suited to the masses; and we recommend its careful perusal by those who are beginning to unravel the mysteries of Spiritualism.

It is published by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. Price 25cts.

The man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, and himself, severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good humored person.—Exchange.

He ought to be. Horace thought the house and the wife (*domus et placens uxor*) were enough to make a man happy. The lucky fellow who adds to these a horse, and a baby to ride it, should be the best humored man in the world—that is, if hay and provender are reasonably cheap.—Post.

The fun of the thing aside—there is nothing that can make a man really happy but a happy home, after all. Even if he have the ambition of Caesar, nothing comes of it unless he can bring home the fruits of it to enjoy. Home is everything—or should be. Show us a man who loves to work about his cellar, his barns and sheds, and to fuss over his cow or horse, who loves his wife and children, and whose thoughts during the pressure of the day's business most frequently revert to the little nest he left behind him in the morning, and we will give him a certificate in full of real, downright, lasting goodness. Such goodness never fails to bring happiness.

We only wonder that men do not oftener think of this, how little a matter it is that brings joy to their hearts—how inexpressive is true pleasure, and what a profuse wealth of resources there is within his ready reach. It is a mistaken idea for a person to go chasing off after happiness, when it all lies so handy to him. It is in our surroundings that we reflect ourselves truly, and in no one of them more truly than in home—children, domestic pleasures, and the homely enjoyments, or the contrary, of every day.

FRANKLIN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.
 Owing to the extreme length of the notes of the discussion on the "Money Question," we were obliged to crowd it out this week, and insert other matters in order to have a ample scope for so free a fight in our next.

Meetings in Boston and Vicinity.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Rev. John Hobart, formerly a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, occupied the desk at the Melodeon on Sunday last. He discoursed in the afternoon on the subject:—Objections to Spiritualism, as urged by believers in the Bible.

Many believe that Spiritualism and the Bible are irreconcilable, and that if they believe one they must reject the other. They believe that the word of Christ is enough for the world's salvation. But only a very small part of Christ's words were ever recorded, and one of his contemporaries says that if all he ever said had been written down, the world could not hold the books.

A scientific objection to Spiritualism is, that ponderous bodies cannot be moved without contact. Was not the stone rolled from the tomb of Christ a ponderous body? and was it not moved without contact except of angels? It is not claimed that Enoch and Elijah were translated by their own efforts, but they were moved without contact. Now if a single instance was ever on record, this objection is done away with, and it must be admitted that under natural law, whatever has taken place may take place again, and it becomes just as much a law of physical science that ponderous bodies may be moved without contact as with it.

Another objection is, that the physical manifestations are often produced in the dark, thus giving room for a belief in fraud or collusion. Do you believe that because the chains were taken from Peter, in the night-time; that because Moses went up on the mount to receive God's instructions in the night; or because the Jews were led from captivity in the night, that there was fraud or collusion there?

Many object that the physical manifestations are low and vulgar, and so cannot be produced by spirits. To give new light to man, spirits must first attract man's attention,—as a person raps on another's door, to attract his notice—after that, the instructions may be given. Trance speaking and writing would have been poor initiatory steps. But have we not records of much lower demonstrations in the Bible? The prophet Isaiah went naked three years, to fulfill his mission, and teach the world that he was a prophet of God. The king went naked also, even while in the midst of splendor, and with his family all around him. The story of Jeremiah and his girdle, and the account of the priest and the gridiron, in the fourth chapter of Ezekiel, are other examples. It is quite evident that absolute indecencies were then required to set the people to thinking. Those who admit these Old Testament accounts, and yet object to Spiritualism to-day, simply "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

Another objection against Spiritualism is the lack of satisfactory tests. But others have had them if you have not; so you may know they are given. The objection that some communications are false, is a great proof of their spiritual nature; for Spiritualists believe that evil spirits as well as good spirits may come back and communicate. The Bible tells us that at one time four hundred prophets were once under the influence of evil spirits, and under their false guidance the king went to war, and was destroyed. At that time only one true prophet was to be found. It should be remembered that the Bible is a book of selections—but a small part of the communications given in ancient times are there recorded. When Spiritualism is three thousand years old, and bishops assemble to select its good communications, probably we shall have a book as full of marvels as the Bible itself.

Another objection is the position of mediums. They are the same as other people. Some are educated and refined, while others are unlearned and ignorant. But, in a moral point of view, we are compelled to admit that they are not all above reproach. But let us turn to the ancient records, and see how the mediums stood in those times. Saul was what in these days would be styled a "fast young man," and people could not understand why such a man as he, was singled out for a prophet. That David was a prophet of God, none deny, yet what kind of a character did he bear? Was he not a licentious man, and did he not give his passion full rein? And he hesitated not to kill a man when he wanted his wife. Solomon, the wise man, was a Brigham Young in this respect, with his hundreds of wives and concubines. What is wrong to-day, was wrong three thousand years ago, and what was right then, is right now. Balaam was a medium, although he was a very bad man—so bad, that it was thought he, of all others, was the fit man to send to curse Israel. Through him noble prophecies were received from God—some of the finest language the Bible contains. Nothing need be said of the medium Balaam rode—he spoke for himself.

A prominent objection to Spiritualism is its fanaticism. We admit the existence of this element, but must express our surprise that there has been no more of it. What system has given rein to so much fanaticism as Christianity? Many primitive Christians committed great excesses. Some went into the woods, naked, and lived with the beasts. Others stood on the tops of pillars for years, admired, and almost adored, by the multitudes who pressed around them, beseeching their blessing. Others, male and female, walked on certain great days, two by two, with knotted whips lashing each other's naked shoulders. In Robertson's history of Charles V., we are told that on certain occasions the priests, at the close of the worship, variegated the usual service, by braying three times like an ass, and the people responded in the same way! This ceremony was kept up hundreds of years. Would you reject the church because of its fanaticism? If not, your objection to Spiritualism falls.

Another objection is, that it tends to corrupt the morals of the people,—the same charge that murdered Socrates and degraded Galileo. We suppose there are immoral men in its ranks, as there are everywhere else. In the Old Testament we have many records of bloody things being done, in the name of Israel's God; and Paul says to some of the people to whom he is writing, that they practice licentiousness unknown to the Gentiles. Under Constantine, in the fourth century, every crime was shown in the church. History gives us record of persons of great talent and accomplishments being seized and conveyed to the church, by bands of religious desperadoes, lashed to death with whips, and then torn in pieces and burned in the most public places, because they were heathen. Millions of lives were lost in the bloody Crusades, and when the army arrived at their destination, they spared the lives of none—not even of the pilgrims, whom they found there, as it was in the name of Christ that the people were all called together for the crusades.

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purpose of witnessing a royal marriage, and at a given signal millions of Protestants were murdered by Catholics; and one man boasted of cutting four hundred throats in a single day! The bells were rung, high mass was said in all the churches, and a painting in honor of the deed was executed, and hangs to this day in the Vatican at Rome. In 1641, in Ireland, two hundred thousand Protestants were murdered in a like manner, by Catholics. But persecution was not confined to Catholics. In the early history of your own State you are told that those who fled from persecution in Europe, hanged Baptists, Quakers, and reputed witches, here.

It is said that there is now harmony among sects. It is less of war, rather than more of peace. One-half of a pastor's time, even now, is taken up in keeping his congregation in decent shape. We should like to see the church organization that has not got just as bad men in it as there are out of it.

You may say that these things are not done by the influence of Christianity, but in spite of it. We agree with you. We acknowledge that such work is not taught by the Bible. In your investigation of Spiritualism, let us recommend this book as your best guide.

"The cost, uses and abuses of Spiritualism," was the subject of his evening lecture. He said that all new ideas were eminently disturbers of the peace, and they ever had been so. The more ennobling the idea, the greater has been the disturbance. A charge was brought against Christ for being a disturber of the peace, yet he was very mild and gentle. The radical ideas he taught caused this disturbance. As it was in Christ's time, so it is now. Fulton's great innovation on slow travel, and Whitney's cotton-gin, were jeered at by the people, and the most discouraging treatment it was the fortune of those men to receive.

Speaking of the cost of Spiritualism, in the first place, we must say that it costs long established friendship, and bitter persecution. Spirit rappings first commenced at Hydeville, N. Y., in the family of a Mrs. Fox. The family were very much annoyed by the manifestations, and moved out of the house, hoping that the rappings would cease during their absence; but the rapping still continued. Mrs. Fox was then waited on by a committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was a member, and requested to acknowledge that she was practicing deception. Of course she acceded to no such proposition, and the consequence was, she was expelled from the church. Some of the family left Hydeville for Rochester, but persecution still followed them.

One of the Fox sisters was threatened with death by a mob, and another had her windows broken out by an Irish mob incited by Protestants. Judge Edmonds was waited upon by a few legal gentlemen, after his time on the bench had expired, and requested by them to recant his Spiritualism, promising him a re-election to his post, as his reward. The Judge of course declined, and the consequence was he was not again placed upon the bench. Numbers of others have been expelled from churches simply for this heresy, and propositions have been made to put it down by law.

But it was left for a gentleman, eminent for his talents, and connected with one of the most respectable colleges in the world, to say all the bitter things he could of Spiritualism and its believers. With him all mediums were impostors—all believers dupes, and all investigators conscious liars.

Spiritualism also costs the loss of friends and business facilities.

Among its uses, it tends to promote independence of thought and opinion, which is a scarce and valuable article—found nowhere in the church, in politics, or in the theological school, and very seldom in the editorial chair. It furnishes a certain and available knowledge of immortality—while in the minds of some the Bible is very unsatisfactory evidence of it. If we suppose the Bible contains all it is necessary to know, yet all the world have not got the Bible, and hundreds of years cannot give it to them. But Spiritualism has gone to Asia, Africa, and to the Celestial Kingdom, carrying "good tidings of great joy."

Spirits are calculated to cheer all who come in their way. They cheer the heart of those who mourn for lost friends, and to relieve the aching heart by manifesting that they are ever around us, loving us as they did on earth.

Among its abuses the most prominent are the extreme claims in regard to communications, often a weightier value being placed upon them than they really deserve. The disposition to flatter mediums by extolling their power is often great detriment to the cause, and many mediums have been ruined as mediums, simply by this flattery. Humility is a great quality of true medium-life.

A man may believe in Spiritualism, and yet be degraded and low in his desires—but true Spiritualism is shown in holy lives and good works.

CONFERENCE AT 14 BROMFIELD ST., ON THURSDAY, FEB. 4.

[REPORTED BY DR. CHILD.]

Question.—Has anything been developed by Spiritualism or Phrenology, which can be made of practical service in the education of children and in family discipline?

Remarks were made by Mr. Munroe, Mr. Edson, Mr. Newcomb, Mr. Cole, Dr. Weeks, Dr. Child, and others, whose names we did not learn. The following are some of the sentiments spoken on the question:—

Mr. Munroe said—No subject can be more interesting than this to those who have the education of youth in their charge. The sturdy oak is firm and unyielding, the tree of young and tender growth is easily bent and influenced. The finer elements of our being are untouched by our system of education, which system only acts upon the grosser and more external elements. Spiritualism passes through the exterior direct to the interior.

It is a truth that the finer the material and the law that governs it, the greater is the power, and its consequent effect; therefore, the influence of Spiritualism in our education, acting upon finer material, effects a more powerful unfolding of the intelligence. If we seek to effect a receptive condition in ourselves, our spirits, without the grossness of words by the unseen chain of sympathy, of spirit power, must be felt by others. Lessons thus taught do good—more good than verbal lessons and physical blows. It is a law of Spiritualism that we impart to others just what we are; not necessarily by words, but by unseen spirit influence. Before a man can impart good to a child, he must live a life of practical goodness. Spiritualism teaches us this lesson.

Mr. Edson said—Language is said to be a carriage in which truth may ride; but this is not the only source through which we receive information. The instinct of animals is intuition; they receive knowledge in this way, and their knowledge is truer than the knowledge men gather from the exercise of their reason. Had we more intuition, unobscured by prejudice, our knowledge would be more reliable and satisfactory—it would be more useful for the growth

of the soul. Spiritualism leads us to the reception of this knowledge. It is man's right to receive knowledge by intuition as much as it is by language. Spiritualism silently opens the inquiring soul to the conception of a God, which idea, when it is fully entered into the soul, must of necessity begin to make way for the influx of knowledge that is truth. Our lower faculties are more cultivated, and our higher faculties less; our education heretofore has cultivated the lower, and Spiritualism comes to cultivate the higher. The cultivation of both are useful, and for our good.

Mr. Cole said—Has Spiritualism done any good to you, to me? If it has, it has done good to your children and to my children; if it has done good to the people and to the nation, it has done good to the families and the offspring of the nation. The influence of good effected on us must be carried to our children, and generations yet unborn shall feel it. Every sincere believer in Spiritualism is made better by that belief; is made conscious of its truth by internal conviction, by a conviction that is a truth beyond a question or misgiving of the soul. The Spiritualist knows by this silent conviction, though the world may not, that Spiritualism is a lever that already begins to raise humanity from sin, from darkness to the light and love of Christ; to that life which is the salvation of humanity. This is the practical service, education and discipline that Spiritualism teaches, and such teachings are more valuable than the teachings of man's reason.

I would not, I could not advise a friend to become a spiritualist without that friend has a swelling within of that love that comes from spirit influence. It is the natural condition of the soul that invites this influx. A Spiritualist is a Spiritualist by natural growth, not by the artificial reasonings of men, and their grosser external evidence and influence. It is the unseen teachings of Spiritualism that make men Spiritualists, and the power of Spiritualism is unseen, which power it is that makes men better.

Dr. Child said: that Whittier has asked questions which seem appropriate to the subject before us in the following lines:

"Why idly seek from outward things
The unseen, which inward silence brings?
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near?
Why climb the far-off hill with pain
A nearer view of heaven to gain?"

He said, Spiritualism would strike a blow that must destroy our present system of education; our institutions of learning, both moral and religious, must fall beneath the light, the power and beauty that Spiritualism shall bear to earth. A new institution of education by it will be set up in every soul independent of the teachings of men, and dependent alone on a power above the earth. Knowledge from this source will flow into the souls of men, that is sure, steadfast, reliable and eternal. The day of this light and truth is about breaking upon us. Our education heretofore has been mixed with error, uncertainty and doubt; it has been the product of human reason and man's invention; it has not nourished the soul, or satisfied the deep longings within it. Men who hold an eminent position in the acquisition of earthly knowledge and reason, in the utterance of this knowledge are not always to be relied upon as truthful, are not to be trusted; and the aspirations of the soul in its hungerings, rise above man with all his knowledge, and appeal to God for truth, and Spiritualism comes—comes in answer to the demands of the human heart; and by the hearts that are ready it is received.

The inhabitants of Jupiter are said by Mr. Davis to be so pure, so spiritual that it would make an inhabitant of earth shed tears to behold their beauty. The reason of this, in their interiors are so unfolded by the influx of spirit power, that their features and expression send forth a sweetness that far transcend a beauty and loveliness that belongs to anything or creature of earth. They have no institutions of learning; they have no external laws, no government by men; they receive all their instruction from spirit; all their government from divine power. This is Spiritualism, and many, many ages of spirit unfolding, in spirit growth may carry the earth to that same degree of loveliness and heavenly beauty.

Other remarks were made without direct bearing upon the question under discussion.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON MEETING AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

Rev. Mr. Goddard addressed a full congregation on the subject of the philosophical growth of the soul, united with the feeling efforts of the heart. He said that notwithstanding Spiritualism had been called anti-religious, anti-Bible, and anti everything that was good, it did rise above the intellectual, philosophical narrowness of the church sufficiently to accept the good that existed in all sects and religions. All truth is born on a low plane; it has ever come to us in humility. And truth comes now, through Spiritualism; it comes to reveal, not to destroy a truth ever before revealed.

The Bible, in the light of Spiritualism, turns out to be a wonderful book; while in the light of cold, intellectual philosophy, it is conflicting and contradictory; but if the heart is softened—made pure, lowly and holy by Spiritualism, the interior utterance of the Bible will loom up before the soul in magnitude, symmetry, harmony and beauty, and the soul will clasp it nearer and nearer to its embrace as a record of truth; externally not as authority, but an assistance.

MEETINGS.—Evening Star Hall, Charlestown, was well filled in the afternoon, when the following question was debated:—"Does Spiritualism form a correct foundation for Religion?" Messrs. Seaver, Loring, Moody, Clapp, Thayer and McClure, discussed the point. It will be the subject discussed next Sabbath afternoon.

Mr. Rice, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, spoke in the afternoon and evening in Charlestown.

BUTTERFLIES.

In remarking upon this most wonderful winter, for which the poor are so grateful, and no one is disposed to enter complaint, the Providence Journal chronicles a little incident in the following pretty style:—

"A butterfly emerged from his chrysalis, at the Marine Hospital, yesterday, and seemed greatly surprised that no better preparation had been made for him, in the way of leaves and flowers. His beautiful wings of green and gold were folded in disgust, and he seemed inclined to go back and wait till the fields and gardens correspond better with the temperature."

It is the way with a great many other butterflies; they get on their cloaks of velvet and gold, expand them to the utmost limit, and come out in the first glint of the sun, expecting to find perpetual summer. How many are nipped with the chilling frosts, just as these poor flutterers described by the Journal were touched. There are plenty, too, who calculate to find every luxury already prepared for them, as they step forth upon the earth; the "leaves and flowers" must be there, or they pine, and grumble, and fret their lives away.

Then there are a goodly number of butterflies who feel disposed to draw back, to retire altogether from human affairs, unless they find everything to their mind. They calculate that the great aim of life is to get along with as little trouble as possible, and as little labor likewise; and therefore if no "preparation" has been made for their august arrival on this sublunary sphere, they are ready to fold their wings in disgust and fly away to sunnier climes.

It is a good thing for these exquisites to get the powder shaken from their wings, even if they have to catch some little rough rubbing in the process. It will not do to be too nice. Some mistakenly think that exquisite life best becomes refinement, and possibly best refinement is; it is good for such to get a shock from the rough world around them, now and

then. An empty and frivolous conceit fits no one for any useful avocation. It must needs be taken out of him before he tries to go any farther. These butterflies out of season are to be pitied, but they are to be taught a frosty lesson likewise.

INFANT DAMNATION.

Mr. Edmon—Please publish the following in your paper, and show the world the beauties of the Theology of the seventeenth century, as illustrated by one of the most celebrated of the poets and divines of his day. A long specimen of this wonderful poet's effusions you will find in "Kettell's Specimens of American Poets." The writer of this poem was the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, of Malden, who, on Oct. 16th, 1835, was chosen to preach the next Election sermon. Some of our divines deny that this doctrine was ever promulgated in the church or by the clergy. This extract is from Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," a book which in its day passed through several editions in America, and was reprinted in England.

"Ye sinners are, and such a share
As sinners may expect—
Such you shall have, for I do save
None but my own elect;
Yet, to compare your sins with theirs
Who lived a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
Though every sin 's a crime,
A crime it is, therefore in bliss
Ye may not hope to dwell,
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest room in hell.

The glorious King thus answering,
They cease, and plead no longer;
Their consciences must needs confess
His reasons are the stronger.

Thus all men's pleas the Judge with ease
Doth answer and confute,
Until they all, both great and small,
Are silenced and mute.

Vain hopes are crop'd, all mouths are stop'd
Sinners have naught to say,
But that is just and equal most
They should be damn'd for aye.

Now what remains but that to pains
And everlasting smart,
Christ should condemn the sons of men,
Which is their just desert.

Oh! rueful plights of sinful wights!
Oh! wretches all forlorn;
'T had happy been, they ne'er had seen
The sun, or not been born."

APPENDIX.
"A hundred tongues and iron lungs,
A hundred mouths or more,
Could never tell the pains of hell
For sinners kept in store."

See Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. VI., 623.

Date Foreign News.

The arrival of the steamer Arabia from Liverpool at New York on the 7th inst., puts us in possession of one week's later foreign news.

INDIA.—Telegraphic advices reached London on the 22d, on the arrival of the Calcutta mail at Alexandria, with dates to the 24th of December, and from Bombay to the 29th of December. There is no further intelligence from Oude. The Farnabad rebels had been completely defeated and dispersed after two engagements. Their guns were all captured. Communication by post between Bombay and Calcutta had been established. The government despatch reports the defeat of the insurgents at two other points by a small force in Delhi under Col. Sepatan.

CHINA.—Passengers from Hong Kong report that the Russian Admiral had come from the North and offered his services as mediator between England and China, which offer was declined, but a similar one from the American Commissioner was accepted. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says: "It is asserted that the British and French governments have decided that in case the capture of Canton shall not induce the Emperor to accept the terms offered to him, the allied troops are to march to Peking, and in that case the Emperor of the French will supply additional troops." Dates from Hong Kong to the 15th of December had been received per telegraph. The Island of Donan, opposite Canton, was occupied by the English and French troops, without resistance. The French Admiral had proclaimed the blockade of Canton river on the part of France. Lord Elgin's ultimatum had been sent in, and the Chinese were allowed ten days to accept or reject it.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The festivities in honor of the approaching nuptials of the Princess Royal, were the dominant topic in England. A great array of distinguished visitors from the continent, including the King of Belgium and numerous Prussian Princes, &c., were the guests of the British Court. State balls, concerts and banquets at Buckingham Palace, and festival performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, followed each other in rapid succession.

The Duke of Devonshire died suddenly on the 18th of January, of paralysis.

Lady Boothby, formerly Mrs. Nesbit, a distinguished actress, had also died after a brief illness.

The Court of Directors of the East India Company have drawn up a lengthy petition to Parliament against the transfer of the Government of India to the British Crown.

Mr. Francis Lonsada has been appointed British Consul at Boston.

The dignity of a Baronet had been conferred upon the son of Gen. Havelock, and his (the General's) widow had been officially declared entitled to all the honor she would have enjoyed had her husband survived.

The statistics of employment at Manchester and the manufacturing districts generally, show a continued improvement in the operations of the various mills, &c.

Mr. Trousdale, the American Minister at Rio Janeiro, had arrived in England.

Heavy gales had prevailed around the coast, and sundry marine disasters are reported, but no American vessels figure in the list.

The London Gazette of the 22d promotes General Inglis, Capt. Peel, Col. Grant and other Indian heroes to be Knights and Companions of the Bath.

FRANCE.—The attempted assassination of the Emperor had been the all-engrossing subject of the week. On the day following the event, addresses were made to the Emperor by the Representatives of the Corps Diplomatique, of the Senate, the Legislative body, the Council of State, &c., congratulating him and the Empress on their escape. The Emperor, in reply to the great bodies of the State, expressed his firm confidence and reliance in their support and devotion. The French journals had joined in the cry for the expulsion of the conspirators from Europe; and the Paris correspondent of the Times says it was positively stated that a communication had been made by the French minister in London to the English government, demanding the expulsion from England of five political refugees—one or two Italians, and the rest French. The effect of the explosion of the three projectiles, proved on investigation to be far more disastrous than was at first supposed. The number of persons more or less wounded, fell little if any, short of 150, and six had died of their wounds. The projectiles employed were of the most formidable kind, and it is said that not less than twenty-one of them were meant to be used. Five minutes previous to the explosion an Italian named Pierre, who was expelled from France in 1832, was recognized by the police, and arrested. He was armed with a six-barrelled revolver and a dagger, and was the bearer of a bomb similar to those exploded. Count Orsini, who was arrested at his lodgings, upon information given by his servant, and he confessed he threw one of the bombs. These parties and two others named Gomez

and Da Silva, alias Rullo, also in custody, are supposed to be chiefs in the affair. The Emperor exhibited much solicitude for the wounded, and has distributed decorations among the numerous soldiers who received injuries.

Developments by the police of Birmingham, England, show that Pierre and Orsini had laid their plans while residing in that town. The Paris correspondent of the London Advertiser says that a formal demand has been preferred upon the British government for the expulsion of Victor Hugo, Mazzini, Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc from the British territory. It is stated that Rudin, the youngest of the Italian prisoners, has revealed everything connected with the plot to assassinate the Emperor. The trial will take place about the 10th of February. The correspondent of the London Herald says that on the 21st, twenty-two persons were arrested in the gardens of the Tuilleries, each with a loaded revolver in his pocket. The opening of the Legislature took place on the 18th ult., and the emperor delivered a comparatively lengthy speech on the occasion.

SPAIN.—The Spanish, a semi-official authority, says that Spain has definitely resolved to take part in the projected expedition against Cochinchina, and that she will employ in it 1400 infantry and a battery of artillery from the garrison of the Philippine Islands.

ITALY.—Accounts had reached Paris of the landing of two hundred Mazzinians at Ancona, and of their attempt to surprise the Austrian garrison. Many were killed, and others made prisoners.

ABYSSINIA.—A very acrimonious correspondence is said to have taken place between the French and Austrian governments on the navigation of the Danube.

TURKEY.—The Porte is about to concentrate the troops on the Danube, on account of the agitation which the project for emancipating the serfs causes among the Christians of Turkey.

WEST INDIES.—The first batch of African immigrants, under the new contract made by the French government, arrived at Martinique recently. Symptoms of discontent had been manifested among the Africans on the island, and an attempt at flight to St. Lucia had been discovered on one of the estates.

The Buss World.

FUN AND FACT.

SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

SAMUEL BARRY & Co., 836 Race street, and at the southwest corner of Fourth and Chestnut street, Philadelphia, keep for sale a large assortment of the various spiritual books and papers published in the United States, including of course the "Banner of Light," the sales of which are constantly on the increase. Spread the Light, friends, as thoroughly as possible.

POSITIVELY, No!—The editor of the Sacramento Union, who is grievously exercised about the Eastern money "crisis," recently attended a spiritual circle, and summoning Gen. Jackson's spirit, inquired if, under the circumstances, it would be safe to suggest, in his paper, a revival of the United States Bank? The old hero became furious, jerked a leg off the table, and replied: "No! by the Eternal! Stick to your wagon road!"

A curb-stone broker, who resides in the vicinity of Boston, and who has not been known to comb his bushy head for several years, yesterday, in his hurry to get on the cars, lost off his beaver, which unluckily got crushed by the wheels. Digby, on hearing of the disaster, wished to know if any lives were lost.

TRADE BETWEEN PORTLAND, ME., AND THE WEST.—A quantity of Iowa flour, brought all the way by land from the Mississippi River—a distance by railway of 1284 miles—has been received in Portland.

It is delightful skating upon the ponds in the vicinity of Boston at this time, and many of our people are improving the opportunity—the ladies especially.

Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, Md., has recovered a claim of five million dollars against the Russian government, which makes his share of the proceeds, from freight and passenger travel over the railroads of that country, reach the sum of seventeen millions, drafts for which, on the banks of Europe, have been brought on to him, says the telegram. Doubtless.

It is a common thing to abuse lawyers, whether they deserve it or not; but a jurymen gives it as his opinion that they are not to be believed on any occasion, for, said he, several were on the stand as witnesses, pro and con, on a certain case recently in the Superior Court, and such palpably contradictory evidence he never listened to before. Digby replied that it was wrong to speak ill of a lawyer without a cause.

THE BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.—The regular monthly meeting of this association was held Thursday evening week, the President, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in the chair. From the reports presented it appeared that 2274 families were assisted by the association during the month of January, of which number 1784 were foreign. The whole number of applications at the Central Office for the month (not including the applicants for clothing at a separate room) was 686.

Why is a muffin like a chrysalis? Because it is a kind of grub that makes the butterfly.

The affray at the national capitol on Saturday morning, between Messrs. Grow and Keitt, is condemned by all parties throughout the country. The friends of Mr. Keitt, who were in the vicinity, say he was not knocked down by Mr. Grow, but was wrenched from his hold on the latter by Mr. Reuben Davis, who interfered as a peace maker, and further, that as Mr. Keitt premeditated no disturbance with Mr. Grow, he more seriously regrets its occurrence. We shall see.

There was a destructive fire at Newport on Sunday night last. Damage principally covered by insurance.

When Sheridan was dying, he was requested to undergo an operation. He replied that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's lifetime. Being asked what they were, he replied, "Having my hair cut, and sitting for my picture."

Why is an auctioneer like an ugly countenance? Because he is always for-bidding.

Hippolyte Lucas, a serious writer, in whom criticism finds no cause of attack but a long nose, was playing chess with Louis Desnoyers, at a moment when he was suffering from a cold in his head. "Blow your nose, my dear fellow," said Desnoyers with considerable good humor, as he saw him losing. "Blow it yourself," said Lucas; "it's nearer you than me."

REMOVAL.—Dr. Brown, dentists, have taken commodious apartments in Ballou's Building, 24 1-2 Winter street, and have issued cards with a list of their prices. We know that they operate in the best manner for reasonable charges. Specimens of a new style of work may be seen at their office.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As we approach the end of the second volume of the Banner, we take this opportunity to allude to our terms of subscription. Two numbers previous to the expiration of his subscription, the person to whom we mail the Banner will receive a printed notification, stating the time it ends. If not renewed, as the time expires, the name will be stricken from the list. If our subscribers desire it continued, a prompt remittance will ensure possession of all the numbers.

LECTURERS.

Mrs. J. S. Miller, trance and normal lecturer, and H. H. Hastings, Esq., are doing a good work in the vineyard South and West. Mr. H. is our authorized agent to receive subscriptions for the Banner.

DR. PAIGE'S LECTURES.

We call attention to the advertisement under head of Special Notices, of Dr. Paige's lecture at the Melancon on Wednesday evening. This lecture is free.

Special Notices.

MELOAN.—TREMONT TEMPLE.

LECTURES ON ELECTROPATHY.

Dr. A. FARR, the Founder and Teacher of Mental and Physical Electricity, will commence a Course of Lectures at the Melancon, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 10th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, on this new system of Medical Electricity, which is peculiarly his own. First lecture free to all. Dr. Farr has now the advantage of fifteen years' experience with this wonderful agent, during which time he has reduced its use to a full and complete system. He has also taught in all the principal cities of the East and West, both in public institutions and to private classes, and bears the highest recommendations as to the originality and correctness of his theory, and the success of his practice. By presenting the true relations of Electricity, in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, Dr. Farr arrives at a new system of Mental and Physical Philosophy, and scientifically explains many of the most mysterious phenomena connected with Human Existence.

He also presents many new principles in Physiology; new views of Anæsthetics, of the Causes of Disease; a new system of Dietetics, or Examination of Diseases; and

NEW MEANS FOR CURING THEM, demonstrating his whole subject by the most instructive and valuable Experiments.

For the present, Dr. Farr's Professional Rooms are at the American House, Hanover street. Reception hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. Feb. 10.

T. W. HIGGINSON ON THE CAMBRIDGE INVESTIGATION.

The undersigned is prepared to devote a small portion of his time to lecturing on "Spiritualism." His object is to present an impartial and careful statement of the facts and arguments on the subject, as they now stand,—with especial reference to the Cambridge investigations.

For further information as to his mode of treating the subject, he would refer to those who have heard his recent lectures in Portland, Portsmouth, Montreal, and elsewhere. Jan 23 1849 T. W. HIGGINSON, Worcester.

INSURANCE.

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. 70 State street, Boston, Mass., who effects insurance in the best Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates. Dec. 1.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS.

To let, at No. 6 Warren square, two parlors, furnished in handsome style. Will be leased singly or together. Also an office on the first floor, suitable for a healing medium, and several chambers. Jan. 10.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. B. E. HAMPTON.—The communication you refer to was correct, as we have since ascertained.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

Miss R. ABBOTT will speak at North Bridgewater on Thursday evening, February 11th, and at Cambridgeport on Sunday, February 14th, afternoon and evening.

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

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

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

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

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by circles, the afternoon devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at OULI HALL, Winnimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Cremer's Hall, Essex street, Sunday afternoon and evening. Circle in the morning.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged. Rev. T. W. HIGGINSON will occupy the desk at the Lyceum Hall in Salem next Sunday, (14th.) Subject in the afternoon:—The Rationale of Spiritualism. Evening:—Spiritualism and the Cambridge Professors.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.

Miss Sarah A. Mayoun, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 7 North Fourth street, East Cambridge, Mass. Jan 23

Miss ROSA T. ABBOTT, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. 23 She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. BEAR, Trance, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium

Grace Speaking.

MRS. HENDERSON'S LECTURE.

For the closing lecture of her engagement in Boston, Mrs. Henderson took for her topic, the "Language of the Soul."

Language is the expression of thought. The mind on earth uses oftentimes the mediumship of words, or outward language. The Father has given you power to use and adapt it. But this is not all. The soul speaks truer through the smiling face, or the grasp of the friendly hand. There is a volume within the human soul that outward language cannot give expression to. It comes in the gentle embrace of the child, and the unspoken blessings of the needy one you have befriended. Though the lips move not, the countenance is all expressive.

The human soul leans upon its kindred, as the ivy clings to the tree. As man goes to the fallen brother and lifts him from the gutter—leads the degraded sister from her shame and bids her go and sin no more, your heart less of outward language than the impulse of the noble soul—which tells us there is always truth in man and love in woman.

In the assembly of a fashionable party, how much soul-language do you find? Their greetings are cold, conventional mockeries. In the daily routine of the world's life, this soul language may be looked for in vain, on the surface; it lies deep hidden within. Custom forbids that it should dwell on the outside—it would have man proud, lofty and dignified, and man bows obedience to its behests. Away with such a tyrant.

We are told that upon love to God and man hang all the law and the prophets. Then why not let man go forth, doing good to all—and not cramp and confine his powers? Love is the noblest language of the soul. It is not written in books, nor spoken in words, but written in great deeds—deeds of benevolence and charity, which spring out from the pure soul as flowers spring from the fruitful soil, to cheer and make pleasant the path of those who will come after.

In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage. All are united in one holy wedlock of wisdom and love. Self-love gives place to a universal one, uniting all with one golden chain, whose links remain unbroken. In that harmonious sphere do not exist the discordant systems of earth, but all shall have their rights; and man will unite with the purity of the little child the intellect of a god.

How much the human soul longs for sympathy, yet how seldom it is found! Where is one in his proper sphere? Yet it exists, though he finds it not; but in the hereafter each will be transplanted to congenial ground. The ideal of earth becomes real in heaven. How dismal it is to be in the world surrounded by millions of God's creatures, if no one knows you and none care for you.

Let all cultivate this language of the soul. Make a noble use of your faculties, and the world shall be made better by your efforts.

The medium then improvised a brief poem, of which we give the closing verse.

When the world looks dark and dreary,
And your heart is full of pain,
Angel hands are never weary—
They will bring you peace again.

The following questions were then asked by the audience and answered through the medium:

Q.—"And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom." What was this, and why was it done?

A.—We cannot say what the veil was composed of. An ignoble deed was committed, when Christ died, before the multitude; and the veil was rent by the powers above—a physical manifestation, showing they were not in sympathy with the deed committed.

Q.—It is said Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison. Will you give us your idea of the passage?

A.—All men are prisoners, when confined by certain laws and doctrines of faith. Who is free from some tyrant who has not gained power over him? Who does live up to the pure faculties of his nature?

Q.—"For God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." Will you explain this passage?

A.—Heaven is called a place of purity. What is there, then, that can so tempt angels to sin, that God will cast them out? Men are called angels, after they die. The judgment seat of God is in the human soul—there is hell, also.

Q.—Do those in the spirit world have a knowledge of the afflictions of their friends on earth? If so, how are they affected by it?

A.—Spirits are all attracted to their plane on earth. With the spirit-faculties, they come back, and weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice.

Q.—What did the Saviour mean when he said, "You must be born again of the spirit?"

A.—All men must be born again; not that they are to go again through the gradations of physical organization, but must pass through a spiritual birth.

Q.—Do not the Scriptures teach that God is distinct in His personal existence from nature? We read (Gen. 1 ch. 1 v.) that Cain went out from His presence, and (11 ch. 5 v.) that the Lord came down to see the city of Babel, and also the Tower, and that Jacob wrestled with Him, and Moses saw His back parts and conversed with Him, and He is generally spoken of as having a mouth, eyes, arms, hands, feet, heart, and passions—such as grief, gladness, love, vengeance, repenting, &c. Is what the Bible teaches on this subject true?

A.—Every man must exercise his own reason: when he goes back to the Bible; and if it agrees with his reasoning powers, accept it. If not, he must be true to himself, and reject it.

Q.—Will the band of spirits give a narrative of the experience of one of their number, while leaving this world and entering spirit-life?

A.—We do not separate ourselves, or individualize ourselves. Though we each possess our individuality, yet we are united as one in our influence here. But at your request, we will relate the experience of one of our number:—

The sickness was long. Consumption was the victor. Gradually the form yielded. There was but little pain. It was a gradual dissolution. When the messenger came, he yielded beautifully and calmly. There was no real sorrow, except to see that of the mourners. They were around the bed, beside his body, while his spirit rose over them. He was astonished. Was this death? He soared away, borne by his many messengers. He walked the billows. He went on a voyage of discovery. In the spirit-world, everything beautiful is daguerrotyped.

Your ideas on earth become realities in heaven. He was entranced with their loveliness. He loved his friends on earth. He thought to help them—and he is here.

Q.—We read that after Cain killed Abel he fled to the land of Nod, and took unto himself a wife. We would like to know who this lady was, and if she was in any way related to Mr. Cain?

A.—The literal idea of the Bible, concerning the creation of man on the earth, we do not accept. We do not believe that the mother of the human race was made of a rib from the side of Adam. Under the law of the gradual development of man from the lower animals, we had not one man, but nations; thus we see how Cain got his wife.

Q.—Why was the murder of Christ by the Jews a greater murder than that of any other great reformer?

A.—If we allow that greater crime has existed, that there have been greater murderers of reformers, yet Christ was a greater medium than ever lived—was nearer to God—and so the crime was not committed against him alone.

Q.—Are all the prophecies of the Bible but the opinions of men? If so, how is it that you say that the prophets were but spiritual mediums? If not, what portions of the Bible are revelations?

A.—Has there ever been a time when truth and error were not mixed? We do not say that all the prophecies of the Bible were the opinions of men. Man must judge for himself. Spirits should not be expected to know all truth. Again, the channels of communication are imperfect, and the emanations must be so accordingly.

In answering these questions, we are often obliged to repeat. We teach man according to his desires. Nature is the great receptacle of truth. Go to her. There is happiness in store for you, and none need go on in the work dissatisfied. Turn to the open book within your own soul.

Correspondence.

PERSECUTION.

FELTONVILLE, Feb. 1, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—There seems to be an inborn propensity in the human mind to resist anything new, which comes in contact with the established customs of the age. With the usual order of every day, events are looked upon with suspicion, and too often rejected with contempt. Let a new discovery in science, a new truth in things pertaining to spiritual warfare, be thrown out to struggle for existence, and straightway all the powers of prejudice and bigotry are summoned forth to battle against the new heresy, while the audacious individual who dares to step from the rusty traces of past generations, is denounced without mercy. He is either thought a knave, or fool, or bigot, plotting crime; who, for the advancement of his kind, is wiser than his time.

Martin Luther defied the powers of Popery, and preferred to think for himself, exposing the selling of indulgences by the church of his day, and was excommunicated therefor. But that very act was a step towards the religious liberty we enjoy. Yet his followers, in their turn, resisted new dogmas, as heretical, and were just as much inclined to use force, to compel obedience.

When our forefathers fled from kindred and friends, and dared the indomitable Atlantic wave, that they might worship God as conscience dictated, they were actuated by high and holy purposes, and no doubt thought themselves perfectly justified in their treatment of the poor Quakers, who could not bow at the same altar with themselves. As age after age rolls on, we find the same spirit exerting itself, shorn of none of its malignity, but rendered comparatively harmless, from the division of sects. It is, however, ever ready to break forth as occasion offers, even though in the slight forms of burning convents, and know-nothing societies, formed for the purpose of proscribing those of a different religious faith.

In the scientific world, too, the same disposition has battled against everything outside the well-beaten circle so long traveled, and the same weapons have been used to intimidate those disposed to go astray. When Hervey sent his discovery of the "circulation of the blood" afloat upon the sea of human thought, to find a resting place in kindred minds, it was scouted as false doctrine, and not a physician over forty years of age could be found to believe it.

Jenner was counted a fool, or madman, or perhaps a little of both, when he proposed vaccination as a preventative of disease. Mesmerism struggled hard and long against the "conservative elements that keep society in check," and not until forced to believe it by the evidence they could not gainsay, or doubt, would mankind regard the discoverer as hardly sane. And now, last of all, comes a still more terrible delusion. Spiritualism has agitated a slumbering world as nought else ever did, presenting claims in advance of all others, for it professes to lift the dark veil that hides the future from our longing gaze, and to reveal what we have always been taught belonged to God alone to know.

This is receiving its full share of abuse with interest, yet is progressing onward surely and firmly, destined to be one of the most glorious truths ever sent to bless a sinful world.

But will this, like all those gone before, as it gathers strength and favor, grow arrogant and arbitrary, persecuting anything that in the light of heavenly wisdom may be revealed? That now lies hidden beyond mortal ken, to be made known only as the race, in its onward progress, are prepared for it—this, time only will decide; in the meantime let us examine all its claims, and as we find them true, proclaim them as worthy of the most earnest investigations.

[To this last inquiry of our friend, we answer, no. If Spiritualism teaches anything, it is that each man is entitled to be his own judge of what is truth. That he is obliged to bow down to no idol raised by any other than his own conviction of right. It is in vain that persons undertake to foist their own opinions upon spiritualists as law and gospel, for each feels himself a God. Freedom of thought and speech is the very foundation of Spiritualism—not freedom to promulgate any particular creed, as against another creed, but liberty to worship at any altar which answers the requirements of the soul. Besides, it does not teach that man can ever stop in his comprehension of God, or that the Infinite can ever exhaust His knowledge in any revelation He makes to man. On the contrary, it teaches us to look for higher and better revelations every day we live. All other religions are based upon the idea that they are the first and last, and all that must bow down to them.]

SPIRITUALISM IN NEWBURYPORT.

NEWBURYPORT, Jan. 30, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—Having received your truly interesting paper each week since its first issue, the contents of which I have perused with the deepest interest, the thought occurred to me that a cheering word from the good old city of Newburyport, might not be amiss.

I think the Banner of Light, as it really is by name and nature, is winning the applause of all those who carefully peruse it with a mind free from prejudice. I believe it will prove an effectual instrument in directing many intelligent minds to the glorious truths of Spiritualism, leading all such to seek a farther investigation of the subject; and I candidly think if all those who so gladly welcome it at their fireside each succeeding week, would but seek to inculcate more of its beautiful lessons of truth and humanity, the world would be benefited, and your efforts crowned with success.

We have in our city a number of Spiritualists, who dare to publicly avow their belief, and many more who have not the courage to endure the taunts and jeers of the would-be wise ones, so they sort of husband their hopes, and are waiting for a more favorable day to declare their faith. The Spiritualists here labor under many difficulties, being few in number, and not possessing in abundance of this world's goods, yet rich in virtue and integrity, generally conceived to be persons not wanting in intelligence and mental culture.

I will particularize one obstacle which has a tendency to discourage them in the efforts which they have made from time to time, for the promulgation of spiritual truths, which is their inability to secure public mediums, on account of their exorbitant charges. And here permit me to ask one question: Why is it that those who have so freely received, should in so secular a manner impart?

Methods it savors a little of inconsistency for mediums to censure (as they are often wont to do,) Theologians of the present day, for that spirit of avarice which they display, when the same mediums, if tried before the tribunal of justice, would be found guilty in the same degree, and who are not, on the whole, so excusable, from the very fact that it has not cost them years of toil and mental taxation, to say nothing of the expenditure to which the teachers of the old theology have been subject; it is not unfrequent to hear mediums boast, as we did a few weeks since, that they realized from \$700 to \$1,000 per year. And again, there are instances when they have not dealt justly, after having made an agreement to lecture for a stated amount, exacted more at the close of the services, although said services did exceed the guaranty, thereby taxing the friends to the extreme.

I think, Mr. Editor, that the attention of mediums should be called to this subject, for I do not believe these truths were intended for speculation, notwithstanding the laborer is worthy of his hire, and I admit that all should be duly recompensed.

OBSERVER.

We regret that there should be any cause for complaint of mediums, such as our correspondent mentions. It is a hard question to discuss, and the only remedy is for the friends to refuse to sustain any medium who they have reason to believe makes a speculation of his powers. Still, mediums' traveling expenses are high, and they should always be placed above want, in order to be proper instruments in the hands of spirits. An embarrassed mind is a poor channel for communication with the spirit world.

LETTER FROM MICHIGAN.

WHITE PIGEON, MICHIGAN,

January 26, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—The beautiful unfolding of your beautiful Banner of Light is a source of great joy to me, for I find within its luminous folds much to cheer me, much to guide and bless me, and very much to satisfy the wants of my spiritual nature.

Spiritualism, until recently, made but little progress in this beautiful, yet benighted section. The priests had it all their own way; and thundered their anathemas, and preached their benumbing dogmas, without opposition. The advent of a few Spiritualists among them, of whom Mr. R. Hawkins was one, set them going again. But notwithstanding this, the people looked to see her, and received many convincing tests. These were proclaimed far and wide, and, as a consequence, Spiritualism became the great topic of discussion. About this time, Ex-Rév. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, delivered a lecture here on this all-absorbing theme. He was greeted with a very good house, and promised to visit us again. He did so, and a crowded house listened to his glowing eloquence in defence of the doctrine of Spiritual Intercourse. One of our clergymen had preached some three or four times in opposition, but he broke down at last, confessing that he was in a fog; that he could not comprehend it, though previously he had made the astounding discovery that it was the action of mind upon mind in the flesh. Next week we are to have Mr. Peebles here again, and if the weather is fine, the house, large as it is, will not hold the numbers desiring to hear him. I will write again.

Yours, in the faith,

J. L. HACKSTAFF.

L. K. COONLEY AT THE WEST.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—I intended to have written you before, but in traveling from place to place, and being constantly changing salutations with those ever anxious to "have a sitting" with the medium just arrived, you must be aware how difficult it may be to write. The few hours of seclusion snatched from the public gaze, is needed for resuscitation or communion with the inner forces, to gain strength to meet the coming demand. Many think that the public mediums must have "a glorious time." Well, in some respects, perhaps they do. They meet with kind friends almost everywhere—at least I do—for which they are ever thankful—at least I am. I am but a "new medium" yet, and perchance I may find things different by and by; but, thus far, I have not met with a single public traveling medium, on whose family altar burns the holy incense of united love—that strong internal power which can bid defiance to the whirlwinds of passion, and send a thrill of heavenly delight beneath the raging storms of busy life. Why is it so? Cannot the human soul be reached, and attuned to angel-thought, without desolating first the holiest ties of physical nature? Come, ye moral philosophers, tell us why, from time to time, record of the human race, those channels through which angel-truths have reached the earthly plane, have all been stricken dumb? You know it has passed to a proverb, that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Since I left Massachusetts, the last of November, I

have lectured in the following places:—Waterford ten times, Hudson twice, Utica twice, Syracuse four, and this place twice. I lecture here again next Sabbath afternoon and evening. The audiences are generally good, but the collections to defray expenses are small, because those who are most interested have not the pecuniary means. This is the place where Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch first became the channel for angel eloquence; and she is deeply loved here. This, too, is the place where your Brother Editor, T. G. Forster, met with such signal success. There are warm hearts here, that cling round the chosen messengers of heaven's celestial truths. Buffalo is a beautiful place,—streets wide and clean.

Since I left your place, I have been going into a new development of medium power. It is the reading of character, by colors. It becomes very interesting to me to close my eyelids, and by the assistance of one who was an Italian Monk-artist, the emanations of each individual are subject to the rays of light, like the prism, by which reflection, on the inner sight, with a spirit language, being taught me by that artist, I know almost always just what kind of a character I am associating with.

The Banner of Light is quite a favorite here.

Yours truly, L. K. COONLEY.

SECOND VISION.

CHARLESTOWN, Jan., 1858.

Mr. Editor.—A few evenings since I listened to a lecture by E. P. Whipple, Esq., before the Literary Association of Somerville. The subject was JOAN OF ARC.

I think it one of his happiest efforts. There was a clearness and beauty of delineation, a richness and fervor of eloquence which riveted the attention of the entire audience. The happy manner of the orator made her live, and breathe, and have a being there, not much less among those not styled clairvoyant than to the clairvoyant. We saw her in the fullness of her form a little back of the speaker, with her crucifix, occasionally lifting her eyes and motioning her lips as if talking with spirits higher up. Her presence added force and beauty to the speaker's conception. I attributed the vision to the influence of his eloquence on my fancy. Yet I involuntarily asked if I could be deceived, and was answered not; and was assured by her if I would commit the fact to paper she would appear before me. Such was the case.

The thought of the speaker, his study of the subject, stirred that ocean of thought in that plane of which she belonged. Or, perhaps, by the speaker's study, he became negative to her angelic spirit; his genius raying out, drawing from her living lips the fervor through the organism of his brain, that bundle of telegraphic wires in every human being, with more or less powerful magnets, according to man's moral and intellectual power.

Spirits say that they are thus telegraphed to an interview; and from our own experience we cannot doubt the fact; that is, spirits on the same plane. If we go to a medium lower than ourself in the moral and intellectual scale for light, our answers can be none other than advice from ignorant living men. Or if we seek those far above and beyond us, with whom there is no affinity, our calls will be in vain. True, there may be spirits answering to those great names, who perhaps think they are great, as weak people in the form think themselves shrewd.

Again, we have yet to learn that our friends become truly wise and pure on putting off the form. We think the above remark applicable to the acknowledged wise and good.

Again, mediums often misapprehend communications, the mode being imperfect and defective, which is one great source of conflicting statements of spirits. Add this to the foregoing, and it is wonderful that we have so much light and truth.

G. ROBBINS.

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."

Touched by a thought of truth divine,
Our hearts would rise to God, our life;
Or, feeling here the free, inspiring glow of love,
Would worship in His presence now.

As the intelligent mind surveys the free, yet united and harmonious action and combination of the forces of nature, and sees them producing the heavens in all their exceeding splendor, and the earth with all its brilliancy of varied animal, vegetable, and inorganic phenomena, it stands ready to own the wisdom, the judgment, and the munificence of the producing cause.

But none of these forms of life will respond to the deep soul-yearnings of his love for companionship and affectional life, so he turns to his human kind, and asks for wisdom—asks for the why and the wherefore of this whole realm of nature, and the origin and destiny of human life, and they tell of the good of outward things, of the enjoyments of sense attractions, and the value of physical forces, to enrich man with palatial residences, fertile lands, and the fame of wealth and knowledge.

And now, pausing amid the resources of sense, the mind interrogates itself for some sympathizing voice of the future to answer to the sentient vibrations of life which burn unquenched amid the joys of the present sight life. Wearied and burdened in the exercise of its own capacities, it asks for a sustaining cause, and for a certain endurance beyond the labors of this visible life. Thus having a vacuum, an unsupplied want, Nature and the God of his being will supply the demand. From the interior depths of the mind is heard a conviction which bids him seek and he shall find. Thus prepared to hear the heavenly voice, angelic whispers reach the latent mind, and yielding to the soul-stirring impulse which moves that life which lies hidden from mortal sight, he gains harmonious action with a new and living world of intelligent agencies, and his tongue gives utterance to thoughts from superior points of observation.

Dubuque, Iowa.

MISS AMEY AT HINGHAM.

MESSES. EDITORS.—Our citizens again responded to an invitation to partake of that bread which cometh down from heaven, and is served out through this lady, as a trance speaker, on Sunday evening last, by a house filled to overflowing, with respectable, yet, more, attentive and interested listeners. A full half hour before the appointed time, Loring Hall was filled as it was never filled before, and very many went away, unable to get in.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke, of South Hingham, commenced the services of the evening by reading a very appropriate selection from the 17th chapter of St. Matthew, known as the "transfiguration of Christ," after which, and the singing of a hymn by a select choir, Miss A., as the mouth-piece of a dweller in the spirit-land, offered up to the "God of the spirits of all flesh," a prayer such as only one who realizes what he is seeking for can offer. Following this,

were a few introductory remarks, and a proposal to the audience to speak upon any subject that might be named by any individual present, or selected by a committee chosen by the audience for that purpose. A gentleman well known in this immediate vicinity, proposed that the "Conversion of Paul" be made the subject for discussion by the spirit, at that time. So the conversion of the persecuting Pharisee, Saul, was made the subject, and discussed in a plain, unheating manner, the speaker pretending to not more than an opinion upon the matter, and gave it as such to the audience, to be by them accepted or rejected. So strongly did the ground taken commend itself to reason, and so well did it harmonize with the Scripture record, that the hearer found it accepted of the mind before he was hardly aware of it.

At the close of the remarks on the subject discussed, an invitation was given to any one in the audience that desired to ask any questions to do so, on that subject or any other relating to Spiritualism and mediums, but no one was disposed to avail himself of the privilege. To conclude, a poem of considerable length, the subject being proposed from the audience, was improvised, which was received with universal satisfaction, which delighted while it amazed.—Hingham Gazette.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

NO. VI.

MY DEAR W.—This channel of communion is again opened to me, and I gladly sail my little bark of thought upon its pleasant waters. Receive it; it is freighted with love; hope sits smiling at its bow, while faith and truth are trimming its sails; and it is laden with the fruits and flowers of our eternal clime. We come from the port of peace, and we would cast anchor in the very depths of your heart—that its deep waters of feeling may be purified and strengthened with the strength and purity of eternal truth and love.

We are no strangers from a strange land, but your own kinsfolk and friends, come to converse awhile upon the things pertaining to everlasting life. And is not all life eternal? Everything born of God must inherit His own eternal, never ending life. You, my dear W., are now as much in the possession of eternal life as we are; as much in a sphere of usefulness and progression; and we would impress these truths upon your mind with all their force and beauty. The natural and the spiritual life have been too long divided by the partition walls of the grave. Silence and sorrow have brooded there, till man has clustered there the regrets of a lifetime, and murky fear has sealed the heart to the beautiful ministration of change and decay.

How could all this mist be so effectually, so naturally, cleared from the understanding, as for those who had passed its solemn boundary to return with their song of gladness, bringing cheering accounts of the land beyond? You hail your returned earthly traveler with honor, give ear to his report; your faith and love go out responding to the tale he brings, though there is not half the identity, the *realness* to the description that we can often give, even in this imperfect stage of communion. You are in the *natural state*, under the *natural law*. He has the long begotten cloud of error and superstition to pierce, which shrouds us in mystery. He appeals to the *natural senses*, while we, through the *natural*, must reach the *understanding* and the *heart*. Therefore our progress is slow; our work performed under many difficulties. But what then? Shall we faint if the shout of victory is long delayed? Though we war with principalities and powers, our reward is not with them; our moving impulse is the progressing action of our spiritual natures, which see a field of exercise, wherein they can benefit man, and perchance raise a new anthem of praise to the Most High!

How can man so fully feel the presence of his Maker, as when his spirit breathes in the inspiration of His love and care, as portrayed in His spiritual universe? God is a spirit; and the spirit only can adore and worship Him. The natural senses may all become avenues of spiritual light, revealing the perfection of His handiwork, but not that *light itself*. When the taper of spiritual light is burning on the altar of human affection, how the whole circumference of thought and being is illuminated with divine and holy love! The deep sympathies of the soul are alive and active; it is no longer *mine and thine*, but the kingdom of God is around, above and beneath, and in His love we live, breathe and have our being. This is the realization of our spiritual experience; its sources and secret springs were all hid in our natural life. As the acorn, in its tiny form, contains the germ of the stately oak, so all joy and perfection is daguerrotyped upon our spirits, in their earthly sojourn, to be developed by education, circumstance and the discipline of life.

There is a mighty truth for man to receive! All heaven is within him awaiting change and development to bring it into existence. He has been taught to look upon himself as depraved, debarrd by his very nature from God and truth, and he has turned to depravity, saying, thou art my portion—stilling the deep yearnings of the soul, that, in the watching hours of thought, called out unto God—he has said unto corruption, thou art my brother. The beauty, the delight, the glory of the universe have fallen in sickening sadness upon the darkened vision of his soul, mocking it with a joy in which he could not partake. How many an anguished spirit has exclaimed in its bitterness, Oh, that I were a bird, that I might sing and rejoice! Why was I born thirsting after a righteousness to which I can never attain?

The church has opened its arms, saying, here is peace; its altar is spread with bread and wine; but are its partakers so satisfied that they thirst no more? It was not the bread and wine the Saviour gave his disciples that satisfied them; but the *spirit of His presence and power*, that gave them comfort and peace. The springs of human feeling lie too deep to be reached by the artificial forms of faith.

We know there are those whose spiritual perceptions are so alive to spiritual influences, that whether within or without the church, they see God in everything; every changing breeze bears with it their own note of harmonious praise; but it is not so with the hungry multitude, and we would sit with them again upon the grass and feed them with the bread of life. We say to him that is holy, be holy still—but "to every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters of everlasting life." Come, and through the resurrection of your own powers, see a God, above, around, and beneath you, waiting to be gracious; and, as you realize this great principle of truth and salvation, let each day bear testimony to the world that you have learned of Jesus. *For the spiritual and immortal life is in that which we see, and that which we see is in that which we know.*

The Messenger.

acter. Then shall you be sustained by angels and ministering spirits of truth, becoming lights to the darkened and lamps to the unwary, and time shall ripen for you the fruits of eternity. This is no idle dream of fancy—no product of the imagination that we portray, but the reality of that life which is born of God, and which must render unto Him its spirit. Would that we could use language powerful enough to fix this fact deep on the tablets of human thought. We can only plant the seed our Father has given, watering it with tears and with prayers; the increase must come from his own quickening spirit within. Into His hands we commit our work, humbly asking strength to do all His will, that we may walk His courts with a pure heart blameless.

Dear W., can you wonder with all this force of thought and knowledge before me, with a heart full of devout and holy love for you, that I could almost rend the veil between, so that you may know and love all truth and righteousness, to become even in the earth sphere a ministering angel unto others? It is not enough that I see you striving to walk in the paths of righteousness; be a *living life unto many*. Thy pattern is bright before thee—He went about doing good. Enlarge all thy faculties of benevolence and usefulness; see in every sufferer, a brother looking unto thee for help. The great spiritual wants of the age are daily opened to your view; you have eaten of the bread of everlasting life—give unto thy neighbor. The wants, doubts and cares of the spirit are making greater inroads upon peace and happiness, than even the great needs of a physical nature. These you can relieve without money and without price. Aye, feed again the five thousand, and your fragment-baskets shall yet be full. Do I ask too much?—those who love much may require much. No selfish or impure feeling is in my soul, in thus coming to you. Before God I can ask a blessing upon its every thought. It is that you may glorify Him in all your powers, may know Him within yourself, and enjoy the peace of His salvation. A little while and the cares, the perplexities will cease to annoy, for the spirit in the mortal frame will be laid aside, that it may be born into its spiritual existence. Then the acorn of truth will show forth its oak of principle, and together we will sit under its beautiful shade, thanking God for all the manifestations of his power and love, and gather strength to go on and on in our mission of righteousness.

What though the false prophet come to thee with his report?—thine own heart discerns the untruthfulness thereof—be not dismayed—be firm in truth and principle, and even the deadly thing shall fall harmless from thee. Keep thine own garments white and pure in the law of the Lamb, and though the impure are around thee, thou shalt be undefiled. Nay, shrink not—thou hast a mission with such! Spirits are thronging to earth, seeking channels of light; their earth life was choked and impeded with error and weeds, and through natural principle and experience only can they redeem that portion of their life to make it fit for spiritual culture!

They meet you as you seek our courts; some kind angel points to you as one to give them light. They walk with you as you delineate principle; as you in thought and act are pure, you purify them. They learn that there is a reality in truth, meekness and love; a new light breaks upon them, and they would know of the peace that possesses your soul. They return asking to be instructed in the ways of righteousness. They were skeptical of all this on earth, and only through a mortal, subject to the same temptations as themselves, can they be convinced. This is no new thing; but man is able now to understand more of the bountiful providence of God's laws. You will meet these regenerated brothers in the spirit world, and as the blessings of those ready to perish are given you, you will realize more than I can describe, the good that is done by uprightness and firmness in principle and action.

Oh! the great chain of being and action our God has woven around us!—we are all links one with another—each connected with all—and all with God!

Be watchful, then; be near God in all thy thoughts and actions, and thou shalt lead many of His children unto Him. His good angels will be ever near thee and have thee in keeping that thy feet fall not.

And what shall my spirit say for itself? Thou knowest its deep love—its aspirations of righteousness for thee—thou feelst its throbbing joy—its earnest prayer is answered in thy performance of duty. Every self-sacrifice is a treasure on the altar of our love—every tear, every prayer, a gathered pearl for the crown of thy rejoicing! I would so fold thee in the love of God our Father, that the earth be to thee a footstool of duty, while all Heaven is radiant above thee with the peace of well-doing!

And now, oh Father! bless us all with Thy spirit of love. May the peace of Thy benediction rest upon us. May Thy ministering spirits of truth and purity be ever near, and may our hearts be open to receive their messages of wisdom, that spirits and mortals may know Thee and the peace of Thy law. Our Father, bless us, Thy children, seeking Thee; and to Thee be the praise and glory, forever and ever.

In His name and in His love, dear W., farewell till we meet again. Yours, A.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

We were somewhat startled recently, in reading some of the Theological writings of John Calvin to find that he entertained such sentiments as are found in the paragraph which we quote below. After maintaining that the Sabbath was more than anything else a day for the observance of the ceremonies of the Jews, he continues:

But all that is contained of a ceremonial nature, was, without doubt, abolished by the advent of the Lord Christ. For he is the Truth, at whose presence all figures disappear: he is the light, at the sight of which all the shadows are extinguished. He, I say, is the true fulfillment of the Sabbath. Having been buried with him by baptism, we have been planted together by the likeness of his death, that being partakers of his resurrection, we may walk in the newness of life. Therefore, the Apostle says in another place, that "the Sabbath was a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." That is, the real substance of the truth, which he has beautifully explained in that passage. This is contained, not in one day, but in the whole course of our life, till, being wholly dead to ourselves, we be filled with the life of God. Christians, therefore, ought to depart from all superstitious observance of days.—*Institutes of the Christian Religion, Book II, Chapter VIII.*

THE RIGHT KIND OF FEAR.

If thou desire to be truly valiant, fear to do any injury. He that fears not to do evil, is always afraid to suffer evil. He that never fears, is desperate, and he that fears always is a coward; he is the true valiant man, who dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought.

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

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 *Fitwigs*, liable to err like ourselves.

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.

The communications spoken by the medium on the afternoon of Friday, January 23, are placed in order below this note, to show the reader the variety of character represented by the medium, in a sitting of less than two hours. Each of these spirits displayed the same wide difference in manner of speech and action, as in sentiment. The impersonation of character is oftentimes an interesting and wonderful as seen upon a stage by a good delineator of character.

Elizabeth Bernard.

I have a companion in your home; to him I would commune. At the time I speak through your medium a vast sheet of water divides us; for he is in Europe, while I, in spirit, am here with you. I was married but one year previous to my death; my disease was consumption. My name was Elizabeth Bernard. My husband was away when I took sick and died. He was then in the East Indies, and he often says to himself, "Oh, how I wish I could receive a message from one I love so well! If spirit-coming is true, why does he not seek some medium to give a message to me?" But he does not think that his presence is needed, with most mediums, to give me power. Oh, tell him I send a blessing and a thousand promises, and that as long as the path to earth is open, I will try to come to him. Tell him that when he is happy, I am happy; that I grieve to see him sad, and want him to prepare to meet me when this dark scene of disease is left.

I was an orphan—all my mother's family passed away, some by accident, some by disease, and my father's family also are gathered in to the spirit land. I at last fell when I expected to live a long and happy life. Farewell. Friday, Jan. 23.

Thomas Wakefield.

I have more power in communicating physically than mentally, therefore pardon all mistakes I make. My name is Thomas Wakefield. I have been dead four years, and came to the spirit world by accident. I possessed a very strong physical form, and my spirit was divested of that form in less than two seconds of time, and I feel the same physical force as I had on earth, and cannot seem to divest myself of it. As I have so much, I remain on earth; that is my home; had I less, I should ascend quicker. I was killed on the cars. I have communicated through various mediums, but never in this way. I can give you as many physical manifestations as you call for, if you give me a proper medium. I think in time I shall learn to control well enough to speak and give you many valuable ideas. I have learned much since I left one life, and gained another. I have learned much by coming to mediums. One especially has taught me more than others. He always welcomes me, and gives me many things to aid me on in my journey, for which I take occasion here to thank him. You may ask, Who is this medium? I shall answer, that matters not. He will understand it; he is a stranger here. It is a hard thing to be shuffled off this mortal sphere, without saying your prayers; but I think I was on earth again, I should like to go quick, though I should not like to know of it. Do you suppose had I known what I should have suffered, I should have stepped on board the cars? Oh, no, yet it was the best thing which ever befell me. I should have lived longer on earth, and the sphere I dwell in on earth, and my acquaintances, would have made me die by disease and remorse. So you see God is wise in all He does. My friends have asked me to tell them what my sensations were when I first left earth. My first sensation was fear; my second wonder; my third a sense of quiet. Something seemed to steal over me which wooed me to quiet, and I did rest, for I remembered nothing for some weeks after that. Then I asked, How long will it be before I can return to earth? For I knew of Spiritualism. I heard bad reports and good reports of it, and I formed an opinion that it was a mixture of good and evil; but thought that after I passed from earth, I should see what I could do in coming back. I have nothing more to say, except to thank you, and request you to publish what I have given you in the "Spirit Paper." My friend will see it. Friday, Jan. 23.

J. D. Fisher.

This was given in consequence of an expression of opinion by a friend who was with us, relating to the peculiar effect left upon the medium by the spirit of E. Bernard; it being with some difficulty that she was restored to consciousness.

It seems to be strange to many, that spirits, on coming back, sometimes bring with them that which seems to you to be the disease of the old form they have laid down.

A word by way of explanation will not be amiss. It is not that spirits retain disease; that cannot be—it is not that the disease is thrown upon the medium, for that cannot be. The oversight is upon the part of the spirit, who, by its ignorance, on coming to earth, generally makes trouble, by not controlling his own mind.

Now the spirit, in coming back to reanimate a mortal form, naturally begets in memory a quickening of that which was most deeply impressed upon the spirit. If he suffered exceedingly, that will come back in vividness when he again reanimates a mortal form; and this is so powerfully impressed upon the medium, that she feels all the symptoms of the disease.

Now I will account for this by and under the same laws as you account for the sudden destruction of life.

Here is a party in apparent health, who hears of some sudden calamity, in so unexpected a manner, that it so gains control of him, or possession of him, that it breaks the connection between the spiritual and physical elements of his being, and causes death. Now if this dread, produced by remembrance of suffering, was thrown on the medium, when in full control, it would have the same tendency, and in perpetrate cause death; but it is not imparted to the medium until the spirit is leaving, for then the spirit generally suffers the same as when he left his own mortal form. The disease is not there, but the imagination gives the power, and so impresses the organs of the medium, that she feels the same pain as the spirit remembers to have felt, and at the time pictures in his imagination.

The utmost care should be exercised at all times, when spirits of all grades come through a medium, and God, in His wisdom and love, has appointed some one of us to take care of those bodies, which spirits are permitted to use for good.

If the spirit, through ignorance, should break the connection between the spirit of the medium and her body, it would not be accounted to his fault; but it is our business to hinder these disasters.

There is a large field to be canvassed in this subject. At present we can only satisfy our mediums by telling them that we will care for them as God gives us power; in the future we will give them such explanations as they need; but they are not fit to understand it now. Were the conditions of the medium different, I would explain to you more fully, but as they are not, I leave. Friday, Jan. 23.

Rusk, of Texas.

The poet declares, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough how they come; as we may." Now if he had referred to the end of our natural existence, then I am mistaken; I cannot agree with him. I would to God I could—that my soul could respond

amen to that, but I cannot. Now if I felt destined that I should commit suicide, why am I kept in torment; why do the sins of my life glare at me like so many fiends? If man is the creature of destiny, how vain is it for him to seek to fashion his own course! how vain to seek for heaven when hell is assigned him! A Destiny! an overruling Providence! the hand of Jehovah guideth and directeth all things here! I would to God I could believe it; that I could cast off the stain that still besmears my garments. Oh, I cannot believe it. I believe man is his own free agent. I do not believe Jehovah wills that he sins; that he should cast off his earth existence by his own hand. I cannot believe it, for if I do, I must cast down the divinity of God, and call Him Demon. For weeks previous to my committing that fatal act, it seemed as though some demon was hurrying me on to ruin, and almost every day of my life he said, "You are not wanted on earth; you will suffer if you tarry longer there; come up here where there is life." And I yielded obedience to that I call devil, gave up my own reason, and did that for which I now suffer almost eternal sorrow. I am told in time I shall rise, outlive this sorrow, and that my sin will have been atoned for by my exertions. I am told in my coming here, to-day, I lay the cornerstone of my future happiness. I believe it, for those who told me, will not lie; and I therefore take up the cross, and enter the field of labor with all my soul, which, thank God, is left me yet. I now fully realize the enormity of my sin, and I fully realize that I am to be my own saviour; and in completing my salvation, I must be humble, obedient, yielding my will to those superior to me.

Yes, my friend, I believed I was destined to fill a suicide's grave. I could not get rid of it; sleeping or waking it was ever present with me—it filled my soul. If I had not listened to the voice of the tempter, I might have occupied a high position in your land. But the evil forces were against me, and I trusted in my own weakness, and I ushered my soul, unbidden by God, into the presence of spirits.

Some called me insane. I was never more sane than when contemplating that for which I now mourn. Ere I go, suffer me to beg of the deluded ones dwelling here on earth, to stop, consider and be wise; and when Satan tempts them, say, "Get thee behind me," as did Jesus. I considered myself destined to that fate, and I pray God that those who are coming up the hill of life, will see this beacon light I have given them, and shun the temptations of the evil influences which are striving to lead them into sin. Oh, I wish to God I could speak through such a medium as I might select, to thousands. Yet I am content that it is the will of God that I come here to-day, and no where else. I have a blessing for my friends, they who were connected with me in public and private life. I would say to them the time I know is coming when I shall enjoy true happiness, which will be all the more joyous and bright, that I have labored hard to ensure it.

Call me Rusk—that will do, for the present. In answer to a question if he knew the influences which attacked him, he replied:—

By reason of weakness, within myself, spiritual and natural, the influences which are always singling out victims on whom to shed their influence, singled me out, and as I relied on my own strength I fell. Thus I am as I am, my form filling a suicide's grave, my spirit mourning over that form it was so ruthlessly torn from.

Oh, that the American nation might receive the light that is being given to them! I pray for them, I labor for them, and as long as I have power to labor for the inhabitants of earth, I shall labor for this dear nation. Jan. 23.

Patrick Duffy to the Priest and his Brother.

God, I'm here myself how, and I said I'd come, too. I tell you I got something to do. Curse the priest—it's the last word I said when I died, and I say it now. Curse the priest; I sent for him, but he was too lazy to come. Two years has gone, and I'm here, and fore two years was gone, I was in Boston. I was an honest man, and worked hard. I drank some rum, but not too much. I got hurt, and the doctors said I must die, and I sent for the priest, but he did not come. I said I'd haunt him, and I will. I'm not so deep in purgatory but I can get myself out.

You see I was a decent man, and I ought to have been cared for; and I lived in Broad street in Boston, and I went to Franklin street church in Boston, and I was always loyal to the church—curse if I am now, though. I did not like it then, and I don't like it now, that the priest did not come. It was night, and he wouldn't come. I died, and was buried without a priest, and here I am now; no thanks to him either. I prayed myself out.

In the cold weather I shoveled snow and saved wood, and in warm weather carried mortar for the masons; I worked for what I got, and owed nobody; if I wanted a glass of rum I paid for it—if I wanted a pound of meat I paid for it; and I paid the priest more money than he will ever get out of me again. If the priest had come, I should have given him some money, but he didn't, and I gave it to my brother, who is a decent man, working in Lawrence, and I think that was best. He's as decent a looking chap as you Yankees can be. I don't say anything about myself. If I had not been a decent man I should not have got here to-day. I came to damn the priest, and I have done it. He may be a good sometimes, but he wasn't good to me. If a man knocked me down the next breath, I'd say he was a rascal. I don't want any of his prayers, for they would not go higher than the crown of his old hat. I'm going to tell you my name, else the devil would know who I am. My last name is Duffy, and the first Patrick—the best name that ever lived. If I thought Patrick was as bad as the priest, I'd quit him and hate the name, though. I want to say a word to my brother—his name is James, and he is in Lawrence, Mass. He has gone there since I died, and I want him not to give a cent of money to the priest—none of mine. I'll haunt him till he gets better. It's my lookout to come, and it's yours to see it printed. They tell me to be careful what I say, for it goes into the prints, but I have told the truth, and always did. Good bye now.

Friday, Jan. 23.

We never place implicit confidence in a spirit of the character this one displays. It shows individuality, and he doubtless reflects all the light there is in him. We cannot debar such from manifesting, and would not if we could. However low he may be in the ladder of progression, there is room for him to go higher; and even this rough message may be seed sown, which shall yield him fruit.

Aunt Betsey to Massa Lindsey.

I should like to speak. I've got a message. Old massa and missus is here and can't talk, and sends me to talk to young Massa Benjamin. I've live in Massa Lindsey's family long time. They's good to me, and now old massa and missus is here. Aunt Betsey is here, too—that's me.

Young Massa George wants to send message to young massa. Wants him to hear her when she come nights to make sounds, and wants him to go to medium to hear from old Massa Benjamin. Massa got something to say to young massa. Young massa good. Do Lord bless young massa! old time, and He bless everybody. I used take young massa when he's little—his big now. Massa George here wid me dis minute—now—and wants you tell him. You puts your direction, Aunt Betsey to Massa Lindsey.

Now let me fix mine to it. You fix it just so. The spirit insisted upon taking our pen and affixing a cross, as illiterate persons do, to the above, when she continued:—

Massa learn me to do that. Massa lives here now. Old Massa Lindsey been here most two years. Massa George says I've alive by my free will. I was bound once, but I like Massa Lindsey and Leta. I goes all round with massa on earth. Heaps of love

I want to say, too; I never speak before, this way; I speak something to Massa Lindsey when he's alone, but he don't hear me; now I speaks for old massa and young Massa George. Good bye. Jan. 23.

Joseph Foster, Boston.

I am not used to speaking through mediums. I was one of those unfortunate beings who met an untimely death on board the Lexington. Some time has passed since then. I have friends in Boston, in New Hampshire, in Vermont, and in Maine, and they are anxious to hear from me, if spirit-coming is true—and therefore I am here to-day. I cannot speak as fluently as I wish, but I can give you something.

I was young, and filled with many bright hopes of the future; and when I stepped foot on board that ill-fated vessel, I little thought I should never see home again. An old man who stood by my side ten minutes before I went to my house, I shall never forget. He said, Young man, we are standing between death and eternal life; let us pray God he will give us a better portion. That was the first time I really realized my danger, and my situation did not fail to call forth from me what every moment should bring forth—affection for those on earth.

Since my death I have sought to commune, and have, a little, by writing, but not in public, as I now commune. You are a stranger to me, and I can have no object in coming here, except to reach my friends. Some of those I love have followed me, while others still live on earth. To those I will say, while you enjoy health and happiness, seek to merit happiness for the future; not do as I did, living to the last moment without a thought of a better life. I had much to make me unhappy when I first came here, for the sins I committed on earth, I have had to atone for in what I once called Heaven.

My employment since I have been here, has been learning and teaching—striving to learn the laws of communication with mortals. I have also been attending the death-bed of many of my friends, striving to make the birth of the spirit to its proper home easier. I have been doing things too numerous to mention, in fact. I will strive to come again. Thursday, Jan. 23th.

Evans, shot in California.

I'm shot, I tell you I'm shot. Where am I? Am I in Boston? Then I'm dead! My God, you take it cool! I got shot in a fight. I'm sick all over. Are you dead? Then how can I talk to you? (We explained to him this new phase of life, and asked him if he had not heard of Spiritualism.) This is Spiritualism, you say? Curse it, there's no such thing! Maxwell shot me—do you know me? My name is Evans. I got shot in California. Did you ask when? Why, now. What year was it? It was 1864. (Then, said we, you have been shot four years, instead of just now.) Don't lie to me—you say it is 1868. Don't lie—I'm strong now, I tell you. (We told him we were here to give him truth, and help him to happiness, if it was his desire to receive it.) I come here to be revenged on Maxwell. He shot me, buried me, and he is there now. It is dark as midnight here; I can't see. I was brought here.

The last thing he said to me when he shot me, was that he would take me to a hospital. We fought about money which was mine, and he got it. I was about thirty-one years old. I have a mother and one sister in Rhode Island. I am just waked up—my head was in a perfect whirl when I came here, but I am better now. The place where I was shot was Craig's Valley.

Will you tell my folks I am dead? I was a printer. Tell my mother I was shot—that I had property, but she will never get it, because the devil that shot me has got it. Tell her to sell the things I left. Oh, Lizzie! she begged me so hard not to go, and told me that she did not expect to see me again, that I do not want to talk to them. Tell Johnny to be a good boy, and do right on earth.

I never stayed in Boston more than two months at a time. I lived in Fawcett. I knew Barnes, Smith, Wilson, Hines, Sherman, and I knew old Potter. Gods of war, how hot you are here! You say I have been asleep all this time? Four years—all that time! Well, if it's 1868 now, God has been asleep, and I have, and I guess it is me. I have waked up to something that is confounded strange, that is sure.

I went to California when the fever started. I made much and lost more—my life last. Maxwell and I camped together; he was a cousin I fell in with going out; he said he belonged in Rhode Island, but I don't believe it, though. Tell him so. Well, we went together, and made money together. We were something like five miles from any other camp—had a good place—a rich one. One night we got disputing about the gold that was washed out that day. I always trusted him to divide it, but he cheated on that night, and I saw it, and I saw by that, where he had cheated a number of times before, and I told him so. He said I lied, and told him if he said that again I would slap his face. He did, and I kept my promise, and he shot me. I think he always meant to get money at any rate, and that he had had this plan in his head for some time. He told me he was sorry for what he had done, that he would take care of me, he would carry me to a hospital; but I knew there was none near, and that he lied to me, and that I should die, and that is the last I knew, till I heard a voice, and it bade me follow, and led me here. I could not see a bit, but could hear you talk, and the voice asked me if I did not want to talk to some one I had known on earth, and I said I would. (Well, he put my hand upon this person's head, (the medium,) and told me to wish as hard as I could to come, and the first I knew after that I was here.

Now the voice tells me I must leave, and I have got to die over again. Well, if I must, I must. Wednesday, Jan. 23.

It will be at once seen that this spirit is in spiritual darkness—what some would call an evil spirit. Whether implicit confidence is to be placed upon his statement, is yet to be ascertained by inquiry. We have a right to doubt such, for it is evident that this is his first lesson in Spiritualism, and that he passed out of the world in anger, has been punished for it by the spiritual darkness he has been kept in for four years, the consequence of going to the spirit land by violence and in sin, and returns with but little better feelings than when he left. This is his first lesson; in time he will become sensible of his error, and we shall probably hear from him in a far different manner. It is a question, too, how far he might be able, under such circumstances, to so magnetize a medium, as to have complete control of her. There is doubtless much truth in what he says, but there may be some error. We should always exercise our own judgment upon such cases.

Mary Ann Davis, to her daughter Mary, in New York.

Oh, dear, I'm so miserable! I wish I could die. I don't see what I live for. A long story mine is, almost without end. I stood by listening, and heard what that man said, (Rusk) and I thought if he had so much to be sorry for, I did not know what I had got to do.

I was born of respectable parents in Vermont, in a place called Johnston. My name was Davis—Mary Ann Davis. I lived there until my father and mother died, then I came to live with an uncle in Manchester, N. H. I lived with him till I was old enough to work in the mills, then went into the Stark mills and worked there till I married one William Graham, and we moved to Wisconsin as soon as we married. I lived there four years in a place called Murray. I had two children; one died and the other I'll tell you more about by and bye. After living there four years, my husband was killed, and I was left all alone, with the exception of my daughter. I had some money, and I kept thinking all the winter of coming to New York to work. In the spring I came, and brought my child. I stayed there most two years, sometimes getting work, and sometimes

not. After a while I got so unhappy that I could not take care of myself and child, that I took to drink, and poor Mary went about begging. I drank till I suppose I was a little out of my head. I was so miserable I thought I would go out, try to get something respectable to do, and if I could, I would never drink any more; if I could not I would kill myself. I tried all day and the next day, and I found nothing. I went home, drank as much as I could drink, until I died, and I am told I did not live but a few days. Poor Mary! she was left alone. I did not see her at first much, though I tried to watch over her, but I see her better now. Poor child, she was kicked about, and everything bad befell her. I could tell you much if I dared, but I won't. William says she will get this, and do what I want her to. I hope she will, but I do not know. I want her to get married to the one who loves her so well; and to tell her that if she goes off where she thinks of going, she'll never be happy. I have not a word to say as to what she has done, for it was all my fault. She cannot read or write. I had a good education—she has none. Poor child! I used to talk so much about her father, she used to say who she knew who would have loved him if he had lived. Tell her her father wants her to do what I have said. The mother of the young man is here with me, and she says he is a good boy, and that she knows he will be good to her. Tell Mary to go to a medium and I will try to talk with her. William says he will get this to Mary—he has gone back to her now, and he said it was best for me to come here. Good bye—I'm going now. Thursday, Jan. 23.

Alphous French.

Much time has gone by since I was here. Many changes have been made; some for the better—more have made things worse. I do not come to earth in grief. What though I do not see things just as I would like to see them! I do not see things—they do not cause me one moment of real unhappiness, for I know the end will be better than the beginning. But I confess I am exceedingly anxious in regard to the affairs of those I love. One of my children says, "If Spiritualism be indeed true, why cannot spirits do a great many things they do not do? If they cannot do what we ask them to, cannot they find some way of informing us of that fact?" Well, it is to inform them upon such, that I am here to-day. I do not come to prove the truth or falsity of spirit power to any of my friends. I know God will take care of His own work, and in His own time His temple will be finished, and according to His own taste. I have often been requested to come here and commune, and let me say within the soul, the time has not been for me until the present. It was because I could not come, not because I was not anxious to answer their call. In regard to certain things that I have been requested to assist in, I will now answer. Man, and the spirit of man, purposes to do certain things—God rules. We may seek to draw all men unto the Kingdom of Heaven in a moment of time, but our seeking would not do it. We desire to make all happy, and if all would strive as hard as we strive to reach the goal of happiness, they might be far happier than they are at the present time. The question has been asked, "Father, will you aid me in a certain undertaking?" I answer Yes, as far as the Great Father wills—no farther.

It has been asked, Father do you see me in my present condition? I answer yes, and am striving to aid all I can. But in turn I ask him to seek, and continue to seek, and with faith. God is wise, and however foolish his rule may seem to mortals, it is so in appearance, not in reality.

God aid me to aid my earth kindred, has been my prayer ever since I came to the spirit life, and I have received many blessings for returning to earth. It matters not whether I succeed in what I attempt or not. God is as well satisfied with me as though I gathered abundance of fruit from a tree of my own planting.

When in my earthly condition, I was Alphous French. You have all you need now, and I bid you good day. Jan. 25.

William Emerson, Strong, Me.

You don't know me. Well, I used to know you something like 20 years ago. Were you ever acquainted with a boy by the name of William Emerson? Were you ever acquainted with Nelson York? I used to know you when a boy, at Strong, Maine.

Well, time flies round. I've been here ten years, but I don't see that I forget my friends, but they do not recognize me, because I do not bear my own form.

It seems to me that you ought to remember me well. I understand that you have a brother in the spirit land, but I have not seen him. You were called a pretty wild fellow when you were young, up to all sorts of pranks. I know you must know Nelson York, because he did not live far from you. His sister Julia is in the spirit land, they tell me, but I have not seen her. I remember the Martwells there.

When a fellow comes to earth he has to scratch up his memory-box pretty well, in order to satisfy you that he is who he pretends to be.

My father and mother are with me; I have a brother and sister who got married and went away, and I have never been able to get the track of them.

I passed away on the water; I was supercargo, had never been on a voyage to a warm climate before, and I got sick, and that accounts for my being in the spirit land.

It's a good while since then, and there are many changes on earth. A spirit finds as much pleasure in returning to earth, as a man does in getting home from a long voyage. My time has run out and I must bid you good bye. Thursday, Jan. 23.

This was given to a gentleman of this city who accompanied us to the sitting. After awhile he remembered the family of the spirit and his name; the other names the spirit mentioned to prove his knowledge of the place he hailed from on earth, were correct. Notice that two persons have passed from earth to spirit life, yet he had not met them, neither had he been able to track his brother and sister on earth, which proves that they are bound by conditions in spirit life, as well as we in earth life.

Logan.

The spirit communicating, presented himself to the medium, before entrancing her, and she, not being pleased with his appearance, was rather frightened, but after awhile he placed her in the spirit trance, and gave the following:

Hail, Sachems! the Indian comes to add to your council fire and give strength to your medium. Moons come and go, and yet the pale face heedeth not the cry of the Indian. Bravery and skill the Indian finds written on the brow, but within he finds fear. Pale faces, you have mighty souls to follow, great fires to kindle; the wigwam is large, needing much warmth and light, and you call for warmth and light and you get them from the Great Spirit.

Pale Sachem, mighty ones come to your council and you make no obeisance; you heed them not because you see them not. Time will come when you will see and will not fear; now if you saw you would fear. Call for mighty intellects, for big lights, and you will get them.

The Indian sees you standing in mist, and he looks down the future, and he sees you standing in sunlight. Paddle your own canoes. Ask no aid save of the Great Spirit. Pale faces, the sun goes down and the Indian goes home. Jan. 23.

Nathaniel Smith.

Will you oblige your friend Nathaniel Smith by informing his friends in earth life, that he will give the statements required of him as soon as he can control your medium to speak? I was with you some six weeks since, when you examined a letter from my friends—therefore I come. Feb. 1.

Pearls.

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

Silent and dark in the ocean of years,
Back through its mazes when memories float,
Trackless and cold its broad surface appears,
Where the billows close after the canvas borne boat.
Years that have passed I have now and then left
A ripple to show where some billow was cleft.
In the still of a moment, whose motion rolls on,
When the prow that awakened its bubbles is gone.

With not so much what men say, as what they prove,
Remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not
Inventive to appear her comeliness.

God's sand-glass has been shaken—Lo! there falls,
Another of the year-grains. It is thus
Time's sands increase—how imperceptibly—
Grain upon grain—till with their desert arms
They gather in the empire; and enclose
In their long desolate waves, all that is grand
And beautiful—all cities where the kings
Build for renown—for time must—wearly thought—
Ever destroy—vain man must ever build.

To do much good, one must often endure much evil; but it
is better to fix one's eyes habitually on the means of doing
good, than on the evil of enduring evil. The only way to
escape the evils of life is to rise above them.

O thou Great Being, what Thou art
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
All things Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distressed;
Yet sure those ill that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Burn Thou, Almighty, cannot not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must be afflicted,
To suit some wise design;
Then may my soul with firm resolves
To bear, and not repine.—ROMANT DRAMA.

We refine our tastes more effectively by venerating the
grand and lovely, than by detecting the little and mean.

My soul was dark,
But for the golden light and rainbow hue
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God indeed is good! enough to know
Without the gloomy cloud he could reveal
No beautiful bow.—WM. CROSWELL.

Devotion is the sole asylum of human frailty, and the sole
support of heavenly perfection—it is the golden chain of
union between heaven and earth.

Storming the Bastion.

In one of the concluding chapters of Charles Reade's
great story, "White Lies," occurs the following de-
scription of an attack by the French upon the Bastion
St. Andre, during the wars of Napoleon. The picture
of the event has no superior in the language, for
graphic description and fearful interest:—

"This won't do, comrade! I must go. I shall at-
tack from your position. So I shall go down the line,
and bring the men up. Meantime, pick me my de-
tachment. Give me a good spice of veterans. I shall
get one word with you before we go out. God bless
you!"

"God bless you, Raynal!"
The moment Raynal was gone, Camille beckoned a
lieutenant to him, and ordered half the brigade to
form in a strong column on both sides of Death's
Alley.

His eye fell upon Private Dard.
"Come here," said he.
Dard came and saluted.
"Have you anybody at Beaupaire that would be
sorry if you were killed?"

"Yes, Colonel, Jacintha, that used to make your
brother, Colonel."

"Take this line to Colonel Raynal. You will find
him with the 12th brigade."

He wrote a few lines in pencil, folded them, and
Dard went off with them, little dreaming that the
Colonel of his brigade was taking the trouble to save
his life, because he came from Beaupaire. Colonel
Dujardin then went into his tent, and closed the
aperture, and took the good book the priest had given
him, and prayed humbly, and forgave all the world.

Then he sat down, his head in his hands, and
thought of his child, and how hard it was he must
die and never see him. One sad sob at this—one
only.

Then he lighted a candle and sealed up his orders
of valor, and wrote a line begging that they might
be sent to his sister. He also sealed up his purse,
and left a memorandum that the contents should
be given to disabled soldiers of his brigade, upon
their being invalided.

Then he took out Josephine's letter.
"Poor coward," he said, "let me not be unkind.
See, I burn your letter, lest it should be found, and
disturb the peace you prize so highly. I, too, shall
soon be at peace, thank God!" He lighted it and
dropped it on the ground; it burned slowly away.
He eyed it despairingly. "Ay? you perish, last
recoil of an unhappy love; and as you pass away,
so I am going—my soul to my Creator, my body to
dust—ay, poor letter; even so passes away my life
wasted by generals not fit to command a Corporal's
guard—my hopes of glory and my dreams of love—
it all ends to-day; at nine and twenty."

He put his white handkerchief to his eyes. Josephine
had given it him. He cried a little, not at
dying, but at seeing his life thrown away.

When he had done crying, he put his white hand-
kerchief in his bosom, and the whole man was trans-
formed beyond language to express. Powder does
not change more when it catches fire. He rose that
moment, and went like a flash of lightning out of the
tent. The next, he came down like a falcon between
the lines of the strong column to Death's Alley.

"Attention!" cried the Sergeant, "the Colonel!"
There was a dead silence, for the bare sight of that
erect and inspired figure made the men's bosoms
thrill with the certainty of great deeds to come; the
light of battle was in his eye. No longer the moody
Colonel, but a thunderbolt of war, red hot, and wait-
ing to be launched.

"Officers, sergeants and soldiers, a word with
you!"

"La Croix—Attention!"

"Do you know what passed here five minutes
ago?"

"The attack of the bastion was settled!" cried a
Captain.

"It was, and who was to lead the assault? do you
know that?"

"No!"
"A Colored man, Ezzar!"
"A groan from the men."
"With detachments from other brigades!"
"Ah! no! an angry roar."

Colonel Dujardin walked quickly down between
the two lines, looking with his fiery eye into the
men's eyes on his right. Then he came back on the
other side, and as he went, he lighted those men's
eyes with his own. It was a torch passing along a
line of ready gas-lights.

"The work to us!" he cried, in a voice like a clar-
ion, (it fired the hearts as his eye had fired the eyes)
—"the triumph to strangers! Our fatigues and our
losses have not gained the brigade the honor of going
out at those fellows that have killed so many of our
comrades."

A fierce groan from the men.
"What! shall the colors of another brigade, and
not ours, fly from that bastion this afternoon?"
"No! no!" a roar like thunder.

"Ah! you are of my mind. Attention! the at-
tack is fixed for five o'clock. Suppose you and I were
to carry the bastion ten minutes before the colonel
from Egypt can bring his men upon the ground?"

A fierce roar of joy and laughter: the strange
laughter of veterans and born invincibles.

"That was a question I put to your hearts—your
answer?"

The answer was a yell of exulting assent, but it
was half drowned by another response, the thunder
of the impatient drums, and the rattle of fixing
bayonets.

The colonel told off a party to the battery.
"Level the guns at the top tier. Fire at my sig-
nal, and keep firing over our heads, till you see our
colors on the place."

He then darted to the head of the column, which
instantly formed behind him in the centre of Death's
Alley.

"The colors!" No hand but mine shall hold them
to-day."

They were instantly brought him—his left hand
shook them free in the afternoon sun.

A deep murmur of joy from the old hands at the
now unmurmed sight. Out flashed his sword like
steel lightning. He waved it towards the battery.

Bang! bang! bang! bang! went the cannon, and
the smoke rolled over the trenches. At the same mo-
ment up went the colors waving, and the Colonel's
clarion voice pealed high above all—

"Twenty-fourth demi-brigade—forward!"

They went so swiftly out of the trenches that they
were not seen through their own smoke until they
had run some sixty yards. No sooner were they
seen coming like devils through their own smoke,
than two thousand muskets were leveled at them
from all the Prussian line. It was not a rattle of
small arms—it was a crash; and the men fell fast;
but in a moment they were seen to spread out like a
fan, and to offer less mark, and when the fan closed
again, it half encircled the bastion. It was a French
attack. Part swarmed at it in front like bees, part
swept round the glacis and flanked it. They were
seen to fall in numbers, shot down from the embra-
sures. But the living took the place of the dead;
and the fight raged evenly there. Where are the col-
ors? Towards the rear. There the Colonel and a
hundred men are fighting hand to hand with the
Prussians who have charged out of the back doors of
the bastion. Success there, and the bastion must fall
—both sides know this.

All in a moment the colors disappeared. There
was a groan from the French line. No! there they
were again, and close under the bastion.

And now in front the attack was so hot, that often
the Prussian gunners were seen to jump down, driven
from their posts; and the next moment a fierce
hurrah from the rear told that the French had won
some great advantage there. The fire slackening
told a similar tale, and presently down came the
Prussian flag staff. That might be an accident. A
few minutes of thirsting expectation, and up went
the colors of the 24th brigade upon the Bastion St.
Andre.

The whole French army raised a shout that rent
the sky, and their cannon began to play upon the
Prussian lines, and between the bastion and the
nearest fort to prevent a recapture.

Then shot from the earth a cubic acre of fire over
last the bastion was seen; it carried up a heavy
mountain of red and black smoke, that looked solid as
marble. There was a heavy, sullen, tremendous ex-
plosion, that snuffed out the sound of the cannon,
and paralyzed the French and Prussian gunner's
hands, and checked the very beating of their hearts.
Thirty thousand pounds of gunpowder were in that
awful explosion. War itself held its breath, and
both armies like peaceful spectators, gazed wonder-
struck, terror-struck. Great hell seemed to have
burst through the earth's crust, and to be rushing
at heaven. Huge stones, cannon, corpses, and limbs
of soldiers, were seen driven or falling through the
smoke. Some of these last even came quite clear of
the ruins, ay, into the French and Prussian lines,
that even the veterans put their hands to their eyes.
Raynal felt something patter on him from the sky;
it was blood—a comrade's, perhaps. Oh! war!
war!

The smoke cleared. Where a moment before the
great bastion stood and fought, was a monstrous pile
of blackened, bloody stones and timbers, with dis-
mounted cannon sticking up here and there.

And rent and crushed to atoms beneath the smok-
ing mass, lay the relics of the gallant brigade, and
their victorious colors.

A Rochester Duel.

In the year 1842, says the Buffalo Republic, an
extraordinary duel was fought in the suburbs of
the city of Rochester, N. Y., between two young
bloodes of that famous city, that created an immense
sensation, and formed an admirable episode to the
sublime tragedy of burying the "Bear Bones,"
played by the military companies of that terrestrial
paradise.

The facts are these. A young man, named Ron-
ville Fuller, a son of James Canning Fuller, of Skan-
dego, well known to all the philanthropists of
Western New York as a prominent and ultra aboli-
tionist, was studying medicine with Dr. E. M. Moore
of Rochester. Being a young man of spirit, he was
continually getting into scrapes with his fellow stu-
dents, and like Don Quixote of old, was ever on the
lookout for objects on whom to exercise those ably
propagated impressions like gulls in his knightly
bosom.

On a certain occasion a fellow student named
Clarke, played off a practical joke upon him, that
gave mortal offence, and roused all his English
blood.

Clarke tied a rope across the side-walk, just
ahead of Fuller (who, by the way, was escorting a
young lady to an evening lecture)—the consequence
was, a sudden prostration of the interesting couple
upon the muddy pavement, and a picking of them
selves up, with an addition to their outer garments
of not less than four square feet of Rochester ground
paint, laid on in a very masterly manner by nature's
unerring pencil.

Fuller was mortally offended. Nothing but blood,
he averred, could atone for the insult to which his
Dulcinea had been subjected. In the extremity of his
rage he applied to his friend, the local editor of the
Monroe Democrat, who advised him to send a chal-
lenge at once to Clarke. This he did, and the formal
cartel was soon concocted between them, and
served upon the offending youth.

The preliminaries of this extraordinary duel were
thus arranged. A brace of hair-trigger pistols were
borrowed of Joseph McBerry, gunsmith, on Buffalo
street, and duly loaded with powder, and clothed
blood from a slaughter house that stood near Wol-
cott's tavern on the Henrietta road. The parties
were to meet at six o'clock next morning, on the
summit of the "Pinnacle," a lofty eminence that
rises in Mount Hope, and overlooks the city. The
local editor of the Monroe Democrat acted as second
to Fuller, and a compositor from the Advertiser
office as second to Clarke. Of course both the seconds
and Clarke were in the secret of the blood-loaded
pistols, and so likewise were a few other select
friends who obtained permission to witness the ap-
proaching tragedy.

The parties met next morning pursuant to agree-
ment—the distance, twelve paces, was duly measur-
ed, and the duellists placed *vis-a-vis*. Clarke, in
addition to his blood-loaded pistol, had a bladder
filled with the sanguinary liquid hidden in the seat
of his trousers. The seconds had agreed that twenty
should be counted out slowly before the combatants
fired, and accordingly the local of the Democrat be-
gan to call aloud, one—two—three—four—

"Stop," cried Fuller.

"What do you want?" asked his second.

"I can't stand this," said Fuller.

"Will you apologize," asked Clarke's second.

"No," said Fuller, "it is Clarke's business to
apologize to me; he tripped me up."

The seconds now conferred together for a few min-
utes, and then said—

"Mr. Fuller, this duel must go on, unless you will
apologize for the trouble you have put us all to. Mr.
Clarke, what do you say?"

"Gentlemen, I came here to wash out my disgrace
in blood," said Clarke, "blood—blood—death before
dishonor."

"The duel must go on," said the local of the De-
mocrat. "Gentlemen, are you ready? Present!—
one, two, three—fire!" Bang went off both pistols
at once, and down went Clarke with an unearthly
yell. In his fall he contrived to rip the bladder
open with his penknife, and out gushed the blood in
one continuous stream. Turning over upon his face
to keep from laughing outright, his companions de-
clared he was mortally wounded, and advised the
victor to fly at once to avoid an immediate arrest for
murder.

Fuller was literally frightened to death. His own
clothes were covered with blood, but whether from
his own body, or that of his slain antagonist, he
could not tell. He felt wounds all over him, and
having taken the precaution to bring a cab from the
city, he darted into it, and directed the driver to "go
like h— to Pittsford!" The man refused until an X
removed his scruples, and off started our hero, de-
signing to put the Atlantic Ocean between the corpse
of his antagonist and his own nobility.

The joke was soon blown, and all Rochester was
full of the murderous particulars. The local of the
Democrat and Clarke were special heroes, and many
a paragraph was penned at poor Fuller's expense.
Unable to withstand the torrents of ridicule showered
upon him, he left for England, where he now
resides, and thus terminated the first and last duel
with which "Catty's Corners"—the original name of
Rochester—was blessed.

Will our readers believe us—the city of Rochester
appropriated a sum of money to build a monument
upon the place where Clarke fell. It stands upon
the very spot—a crazy, wooden tower—40 feet high,
out into blocks like stone. The city fathers
never knew how they were sold till after the monu-
ment was erected. Visitors to Mount Hope should
never fail to visit Clarke's "Duel Monument." It
stands on the very apex of the Pinnacle—and throws
its morning shadow over the green grassy knoll
dedicated to the eternal rest of all Revolutionary
heroes, including the black sepulchral urn where the
bones of Ursa Major are embalmed.

Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ENIGMA—NO. 7.

GRANVILLE, Jan. 23d, 1868.

MR. EDITOR—As we are all very much pleased
with the enigmas in your paper, I send you one,
which, if you think worthy, and will not interfere
with our friend "Amy," you may publish.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 16, G, 17, is the way to find the answer.
My 4, 2, 7, 6, is a kind of fruit.
My 4, 7, 16, 17, is a nickname for a girl.
My 8, 16, 7, 6, is not very far.
My 7, 4, G, 12, 8, are worn by children.
My 1, 14, 3, 2, is a measured portion of duration.
My 9, 7, 1, is a domestic animal.
My 10, 7, 16, is what we all do.
My 13, 7, 6, 4, 5, 1, are used a great deal.
My 11, 14, 11, is a nickname for a girl.
My whole has done a great deal of good in the
United States.

ENIGMA—NO. 8.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 8, 10, is used in preparing leather.
My 4, 3, 5, 10, is to lament.
My 6, 9, 10, is what we all do.
My 2, 8, 4, 11, is the place where one lives.
My 8, 6, 9, 6, 1, is to help or aid.
My 4, 11, 8, 10, is contemptible.
My 7, is the 12th commandment.
My whole was a distinguished patriot in the Ameri-
can revolution.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 3.

Your rascal, I see, has been
She is loaded with virtues and sin;
And I know by the way, that
That she carried a man, long time,
And because I want to make her
And make her a good girl for the life.
For she will be a good girl for the life.

LETTER, JANUARY 24, 1868.

There is something grand and heavenly in the
words of England's greatest poet, where he says—

"I held it over
Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater
Than nature's gifts; and yet, as careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god."

In the mouth of the same person we see the re-
mark that great acquisitions—

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thrifty after tolling honor,
Or to be thrifty after all in bags,
To please the fool and death."

Amusements.

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

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. EXETER, Lessee and
Manager; J. P. FIDELITY, Acting Manager. Doors open
at 6:15 o'clock to commence at 7:15. Boxes, 25 cen-
Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; per-
formances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orches-
tra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Sat-
urday Afternoon performances at 2:15 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly oppo-
site Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. P. GARDNER.
Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents; children half price.
Doors open at 6:30; commence at 7:15 o'clock.

Advertisements.

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

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,
respectfully offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found
for the present at the National House, Haymarket Square.
15-25 Sept. 18

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,
WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS,
Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., near Kilby st., Boston, Mass.

Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds,
Leaves, Flowers, Gum, Resins, Oils, Solid, Pure and Con-
centrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries'
Glass Ware; Bottles and Phials of every description; Syringes
of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reformed System
of Practice; Brandy, Gin, Wines and other spirituous liquors
of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a
great miscellaneous articles usually found at such
an establishment.

Orders by mail promptly attended to. 3m Jan. 16.

DRES. BROWN,
DENTAL SURGEONS,
No. 24 1/2 WINTER STREET, BALLOU'S BUILDING, BOSTON.

Patients psychologized, or entranced, and operations
performed without pain. 15 Nov. 21

J. A. W. LUNDBORG,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office, No. 90 Court street, corner Hanover, Boston. Room 41-2.

Feb. 6.

MRS. R. H. BURT,
WRITING AND TRANCE MEDIUM,
163 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 7 o'clock
P. M. 3m Jan. 16.

OCTAVIUS KING,
ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
634 Washington street, Boston.

Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions
accurately prepared. Dec. 19-3m-14

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.
HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS.

O. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.
Those sending locks of hair to indicate their disease, should
include \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to
prepay their postage.
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.
Dec. 19

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully
tested her powers, will sit for the cure of diseases of a
Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains in-
stantly relieved by spirit power; Chronic Rheumatism, Neu-
ralgia, Chronic Spinal diseases, pains in the side, Diseases of
the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c.

Terms for each sitting, \$1.00. Will visit families, if re-
quired; No. 26 West Dordman street, two doors from Wash-
ington street, Boston. 15 Feb. 6.

SPIRITUAL CLASSES FOR MEDIUMS, AND THOSE WHO
may wish to be developed in all the modal phases, ac-
cording to Mrs. Fittz's recently discovered method; at Miss
Morton's rooms, No. 244 Washington street. Examinations
Mondays and Thursdays. For terms, apply as above.
Feb. 6.

NEW AND HARMONIAL REMEDIES.
A. B. LINDSAY, of Philadelphia, has rooms at No. 3
Suffolk Place, Boston. Dr. N. has no stereotyped medicines.
Prescriptions are given by a spirit, formerly an eminent
English Physician, and medicines are prepared for every
individual case. Each patient is furnished with a written
copy of full and explicit directions regarding the mode of
life, the regimen of the laws of health, and the course of
diet and appliances best adapted to his or her constitution.
Letters containing hair to indicate disease will be answered,
with a full description of the case, and must contain one
dollar and a postage stamp, to insure a return. Office hours
from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Advice free.
Jan 68

THE SWEDENBORGIAN,
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN NEW CHURCH AS-
SOCIATION; room 47, Bible House, New York.
A neat set of monthly of 64 pages devoted to the interests of
SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY, as expounded in the theological
writings of that greatest and most illustrious Seer, and
divinely authorized revealer of the great facts and laws of
the Spiritual World.—EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.
Terms, \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Address B. F.
BARKETT, (Editor), Orange, N. J. 4m Jan 3

BANK NOTE LIST AND COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR,
OFFICE Boston, 101 N. LAVERGNE & Co., Bankers, New York
Draxler & Co., Philadelphia.

Now is the time to subscribe. A Coin Chart will be issued,
containing 1000 different kinds of coins. This coin chart will
be sent to all subscribers to the Detector for 1868. Only \$1.50
per annum. Cash in advance. 4m Jan 3

Published semi-monthly for New England, by
W. F. DAVIS,
No. 25 State Street, Boston.
Jan 23 1868

A. C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOY-
ANT, guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of the
person before him, or no fee will be claimed. Terms to be
strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and pre-
scription, when the patient is present, \$2; if by a lock of hair,
or a prominent symptom in glass, \$3; if a prominent symp-
tom is not given, \$5. For answering sealed letters, \$1. For
Psychometric Delineations of character, \$2. To insure atten-
tion, the fee and postage stamp must in all cases be ad-
vanced. 15 Dec. 2

A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED.—HEALING BY LAY-
ING ON OF HANDS.—DR. W. T. ORBORN, Clairvoyant
and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in
curing the sick, treats with unprecedented success, by the
laying on of hands in connection with other new and in-
valuable remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption,
Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia,
Paralysis and Heart Complaint. Diseases considered incur-
able by the Medical Faculty, readily yielded to his new and
powerful remedy, resulting in permanent cures. Patients
can be accommodated. Terms for an examination at the of-
fice, one dollar; by letter, two dollars. Hours from 9 A. M.
to 7 P. M. Rooms No. 110, Cambridge street, Boston.
15 Jan. 2

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

TERMS.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business,
and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay
return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does
not guarantee an answer for this sum. Persons who wish
a guarantee, will receive an answer to their letter, or their
money will be returned to them by the receipt of
\$2.00 to be sent in by the patient. 15 Dec. 2

MR. MANFIELD will receive visitors at his office on Mondays,
Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to
call on other days. 15 Dec. 2

SPRITUALISM.—HOTEL IN BOSTON
The FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and
N. Beach street, Boston. \$1.50 per week; on by the week,
\$3.00. For particulars, apply to Mr. H. F. GARDNER,
Fountain House, Boston. 15 Dec. 2

BANNER OF LIGHT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF