

# BANNER OF THE LAMP.



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## HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of  
LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

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

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

XXXV.  
FAREWELL.

Having received the money, and handed it with-  
out a syllable of explanation to the surprised Rob-  
ert, Patty experienced inward pleasures that the ex-  
penditure of ten times that sum on herself could  
never have produced. It is the invariable law, that  
a generous giver receives vastly more than he gives.  
The philosophy of Gifts is not yet properly under-  
stood; yet every one's experience tells him that  
kindness—whether displayed in gifts of money or  
gifts of sympathy—always enriches him who freely  
parts with it, more than the receiver.

Robert's spirits grew as light as, with the crush-  
ing weight of such terrible experiences upon him, it  
was possible for them to be. He went forward with  
increased resolution and industry to complete the  
preparations for his final departure. What books  
he had, he saw packed and sent on before him. His  
slender wardrobe he flung away into a single small  
trunk. He collected such pecuniary scraps as the  
publishers of the flashy weeklies were willing to pay  
over for services three or four times rendered, and  
with the proceeds added to his little outfit, all they  
allowed him. And when he was again alone, on the  
last day of his probation, he indulged in a  
long and passionate fit of weeping over the golden  
hopes broken, the starry plans unreachd even by a  
single effort of aspiration, and the treasures of do-  
mestic happiness forever sunk in the ocean of his  
troubles. It was indeed fearful. He sat, as it were,  
alone in a sepulchre. He thought reproachfully  
of himself, and still so tenderly of Anna. He would  
have made every sacrifice to have one last word with  
her—to receive her forgiveness—and depart with her  
blessing. How desolate the dark walls looked! How  
dreary seemed everything! He must leave all, for-  
get all, and go out into the world to wrestle alone.  
If he was strong, and resolute, and persevering, he  
would come off conqueror; but not on any conditions  
less stern and exacting than those.

For an hour he remained thus closeted with his  
bitter reflections. They stunned him at first, but  
afterwards they called out his strength, and awak-  
ened him to effort. He got up hastily from his  
chair, and took a solemn oath before God, with his  
right hand raised in the air and his face upturned  
to the wall, that if he lived he would redeem him-  
self!

Heaven help him to work out his problem suc-  
cessfully!  
As soon afterwards as he could calm his recent  
agitation, he put on his hat and went over to make  
his last visit on Patty. She was now all the friend  
that he certainly knew he had in the world. It could  
not reach his ears that his young wife, so cruelly  
torn from his arms, was pining and dying to see  
him again; and that she prayed incessantly that he  
might not, even as it was, be lost to her forever. He  
knew nothing of that.

Patty received him with an unusually fervent  
welcome, and betrayed a large share of the tender  
sympathy she felt. He came in with a sober, and  
even solemn countenance, and immediately sat down  
in a chair near the window. For a short time he  
occupied himself in gazing out at the passers, though  
Patty could see by the expression of his countenance  
that his thoughts were not with them at all. She  
did not offer to disturb his reverie, but let him sit it  
out uninterrupted.

Finally he turned round fully upon her, and  
spoke; though his voice was low and charged with  
sorrow.

"Patty," said he, "to-morrow I am going."

She only looked up at him, for there was nothing  
for her to say.

"I cannot realize my situation yet," he went on.  
"It has come upon me so suddenly, I shall be years  
in trying to measure the whole of my sorrows. This  
very afternoon, I have had bitterer thoughts than  
ever visited me in my life before. I could have  
whipped myself with a lash of scorpions, in recalling  
all I had done! Oh, how wicked! how foolish! I  
shall alter this, but I never can forget it. Oh, if it  
were only possible to drive these feelings out of the  
mind, I might hope to be happy! But how can I be  
now?"

Patty endeavored to suggest pleasanter topics.

"It's all well enough," said he, as if he were con-  
demned to be his own tormentor, "to say thus and  
so; to tell what you are going to do; and how easy  
it is to drive out grief with pleasure—but who  
knows the secret of ministering to a soul diseased as  
mine is? How is it possible for me ever to be  
rest and in health again?"

If she could have discovered a remedy for a com-  
plaint like his, she would have shown herself eager

to make it known to him; she would have under-  
gone any pain, and volunteered any sacrifice; if out  
of these might have sprung the hope that he would  
become sound and whole once more; but his was an  
experience that could not be divided or shared. No  
herbs grew greenly in the fields, to cure the distem-  
per like that from which his heart suffered.

"I mean to do my best, at any rate," he contin-  
ued, as if talking to himself. "I believe, I have so  
far done my worst; now I will try what virtue there  
is to be found in a change. Patty, no one has done  
for me as you have."

"Oh, yes, Robert. Do not give any credit to me.  
What have I done? Nothing!"

"You helped me, and befriended me, when I had  
not a friend in the wide world. Is that nothing?—to  
do what no one else would do; and what no one else  
would do?"

"I should never think of it again," said she.  
"I know you would not. It's just like you. But  
I want you to see that I cannot forget it—or forget  
you."

"Oh, I'm not at all afraid of that. We have been  
friends a great while, you know."

Her voice grew a little tremulous, as her thoughts  
ran swiftly over the old days.

"Yes, from our early youth," said he. "Those  
happy times! Those were blessed days, Patty! I  
weep, when I think I can never see them again. It  
unmanned me, and robs me of half my resolution, to  
call up all these things, and to know that I am ex-  
iling myself from them forever."

The moisture forced itself into his eyes, and dim-  
med them.

"Oh, well," she answered, "no one has more than  
one youth; and we know that does not last always.  
We must not fall into the habit of living too much in  
the past; we ought to live in the future. The past is  
dead. Or if any of it lives, it should be for our  
purification."

"It has been a dreadful Past for me, Patty. So  
reckless! so bent on destroying myself! so thought-  
less of the feelings of others! I wonder sometimes,  
when I think of it, that I have been permitted to  
live to go on so! Is there any one who has done as  
I have? Am I not the basest of all men living? To  
think of my poor Anna! to think what she suffers!  
and all for me—a fool!—a wretch! blind! rash!  
Oh, God! And yet I love Anna; I would make any  
sacrifice in the universe to help her now. But how  
can I do it? What can I do? Is not it too late?  
Would she see me again? or hear from me? Would  
her mother let her?"

A lapse of a minute or two occurred, during which  
he lost himself in thought.

"You never will forget our youth together—shall  
you, Patty?" he turned and asked her.

"No, indeed," she answered; "that I never shall.  
We enjoyed many a pleasant time up in dear old  
Huckabuck. Those were innocent days."

"They were for me. Your's always have been so.  
You know nothing at all of the sorrows and troubles  
that I do."

"Mine have been very heavy to bear, neverthe-  
less," said she, after some hesitation.

Robert stopped short. The darkness of her early  
history stood before his mind in a moment. "You  
have seen sorrow, Patty," said he, almost in a whis-  
per. "I do not forget. Then you can have sym-  
pathy for me; as far as I deserve it, at least."

"I would be glad to lift any of this load from  
your heart, Robert, if I could. I have given you  
freely of my sympathy from the beginning. But it  
cannot be much, to help one on with."

"God bless you, dear girl! It has so far been  
everything to me! I know not what or where I  
might have been, but for you. Ten thousand times  
have I thanked Providence for the fortune that  
threw us early together. I like to look back at the  
school days. I like to think of our innocent sports.  
It seems to be a relief to me to call up again those  
happy times, before we knew what trouble was.  
And yet they make me sad. I cannot help contrast-  
ing those with these. One looks like a sky all blue  
and cloudless; the other is a sky full of the blackest  
clouds, that are all the while darting lightnings and  
muttering thunder."

"Such contrasts may be the best thing for you,  
nevertheless. If they bring you back to serious  
reflection,"

"Ah! don't they? Don't they?"

"Or if they rouse you up to a new and better  
resolution,"

"They have done that, Patty, else I should not be  
here to-day, talking with you as I am."

"Then their influence is only good. Let us look  
at this sad side of nothing, Robert."

"You may well say that, who have seen so much

sorrow yourself. It seems to me, as if my own lips."

"I hope you will never forget yourself to forget  
your resolution, and your great purpose," said she,  
continuing. "Only keep them before you, and with  
the help of Heaven you will do it. I know you will  
do as you propose. I feel certain of it. Something  
tells me you will keep those clouds away, and  
come out bright again, like the sun. I have con-  
fided in you, Robert. Do not tell me you will  
deceive me."

He clasped his hands. "God forbid," he exclaimed. "You shall live to  
see all your present hopes realized. You shall be  
disappointed in nothing."

She added no more, however, to what she had  
already said, feeling that she had said enough. It  
now rested with himself and himself alone, to shape  
his future so as to command the respect and esteem  
of his friends, or to expose their further pity and  
disappointment.

Both sat and gave loose to their reflections.  
There was no need of a word. The silence itself  
was eloquent.

Nothing interrupted them thus for at least fifteen  
minutes. Then Robert began to go.

"It's the last time I shall come to see you here,"  
he said, with a quivering voice. "You say you  
shall be in Huckabuck again soon. I wish I could  
go with you; but I must not think of it. My duty  
is to turn to another situation. If any of them  
ask you about me up there—my poor mother, or my  
sisters—do give them what reassurance you can!  
Do tell them how I have changed. Let them see,  
Patty, that you believe in me yet! It's too much, to  
be an object of such fear and suspicion on the part of  
one's friends. If I were to show where I should see  
it every day, I believe it would drive me to despera-  
tion. But where I shall be, I shall know nothing of  
it, thank Heaven!"

Again he paused, and thought of his friends at  
home.

"You will be as free as the air up there among  
them, Patty," said he. "You will have nothing to  
feel. But speak a good word for me now and then,  
Patty. It costs nothing, you know; and it might  
be of service to me in the end. I'll not forget such  
a favor. I will try and remember you for it. Well,  
good bye! It's a heavy word to speak; but we  
must speak it. I trust it will bring joy at last,  
rather than sadness, to both of us."

He took her hand, and saw that the tears had  
started from her eyes. Immediately they stood thick  
in his own.

"If you ever should see my poor Anna again," he  
said in a broken whisper, "do tell her I loved her  
afterwards—even afterwards! I always shall! Tell  
her that, will you?"

Patty nodded her head, to signify that she would!  
He stooped to kiss her. She offered him her lips.

"Good bye!" he whispered, pressing her hand.

"Oh, this is hard indeed! Good bye, Patty!"

She could make him no answer, but suffered him  
to pass out through the door without a word.

He was finally gone. Would she ever hear from  
him again? And would he intelligence bring joy  
or sorrow in his wake? So had faith to trust him  
now. It was a confidence that could not be easily  
shaken.

Pretty soon the bustle of packing up came along.  
Mr. Lily's little habitation was in a complete hub-  
bub. How to get round among cages and traps,  
baskets and boxes, was a puzzle whose heart could  
not always so readily be discovered. It was to  
Patty a source of as great an excitement as her  
first sight of the nest, when she had just arrived in  
Boston.

Having made some selections of live and stuffed  
birds for his own domestic gratification, he  
packed them away to be carried on with them.  
Patty added many articles to her wardrobe, and was  
not forgetful of either Mr. Shadblow or Mrs. Banis-  
ter. She had something of both of them.

It was on a delightful morning towards the last  
of May, when she and Mr. Lily set out for Huck-  
abuck, where they arrived, by the same route she had  
herself come, just at event in the stage. Mr. Lily  
got out at John Kagg's, intending to quarter there  
for a time. Patty went to stop with her old  
friend Mrs. Shadblow, who was already expecting  
her.

The very first person she saw, however, was old  
Malachuk. He had a full crop of swill in each hand,  
apparently belated about visits to the neighbors'  
back doors. He looked pastoral as life.

"Ho! ho!" he cried out to Patty, setting his two  
pails down on the walk in front of Mrs. Shadblow's.

"Don't it beat all, though!"

He took her hand and told her down from the  
coach. "I won't tell you the news," said he, in  
a loud whisper. "You hear on 't when you  
get in."

Mrs. Shadblow met her the little entry, over-  
come with her tears. Embraced her, and wept  
over her. Such a meeting the poor woman had not  
enjoyed in years.

But the news! What's the news? How was  
Mr. Shadblow?

"Mr. Shadblow"—she put out in a fresh fit of  
weeping—"had only thrays before hung himself  
in his barn!" She could write of it. She dared  
not trust her feelings.

For a moment he was as if he should come to  
the postbox, that he had his own life into his  
hands, and left twelve fifteen thousand dol-  
lars!

After he was settled, she was in the habit of riding  
over in Mrs. Shadblow's old chaise to see him daily.  
She was so afraid he might experience a twinge of  
homesickness. Half the time she went just because  
she loved to go back to her old home again, and half  
the time because she was anxious to know if he en-  
joyed himself. As he had once interested himself to  
take care of her, so she now interested herself to see  
that he wanted for nothing that she could furnish.

Sometime after he was finally settled, and when  
he had got the vegetables all started up in his garden,  
and the grass around the door as clean as any carpet  
that ever came from Axminster looms, Mrs. Banister,  
who had before this learned from Patty of his rare  
birds, determined to go over there with her one after-  
noon in the chaise on purpose to see them.

Accordingly they set out together, but found he  
was gone, and the house shut. There was nothing  
left for them, therefore, but to return again.

Patty acquainted Mr. Lily with their disappoint-  
ment the next time she saw him, and he responded  
by begging her to secure Mrs. Banister that he would  
call on her himself on a certain afternoon, and bring  
some of his specimens with him.

So not many days after he kept his appointment,

stopping on the way to Mrs. Shadblow's for the sake  
of taking up Patty.

They reached the Pine Tree Mansion, and drove  
up to the side door. Abigail Lovitt was on hand to  
receive them.

First she welcomed Patty. Then Patty introduced  
Mr. Lily. And finally Abigail asked them in, Patty  
insisting on carrying the birds.

Mrs. Banister came to meet them in the sitting-  
room, while Abigail remained on guard in the open  
door. Patty held up her birds, and then turned and  
introduced her companion.

Instantly Mrs. Banister's manner changed. The  
color left her cheeks and lips, and she seemed frozen  
to the spot where she stood.

This continued for a minute or two.

What gave the scene a still more impressive and  
mysterious air, Mr. Lily himself stopped short where  
he was, and gazed at his new acquaintance with a  
look of affright and awe. He held one hand erected,  
and the other fell to his side. He was as pale as she  
was. Not a muscle moved. You might have thought  
him a statue, bloodless, fixed, and inanimate.

Patty was about to break the agonizing suspense  
created by the scene, by uttering an exclamation of  
fear; but Mrs. Banister's voice was heard, sounding  
low and soft, as if it proceeded from out the depths of  
her heart, and tremulous with the great emotions  
that possessed her soul.

"Arthur! Arthur!" said she, her tone flitting  
ghostly through the apartment.

"It is! It is! Oh, God!" was his immediate  
exclamation.

The seal at last seemed broken.

She sprang forward and threw herself down at his  
feet, and began to weep and ask his forgiveness.

Patty was so surprised at the strange sight, she  
scarcely knew where she was. In her fright she set  
the birds on the table, and stood clasping her hands  
in silent fear.

Abigail turned round and round in the door, stared  
wildly at everything and everybody, and seemed un-  
decided whether it was best to run out and shout for  
help, or to fetch a pail of water and pour down the  
backs of the actors.

Mrs. Banister kept up her weeping and wailing,  
calling on her visitor continually for his forgiveness.

"Oh, forgive me, Arthur! Forgive me! I bless  
Heaven that I have lived to see this day! I had  
buried my hope, and my heart was long ago buried  
with it! But this revives me! Oh, I pray you,  
Arthur, on my knees to forgive me! I shall never  
forgive myself,—no, never! But I cannot bear your  
coldness, too!"

"Truly,"—thought the virtuous Abigail Lovitt  
within herself—"this is a pretty looking sight for  
her to be concerned in! I wonder what it means!  
Why, is the woman crazy? Does she know what she  
is about? The richest person anywhere near Huck-  
abuck going down on her knees to a man like that!

Why, I'll take the tongue and pull him out doors by  
his coat-tail! I'll march him out by his ear! Miss  
Banister, be you easy, I'd like to know?" And she  
kept gyrating like a top as before, not knowing in  
what direction to go forward, and, therefore, con-  
cluding there was no other way but to turn round  
and round.

"Get up! Oh, get up, Mary!" said the bird-fan-  
cier, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and his  
chest heaving with the sob he could poorly suppress.

"I cannot see this, Mary! I cannot endure it! You  
were forgiven long ago. How could I hate, when I  
never knew aught but love? Where was there room  
in my heart to hold away feelings of revenge? I  
only pitied you, Mary; I did nothing more. But it  
is all over with. I have forgiven you years ago. I  
knew too well you would have most need to forgive  
yourself! Rise, Mary! Do not do this!"

He took hold of her to assist her. She stood on  
her feet again, but she buried her face in his hands.

She appeared to be afraid to look into his eyes.

Mr. Lily laid his hand upon her arm, and con-  
ducted her to the lounge, on which he seated himself  
beside her. Still she concealed her face with her  
hands; and you might have seen the hot tears gush  
ing out between her fingers.

"Now, Mary," said he,—"for I suppose you will  
still suffer me to call you so,—you must let the past  
be forgotten. We can neither of us be any happier  
for trying to live it over again. It cost me such pain,  
as you knew nothing of at the time, and you must  
yourself have suffered since then. Let it go, the  
whole of it."

She shook her head, to signify that she could never  
forget anything.

"Well, well," said he, in a soothing voice, though  
his unsteadiness showed under what a weight of feel-  
ing his soul was at the moment struggling,—“well,  
well; I forgive it all, Mary. I've forgotten it, long  
ago. Don't you treasure it up another day. Don't  
be miserable, when you are situated here with so  
much to enjoy."

She found the courage presently to reply, though  
not as yet to uncover her face.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they  
are sources of large streams—a helm is a little thing,  
but it governs the course of a ship—a bride bit is a  
little thing, but see its use and power; nails and  
pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts  
of large buildings together; a word, a look, a frown,  
all are little things, but powerful for good or evil.  
Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that  
little debt—it's promised, redeem it—if it's a shil-  
ling, hand it over—you know not what important  
event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacredly.  
Mind the little things.



## Poetry.

## PHILIP, MY KING.

"Look at me, with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king!  
For round thee the purple shadow lies  
Of babyhood's regal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy hand  
With love's invisible scepter laden;  
I am thine Kather, to command,  
Till thou shalt find thy queen handmaiden,  
Philip, my king!

"Oh! the day when thou goest a-wooing,  
Philip, my king!  
When those beautiful lips are suoning,  
And some gentle hearts' bars undoing,  
Thou dost enter love-crowned, and there  
Blissfullest all glorified! Bide kindly,  
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,  
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my king!

"I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my king!  
Ay, there lays the spirit all sleeping now,  
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one god-throned amidst his peers.  
My soul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,  
Let me behold thee in coming years!  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my king!

"A wreath, not of gold, but palm, one day,  
Philip, my king!  
Thou, too, must tread, as we tread, a way  
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray;  
Rebels within thee, and foes without  
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious  
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout  
As thou alitest at the feet of God, victorious,  
Philip, my king!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Pride of Station;

OR,  
THE EXPERIENCES OF A SEAMSTRESS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Republicanism, equality! what lofty, sounding words! how cheering to the heart of the stranger, first treading the shores of this favorite land. So thought poor Ella Sullivan, when orphaned and alone she came across the wide ocean to seek a home and livelihood in the land of liberty and plenty. Ella was a well-educated, rather pretty girl, the only child of tolerably wealthy parents, who, removing from England to one of the West India islands, died in the third year of their sojourn in that tropical climate.

There was little, very little, left to Ella, of her father's savings, for he was a good and conscientious man, and punctually paid his debts; false friends, too, borrowed from the unsuspecting girl, and she soon learnt to her dismay and astonishment that treachery and deceit often borrow the guise of truth and friendship. Poor Ella! with the remnants of her broken fortune, she came to one of the Northern cities of this vast republic, despite her orphan condition, full of high hope and energy; trusting fondly in human sympathy, expecting friends and protectors who would open wide their hospitable doors, and fold her to their arms as a daughter.

Dreaming Ella! she knew not that poverty presents an impregnable barrier betwixt itself and the fortune-favored ones. She knew not that satin and velvet disclaimed fellowship with calico, costly plumes with cheap ribbons, and proud vulgarity, tinsel-laced, and rainbow-decked, waived companionship, though it would profit thereby, with unassuming refinement and quiet knowledge.

Ella vainly tried to obtain a situation as a teacher. She knew not the usual routine now in vogue; she had not been so minutely drilled into all its exactitudes and positivities and details. She was a well-educated girl, nevertheless, and knew more than many of the conceited, superficial girls that won their way as teachers, but she had not followed the beaten track; she must pursue some other course for a livelihood. Ella possessed a fine ear for music, a sweet and powerful voice; but her father's falling means had interrupted her study of music; she could not undertake to become a teacher.

So driven to the last resource, she took in embroidery and plain sewing, furnishing simply a little room, cooking her own meals, living frugally, sadly and alone! But the embroidery, although so beautifully executed, that leaves and flowers seemed to glow in living beauty of color and design, could not suffice to obtain her a living. There was not sufficiency of it to be had at all times, and it was poorly paid for when obtained. So Ella toiled, until head and heart, and fingers ached, and salt tears coursed down her pale cheeks; toiled for the bare subsistence from day to day, making shirts, stitching wearily, earning a miserable pittance for six days incessant labor, shudderingly repeating to herself the world-famed song of the shirt!

The time came when Ella could not obtain the coarsest work even; and compelled by necessity, she sought for employment as seamstress in the houses of the rich. It was the hardest trial yet; the timid, sensitive girl, to go among strangers; but necessity compelled, and tearfully she obeyed its mandates.

She obtained employment in the house of a wealthy merchant. Readers of the Banner! think not that I draw upon imagination for the incidents in this short tale. I tell you facts as they existed, as they still exist, of the oppressions of the strong against the weak, the powerful against the defenceless. Oh, never let it be recorded of us, the harmonial band of a new and pure philosophy, the believers in a sacred equality of rights, that we so oppress the needy and the sorrowful!

The parlors of the wealthy merchant were adorned with costly pictures, masterpieces of art, set in gorgeous frames, the mirrors were in themselves a revelation of wealth, as were the lace curtains, the damask coverings of chairs and sofas, the gleaming chandelier and velvet carpets.

"Mrs. N., joint-owner of all this splendor, was not as Ella expected to find her—proud and scornful; she was talkative and affable, and engaged Miss Sullivan to come that day week and remain three weeks to do her sewing. The lady particularly pressed Miss Sullivan to stay; and sleep in the house, as it would be more convenient, and Ella gratefully acquiesced. Ella presented herself before seven o'clock, the appointed day; Mrs. N. had breakfast ready for her; they were all done, but Miss Sullivan could take a seat and help herself. The poor girl was choking with timidity, she was nervous with apprehension; she swallowed a few mouthfuls, and followed Mrs. N. to the sitting-room, where four children were at play.

She gave Ella a child's stool to make, which was in itself a long day's work, then, putting several

collars and cuffs before her, she said: "You can set to work and stitch these collars and cuffs, when you get through with that little dress, it won't take you long." And Mrs. N. smilingly left the room.

Tears were in Ella's eyes, so much was demanded of her beyond her strength. She applied herself assiduously; before supper, she finished the little dress, and stitched one collar; she had the satisfaction of hearing her task-mistress say, "You have been rather slow to-day; we shall get along better to-morrow," and Ella could not reply, for the lady's face was so smiling, her manner so affable!

All day long, the four unruly children tried their utmost to annoy and worry the patient girl, who so sweetly and entreatingly bade them make less noise, her poor head ached so! "What do you come to sew for then, if you're sick?" cried Lewis, the oldest boy. "This ain't your house, this is my mamma's house; she's a lady; you're our hired girl, what sows for a livin' mamma says so." This speech was delivered by little Sarah, a seven year old prodigy of pride.

"Hullo! what's your name, gal? Got any father an' mother? Say! haint got any tongue? Guess you think you're somebody?" Master Virginus directed this attack. "You're a pig; a big, ugly cry-baby, you is!" screamed little five year old Mary. Thus passed the first day.

After supper, Ella was about putting on her shawl and bonnet to take a little exercise after the close confinement of nearly twelve hours, when Mrs. N. blandly inquired:

"Where are you going, my dear?"

"To take a little exercise, madam," replied the young girl.

"Oh, never mind! Come, help me with a little sewing, just a nice little bradging; that isn't like work, you know. I'll make the gas bright, and sit down with you. Come, dear, it's no use to be running about after dark."

With a sigh, Ella took off her bonnet, and folded up her shawl, and sat down to plod again, until ten o'clock, when Mrs. N. graciously dismissed her; and the plying servant girl showed her to her room.

For three weeks the poor girl submitted to the bland despotism of that hard task-mistress. She got up very early, and snatched a walk of ten or fifteen minutes before breakfast, and that was all the exercise she could take. How she toiled, how her brain grew often confused and wild, how her temples throbbled and her cheeks flushed with fever heat, while her hands grew icy cold; how the rude children annoyed her; and sons and daughters of wealthy parents as they were, addressed her in the coarsest language, with the vilest epithets, I have not space to tell. They pulled her hair, stuck pins into her clothing; and one day—doubt it not gentle reader, because thou and thine are incapable of such conduct—Lewis took the smouldering coals from the waning fire, and threw them at her! and sharply struck her with his cane.

For a moment, her generous nature rebelled at this treatment, and her face flushed with anger, she was about to chastise the insolent boy, regardless of all consequences, when the words of the dear departed mother came to her heart, enjoining gentleness and forbearance. She snatched up her work and fled to her bed-room in the third story. There she looked herself in, and wept from sorrow and tears.

Mrs. N. was apprised of the occurrence by the watchful and affectionate servant girl. When Ella was called to tea, the lady addressed her smilingly, and told her she must not mind the children—all children were rude sometimes.

On leaving the inhospitable mansion, the ever-smiling Mrs. N. handed poor Ella the munificent sum of three dollars and seventy-five cents, that being one quarter dollar per week, less than the sum agreed upon. Ella mildly remonstrated, but the lady insisted, that she had bargained for a dollar and a quarter a week. "Don't pay her any more than you agreed upon," said the gentlemanly husband who was present; and the wife, thus encouraged, told the seamstress she might take the money or leave it. There is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue; Ella found courage, strength and speech for the occasion, and denounced Mrs. N. as an oppressor of the needy, as uncharitable, unjust, and cruel. She recapitulated her sufferings in her house, the torments she had silently endured from her ill-bred children. She took the pittance allotted her, and vowed never to cross her threshold again.

Mrs. N. gazed in gaping wonder upon the transformed girl, usually so quiet and meek. The gentleman waved his hand, and said: "Guess there's plenty of sewing girls to be had, so you just take yourself off!"

In the entry, the honest Irish girl was waiting.

"I'm glad you giv' it to her, Miss, the smiling Tartar as she is! you did n't know her as I did. It's to another place I'm good' soon, for she's allers outt'in' off my wages. Good bye; God bless you, Miss, an' send ye better luck." The warm-hearted girl pressed Ella's hands, and with a relieved heart she passed the threshold.

She was next engaged to sew for a wealthy lady—who childless, and fondly loved by her husband, could have become an angel of friendship to the lone seamstress. But a repellent pride dwelt in the heart of Caroline Sanders; the pomp of station swelled her soul, the love of dress engrossed it. She admitted Ella to her table, but she did so in a marked, supercilious manner, that brought the tears to the young girl's eyes. If a visitor remained in the room, Ella was never introduced. She heard the audible questions: "Who is that young girl?" and the equally audible reply: "Oh, she's my seamstress, Sullivan her name is." She heard them converse on subjects, near and dear, and familiar to her heart—she dared not venture on a passing remark. Mind, intellect, feeling, and sympathy were crushed beneath the pride of station that reared an impenetrable wall betwixt her warm, loving, leaping heart, and the hearts of her fellows! How Ella wept! Republicanism! Sacred equality! How Ella wept in bitterness, and smiled in mockery, as the phrases met her eye in the newspapers, flaunting in capital letters in some would-be patriot's fiery speech. Friends came, and gay parties assembled; she was banished from the music and the conversational pleasure, sent "up stairs to sew," as the sounds of the piano and dancing feet might interfere with her industry, the dining-room being too near the parlor.

In the parlor, Mrs. Sanders, disengaged, polished and patriotized with her intellectual friends, and her fair cheek flushed, and her lip curled with scorn, as she vowed, she would never bow to prince or despots, nor carry Queen Victoria's train; she was a free-

born American, and proud of the privileges of her native land. And admiring friends applauded her republican spirit; while the poor seamstress, her equal in mind and knowledge and heart-wealth, toiled twelve and fourteen hours a-day for a mere pittance, receiving not one encouraging word, not one womanly smile. She sewed, where worldly mothers gave advice to fashionable daughters, in these degenerate days, when servant-girls dressed like ladies, and mechanics' daughters had the audacity to learn to play the piano, and go to select dancing-schools.

"Mother," said Miss Emmeline, "that vulgar Ellen McGee will always speak to me, and tell me about the time we lived up the little street, in the two-story frame house. I think she talks out of spite. Only think, she goes to Professor DeWitt's dancing-school in a common delaine frock, and takes her little sisters. People who are anything, send their children with the hired girl."

"Ma," said Miss Celia, "who do you think I met this morning? She looked quite mean, in a common dark calico, and a plain straw bonnet, and she carried a pair of chickens in one hand, and I saw her stop and speak to a dirty, ragged child. Why, the great Madam Roseville, they say, is worth a half million of dollars!"

"I would n't be seen on the street with a calico dress on," said the mother, drawing herself up; "calico is only fit for hired girls and shop-women, and such like."

Ella blushed for pity and indignation, a scornful smile wreathing her pretty lips.

"Ma, may I buy a silver card-case?" queried Emmeline.

"No, you can't," retorted the mother sharply; "there's your dress-maker's bill to pay, and haven't I engaged a seamstress on your account? You're too lazy to do a stitch of your own sewing; besides, Pa is terribly out of humor this week, so don't you dare to ask for money."

"Well, I'm going to have my card-case, whether or no," replied the young lady, "and if you don't ask Pa for the money, I'll tell about that new shawl you don't want him to know about."

"Emmeline!" exclaimed the mother, with a rising flush.

"Emmeline!" echoed the daughter mockingly. "I vow, I will, see if I don't!"

"Aint you ashamed of yourself, to talk in that way to your mother? Don't I twist and pinch and save, even from the girl's wages, to get you all your knick-knackeries and fineries?" and this is my reward!

"You had better save for yourself, and not buy so many trinkets and ten dollars a pair underclothes," retorted the daughter. "Tis unbecoming, anyhow, for you to dress as we do; you can't make yourself young nor beautiful, any way!" and with red cheeks and flashing eyes she left the room.

Ella thought of the gentle mother, whose earth form rested beneath the waving plantation's shade, whose guarding spirit, mayhap hovering nigh, and tears of yearning love filled her eyes, as she contrasted the unfeeling speech and suppliant tone of the heartless girls that called themselves her superiors, with the tender respect the departed mother had always exacted from her. But that mother had been a true woman—no heartless worshipper of appearance.

Scenes like these, and her spirit protested against the wrong which gave the power of wealth, the beauties of art and literature, into unappreciating hands, that knew not the value of the treasures they held. Alas! there was a time when Ella murmured against her destiny, accusing high Heaven of injustice, deeming herself the outcast from affection and enjoyment, that tyrannous, unremunerated toil and human pride and prejudice had named her.

An intense worshipper of the beautiful, repelling faces, rendered so by pride and penuriousness, met her eye, and chilled her heart. She who longed for the music in affection's voice, the cheering ray of friendship's sunshine, met with discord, contention, with all the great and petty animosities of life, as they revealed themselves before her, in the houses she frequented. Often Ella clasped her hands in bitter anguish, and prayed for deliverance from the galling fetters of dependence; prayed with maddened heart and burning brain, for the dreamless and eternal sleep of death!

She was gentle, unobtrusive—a spiritual dignity upheld her slender frame; an intellectual sign dwelt on her brow; purity beamed from the soul-lashes of her eyes; a pensive smile wreathed the lips, and all holy, tender, beautiful emotions nestled in her heart. Yet no hand was outstretched with a kindred spirit's welcome; no matronly hand warmed towards her, the orphan and the stranger; no sympathizing voice spoke hope, no soothing hand brought peace. Arrogant assumption, moneyed ignorance, pompous idleness, swayed over a feeble heart the iron rod of power. The mere machine the sewing girl! they divested her of feeling, mind and soul! They condemned the pale, uncomplaining girl to twelve and fourteen hours assiduous toil, and grudgingly paid with a scanty pittance, sooting all friendly intercourse, all equality with the seamstress hired for pay. Oh, beautiful, republican! Ella often deemed a dark and heavy chain lay on her soul; this could not be the famed and untarnished soil of fraternal liberty!

For four weary years, the orphan toiled, and stitched, and starved in it, if not in body; and while the past appeared a gorgeous mocking dream of lost happiness, the future loomed up dark and menacing, an early grave's only promise! And the faith that once had all her soul with heavenward aspirations, the hope that lay upon God and the life to be, alas! alas! was an cruelty; a bitter skepticism usurped the place of faith and doubt and fear dwelt where once high and glorious hopes assembled in the vainly battling soul.

There is a process by which souls are purified, thought is elevated, affections are calmed, and ministering angels brought to earth to aid in music strains of heaven. Through suffering and suffering, through trial and temptation, that Godlike voice of consciousness within us, ever rejecting the outward influences of error, and the heaped injustice, proclaimed a loving Father's love, the spirit of Ella emerged to light, and love and joy! Fainting by the wayside, the young, sickening granny in her ear, the iron hand of oppression laid upon her feeble frame, the mandates of heaven went forth; the saying head drew nigh, and the darkness of unbelief, and the night of poverty, suddenly awakened, girl to a haven of rest.

When fitted for service, she rendered worthy of its demands. Ella, who had been the truth and beauty of Spiritualism, and the angel prompted, she folded up the worn, old, and laid aside the

implements of torture, the needle, to ply herself amid the range of the banner, in a new, better path, than that which would have been God and appears walls of worldly wisdom beset by the mad and his brother.

Ella, while the pen in defence of man and woman's most sacred rights, in defence of the pure philosophy of heaven, which trembling churches and vile despisers assail in vain. "Humility, that low, sweet rock," eyes dwells in Ella's soul, and is her sure guide in progression's path. She cares not for fame, but when she hears that the inspiration which thrill her soul and find expression in language, have touched a responsive chord in some feeling, aspiring breast, oh, then! tears of joy and triumph fill her eyes, a boundless ecstasy exalts her spirit. She cares not for wealth, but when its golden tide pours in, the long withheld reward of industry, her prayerful heart expands with gratitude, for with the power, what good cannot the will effect?

Many who disdained to notice her in the dark days of adversity, now bent before her; the hand of courtesy is extended; her society is courted; none turn scornfully away. And Ella knows how to discriminate between the false and the real; and when the worldly smile, she smiles in return, perhaps with a shade of mockery. But the few chosen true ones, she folds in the heart-warm clasp of yore, and in the ever unfolding treasures of her belief, a joy and happiness beyond her earliest dreams. The loving father, the gentle, kindling mother, return to bless and strengthen, and angel friends to counsel. "Alone! alone!" is no more her heart-cri, but exultingly her heart responds to a joy ineffable, her lips re-echo, her pen proclaims to the world the triumph tone of happiness—found!

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2, 1858.

## JACK NETTLETHORPE;

OR,  
THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

Some men, it is said, are born to greatness, others have achieved it, and not a few have greatness thrust upon them. The latter was the fate of Mr. John Nettleshorpe, who, owing to the sudden demise of his parent, Mr. Zachary Nettleshorpe, or "Old Nettles," as he was somewhat disrespectfully termed by his familiars, became the "master of many men" by succeeding to his father's business.

Old Nettles—who, however, stung the sharper for being roughly handled—had for mere than forty-seven years followed the trade of a carpenter and builder, giving, as he proudly expressed it, "general satisfaction to a highly respectable and extensive connection." There was nothing that came in the way of his business that "Old Nettles" was not ready to undertake. As a carpenter, he would have contracted to build the ark of Noah, with improvements, in half the time specified for its former erection; while, as a builder, he would not have shrunk from the Great Wall of China, or the Tower of Babel, as no confusion of tongues could have moved him to a breach of contract; and so, by dint of an always successful hammering of the right nail on the head, he drove it thoroughly home at last, and with much prudence and dexterity clenched it on the other side, expressing, after forty-seven years of honest industry, a promise, which like all his other promises, he most conscientiously fulfilled by dying suddenly of a fit of apoplexy. Thus, while Mr. Zachary Nettleshorpe had steadily erected the edifice of a fortune and was putting a roof upon it, so to speak, by the purchase of a quantity of lucrative ground-rents, death quietly measured out some six feet of earth, then snatched the old man's hammer and drove in the last nail—not into the timbers of a stately house—but into the "plain elm" of an unostentatious coffin.

"Have you heard the news?" asks business friend No. 1, of business friend No. 2, as they meet accidentally in the street.

"What news?" says the other carelessly, "Indian news?"

"No, the bad news about 'Old Nettles.'"

"You don't mean to say he's stopped payment?" and No. 2 glares at No. 1, with a face as white, blue and blank, as a page in his own ledger.

"He has, though—that is, as far as he is personally concerned—he's dead."

"Oh!" says No. 2 very much relieved, "I thought he'd made a smash of it, and we've had business transactions together for more than twenty years—ah!—poor Nettles!—so he's gone—well, he always had a weakly look, and was getting old, you know."

The late Mr. Nettleshorpe had to all appearance a frame of iron, and was the speaker's junior by some three years.

"Is the estate large?"

"Very, I should say."

"Who administers?"

"Jack Nettleshorpe."

"Good thing for Jack."

"Capital thing."

"Good morning." And each hurry upon their separate ways; both, however, with one goal—the great Tom Tiddler's ground where men fight and scramble for the shining metal, heedless of the dirt that encrusts it—and, as though the grave that had closed over their friend of yesterday had become hermetically sealed—and could not smack its earthy lips over themselves (who knows?) on the morrow. "A good thing for Jack," the shower of gold that falls suddenly has not always the best effect—nay, from the days of Danu downwards, there are proofs of its having produced the very worst—as in the case of the imprisoned cobbler, whose history has been rendered immortal in the chronicles of Pickwick, who was ruined, as we all know, by "having a fortune left him;" and his case is by no means a rare one. "A good thing for Jack!"—pooh! it was about the worst thing that could have happened to him.

Jack Nettleshorpe, kind, easy, Jack Nettleshorpe, was the reverse of his defunct parent in all things; but if in one thing more than another, it was an entire absence of all prudential calculation. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and with this for a guiding maxim, he set out on his journey through life—illustrating its fallacy—yet learning nothing by the experience—at every step. "Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt," Old Zachary would growl out, as during his son's short scholastic career he disputed over the multitude of small bills for savory edibles which the generous, but unthinking, young gentleman had, to the great delight of his companions, run up with every shopkeeper in the neighborhood where the requisite "trust" could be obtained.

"Lads, have a feed," he would say to his friends, and he had many. "I can't pay for it to-day, but I've got tick with Puff the pastrycook round the corner, and I'm sure to be able to pay him after, the

bill's due!" and then the youthful epicure, followed by a train of other youthful epicures, would march through the open portals of the too-enticing Puff and settle like a swarm of locusts upon the good things on his counter.

Pay-day, which in this world may be considered to be about on a par with death; inasmuch as it is certain to arrive with us all—came—but without ending Master Jack prepared with those funds which were so certain to arrive when the debts were contracted. "Go Jack to defer the evil day as long as possible, borrowed at a small rate of some eighty per cent, of those most exacting young usurers, his school companions—who, too often—for children are—but men in little—afterwards assisted to devour the proceeds of the money they lent. But the evil day was not long to be thus deferred, debt accumulated and hung darkly over careless Jack's unthinking head. A treacherous whisper put the mass in motion, and brought down the avalanche. Jack was expelled from the school after being boundly whipped by his master, and the creditors were paid after being sharply lectured by the justly angry father,

"From small beginnings spring great works,"—  
"He who would grow oaks must first plant acorns,"—  
—with such wise saws "Old Nettles" signified to his repentant son his intention of bringing him to the bench.

"To the Bar," suggests a reader, with an eye to the legal profession, "bring him up to the Bar!" not at all, the bench to which Old Zachary alluded was one of a far more ancient origin, being simply a carpenter's bench. "I worked at it myself, and so did my father before me, and, if he will be guided by me, so shall my son after me." Jack, who was always ready to oblige everybody, made no objection—donned the flannel jacket and paper headpiece, seized the plane and set to work with so hearty a will that the proud father was lost in delight, and the son in a sea of shavings.

"Only a couple of sovereigns, then, Mr. John."

"Why, you see, I would with pleasure, but—" Jack hesitates, then with a beaming look, "I think I might borrow it from Mr. Tibbs, our foreman," and he was about to hurry off when the man who had first spoken stopped him.

"You're very good, Mr. John, but since you mean to ask Mr. Tibbs, why it would be just as easy to get me the five sovereigns as the two."

"Well, that's true," and again Jack hesitated, and with him to hesitate was to be lost.

"I'm sure to re-pay it."

"Certainly—of course you are."

"And even if I did n't," and he paused to laugh at the absurdity of such a notion, "you're sure to have the money."

"To be sure—so I am," away went Jack to the foreman, and was soon in a position to oblige his friend. We propose to chronicle the conclusion of this affair, one out of many others of a similar nature always occurring to "good-natured Mr. John." His "friend," owing to an "unforeseen pressure of circumstances," was not forthcoming, neither were the five sovereigns; so Jack, who had passed his word to Mr. Tibbs, "did a little bill" with a Hebrew gentleman, and settled that loan with a few others that were outstanding.

The "little bill" was so easily done—in fact the Hebrew gentleman appeared to be the only person outside the transaction—that Jack did another and another—it was after all better than being under an obligation to Tibbs, who, though he never refused the loan, or took a farthing interest, was very earnest in having his money repaid, for Tibbs would repeat, (and though but a builder's foreman, he had snatched from the hourglass of time many a precious minute to read,) the words of the great Lord Burleigh, that "he who was careful of his days of payment was lord of another man's purse." The Hebrew gentleman was far more charitable to the follies of youth, and showed himself ever ready to respond to Jack's appeal, renewing again and again the "little bill," with, of course, the usual consideration. A rolling stone, they say, gathers no moss, but its quite the reverse with a bill of exchange; it accumulates in traveling, like a snowball, which only requires time to roll and it will assume the dimensions of a mountain; besides Jack Nettleshorpe, like the hare in the fable, had many friends, and had, (could a good-hearted fellow do less, when money run short,) lent his name to several of them.

"Lent his name," and the innocent reader (supposing the possibility of such a person existing, for days) demands what good such a loan would do Jack's friends, who, they, he, or she, the innocent reader presumes to have been duly christened N or M, as the case may be? The loan of a name, we make answer, derives its value from two things—first from the "expectations" or "future means" of its owner; and, secondly, from the amount of the stamp affixed to the paper upon which the autograph may appear. Now Jack's "expectations" were great, and the stamp, we regret to say, bore value in proportion.

"My son," said the worldly-wise man in the play, "never refuse your hand to a friend, but be careful you never have a pen in it." Mr. John Nettleshorpe was not careful, and the goose quill came as natural as though he had, in some way an affinity with the bird.

Plain Jack had become Mr. John, and having cast off the flannel of servitude, he assumed the broadcloth garb of honor, being duly installed in his father's counting-house, but his open kindly face had begun to assume the yellow livery of care, and lines were there that wrote the word "debtor," as plainly as those other lines his fingers had, been so ready to trace upon paper, so deadly in its effects, that some Nessus' shirt must surely have furnished the rags from which it first was fashioned. The Hebrew gentleman, we regret to have to write in the plural now, were becoming impatient, when an event occurred which poured a soothing oil upon the troubled waters, and smoothed each corrugated visage into a pleasing urbanity.

Zachary Nettleshorpe died. Death is at all times a terrible thing; but, how awful it becomes when those left behind hear only in the burial service read above the father's grave, the open sesame that sets free imprisoned spirits; when the ropes that lower the corpse into the earth pull wide the purse strings, and the clouds that should fall so heavily upon the son's heart, strike with a golden ring upon the father's coffin. Was it to go with Jack?—no, he was too affectionate, a fellow not to feel the old man's loss keenly, and too careless about money to reckon upon the pecuniary advantage to be derived from it. He had, as his friends often said, a heart large enough for six; and formerly a fiery month he hung crabs about it, in memory of an eccentric but indignant father. Mr. John Nettleshorpe's friends began now to in-



crease in number a hundred fold. The Hebrew gentlemen were not only satisfied, but were asked with as ardent an affection for his autograph as ever "lion-hunting" ladies for that of novelist, poet, or popular preacher.

"Jack," his late parent would often say to him, "don't marry, or, if you do, look before you leap;" and then the old gentleman would sigh and with an eye to the defunct Mrs. Nettlethorpe, add, "its my belief, Jack, that Adam's first sleep was his last." But, as it had been Jack's rule in life to leap without looking—vaulting over hedge and wall without pausing to consider the possible ditch on the other side, long before twenty he fell in love, a term most appropriate for such a proceeding upon the part of persons of Jack's temperament, it being a head-over-heels immersion, that takes away sight and breath, till they flounder out of it shivering and repentant. "Oh! Tom," said Jack, to one of his many friends, "Oh! Tom, she's an angel, if there ever was one; she can play the piano, waltz, and make such stunning jams!" and he smacked his lips with the gusto of a Lucullus; "and as for singing, why you might hear her for a mile when the wind's in the right direction."

"Is she pretty?"  
"Pretty!" and Jack eyed the speaker with a flush of proud astonishment. "Pretty! why she's beautiful! her lips are like strawberries freshly gathered; her hair's magnificent, and her eyes shine like; like," Jack was not great at a simile, "like two bran new shillings."

"Good complexion?" demanded the critical friend.  
Jack stammered at this, for the truth was, that to other eyes Susan Blomakin was a somewhat plain girl, whose skin had been tattooed by that savage enemy to female beauty—smallpox. So, when his friend repeated the question, he contented himself with his favorite, but somewhat ambiguous word "stunning." Old Zachary having set his face against the match, Jack got married privately, the funds being found in the usual manner.

When the old builder died, Susan Nettlethorpe's face was washed, for the first time, not with tears but it understood, and her garments mended. A vista of splendor opened out before her, and like the sun in its morning glory she rose up on an astonished world an altered woman—the grub under the influence of the sudden heat developed itself into the butterfly—a blow from Harlequin's wand and the slattern became the fine lady, and Jack's home twice as miserable than before. A showy extravagance was upon the surface, but dirt and discomfort were beneath it, though Mrs. Susan Nettlethorpe cared little for that. "The world," said that philosophic woman "judges by externals, and as long as the world thinks it all right, it is all right, I suppose." So, with many such scraps of wisdom, she with much self-complacency fastened a brass knocker upon the pig-sty and sat down waiting for double knocks.

"A safe speculation, Mr. Nettlethorpe, I assure you there's not such another site for building within ten miles of London; you might build a thousand houses, if you liked, and let 'em every one." Thus spake Stucco the speculative builder, keeping his eye all the time fixed upon the broad platter-face of Jack—much as a snake fascinates a bird.

"It'll be a long time before we get any return for the capital invested."

"Long time!" and Stucco smiled pityingly upon Jack, "and you call yourself a builder, Mr. Nettlethorpe. Pray tell me what houses are built for?"

"To live in," replied innocent Jack.  
"To let, sir, to let!" and the waggish Stucco placed his finger gently against his nose, "As for living, why, that is no business of ours. The house once taken, they can live or die in it, or both, if they please."

"But I shall be ruined, utterly ruined, if the speculation fails."

"Fail!" had it been the failure of the Bank of England that was hinted at, Stucco could not have expressed more surprise. "Fail!" he went on to say with unconscious imitation of Lady Macbeth—"but do you be ready with money and we'll not fail."

"It's all very well to commence building, that's easy enough," said poor Jack, and a gleam of good sense flickered for a moment through his mind, "but how to go on with it if the money runs short?"

"Borrow it!" borrow it!"  
"Eh!" Jack looked up. Mr. Stucco had touched his weak point, and the little gleam of good sense went out altogether.

"Borrow, run up the houses as fast as we can—that don't take long. We nearly finish the first lot, then mortgage them—borrow on them, you understand, and then finish the others."

"I think I'll do it."

"Do it!—ah! sir, it's a fortune."

And Jack Nettlethorpe did it, and it was—done. The speculation turned out as Stucco had prophesied, a fortune—for Stucco.

Mr. Robert Stucco went down to a villa near Norwood, and Mr. John Nettlethorpe went into Chancery.

"What's to be done, sir?" said the old foreman, Mr. Tibbs, looking Jack anxiously in the face.

"You don't mean to say I'm ruined?"

Tibbs shook his gray head sadly.

"I was born in your father's house, sir—for my father was resident foreman before me—and I hoped to die in it; but"—and again he shook his head—"it is not to be."

"But surely something can be done?"

"We must have the money before four o'clock, or the bills will be protested, and—"

"Stay!"—Jack sprung from his stool and seized his hat—I think I can borrow—there's Timothy—my old uncle Timothy; he lent my father thousands; yes, I'll try him." He hurried to the door and paused irresolute. "It's true Susan quarreled with him, and that I took her part, and—and," Jack's hat was slipping from his hand, when Mr. Tibbs' voice decided him.

"It's but a reed to lean upon—that's true; yet, sir, it's the only chance."

It was the only chance. Nettlethorpe leaned with all his weight upon the reed, and it snapped under him.

With a humbled head and beating heart Jack turned the handle of the parlor door and entered his uncle's room. The old gentleman heard the step—recognized it, wheeled his chair more to the front of the fire, and kept his eyes riveted on his paper. Two things had gone against Mr. Timothy that morning. The funds had fallen, and he had partaken of muffins—both events, with him, productive of indignation.

"How do you do, uncle?" began nervously, poor Jack.

"So you let just two years elapse before you thought it worth while to come and ask me that I'm very

kind—very—How do I do? Well, I'm none the better for seeing you, Mr. John Nettlethorpe."

"I have been a long time away; but business, you know, and Susan—"

"Susan Nettlethorpe's an extravagant hussy, and you're an ass to permit it. Women are the great mistake of Creation; and for my part, in these days of invention, I do not despair but what they may yet be done away with."

Jack laughed faintly—a miserable laugh, that just bubbled on his lips like the last mouthful of water on those of a drowning man.

"I came to inquire after your health, uncle Timothy."

Uncle T. wheeled his chair round with an appalling suddenness, and placing both his hands upon his knees, gazed into Jack's face.

"Do n't tell a lie, sir; you did n't come for that. Neither you nor your wife care one pin's head about my health. You did n't come for that."

"Not exactly," said the startled Jack.

"Then what did you come for? Speak out, sir. I am not an extravagant man, sir, and I have my newspaper left for an hour only every morning; half of that hour is already gone, and I've got the city article and all the debates to read. Speak out, sir—why did you come?"

With a sinking heart, and lips all a-tremble, Jack Nettlethorpe told the sad story of his ruined fortunes and the object of his visit. His uncle heard him patiently to the end.

"Have you finished?"

Jack answered in the affirmative, and his uncle rose, walked slowly across the room, and pulled the bell.

"Knibbs," he said to the servant who answered the summons, "you will show Mr. Nettlethorpe the door; and, mind, I'm never at home to him should he call again."

Jack rose, every limb quivering with emotion. His uncle had sunk back into his chair, and was again absorbed in the paper. Jack looked round the comfortable room, and then at the hard old man, his father's brother, who was turning him like a dog from his door. The past came back upon him, and, but for the support of his chair, he would have fallen. He made one effort to speak; but as the tears rushed to his eyes, the words faded from his lips, he was faint, choking, the grinning servant held wide the door; Jack gulped down a rising sob, snatched his hat, and in another moment was standing in the street.

A fortnight afterwards, the Times newspaper contained two announcements; viz., the demise of Mr. Timothy Nettlethorpe, and the charitable donation of his large fortune to an hospital—and the bankruptcy of his nephew, the unfortunate Mr. John Nettlethorpe.

"Come, I say this won't do, move on here!"—and a policeman pushed his way through the crowd.

"What's the row?" inquires a new-comer of one of the mob.

"There ain't no row," was the reply; "it's only Sukey Nettlethorpe drunk."

The crowd opens, and through the filthy streets of one of the filthiest quarters of our mighty city a wretched woman is dragged along between two policemen, her garments fluttering in the wind, and her disheveled hair hanging in a tangled web about her face—a woman possessed by the fiend—a fiend more dreadful than ever magellan conjured into his circle—a fiend who holds daily and nightly revel in myriads of miserable bones—you read its name in the heavy sodden face of this reeling woman—it is the fiend of drink.

A pale, sallow-faced man is leaning over the counter of a pawnbroker's shop, looking wistfully into the face of the proprietor.

"Can't be done, Nettlethorpe. Why, you are always borrowing; besides, how can you work without your tools?"

"It must be done—indeed it must; she's fined five shillings, as usual, and I can't let her go to prison, you know."

"Why not? I tell you what it is, my man, a few weeks would do her good; she's been a precious bad wife to you."

"Well, perhaps so"—and the poor fellow shook his head—"but I married her when she was a mere girl, and—and I can't let her go to prison, you know."

"Do as you like; I'll let you have it this once," and the pawnbroker tossed the carpenter's tools into the basket, and pushed the money across the counter. "But you're too fond of pawning, Nettlethorpe, though it's not my interest to say so; it's astonishing how pawning grows upon people. Why, there's Betsy Simonds"—and he pointed to a rickety child who had just entered the shop, and now stood before the counter balancing herself between two fatigues—"brought the baby here the other day, and wanted to know if I would lend something on it for an hour. Ah! when people once get used to borrowing, there's no knowing where they'll stop."

Jack Nettlethorpe is dead. His last act was to write to old Mr. Tibbs a request that was immediately complied with—that he would lend Susan sufficient to prevent his being buried in the workhouse deale: "Do n't let them give me a pauper's funeral," said he; and so, by dint of borrowing, he was saved from that disgrace, at least, and died as he had always lived—in debt.

REASON FOR DISABILITIES.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,  
I'm merry while I may—  
For life's a best a narrow span,  
At best a winter's day.

If care could make the sunbeams wear  
A brighter, warmer hue,  
The evening stars shine out more fair,  
The blue sky look more blue—

Then should I be a graver man;  
But since it's not the way,  
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,  
And merry while I may.

If sighs could make me sin the less,  
Perchance I were not glad—  
If mourning were the sage's dress,  
My garb should then be sad;

But since the angels' wings are white,  
And e'en the young saint smile—  
Since virtue wears a brow of light,  
And vice a robe of guile—

Since laughter is not under ban,  
Nor gladness clad in grey—  
Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can,  
And merry while I may.

I've seen a Bishop dance a reel,  
And a sinner fast and pray,  
A knife at top of fortune's wheel,  
And a good man cast away.

Wine I have seen your grave once quaff,  
Might as our feet afford;  
But I never heard a hearty laugh  
From out a villain's throat;

I never knew a virtuous man  
Make and a young maid's day—  
So coz, I'm happy when I can,  
And merry while I may.

So you let just two years elapse before you thought it worth while to come and ask me that I'm very

## SPIRITUALISM.

### ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The following remarkable manifestation of a spirit departed this life—recorded and vouched for by the popular pen of a writer in the Cabinet of Queen Anne, and the well-known author of *Robinson Crusoe*. This author, Daniel Defoe, was born in London, A.D. 1661: "It is a true relation of the apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fears of Death."—[Ed.]

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can vouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance. Though, since this relation, she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavor what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstance thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been a witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now, you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships. And Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing; while Mrs. Veal wanted for both, inasmuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstances of life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often console each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt upon Death, and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrows.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifference came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half, though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half year, has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the eighth of September, one thousand seven hundred and five, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard:—

"And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still, and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me." And then took up sewing work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door; she went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit. At that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first.

"But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how can you take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother."

"Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother, the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey."

So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock.

"Then," says Mrs. Veal, "my dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women."

"Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it."

"What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal.

Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me."

Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, if the subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, and two Dutch books, which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others. But Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt?

She said, "Yes."

Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it."

And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs, and brings it down.

Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notices we have of Heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says; and there be comfort under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you,

and that your afflictions are marks of God's favor; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings. For I can never believe (and clasp her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state. But be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Kenrick's Asseetic, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age. For now," says she, "there is nothing but vain, frothy discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were. But," said she, "we ought to do as they did; there was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?"

Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days."

Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?"

"No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out."

"Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them." Which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying, "holding down her head would make it ache;" and then desiring Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you forever."

In these verses there is twice used the word "Elysian."

"Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for Heaven."

She would often draw her hand across her own eyes, and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?"

"No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember, (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does), she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such; and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her own cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself on a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it; for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side. And to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her. And she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had opportunity.

"Dear Mrs. Veal," says Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman. Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself."

"No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reasons for it hereafter."

Mrs. Bargrave, then, to satisfy her impertinence, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter; she said she was not at home. "But if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her."

"Do," says Mrs. Veal.

She then left her, and went to a neighbor's to see her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's, before she went whither she was going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave, in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearance, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's, to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not.

They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there.

Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours."

They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if she had.

In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and the ecstasies was making.

This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family; and that

gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her that it was scoured.

Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and skeptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task, that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were, in general, extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favor and esteem of all the gentry; and it is thought a great favor if they can but get the relation from her own mouth.

I should have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her.

Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?"

"It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal.

And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring.

Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea.

Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) has broke all her own trinkets."

"But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that."

Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone;" and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Bretton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a-year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbor's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbor's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Bretton's ten pounds a-year. But the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation to be a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her; but she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything? And she said no. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in the disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then, again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet, that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother, to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave as the effect of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her, that she should not be frightened, which, indeed, appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day-time, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection, (as it is plain he does, by his endeavoring to stifle it), I cannot imagine; because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were, to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment), without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked, too, than any indifferent person, I daresay, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown? She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clasped her hands upon her knee? She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend,



herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came three miles to her to hear the relation; and that she told it to a room full of people at the time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story. Mrs. Barge's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best-grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative authority, seems strange to me; Mrs. Barge's notions and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

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#### ASSASSINATION.

There is a class of fanatical lovers of "freedom" in the world, who, in the expressive language of the heroic but unfortunate Madame Roland, would unblushingly commit almost any crime in the name of the goddess of Liberty. It has been more popular for them to follow their pursuits in years gone by, than it is in this day; for which we most sincerely offer our thanks. They argue that any measure of violence is excused by the urgency of their cause; which, if generally accepted as a doctrine, would very soon reduce us to a worse state than that which we call the "state of nature."

The cold-blooded, murderous, and thoroughly malicious attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French, can be defended on no principles known to civilized life. That Freedom which brings for success on the deeds of unprincipled and black-hearted assassins, is not the freedom for which minds that feel the bonds and galling yoke of oppression, are just yet ready. It is a condition, up to which, or down to which, none of us have yet been educated. And it should be our most earnest prayer, that the day may never dawn when we shall be ready for so fatal a gift. What if Louis Napoleon had, been destroyed by the explosion of some one of the murderous shells that carried death and misery all through the street? Who believes that the condition of France, and so of Europe, would have been as good as before the commission of this act? Is it not apparent that the same influences that set on foot and gave direction to this baseness, would instantly have set themselves up in the state to control the entire temper and tone of public affairs? Even they who most keenly feel the tyranny of the existing authority in France, would have joined in their regrets that the liberty for which they prayed and suffered had been thus lost by the crimes of madmen and demons.

This is the work, unquestionably, of Italian influence. That school is the school of the bowl and the poniard. Assassination is with that people the shortest cut to anything. If a little mischief occurs between old friends, one of them must die; not after he has had fair warning, and with an opportunity to sell his life at a fair rate of exchange, but at an unexpected moment, it might be in the midst of the gayest festivities, and while he had thoughts of everything but enmity with any one. Thus are the Italian race trained to cut the knot of all their personal entanglements and difficulties. They forget reason; they appeal to no man's magnanimity and high sense of honor; but their habit is to rush in and show their desperation. And when they have glutted their vengeance, they profess themselves satisfied.

This system they have been trying for a long time to introduce into their politics; but it has proved that it won't work. It never will work anywhere, for there is something in human nature, under all forms of government, and laws even the most tyrannical, that revolts at the very idea of an advantage, or a right even, secured by such a barbarous process. This last exhibition of the working of the system in the attempt to take off Louis Napoleon by explosive materials thrown beneath his carriage, does but serve to betray the impotence, not to speak of the madness, of the men who base their calculations upon the success of any such project of assassination. If they wish to secure liberty, with its attendant train of blessings, let them first show that they know how

to appreciate and deserve her. Certainly no sacred cause could not be said to be safe in the hands of any men, who understand so little of its true spirit as to think to advance it by the devilish arts and appliances that are familiar only to the assassin.

#### MONEY.

The discussion, a report of which is published on our fourth page, will be read with interest by all. No one can step from his house into the street, without witnessing the misery occasioned by the unequal distribution of money. No one can gaze out of his window, and enjoy the glorious sunshine which glows God's earth, without having its holy influence marred by the thought that poverty stalks abroad in the land, and that one half of his race cannot drink in the full glory of this sunshine, because their souls are looking at it through famished habitations. What is sunshine without, when hunger gnaws within?

Man's love of money is indeed the root of all evil, i. e., such love of money as has heretofore prevailed on earth. Still, to man's cupidity how many blessings in science and civilization do we owe.

Yet is there not a proper and just love of money, which every man may have, for right purposes?

Some men are born with the faculty of acquiring money. Everything they handle, either from superior judgment exercised, or from something which seems but good fortune, turns into dollars. Others seem to be born in poverty, and destined never to leave it until the grave closes over them; while others still, make and lose fortune after fortune. But the acquisition of money in most cases is to be placed to good judgment, and careful use. This is a faculty given to one man and withheld from another by his Creator; and why should it not be exercised honestly, when bestowed. And if the talent is improved, for noble purposes, where is the sin? Money is only a curse when hoarded for self gratification alone; and then it is a curse to the holder and to society. We think every man should have possessions enough to ensure him from poverty and his family from the same evil. But the man who, having money, hoards it for self gratification, while want is around him, is an unjust steward of God's blessings. If he has given him store—He has not done so without saying, "Go, feed my lambs;" and the rich man who disregards the commands of God within his own soul and fails to do so, will find it hard to enjoy heaven here or in the spirit life.

If, day by day, with the exercise of our acquisitiveness, Benevolence was cultivated; if every rich man, or every man having acquired sufficient property to place himself above want and provide for his own household, would seek out some deserving brother and place him on the road to competency, and let his wife be the good angel who should seek out the poor and needy, and of his store administer to their comforts, providing them with labor or business at the same time, there would be no such thing as misery on earth; and the possession of riches would be sunshine to the heart, enabling all to enjoy that of the material world.

The real sin is in cultivating Acquisitiveness, and neglecting Benevolence; in thinking all of self, and nothing of your neighbor. The spirit of man always looks forward with joy to a state when there will be no distinctions which property makes. Possibly this is a sighing for the Better Land, to which it knows it is destined; but until it realizes this state, there can be no real Heaven for the soul. Reform is certainly called for loudly, both in the manner of acquiring property, and the use of it after it is acquired. It is not enough that he who has it shall give a few dollars each year to Missionary Societies—to his church, or his minister. We want more active benevolence, more individual exertion in seeking out the needy, and administering to their wants. If, instead of sleeping in a cushioned pew on a Sabbath, the rich man would stay outside, spending one day in seven for the good of the world's poor, carrying with him one-half even of what God has enabled him to accumulate in the previous six days, there would be more rejoicing in heaven, than over all the prayers offered in all the churches in the land. This is Truth, whether it be taught in the New Testament, or not, and if all men everywhere would act up to this, we do not yet see the necessity of abolishing the use of money, or of casting away earthly possessions. It would perhaps be far more to the world's advantage to have one-half of what is hoarded, used to aid those who have none, in obtaining some. But one thing is evident; the present order of things cannot much longer exist, without transferring hell to earth. Everything is tending to break up the system of trade, which is little better than robbery, and the most radical discussion of this question will serve, as all radicalisms do, to develop a course of action, individual and general, whereby reform will be effected.

#### BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.

Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., of this city, delivered a very fine lecture recently before the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association, at the Melancon, on the subject mentioned above. Some of his thoughts were so excellent, that we made a rough and hasty note of them for others to enjoy along with ourselves.

The inner world it was, said the lecturer, in which all character was formed,—a world crowded with thought, and alive with questions. There is none but looks back on youth with the most lively interest, and dwells on its dreams, its aspirations, and its temptations with delight. Especially was it to be feared by the sternest sex, that sympathy with the young would be decaden by the business cares of life. He was always struck with the character of Dr. Arnold, a man who studied deeply into boy's nature, and who taught boys to respect themselves by showing his own respect for them.

The young were much inclined to imitate; still Nature had given distinct constitutions to all. His own counsel was—let every boy and man be himself, and not ape another. We should each one of us cultivate inward character for ourselves, and say—"I must be true to myself." In no sense should we consent to be a mere echo of another, but keep in mind what self-respect and the numerous responsibilities of life demand of us. One of our own essayists says—"Hold on to thyself!" It is quite important that we should.

The lecturer observed that all the grandeur of human life is out of sight; and all that appears is but the effect. He directed the attention of his hearers to the secret springs of action, imploring them at the same time never to forget themselves. Honesty is natural to youth. Perfect honesty ought to shine through and illustrate the whole sphere of action. It is nothing in our favor if we are honest because it is the "best policy," or because it is respectable. We should be so because we are directed to be by

those lofty and undying principles that are born within us.

The Doctor furnished several remarkable instances of youthful integrity, exhibited under circumstances of the most trying character. He also formed to obedience, and those other qualities that so train and flavor the nature of man, and assist to impress his influence, of one sort or another, upon the world around him. He had much to say upon the long-established rules of right, and offered to his deeply interested hearers many appropriate, though familiar illustrations of the idea of an honorable boyhood, terminating in and running through an honorable manhood.

There is much more to be said on this important subject than has yet been said. Good boys are plenty enough, and yet been little specimens some of them are, too; but downright manly and honest boys,—they are as scarce as men of the same desirable qualifications.

[Letter from Dr. A. R. Child.]

#### SPIRITUALISM AND DEATH.

In this city, a young man has recently been borne to the cold and silent tomb. Spiritualism, not in name, but in reality, not outwardly, but inwardly, has shed its softening, tranquillizing rays around this death scene and burial. It hovered over the life of this young man, both in health and sickness, and still more faithful in the hour of death, it released his spirit from the fetters of earth, from his material form, and has borne it to the land of beauty that awaits it. It has done its work, though unseen, unacknowledged, and to physical perception, unknown.

This young man was the son of a respectable and wealthy merchant of this city. His father and mother were both exemplary members of long and good standing in the Baptist Church, and he, though twenty-five years of age, notwithstanding the earnest solicitations and kind entreaties of father, mother, sister and friends, would never accept the doctrines of any church, and outwardly proclaim himself a Christian. He did not, because he could not. There was an interior conviction, a "tacit persuasion" of his soul, that forbade this acceptance. He was kind, affectionate, honest, just, and truthful. He cared little or nothing for wealth, or its glittering train of attendants, though surrounded by it and all that it could bring. He ever manifested great dislike for creeds, dogmas, doctrinal disputes, and religious discussions. He had an intuitive faith that "God is good," "God is love," and with this faith his soul was imbued. It was steadfast and abiding; it was so indelibly wrought in his being, that

"Not all the wealth or honor of the earth  
Could seduce his soul, and make it leave  
The ever-blooming sweets that satisfied its longings,  
For God imprints the secret bias of his faith  
Beyond the power of words."

No external religious ceremonies could touch or influence a soul like this. Spirit power, direct from the spirit world, made his faith; a faith so strong, so sure, that all the battlements of contradictory creeds made by men could have no influence. No external religious forms or ceremonies could influence the superior light of his soul. These fell powerless before his spirit, as that which is material ever must before that which is truly spiritual. His soul worshipped God in silence, without the unmeaning external form of words and ceremonies. It was his dying request to distribute his possessions to good men, widows and the fatherless, and thereby effect some good among the needy. His last breath breathed out a soul at peace with man, and at peace with God, having lived a true spiritual life, peaceful in health, resigned in sickness, and happy in death; and thus departed his spirit—

"To the islands of the blessed,"  
"To the land of the hereafter."

This young man was not a Spiritualist, as words express it, but in reality was truly an object of its blessed influence.

The good and spiritual minister came to administer the last earthly rites over his cold and lifeless form, and the outpourings of his soul, fed by the holy influx of spirit love, made him forget the cold tenets of his church creed, and in his prayer of inspiration, say, "the arms of our Saviour are outspread to receive the spirit of the loved, departed one; he has gone to the bosom of his God, to the place prepared for him in his Father's house of many mansions." He could not doom the spirit of the good young man to misery, though the tenets of his church most certainly did. He manifested, as if by holy intuition, that God is good, and loves his children in life and death.

When the earthly tenement was about to be committed to the grave, a weeping father said, "it is too hard to bear, to bury him in this cold grave;" the mother rising above her tears and grief, responded, "He is not there! Look up! Angels are above and around us, and he is with them! My angel children are all here!"

How fitting and appropriate is Spiritualism in a death scene and burial; "it takes from the tomb its silent terror; it calls the soul upward beyond that narrow grave, where the body mingles with its kindred dust."

Thus one may see Spiritualism beautifully manifested through persons who deny it and reject it outwardly. Spiritualism has come without an invitation to earth; it comes to all God's children, and though we know it not, and acknowledge it not, it is doing its mighty work of love to humanity. It makes us better—it makes us happier.

Two days subsequent to the death of this young man his spirit moved powerfully the hand of his cousin, who is a pure, innocent, truthful young lady of about 19 years, and wrote as follows:

My mother, oh, my mother, you cannot, you must not, doubt the reality of my presence. I am not dead; my own mother, dearest, do not let your thoughts rest so frequently upon that cold lifeless form which you are about consigning to its everlasting rest, but rather think of your son now in perfect health and vigor. The pallid cheek now blooms with a new life, and all pain and weariness has passed away with my mortal existence. I am free and happy.

Mother, I cannot have you longer doubt the truth of spirit intercourse; it is the only earthly link which can now draw and bind me to you. I must and will come back to assure you of my existence in a happier state. Oh, my mother, for my sake strive to dry those bitter tears. I know full well my absence will leave an aching void for some time to come in the family circle, yet my spirit will never forsake its earthly kindred. I am as fully united to you as before this veil was dropped. I cannot for some time yet behold your much loved son; but he knows all that your throbbing heart can say. When you bid my earthly remains farewell, at the portals of the tomb, strive to look beyond, and you will in soul behold me as I am, clothed anew in the robes of life eternal. Mother, oh, dear mother, if you ever loved

your son, and still love him, do not, I implore you, say, when you read these lines, they are very beautiful, but still they do not come from thy lost son. Mother, they do come from him, although I must use a medium's powers to converse through. I cannot thank my cousin sufficiently for allowing me now to speak through her. It was my intention, when in my earthly life, to return and communicate with you, if such a boon was granted in the hereafter to poor mortals; and I should have spoken through a stranger rather than that you should not have heard from me. But I well knew that such communication would not touch your heart as deeply as through one you could love as a friend, and who I am sure would not willingly deceive you.

Mother, I have not yet explored this unknown country, but I have met many friends here, and I know with such as these, I cannot be miserable. Something within my soul tells me in words whose impress is indelibly fixed within, that God is good, and that He will reveal more and more of that goodness to me. I shall not have one shadow resting upon the brightness of my pathway, unless it be your sorrow for my departure. Then, oh, my mother, if you would make your son completely happy, do not weep at those without hope or consolation; feel how near I am to you. God has wisely taken me from your midst, that your eyes might be opened to the spirit world around, and in you. Cast off those shackles that bind you to earthly forms and ceremonies. You shudder and tremble within yourself, when I told you that you will become a medium through whom your departed loved ones would come to comfort you; but you need have no fears, my precious mother; it is not an unpleasant mission. You do not know how much happiness it will bring you. My dear uncle, well said, that earthly religion would do for this life, but the spiritual alone could make the death scene beautiful. Ask your own soul if it be not thus. Mother, dearest, I could write forever, if my words could only bring you comfort; and in a few weeks, I will again return to you, bearing tidings of my new home, which I shall go to seek shortly. I need not say, do not forget me, for I know my mother's heart must cease to beat forever, in time and eternity, before she can do that; but I will say, think of the spirit body, and forget the poor, emaciated frame.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### WAITING.

BY MADON CARROLL.

Waiting by the emerald mountains  
Of the brighter, better land,  
Waiting by the pebbly fountain,  
Dearest, dost thou lonely stand?  
Oh, beloved! oh, mine only!  
Stand I on the earth as lonely?  
Lonely I—where pleasure lingers  
Trailing garlands for my way,  
Lonely thou—where heavenly splendors  
In dazzling glories play.  
Darting! at the sunset gate,  
Shall I never see thee wait?  
Oh! I watched the purple gleaming  
Of a cloud among the stars,  
Or the softer rose-glow streaming  
Through the sunlight's golden bars,  
Thinking 'twas thy robe of lightness,  
Flashing in the sea of brightness.  
Never has one starry token  
Floated down from the sky;  
Never one sweet whisper broken  
The deep spells that round thee lie.  
Darling! wilt thou never return?  
Must I ever vainly yearn?  
Soft—I feel a light hand stealing  
Through the masses of my hair,  
Oh! the rapture—oh! the thrill  
Of the lightest resting there.  
Tell me, darling! is it thou,  
Showing kisses on my brow?  
Waiting upon the vapors  
Of an error-clouded youth,  
To dissolve before the tapers  
Lighted at the Sun of Truth?  
Oh! beloved—how tenderly  
Thy sweet knowledge dawns on me!

PHILADELPHIA, JAN 12th, 1858.

#### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Our "Squire" arranging Bouquets in New Orleans—  
Spiritualism and the "Sunday Delta"—"What's O'Clock"—Dr. Palmer's "Physiologist" among the French Spiritualists—The "Physiologist" among the French Spiritualists—Dr. Palmer, the "Sunday Orator"—Dr. Botes and the Bible—Thomas G. Forster and future travels.

NEW ORLEANS, JAN. 29, 1858.

DEAR BANNER—I fear you will have occasion to seriously call me to account for having delayed so long to tell you of my whereabouts. I am in the city of gayeties, and were I not cognizant of being in the far South, I should certainly judge I was enjoying the salubrity of a Northern summer's day. No longer ago than day before yesterday, at the establishment of a friend a few miles out of town, I culled a beautiful bouquet from the garden surrounding the house. But they do have some storms here, and the atmosphere a portion of the time reminds one of the vapor above a swamp. A few days since a terrific blow came up and swept over a large part of the town. It visited the river and loosened some twenty ships and steamboats from their moorings, killing some seven men. Signs fell thundering to the street, and about that time a goodly number of New Orleans' best men "went down," at least so far as name is concerned. There are a great many Spiritualists in the city, but they are not seemingly united, at least, not sufficiently so to occupy any prominent position before the public.

Among these are some able writers, and the "Sunday Delta" gives weekly evidences of their struggle for position. I have been favored with the acquaintance of the author of "What's O'Clock." He is a firm Spiritualist, and has been so for years; he is a person of culture and a gentleman in every sense of the word, and I hold myself indebted to him for many kindnesses.

The conditions for lecturing here are not so harmonious as might be wished; all the halls are large and expensive, at least such as it would be wise to occupy. In Philadelphia the Spiritualists have a hall not equalled in any place I have visited. It has conveniences for seating 700 persons, and is a neatly decorated room. Cleveland, I understand, has received quite a pull back, owing to the excitement created by Mrs. Lewis, and people are almost afraid of the mention of Spiritualism, lest it bring again the dreaded "Free Love." However, the able editor of the Cleveland "Spiritualist" is fighting hard to hand, or pen to pen, battles with those who cling to the free just doctrine, and is receiving that praise which is most certainly due him. I understand that Memphis has more Spiritualists in it than any other place of its size in the United States. I regret I had not time nor opportunity to stop there.

I have given some few sittings since I arrived here,

and, in some instances, been quite successful. I have visited among the French Spiritualists, and find them a quiet, calm, and respectful people—much less given to fanatical ideas than we, and ever willing to seek and know the truth, let it present its claims as it will. I will forward you a translation of an account given of some of the manifestations; they were similar in character to those already witnessed by my friends in B.

Doctor Palmer is the prominent Sunday Orator here, and manages to get more of the brimstone element into his discourses than any man I ever have listened to. Dr. Botes, another clergyman, said, a few Sundays since, that the Bible never ought to have been submitted to the world in its present condition. Not only Spiritualists question parts of the Bible, but every denomination does it for the sake of proving a point.

Mr. Forster has not yet joined me. He is in St. Louis, was to succeed A. J. Davis there, and lecture, I believe, the 24th and 31st insts. He will be here by the eighth or tenth of February, when he will open some place or other, and address the people of New Orleans. After having remained here awhile, we shall proceed to Texas. I am informed that there are a goodly number of Spiritualists there, also, and I shall take every opportunity to present the claims of the Banner, and let it tell its own story long after we are gone. You will probably hear from Mr. F. next. Wishing a thousand blessings, I remain,

Yours, &c., J. R. M. S.

#### HENRY WRIGHT.

We alluded in a former number to the death of a Spiritualist, well known to our people in this city. This death leaves a widow and two children unprotected, and they need not so much sympathy as material aid.

Mr. W. was an honest, hard-working printer, who never earned more than supplied the wants of his family, therefore they are left destitute. What little funds the widow had by her, were taken from her by a deacon of a church in a neighboring town, who owns the house she resides in, early on the morning after the funeral, for rent, and fearing that the widow could not meet it in future, he was anxious she should leave. It was thought the Christian deacon might have been more considerate, but he undoubtedly reflected all the light he had, and he is to be pitied that he had no more.

The Spiritualists will be waited upon in all probability for aid in this case, and it is hoped they will give according to their means.

We wish to correct an impression that has been set afloat by our impulsive friend, which is that there was more expense attending the funeral than was necessary. He might have learned, that all but two carriages which attended the body to the grave, were hired by the printers who wished to see the last of the mortal part of their brother. We furnished one in which Mrs. Leeds and her sister rode, with whom Bro. Wright were acquainted, and who are doing all they can for the widow. Let us see what Spiritualism is worth to the poor and afflicted, and if it really does make people more loving and kind than old church-religion.

#### TRUTH PERVERTED.

Truth is never perverted. It is the semblance of its perversion that we see. Truth is truth, pure and undefiled forever. Our opinions are glasses through which we behold truth. These glasses are tinged and colored by the peculiar cast and complexion of belief. Truth ever remains the same, and while one sees it through red glass it appears red, another through green glass it appears green, another through the two colors combined and it appears neither red or green, but still another color; and so truth appears varied or perverted as the tints of color through which it is seen are varied by the combination of the simple elements of color. And could we see truth without the coloring of opinions, we should all see it alike, as it is.

Again: truth is a problem, having eight sides. One sees but one side, and it appears only a simple straight line. Another sees two sides, two straight lines in the form of an angle; another three lines, making two angles. One sees a perpendicular line, another a horizontal line, another a line neither perpendicular or horizontal. But the octagon is the same, though it is seen by each, but in parts. Could all see every side, it would appear to all precisely the same.

#### SPIRITUALISM AT OBERLIN.

We extract the following from the Spiritualist Clarion, published at Auburn, N. Y., whose editor and his lady have been traveling throughout the West. They pick up some very interesting items upon their journey which are valuable. Among them is the following, which shows up the error of Sectarianism in a strong light. Although more liberal in their theology than the old line of Congregational theology, they are none the less bitter in opposition to truth that does not come in and through their own sect. However, it is gratifying to see that the seed is sown, and will grow even in the hot-bed of sectarianism. Oberlin has about 1000 pupils.

OBERLIN, Ohio, Nov. 25.—The Theological Institution in this place seeks to keep out everything of a progressive character. No public Spiritual meetings have yet been held here. Coles and Coan sent out word for the use of the only hall in the place, but it being under the control of the Faculty, said functionaries concluded at last not to allow the public to be rapped up out of its orthodox slumbers. To illustrate the enlightened estimate in which the orthodox establishment holds Spiritualism, we may state for the information of ladies, that no female pupil is allowed to room or board in any house where Spiritual circles are wont to be indulged! Whether this rule is expected to prevent the spirits from manifesting themselves, we do not learn. This reminds us of a manifestation given in the presence of one of the Oberlin Professors. One of the sisters belonging to the church became developed as a trance speaking medium, and was called to an account. She appeared before one of the venerable members of the Faculty, and was suddenly thrown into a trance, uttering a powerful spirit appeal. Unacquainted with the spasmodic movements attending some phases of mediumship, the aged Professor grew alarmed, and hurriedly called for water, camphor and a fan. But the spirits, instead of throwing the medium into a fainting fit, prepared to give the Professor "fits." After the lady had concluded her address and came out into the normal state, the learned Doctor broke out in astonishment and exclaimed, "Slay you could a say and do that yourself alone?" We attempted to public meeting here, but held a private circle, and met a few devoted friends at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Redwin, with some genial hospitality we were blessed. We have a select little band of believers here, whose zeal and influence will be felt all over Oberlin is leavened with the liberal Gospel.

The Boston Courier says there is a dilemma in the court as to the proper mode of settling a Spiritualist. Allow us to suggest settling on his own world. Allow



## Trance Speaking.

## THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth, of Portland, Me., lectured at the Melodeon on Sunday last. His subject, in the afternoon, was the "Philosophy of Spiritual Growth." He said, we must not fear man from all things else in existence, but stand him as he really is, dependent upon all else, and all else dependent upon him. As man expands, the spirit of God, or the divine germ, manifests itself more fully.

Man derives his existence not alone from man; and not to man is he indebted for his spiritual power, but he is inseparably connected with all things else in nature.

Man has a constant yearning to know more; and as he peers into the chambers of the spirit within, he sees the same longing there. Man, in the present, as in the past, is constantly aspiring for a higher sphere of action.

We cannot destroy the natural laws of the universe, nor their natural effect, but it is our sphere to develop and understand those laws.

If Moses received instructions from the interior world, he received them because his condition demanded them. If the Jews received laws from a higher power, for their guidance and government, it was because they needed them; and they were adapted to their growth of spirit. But as man expanded, he demanded more of intellectual and spiritual truth. If man looks around him, and asks, what shall I do that I may best serve the Lord? we would say, view the laws of nature, not alone in one thing, but in all things.

The flower, born from the seed, as it gradually unfolds itself till it reaches the state when its sheds around its delicate aroma, is like the gradual unfoldings of man's spirit.

If we look into the past, we shall see a different species of manifestations from those of the present day—a difference in the laws which govern the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. Place a man of the present generation back a thousand years, and he could not exist. The elements to constitute his food have been purified by the growth of centuries.

If man would aspire to unfold the powers within him, he must first know the power with which he comes in contact, and if anything is in his way, he must try to remove it.

In the ever-rolling stars some men can best see the existence and wisdom of God; with others the rolling river and the animate forests are his purest handiwork. Let man go to these, and drink into his soul the spirit of God, and under their influence he learns more and more of God, and his soul grows greater and greater. You cannot make such minds kneel and pray that some may be saved, and others damned. You heard the inquiry—What shall I do to be saved? But with those who understand God as he is in nature, this is a question requiring the simplest answer.

Those who have passed into the spirit sphere receive instruction from those who are above them; so do we drink into our spiritual condition what our souls require and demand, from those above us. The very lowest soul on earth, covered with filth, becomes slowly purified in the spirit life.

God works not by favor, by miracles or special providences, but exists in all things. What exists to-day, always has existed, yet the manifestations are constantly changing.

Man must not bow down in a peculiar position, to do reverence to God, but let the mind look up higher than external forms, regarding man as a spirit, and as such, divine.

Look for the present to your own wants and demands; there is something in every soul that says—I want, I hunger; unfetter me, and let me go forth and be what I ought to be." Obey this voice.

Who has elevated the world to the high position in which she stands? It has surely not been the selfish one, but from the first it has been a few daring souls. They have bared themselves to the present disrespect for future welfare. The great work rested with a few minds, while others impeded them in their progress.

It need not be that one may be God's vice-regent; but each mind has the demand, and each the power to gratify. Let man go deeper into his own soul. When that is done, man is free, and his spirit shall shine with greater lustre.

In the evening the subject spoken of was "Life's Realities, and its attendant Philosophies."

We look upon man in this wise. His soul is an out-shoot—an off-spring—from the great source of all things, and the germ of all soul is pure. If a mind sends off a thought that may touch another, that thought is a reality. We look upon man as a reality—and an immortality. We can go back relying upon the record, and mark the grades through which man has progressed in his immortality—and see the testimony of it in the earliest age of the world. From the Scriptural examples of spirit-interference, we may see that the spirit is real and immortal. If such was the lesson of the past, why is it not that of the present? If the spirit is not real now, then what is real? Why should we say that all is mythical and unreal now, while we claim truth and reality for the past? Surely it is well for man to know what he is, and to know where to look to supply his demands. At the present time there are but very few minds who know of the reality of the soul—of its existence in a spirit life.

Though man is always aspiring, yet it may be claimed that what knowledge God has revealed to him, is sufficient for his present necessity. But wherefore is this? If the cause is real, the soul must be real, and if there has been a real inspiration given to man in the past, the present stands open to receive the same. Thousands upon thousands of minds today allow that they profess a belief in a future happiness and immortal life. Yet they dare not look upon the morrow's sun, and say, "I know that I am immortal." Thousands upon thousands of minds, standing in this position, are sending up their prayers, and God for light—for a knowledge of what they are, and what they are to be. The whole is a reality. Man is a being that sends from him in a moment his material form, and goes onward in spiritual strength. Gradually the existence of man is proved as the world learns more and more of man material and his spiritual.

The scientific world is as real in its unfoldings as the spiritual. Man may as well find the power and wisdom of God in the revolving bodies of the sky, as in the interior soul, so long as the love of truth guides him in the path of duty.

It has been the mission of the past, and is that of the future, to make spirit-existence a reality to mortals, which has always been shrouded in mystery.

There is nothing, either in cause or effect, but what is real.

Man never need fear that he shall lose sight of God by real investigation. It matters not to what point he may turn, there he will see some demonstrating fact that will show him the existence and wisdom of God, that has never exercised his mind before. Life on earth is pronounced a reality—it demonstrates itself as real, but in the spirit life it becomes even more real—if such a thing were possible; more and more real in its reality. The soul is not lurking about golden streets, nor serving as a chorister for a personal God—but its sphere is to cheer and comfort those of earth, who, like Hagar, are mourning in the wilderness.

Heaven is but a condition, and the soul finds it not, till, with the excess of its charity, it comes down to do good to the spirits chained to earth. Those who have looked upon the future life as a vagary and delusion, need hope for no heaven higher than their aspirations. The soul that worships the glittering metal on earth, can realize nothing nobler in heaven.

It matters not if you pass into the spirit-world tonight, for if you are fit to live, you are fit to die. Never need you fear of a condition beyond, which the mind cannot fathom. In this connection, let us not forget that man was never so perfect as at the present time. Ever has he been becoming more and more spiritually beautiful.

When we look at the lowest condition of mankind, we have been taught that there is a cutting-off of spirituality; but no matter however gross and material the soul may be, it becomes in the spirit-life gradually unfolded—and so all shall reach heaven's high courts in the lapse of time. Man never need fear that down in the depths of hell he shall be plunged, or that the ties of friendship on earth will ever be severed in the spirit-life. His progress here is but his starting point towards eternity.

You need but to be just to yourselves, and to lend a helping hand to those who follow in your footsteps. Man lives less in the past than in the future, and the light of the present is the forerunner of the future. Great, progressive and real are the laws which govern man; and as he struggles to fulfill his destiny, he will drink in the reward that awaits him.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, better known in Vermont than in Boston as an eloquent trance speaker, will occupy the desk next Sunday.

## The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

## SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Read the truthfully written sketch upon the second page, by Cora Wilburn.

We have their word for it, and consequently we speak "by authority," that the Harvard Spiritual Investigating Committee will . . . report. We are perfectly aware how they have felt on the subject for some time, and there can be no doubt but that the forth-coming Report will come!

United States mail steamer Edinburg, Captain Cummings, left New York for Glasgow on Saturday last, with thirty-two cabin passengers, and ninety-four in the steerage. She has a large and valuable cargo, consisting chiefly of flour, grain and provisions. The Edinburg takes out the mails for Europe intended for the Atlantic.

A practical joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barrister hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo' to sell?"

"No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counselor, "they are all new suits."

SALE OF WALKER'S STEAMER.—The steamer Fashion, which carried Walker out on his last filibuster expedition, and was afterwards seized, was sold in Mobile on Tuesday, by order of the government, for \$200. Merely a nominal sale, probably.

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a jocular way, said:—"Do not let any one else rumple it."

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

A GIRL'S LIFE SAVED BY CAROLINE.—An elegantly dressed young lady, only seventeen years of age, was recently, says a London paper, preserved from drowning by her crinoline garments. The silly girl leaped from the balustrade of the bridge which spans the Serpentine river, in Hyde Park. When falling, her dress, which had a large hooked crinoline underneath, expanded to its full dimensions, and she came upon the water like a balloon, where she floated for several minutes. A constable immediately procured a buoy belonging to the Royal Humane Society, which he threw out to her, and seizing it as she began to sink, the was safely drawn to the side.

The N. Y. Herald learns from Nicaragua that the treaty between Yrissari and our government had been ratified, and also that the treaty between Costa Rica and Nicaragua had been rejected by the first named republic. These events would, it was thought, lead to the renewal of hostilities. There were great rejoicings in Granada, on the receipt of the news of the capture of Gen. Walker by the United States naval forces.

Why was Mr. Barksdale's wig, during the *meles* at Washington, like Com. Stockton's big gun? (the one that went off "on a burst.") Because it was a piece-maker.

WIDE SPREAD DESTITUTION.—It appears from the appeal of the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor," in New York, that there is probably, at the present time, a more prevalent and absolute state of destitution in that city than was ever known. More than 15,000 persons have been added to the list dependent upon the Association during the last three weeks, so that the present number exceeds 37,000! Here is a fine opportunity for our churches to show their benevolence, by raising funds to assist the poor in our own country. Instead of aiding "foreign missions" so abundantly.

BABOON OF PROMISE.—A young man, miller by trade, stole a horse, was arrested and imprisoned. As his trial drew near he acknowledged the crime, remarking that he committed it for the purpose of getting rid of the constant importunities of a woman whom he had promised to marry, but did not love. He preferred imprisonment to matrimonial bonds, thus showing that of two evils he chose the least.

KANSAS.—The St. Louis Republican correspondent, writing from Westport, Mo., Feb. 5, says that the latest and most reliable news from the territory is of a serious character. Gen. Lane had put himself at the head of from three to five hundred men, and was on his way to storm Kickapoo. Gen. McLean

President Calhoun's chief clerk in the surveyor's office, has been compelled to leave Lecompton. He brings the news that a day or two since Sheriff Walker, with a band of Danites, as a posse, went with a search warrant to McLean's office and demanded the returns and poll books of the recent elections under the Lecompton constitution. They endeavored to take McLean prisoner, but he escaped, and says it was expected he would have been hung by a mob at Lawrence had he not got away.

We give the above as it comes to us by telegram from St. Louis. If true, matters must come to a crisis rapidly, and civil war result.

He that hath no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar; and without talents, powers, or energy.

Over nine thousand locomotives are now running on the United States' railroads.

Every man who lives or dies for humanity, becomes its saviour.

The Utica Observer says snow is so deep in the hills in the county, at Poland, that the farmers had been obliged to take snow shovels in hand to break the way for the teams.

Pitt Platt has been appointed Postmaster at Plattsburg. This alliteration is equal to Peter Piper, who picked the peck of pickled peppers.

The Santa Fé Gazette advocates the raising of a regiment of mounted riflemen, in that territory, for the Utah war, stating that a march could be made from that point to Salt Lake within fifteen days. The Gazette also recommends that reinforcements be sent through New Mexico, describing the route as being much easier than the northern, and that with an abundance of provisions and forage, and destitute of cannon, it can be traveled quicker than via Fort Laramie.

The book-keeper who fell from a column of figures is still in a critical state.

EARLY MISSIONARY EFFORTS.—In an old history of New England, we are told that some of the zealous teachers of Christianity gave some new and handsome shirts to the Indians, to induce them to be baptised; but the Indians, not knowing how to wash their shirts when they became dirty, came back, and insisted that the missionaries should give more shirts to them, threatening, if they did not, to renounce their new religion. This fact is commented on by Cotton Mather, in book iii. of his *Magnalia Christi Americana*.

Digby is a curious chap. He does chores for the Banner. After paying him off Saturday, he threw back a bill in a miff, pronouncing it spurious. We examined it, and told him it was a good note on the Attleboro' Bank. "Attleboro' Attleboro'" exclaimed he; "isn't that sufficient to show that it's spurious?" We paid him in specie, and he and Ike Partington went out to Horn Pond "on a skate."

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.—U. S. mail steamship Star of the West arrived at New York on Saturday afternoon from Aspinwall Feb. 3, with \$1,348,507 in treasure on freight, 219 passengers, and California mails of the above date, brought down to Panama by steamer Golden Age, which left San Francisco at 1 P. M. on the 20th ult., and besides the above amount of treasure, had \$560,931 for Europe and \$32,000 for Panama. The news by this arrival is unimportant.

## Late Foreign News.

The Cunard steamship Niagara, which left Liverpool about 10 o'clock on the morning of January 30, arrived at Halifax at 7:30 A. M.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament would assemble on the 4th of February.

A numerous deputation has waited on Palmerston to urge the immediate abolition of church rates. They met with such lukewarm encouragement that they adopted indignant resolutions, and pledged themselves to press forward an independent bill on the subject.

Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, has been invested with the order of the garter. The Lovians had been pushed twenty-five feet off the ends of the launching ways, and her cradles were being removed. She had over seventeen feet of water under her, and was expected to float on the 30th or 31st ult.

The resolution pending before the general court of the East India Company, deprecating the proposed change in the government of India, was carried by almost unanimous vote.

The London Advertiser ascertains that the Indian bill will not be nearly so sweeping as is generally believed, and as at first intended. Ministers will consent to modifications in the measure in its progress through Parliament, and it will not pass this year. If not withdrawn, it will be shelved at the end of the session.

Heavy drafts of troops were under orders to embark for India.

Lord Palmerston has intimated to Miss Hogg, the oldest daughter of the late Patrick Shepherd, that her Majesty has been pleased, in consideration of her father's genius, to confer upon her a civil list pension of 400, a few years ago Lord Aberdeen bestowed on Mrs. Hogg, the poet's widow, a pension of 300, which she continues to enjoy.

Lord Palmerston has granted a pension on the Literary Civil List, of 1000, a year to the widow of Douglas Jerrold.

The eldest son of King Ferdinand of Naples, was to have been married to a Bavarian Princess. It appears, however, that the royal family of Bavaria, knowing that the heir to the throne of Naples had been educated more like a priest than a prince, desired that he might, before his marriage, perform a tour and see something of the world, and that, on these representations being made to Ferdinand II, he decided to break off the proposed alliance.

During the severe storms on the coast of Barbary, from the first to the 16th of January, an Austrian and a Portuguese vessel were thrown on the Riff coast, and the pirates pillaged the vessels and murdered most of the crews.

The Bank of England reduced its rate of discount on the 19 ult., to four per cent. The reduction had little or no effect on the money market or stock exchange.

FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* contains a leading article on the unanimous expression of horror which has been elicited, not only from all parties of France and every class of population, but from foreign governments and nations, and claims the congratulations which the empire has received, as proofs of affection for the imperial family and dynasty, as well as for their majestic persons. Addresses from some of the regiments to the emperor were mentioned in such strong language as to attract much attention. The Zouaves almost regret they had not an opportunity to manifest their zeal in a striking manner; and the address of the 82d regiment contains the following sentence:—"And if your majesty wants soldiers to reach these men even in their haunts, we humbly pray you to designate the 82d regiment as part of the advance guard of this army." Addresses from other regiments appear to have been worded still stronger, for the *Moniteur* has omitted some of the paragraphs. It is stated that Orsini was at Strasbourg when the emperor was there last year, but he and two or three Italians were expelled.

FRANCE.—A plot against the life of the King of Naples had been discovered. Ten persons (Frenchmen)

are said to have landed at Naples to carry out the design of the conspiracy, also discovered at Ascoli. Objects of the conspiracy unknown. Insurrectionist movements in Rome, it is said, had been planned for the 16th of January, but the police frustrated it.

INDIA.—The scenes after Windham's defeat are said to have been fearful. The hospitals were crowded to suffocation. The enemy directed their fire especially upon them, and it was not until Sir Colin Campbell returned, and with a dozen haughty words brought every man to his place, that order was restored. Sir Colin Campbell was still at Cawnpore at last advices, and was shortly expected to move westward with a powerful force. Sir James Outram, at Alumbagh, attacked and defeated the enemy on the 22nd of Dec., capturing four guns with trifling loss. Gen. Roberts is appointed to command a full force in Rajapootana, which is assembling at Decca, and which is to march on to Nesserabad. No fresh disturbances had occurred in any part of Decca and Central India. The Punjab was tranquil.

Sir Colin Campbell, on Dec. 12, advanced towards Jullahabad, and intended to proceed thence to Agra. Col. Seaton's column recaptured Nympoore on the 17th of Dec., after defeating the rebels and taking six guns. Brigadier Gen. Chantier's column proceeded with a column on Rohilcand, and afterwards joins Sir Colin at Agra. The Decca mutineers have entered the Assam country. Her majesty's 61st regiment are in pursuit. The conduct of the 31st regiment of native infantry has excited suspicion. Sir Hugh Rose proceeds immediately with a force to the relief of the garrison. The population of Indore have been disarmed and tranquillity restored. In the Punjab and Soinde all is quiet; but strong suspicions are entertained of Khelapoor Rajah's movements. All now is quiet, however. New depredations of Khandair and Belth rebels have been severely handled. A grand entertainment has been given by the native gentlemen of Bombay to all the European troops in the garrison. The Bishop of Calcutta died on the 3d.

AUSTRALIA.—The mail steamer has arrived at Suva, with advices from Melbourne to Dec. 16th, and Sydney Dec. 11. Trade at Melbourne had continued very dull. Several failures are reported. There was little coal leaving.

CHINA.—The correspondent of the Times, writing from Canton river under date of Dec. 16th, says that Yeh had returned an insolent answer to the ultimatum of the English and French plenipotentiaries, and that the two forces would in a few days attack Canton. Lord Elgin's demand was the most temperate character, asking for no more than that the treaty should be carried out; that Canton should be put upon the same footing as other treaty ports, and its gates opened to commerce; compensation given for damages done to British merchants; and occupation of Honan acquiesced in as a material guarantee until all matters are settled. A letter from Hong Kong says that Yeh's answer to Lord Elgin was couched in a sarcastic vein. He informs his lordship that the question of the treatment of strangers at Canton has been settled by a decree of the Emperor; that Sir George Bonham was made a baronet for respecting that decree, and recommends Lord Elgin to follow his example; and that as to the demand for compensation, he, Yeh, has demanded compensation of the English government for the losses sustained by the Chinese. A few days before this answer was received, Mr. Reed, the American commissioner, solicited an interview with Yeh in the city. Yeh replied he would meet him outside the city, but that no barbarian should set foot within the limits of Canton. The Paris *Pais* publishes accounts from Coochin China and Tonquin to November 16. Persecution of Christians continued with unparalleled violence. The country was also in a state of the greatest confusion.

FROM WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—A majority of the Senate Committee on Territories are preparing a report and a bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton Constitution. They are acting without reference to the question of whether the Free State or Pro-slavery Party has the Legislature and State officers. In deference to Mr. Douglas, the Chairman of the Committee, who has illness in his family, the report will probably not be made before Thursday, in order to give him time to prepare his dissenting views. Wade and Callom will be clearly in a third report.

It is clearly understood that, in the event of persistent attempts first to pass the Minnesota State Bill, a proposition will be made to unite it with the Kansas measure, that the success of the one may depend upon the passage of the other. Such is the present programme.

At the caucus of the Democratic members of the House, last night, the debate incidentally involved the Kansas question, but the general sentiment expressed was that the peace and harmony of the Union and States depend on the preservation of the nationality of the Democratic party.

The caucus of Democratic Senators held this morning, being an adjourned meeting from Thursday, resolved, first to dispose of the Army bill, and then to take up the bill for the admission of Minnesota, to which will be offered an amendment to admit Kansas at the same time. The bill, or amendment to the Minnesota bill, for the admission of Kansas, will contain a provision recognizing the right of the people of that State to change their constitution at any time they please. This proposed clause is intended to meet the objection raised against that provision of the Lecompton constitution which prohibits the change of the constitution till 1864. The bill will pass the Senate by a majority of 8 or 10 certainly. It is expected the bill will be brought up on Tuesday, and nothing else will be done till that is disposed of.

## THOMAS PAINE vs. "BURLEIGH."

In a letter, speaking of Thomas Paine's birth day celebration, Burleigh, the correspondent of the Boston Journal winds up by saying of Paine—

He knew he must die. He was in great despair about his burial. He knew that he would be refused a sepulchre in the burial grounds of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches; and to them he did not apply. But he did apply to the Friends for a lot in which his bones could be laid at last. But he was refused by them. A bitter potion this was in his cup. On the eighth day of June he hurried in the city of New York, and the next day was carried off to New Rochelle, and was entombed in a lonely grave on his farm.

If Tom Paine had been, the devil his occupation would have been gone—his sceptre wreathe from his hand, by these Christians. The very day these churches refused his body burial, we doubt not Tom Paine lifted his spirit eyes to his Good Father, and prayed "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," while the devil took charge of the churches, and continues to hold them, and will continue so to do as long as "Christian Ministers"—like Matthew Hale Smith—do not denounce such unchristian uncharitableness, and the church still exercises it.

## H. B. STORER.

Trance-speaker from New Haven, Ct., who has recently returned from a Western tour, lectured in Lowell, last Sabbath, and speaks in the same place on Sunday next. We understand that Mr. Storer and Mrs. C. M. Tuttle are to be employed in a circuit in Connecticut, embracing Norwich, Hartford, Willimantic, Middletown, and other places, where interest in the subject of Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase.

Mr. Storer will probably speak at Taunton on Sunday, February 28th.

The contempt of half mankind is not worth the smile it occasions.

## PSYCHOLOGY.

Mrs. Editor.—We saw, a few days ago, the utility of this power in preventing pain. A young lady came into the office of Dr. Brown, dentist, to have a tooth extracted, but was fearful that it would hurt her badly. Dr. B., thinking she was psychologically impracticable, took her by the hand for a few minutes, and tried some experiments, such as pinching her hands together, which she was unable to separate—closing her eyes, &c. Then telling her to come still more under his control, said he was about to remove the tooth, and that she would feel no pain. He did so, she remaining perfectly quiet, although the pain would ordinarily have been severe, the fangs being in such a position that they necessarily brought away a small piece of the bone in which it was imbedded. She said she was conscious, but experienced no suffering. Dr. Brown stands high among their professional brethren as operators, and both being powerful psychologists, are enabled to alleviate in impossible persons much of the suffering which attends nearly all dental operations. Many persons who fear the ordeal of a dentist's chair, may be sufficiently impracticable to escape its tortures—to such, and particularly to mediums and mesmeric subjects, we would recommend a call upon Dr. B., who have also other modes of producing insensibility to pain, which are equally safe in their effects. They have lately removed to pleasant rooms in Ballou's Building, 24 1-2 Winter street, Boston.

## Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The Ravens are still here, and the general desire to see them seems but little abated.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—The new play, brought out last week, has been repeated every night since, and is quite popular. The plot is by no means intricate, but its incidents are interesting, and true to nature. Smith, Warren, Davies, Whitman, King and Mrs. Vincent each have parts assigned them peculiarly suited to their line of talent, which gives more than ordinary ease and naturalness to the performance. Local scenery is introduced and many scenes coming under the daily observation of the Boston people they laugh at here in mimic.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. Fleming took a farewell benefit here on Monday night, and Yankee Locke follows him with an engagement.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. BURTON HILL, Ill.—1. Not to our knowledge. We have no such publication on our exchange list, and we should have if there were. 2 & 3. We can furnish you with any number you will gratuitously distribute. The postage is one-half cent per copy, to subscribers. 4. We do not have to pay postage, consequently it would do no good for you to pay it to us. We will however send it to your friend, who will probably be able to pay for it the year is out. 5. Postage for one year to a subscriber of a weekly paper sent out of the State where it is published, one-half cent each paper.

## SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

Miss R. T. Amely lectures on Tuesday, 16th inst., at Sherburne; Thursday, 18th inst., at New Bedford; Friday, 19th, at North Bridgewater; Sunday, 21st, at Stoughton.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Vermont, will lecture in the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 1-2 past 7 o'clock P. M.

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 CIRCULAR 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 afternoons 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 2-3 and 7 o'clock P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at QUEEN'S HALL, Winthrop street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock.

J. H. CRIBBIE, of Lawrence, will speak at Portsmouth, N. H., February 25th, March 7th, at Concord, N. H., March 14th, at West Amesbury, Mass. March 21st and 28th, at Orange, Mass.

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

BALEM.—Meetings are held in Freeman'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.

## 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. Magoun, 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. If Jan 23

Miss Rosa T. Aspell, 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. BEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 305 Washington street, up stairs, opposite Hayward Place. Hours from 9 to 1, and from 2 to 6. At 51 Kneeland street, from 7 to 9 P. M.

Mrs. B. NIGHTINGALE, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Raudolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms for Examination, 50 cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. 3m Jan 10

J. V. MANFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

A. C. STILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement. Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium. See advertisement.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Bridgewater, Vt.

Mrs. J. S. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoyant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. CRIBBIE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass. Mr. C. will receive subscriptions for the *Lecturer*.

H. N. BALLANTINE, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

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

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



## DISCUSSION

BEFORE THE "FRANKLIN LITERARY ASSOCIATION,"  
EAST BOSTON, ON MONDAY EVENING LAST.

Question.—Do the teachings of the New Testament justify us in holding in our possession property defined as our own?

This report is necessarily restricted to the leading points offered in the arguments of both sides.

Mr. M. H. Sargent said.—The affirmative of this question commends itself so strongly to the common sense of every person present, that it would seem hardly to need comment or argument. Philosophy and experience, as well as the Bible, teach us that the affirmative is the correct view to be taken of the question. A large number of texts in the New Testament may be quoted, and have, on a previous occasion been quoted, which fully justify us in holding property defined as our own, some of which are the following:—

Matt. 20:1 to 14.—Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Luke 6:20.—Luke made a great feast in his own house. Luke 8:3.—Joanna and Susanna ministered to Christ of their substance. Luke 19:1 to 10.—Jesus stopped with Zaccheus, who was rich, did not deprive him for being so, but said, "This day," etc., "Seek first the kingdom, and all these things shall be added. Mark 10:29.—Houses," etc. In 1st Cor. 16:2.—"As God hath prospered him, lay by in store." Acts 16:14.—Lydia, a seller of purple, owned a house.

And very many other texts might be used to prove that the teachings of the New Testament do justify, and by each passage prove, the affirmative position. The Bible is a complete whole; it does not teach man to acquire property, but in no instance forbids him to acquire and enjoy the fruits of honest industry.

Again: our Saviour did not command his disciples to lead men into temptation; and when he commanded the young man to go, sell, it implied the right in another to buy, and no reproof because he owned property. And the account in Acts 5:1, of Ananias, we read that the Apostle said, referring to the sale of his property, "Was it not thine own?" The sin condemned was the lie, etc.

No doctrine taught in the New Testament justifies us in rejecting the teachings of the Old Testament, but on the contrary the New Testament teaches us to accept and abide by the teachings of the Old Testament, wherein we find more than sufficient justification for holding self possessions.

All good men, since the record of Christ was given, from the Apostles to the present time, have believed, and practised the belief, that it is right for man to hold property. This fact, which no one can deny, is a strong point in favor of the affirmative argument.

Christians are sincere, and act as they believe; the Bible is their constant study, and if they believed it was not right to hold property, how many things you would hold it today? They would give up every cent, every dollar, in obedience to the teachings of their Master.

The enterprises of the day could not be carried on without property, without self possessions. Missionary efforts, that are to-day effecting so glorious a result in the enlightenment of the world, would cease; the press, with her wide-spread and powerful influence, must cease; commerce, in all its mightiness of power directed to supply the wants and increase the happiness of the people, would become extinct. All the improvements in the arts and the advancement of civilization would stop. All these are controlled and sustained by the right implanted in man by the Creator to use the gold and silver which God gives to whom He pleases. Prov. 16:33.

Dr. A. B. Child said.—A German writer has said of those who worship at the shrine of Christianity, and in their worship ask for money, that Christ, obedient to the petition, "has gathered in his hand his tears, and the blood which flowed from his heart, and every tear was changed into pieces of silver, and every drop of blood into a piece of gold, and he gave these to his false worshippers, saying: 'You have made the change my tears into silver, and my blood into gold; but when my Father shall do justice, the silver shall again become tears for you, and the gold shall again become blood, flowing from your hearts, and you will be compelled to repay with usury.'"

We daily and hourly experience the truth of this beautiful and touching metaphor.

Tupper says:—

"Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him ruth-

less into crime;

And oftentimes killeth, where want but hindereth the budding;

And the appetite for gold is unslumbering—

And the heart so tenanted and shaded, is cold to all things else.

In covetousness disbelieve God, and laugheth at the rights of men;

Spurning into theft, and lying, and tempting to the poison and the knife;

It sunderseth the bonds of love, and quickeneth the flames of hate;

A curse that shall wither the brain, and ease the heart with iron;

And by a ravenous, all-devouring hunger, gnaweth the vitals of the soul.

Wealth hath never given happiness, but it hath hastened misery.

He that hath more than his brother, is a thief of the rights of his brother."

Wealth is a curse, poverty is a curse, each and both are the legitimate fruit of disobedience to that command, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," which command is a part of the teachings of the New Testament.

The love of money and its possession, (as has been previously stated,) are, in reality, perfectly synonymous. We no longer possess money, when our love for it ceases.

St. Paul says, that "the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." But this is a hard saying for the Christian who loves gold; to believe it true, is next to dying. In this saying, has Paul spoken truth? If he has, the love of money makes us break all the laws of God, and, consequently, dims and darkens the finer, purer, happier, deeper, truer affection of the soul. This saying has a broad significance, so broad, that a superficial view of it would incline us to reject its truth; but a deep and unprejudiced view of it irresistibly forces us to accept it as truth.

Beggars unnumbered are asking for a cent, a cent to buy some bread to feed their gnawing hunger; asking for worn-out, cast-off garments, to clothe their shivering forms, and protect them against the cold winds of winter; sometimes asking for money, with a disguised intention to buy an intoxicating beverage, that shall, for a few hours, suspend the consciousness of their painful existence, that shall for a little while assuage the agonies and the misery of poverty. Oh, God, they do suffer! and who can blame them for seeking relief by any means? and who can blame them for seeking relief by any means? and who can blame them for seeking relief by any means?

Unnumbered for little girls go about the city under the pretence of selling matches, making the most corrupt exhibition of lewdness, for a few cents to buy the necessities of life. Poor children! little spirits, budding, growing, unfolding in sin, almost in the infancy of life. It is stores of self possession locked up, that buries these children prematurely to ruin. It is the love of money that causes this. Many young women come from the country to the city, for the purpose of improving their hearts and minds; they come without means, save the efforts of their own willing hands and hearts. Each way they turn they meet the ungenerous love of self possessions; some are disappointed, for want of employment because destitute, and from destitution, from necessity, are thoughtless, and reluctantly hurried on to crime, and degradation in splendor, to that hateful gift of existence, which animates to suffering, and exalts to misery. Poverty makes prostitution and riches support it; self possessions make riches and poverty support them. The love of money is the cause of this

evil. Robberies in our land are as numerous as the sands of the sea; and the love of self possessions is the direct cause of them all.

"Murders," says the Boston Daily Courier, "are so common, that it seems hardly worth while to chronicle their occurrence." It is the love of money that makes the murderer and the murdered, directly or indirectly.

Prison-houses and Penitentiaries are filled with people, people who have souls that are heirs to an existence that has no limits. Read the criminal calendar; trace the cause of every prisoner's crime back to its origin, to the unmasked reality, to the root, and what is it? St. Paul has told us, the "love of money," the possession of property defined as our own.

And besides all these greater evils that afflict the hearts of the people, the labor of our lives is greatly enhanced by the right of self possessions; it is almost doubted. Title-deeds and mortgages, boundary lines and division fences; promises to pay, written and recorded; banks and exchanges, courts of justice and litigation, State prisons, jails, and State officials; legislation upon individual rights, sects and sectarianism; all these are evils, and spring forth from a love of money, from our rejection of that beautiful command which teaches us to love one another, as Christ has loved us. All these evils we labor and toil to support.

We take not upon ourselves the yoke of Christ, if we did we should be freed from this excess of labor, we should find the yoke of Christianity to be easy, and the burden light, much lighter than the burden we now bear in disobedience. Would we follow the example and the precepts of our Master in regard to self possessions, there would be no crime, no tolling slavery among us, no anxiety, no painful forebodings; but every duty of life would be well done with but little labor. Our work would be pleasant and easy, not in slavery, but in freedom, in trust, in love, not in fear and uncertainty; the work that I do is done for you, the work that you do is done for others. Every deed, every effort of each, of all, is done for the good of each and all, not for one alone; and we should have time more than we have now for the improvement and cultivation of the mind; for the advancement and growth of the soul; for the cultivation of pure affection for one another; we should then have an interest for, and love to study the chart of eternal life; as Foster says, to learn and trace the windings of a stream that is to bear us on forever. This is the life that Christ has taught us to live. The enemy of Jesus has taught us to hold self possessions and be selfish; to work for self, and to lay up treasures on earth for ourselves; to maintain self-right; to provide for coming want; to support justice, to punish offenders; and the great and flourishing tree on which grow all the evils of humanity is fed and nourished by the root which St. Paul calls the love of money. It is the purpose of Christianity, based on the teachings of the New Testament, to destroy this tree of evil. The devil is the gardener, the guardian of this tree, and he makes men prune it as his will directs. Reformers aim a deadly blow at a single branch, generally at the topmost bow; they cut it off, and in its place spring forth two vigorous branches of new growth; and the tree of evil grows and flourishes still in mightiness, for the root is uninjured. But let the blow of reformation be aimed at the root; cut asunder every fibre, every cord of love that binds us to money, to the treasures of earth, and the tree on which grows every evil that opposes the love of Christ, withers and dies. Then we shall love Christ and one another. The wilderness shall blossom as the rose; flowers of fragrance and beauty shall spring up in the garden of every soul, and we shall know a new heaven and a new earth. Christianity shall be instituted on earth; the reign of peace shall begin; the lamb shall lie down in quiet peace beside the roaring lion; truth shall illuminate the earth; humanity shall make one brotherhood; and all nations and men shall wear the crown of undying love—the love of Christ.

The devil laughs at the idea of giving your coat to the thief who has stolen your cloak, though Jesus has said it. He glories in teaching us, and in making us believe that it is impossible to live and obey the commands of Christ; and he has reason to be proud, as Lucifer is, for he makes us all believe that Christ does not mean what he says he means. Christ says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." The devil says, do not set your affections on the treasures of earth, but you may lay them up—it is right, it is proper, it is necessary. Christ says, take no thought for the morrow for what you shall eat, drink or wear. The devil says, impossible! Christ does not mean for you to take no thought—the means that you should not be over anxious about tomorrow. Enemies are made by self possessions, and Christ says, love your enemies; the devil says, tell the people that you love your enemies, but chase them with the steel of justice, bind them with prison chains, defend your home, your life, your property; and if you kill your brother in so doing, it is right. Christ tells us to "resist not evil," and to forgive, forgive, forgive. A stream of hatred and revenge the devil pours into our hearts and makes us, with his subtlety and cunning, believe that it is the love that Jesus taught us.

About one hundred years after the crucifixion and resurrection of our Saviour, his spirit, accompanied by his holy angels, came to St. John the Divine, and gave a prophecy—a prophecy full of moment and thrilling interest. It demands our deepest thought and most serious consideration, for the subject of it is presented as underlying the great sum of human evil, the fruitful cause of all our waywardness and wanderings. The subject of this prophecy is earthly riches—their mightiness and their universal prevalence—their uncertainty and their downfall, and final destruction. They are presented as being at war with the Lamb of God; and the great battle is to be fought between the love of Christ and the love of this world; and the love of this world in this battle is to be overcome and destroyed. This mammon of earth is not yet destroyed. This mystery of Babylon—the great mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, yet sitteth "glorifying herself, living deliciously" on "peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues," and "her sines have reached unto heaven," and "a voice comes back to us saying, 'Come out of her my people, that you be not partakers of her sins.'"

It is the son of God and his angels that invite us to come away from this woman, who is "arrayed in purple and scarlet colors, decked in gold, and precious stones, and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of filthiness." This woman who is the abomination of the earth, is clearly defined to be the riches that men love. According to these prophetic chapters (Rev. 17 and 18), this woman shall be destroyed, and men who have not come out of her dominions shall be filled with sorrow, weep and lament when they see the smoke of their burning treasures rise up forever; the merchants of the earth shall mourn, for no man buyeth their treasures, their merchandise any more. "All men, all the inhabitants of the earth, have been made drunk with the wine of this woman's fornication." She has "drunk the blood of saints and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." "She is the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

You may say this is a new and strange interpretation of these two chapters. It is no interpretation, but the words are they are given. "The woman is the great city," and the great city is made up of merchandise, of gold and silver, precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, purple, silk, and scarlet, and all thyme wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of most precious wood, and of brass and iron, and cinnamon, and odors, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men. "This woman sitteth upon many waters," and these "waters are the peoples." This is the inspired rendering of this figure, recorded in these two chapters; and the prophecy foretells the day when in one hour so great riches shall come to nought, and the merchants of these things shall weep and wail, cast dust on their heads, saying, Alas! alas! what city is like unto this great city! But a voice is heard in heaven, saying, "Rejoice, rejoice over her ye holy angels and prophets! This corruption of the

earth is judged, and shall be found no more forever. And true and righteous are the judgments of the Lord our God."

There are signs that this prophecy is about being fulfilled, for this world's glory seems to be almost at its height—human inventions are stretched to the utmost degree—wickedness and wrong are intensely magnified—the love of Mammon reigns supreme. The prophecy in the preceding chapter is fulfilled, too, which says spirits and devils are working miracles; going forth into the whole world. Christ, shall come to this great battle in the night of spiritual darkness. "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth."

Can a soul born into the love of Christ come forth clad with the habiliments of love for earthly riches? Can that pure condition of the immortal spirit ever descend into the dusty elements of earth to the self-love of self possessions? No; for the seal of immortality is visibly stamped upon its brow, and it rises heavenward in all its love; the love of flesh, of money, of self possessions—all is crushed, and this carnal house of clay that holds the spirit only for a little time, is an industrious active instrument, to be cared for by the same beneficent Power that feeds the birds of the air and clothes the flowers of the field in beauty.

The ranks of the enemy of the true Christian are and shall be made up of those whose lands are filled with plenty—whose arms are filled with abundance—who repose on the lap of luxury and ease—who fight the life-long fight, and win the earthly victory of self possessions.

The laying up of earthly treasures with the Christian, must be the glorious almsgiving of the soul; and all treasures laid up for self shall be laid up in heaven, where no moth nor rust doth corrupt. Such and such are truly the undisguised teachings of the New Testament—the Testament of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

Mr. Snow said.—Has a man not a right that is justified in the teachings of the New Testament to hold in his possession a coat that he wears on his back? Has a man not a right to hold in his possession a place to lay his head in for repose? The New Testament teachings do grant these rights to men. Trade we admit has in it wickedness, error, deception and wrong. But there are honorable men, Christians, who hold property in their possession, who buy and sell, exchange on equitable principles, who are actuated by finer, purer, holier feelings; these men claim to be, and we will not question their sincerity, followers of Christ.

The reason that Christ commanded his apostles to take no script, bread, purse, or money was—the country through which they were to go was infested with robbers, and it would be dangerous to carry baggage or property of any kind, and the common people would better receive them if they had no appearance of show or wealth.

We read of many instances in the New Testament, of persons, good men and good women, who held property, who were lovers of property and defined it as their own, and this is an example for us. The New Testament does not teach us that it is right for a man to bury himself in gold, but it does teach that it is right for him to hold property as his own. St. Paul says that a man who provideth not for his own house is worse than an infidel. Christ speaks of the Lord's sending riches to men who obey his commands. Christ tells the young man to sell all his riches, not because he has riches, but because he has a miserly love for them. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead, not because they kept back a part of the price, but because they told a lie. There is no passage, no teaching in the Bible where we are commanded to sell all we have, and hold nothing of our own.

Mr. Seaver said.—I think the negative is the correct side of the question; for neither the actions or precepts of Christ, as recorded in the New Testament, justify the affirmative; but he acts and advises the contrary. The reading of the New Testament irresistibly leads me to the conclusion that Christ had a studied disregard for property. To arrive at a correct conclusion of the teachings of Christ, let us take them as they are. He says "lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," and to make void the power of this command he nowhere tells us to lay up treasures on earth for ourselves, in any form of expression. He teaches us to worship God, and Him only, and he says: "Ye cannot worship God and Mammon." Christ yet not a pecuniary teacher; he taught men not to hold money in their purses. He lived what he taught; he wore clothing and eat food, it is true; but nature and nature's God provided it in abundance. "What shall I do to be saved?" Christ answers this question by saying, "sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor." This idea is presented and runs through the whole New Testament teachings.

Mr. Joshua Davis said.—I have unqualified confidence in the authenticity, credibility and divine authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and regard their teachings as an infallible guide under all circumstances, and desire most earnestly to make them my rule of faith and practice.

The limitation of the question to the teachings of the New Testament I deem unimportant. "All Scripture is given by inspiration," consequently all its teachings must harmonize. No law, in the Old Testament of universal application, is abrogated in the New. Christ expressly declares, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets. I came not to destroy, but to fulfill."

If it be true that the teachings of the New Testament do not justify the holding of property, defined as our own, then nothing does, which will satisfy the enlightened conscience of the man who takes the Bible for his guide. Consequently, he will be compelled for conscience's sake, and for consistency's sake, to dispossess himself, at once and entirely, of whatever bears the appellation of property. Passages, relating to this matter, do not abound in the New Testament. But those which have been adduced by gentlemen on the affirmative, are sufficient, I think, to show conclusively that property was appropriated and possessed by the immediate followers of Christ—by holy men—men who were as ready as Abraham was, to relinquish everything, however dear to them, for the sake of their Lord and Master: and there is no evidence that He disapproved of the practice.

The teachings of the Scriptures are evidently designed to moderate and regulate the desires. They press home upon the conscience the claims of God to the homage and supreme love of his intelligent creatures; and caution against whatever tends to alienate the affections from Him, and to divert the mind from those durable riches, which are in reserve for all those who love God supremely.

The injunction is, "If riches increase, set not the heart upon them." Thus showing that the sin is not in the possession of worldly goods, so essential to happiness, usefulness, and existence, even; but rather in bestowing upon them those affections which should be given to God alone.

The young man in the Gospel was not reproved for holding great possessions; but He, whose eye penetrates all hearts, discovered that those possessions were his supreme delight, and well understood that he was entirely unprepared to comply with the unalterable plan of God, that every idol must be de-throned ere He can stamp his moral image upon the human heart, and make it its permanent dwelling place.

The requirement of Christ at once revealed that with all his self-righteousness, the young man was utterly destitute of one important and essential element of Christian character, viz: supreme love to God.

It may be said, that the possession of property is the occasion of sin. True, but so also are the noble powers and capacities of body and mind with which God has endowed us, the due exercise of which elevates man to a position a little lower than the angels.

No one will urge that the possession of these exalted powers and capacities is sinful, which possession is a necessity; but rather, that the sin is chargeable upon the abuse and perversion of them, which is voluntary.

Again, the comparative silence of the Scriptures upon this matter, so far from being an evidence of disapproval, is rather a sanction for the possession of property. Lawyers signify their approval of

existing laws, when they permit them to remain upon the statute book unaltered.

He who inspired the Scriptures, has created in our very being a necessity for the possession of property, and has endowed us with the ability and inclination to acquire it. How early in life does the inventive genius display itself? The boy traffics ere he leaves the leading strings.

How soon mine and thine constitute a part of the child's vocabulary, and with what zest does it receive the announcement that an object of desire has become its own property.

All the laws of God, like His character, are perfect and immutable, consequently they admit of no emendation or repeal. Each of his laws harmonizes with every law, whether written on tables of stone, or on the tables of the heart; whether revealed to us by Divine inspiration, or discovered in nature by the exercise of reason.

Hence, if we discover any apparent discrepancy or want of harmony in the laws of God, the inference is unavoidable that we have erred in our interpretation of them.

Confidence, in a physical law, is not diminished because it is not repeated in revelation. It is not necessary for a human law-giver to repeat or re-enact a law, in order to show his approval of it. For a much stronger reason, it is unnecessary for the Great Law-giver to repeat or re-enact any law which he has established in wisdom and goodness. The law of self-preservation, i. e., being universal, man needs not the warning voice of revelation to induce him to flee from a burning house. With the warm maternal affections welling up spontaneously from the depths of her heart, the fond mother need not be enjoined to love her offspring.

"The eyes of all wait upon the Lord, and he giveth them their meat in due season." But he does this in accordance with an established plan. The fowls of the air are daily furnished with an ample supply of food, as were the Israelites in their journeying, and at the proper season they are influenced to change their location, and migrate where the climate is congenial, and food abundant.

Hence they have no occasion to sow or reap, or gather into barns. He who thus careth for the fowls, has taught the beaver to construct its dam, and the bee to build, with matchless skill, its habitation, and lay in store its delicious harvest for future need. But man, less instructed by instinct, but more wise from reason, urged on by the necessities of his nature, and obedient to the teachings of his superior sagacity, appropriates to his own use and possession the gifts of his Benefactor. And he who fails to employ his powers, and neglects to provide for his own, and especially for those of his own house, is justly ranked with those who "have denied the faith, and are worse than an infidel."

Mr. Orville Leonard said.—No passage had been quoted by the affirmative direct to the support of their argument; but the negative had quoted many passages direct to the point in support of their argument. The substance of the affirmative argument was opinions, not passages. The substance of the negative argument was naked Scripture, undisguised truth. I must believe the negative true if I read the New Testament with an unprejudiced mind. No man can be a Christian that loves or owns property.

Mr. E. Davis said.—Our Saviour used money when he was on the earth. An instance is recorded in Matt. 17th chapter, 24, 25, 26 and 27th verses; here Christ and his disciples paid tribute money. Again, Matt. 22d chapter, 21st verse, Christ does acknowledge money as a circulating medium. But could we live without money, without self possessions, my heart and my efforts would be with the negative.

Dr. Child said.—In relation to what is recorded of those heavenly-minded Christians, in the distribution of all their property, the affirmative has said that there is no passage in the Bible that approves this distribution. Truly unique and original is this assertion; when Christ, in so many passages, not only approves, but most emphatically commands us to do the same thing; and in the very record exists the perfect approval of this distribution. It was said, too, that God nowhere forbids our holding property as our own, and that Christ was and is God, and he says lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth. I would ask where else we can except we be on earth when we lay up for ourselves treasures? And is it not the voice of God that speaks through Christ? Does Christ not say it is? It is a most strange Christian conclusion, presented by the affirmative from Acts 5th chapter, 3d and 4th verses, to prove that the teachings of the New Testament justify us in holding property. Peter said to Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost and keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained, was it not thine own? And after it was sold, was it not in thine own power?

Was the devil not in those obsessed, before he was cast out? and does the fact that he was there prove that it was right for him to be there? If so, why did Christ cast him out?

The devil made Ananias proprietor of his own property, and in this trying moment, faithful to his charge, the devil was there, and made him lie to God and try to keep it. But did the New Testament justify Ananias in what he did? The passage of the young man who came to Christ and asked what he should do to inherit eternal life; who had great possessions, and the passage, if any shall leave houses, land, etc., have been presented by the affirmative in the light of justification for the affirmative side, but how different is this presentation from the simple reading. The whole object and purpose of these passages in their plain and literal significance clearly condemn self possessions. It was said that Zachariah had a house of his own, by the affirmative, as a New Testament argument for self possessions. The New Testament is the testament of Jesus Christ, is a record of his precepts, who came to make the world better, and his birth happened considerable time after Zachariah "departed to his own house,"—before men knew how to obey his precepts. 1 Tim. v. 8.—"If a man provide not for his own house, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." How strange it is that this text should be on the tongue's end of everybody who loves money. It seems as if it was the all sufficient scripture argument that justifies their love. And, after all, Paul makes in this text not the most distant reference to money or property, but in it, gives rules of duty concerning wives and widows.

One on the affirmative says:—"I cannot think that a little property is a stumbling-block in our way to the kingdom of heaven." The question is not what we think it is. What do the Gospels teach? The whole rendering of the scriptures are to-day emphatically what we think, not what they simply say. Jesus says: "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven?"

One on the affirmative has said, that in the New Testament we read of many good men and women holding property in their own possession; and then affirms that this is an example for us. In answer to this, I would ask if Christ does not say that *one's* your Master, even Christ? Do these words signify that others shall be our masters and examples? The passage cannot be found in the record of Christ, whereby his words or example do justify self possession.

The affirmative have said, too, and truly said, that man in his present state needs protection, clothing and food. Ask, in answer, does the laying up of earthly treasures for self create more protection for humanity; does it increase the amount of clothing and food necessary to supply the needs of God's children on earth? No, the tendency is the contrary, because the labor bestowed for the support of selfish hoards, might be bestowed to increase the necessary amount of provision for protection, clothing and food.

Christ acknowledges money as a circulating medium, says the affirmative. Admitting that he does, this argues nothing in support of disobedience of that plain and significant precept, lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, for he acknowledged that the Pharisees and Pharisees were hypocrites; but this acknowledgment did not justify hypocrisy. The birds of the air lay not in store, take no thought for the morrow, and Christ points them to

us for an example of trust. It is true the heaven builds his dam, bees lay in their store of honey, but do they lay it in, defined as their individual possession? Do they buy of, and sell to, one another? Is one rich and another poor among them? Is one cast out because he has no storehouse of honey, which he has stolen from another, looked up for himself? Is he bee more than another suffering starvation, while there yet remaineth one drop of honey laid in store?

The purport and the substance of the New Testament is in the precepts of Christ, his life, and his example. All else therein recorded amounts to but little more than the reiteration of the same. And in conclusion, I will ask one question which is full of interest and moment to us all. Do the precepts of Christ, his life and example, justify us in laying up treasures on earth for ourselves?

## Correspondence.

KRUMMACHER'S "ELIJAH THE TISHBITE."

WOODSTOCK, Vt., Feb. 9, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—As there is no easier method, and certainly none more frequently resorted to on the part of the objectors to spiritual manifestations, especially among our Theological opponents, than that of denouncing the whole matter as an utter delusion, and wholly unworthy the investigation of the human mind, as being incompatible with the authority of the Scriptures, and finding no support in the teachings and writings of either the Old or New Testament doctrines, and thus trying to ignore the validity of our claims to spiritual intercourse, as predicated and based upon the authority of the past, as well as to impugn the veracity and integrity of some of the best minds, engaged in some of the most practical and benevolent movements which characterize the present age, I have deemed it not inexpedient at the present time, when Spiritualism seems to be agitating and shaking to their very foundations the various denominations of religious sects, to place before your readers, through the columns of the "Banner," if perfectly concurrent with your views, the following extracts from one of the most approved and extensively read Orthodox authorities of the day. I refer to "Krummacher's" "Elijah the Tishbite," page 402, and which will, I think, be read with equal interest and instruction, by both our spiritual friends and sincerely honest religious opponents; leaving such to judge for themselves which is right.

"And there came a writing to him (Jehoram) from Elijah the Prophet, saying, Thus saith the Lord God of David, thy Father, because thou hast not walked in the ways of Jehoshaphat thy father, nor in the ways of Aza, king of Judah, but, hast walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, and hast made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to go a whoring, like to the whoredoms of the house of Ahab, and also hast slain thy brethren of thy father's house, which were better than thyself—behold, with a great plague will the Lord smite thy people, and thy children, and thy wives, and all thy goods; and thou shalt have great sickness by disease of thy bowels, until thy bowels fall out by reason of the sickness, day by day."—2d Chronicles, 21: 12-16.

The author states that to this Jehoram a writing comes, the contents of which were far from agreeable.

The writing came from "Elijah the Tishbite," who had departed in the chariot of fire to heaven, at least six years before.

What a cloud of such invisible witnesses encompasses us; my brethren; how many never-to-be-forgotten pilgrims of God, whose names still live in our hearts or memories, still preach to us, encourage and comfort us, by their still remembered words and examples!

Thus their influence on earth has not ceased with their earthly life. But here it would seem that the prophet Elijah did not speak merely by example to those he left behind—he spoke by a writing.

We are not, however, to expect that many will believe this in the present age, which has for some time been endeavoring to cleanse every corner of the earth from the belief of whatever is miraculous and supernatural.

But we cannot conceal our belief that this is one scriptural instance which reaches us, that between the kingdom of the blessed, and the dark vale of our pilgrimage, there is not such a vast distance as most persons are apt to imagine.

And are there not several other instances in Scripture which supports this belief? Did not Samuel personally appear after his decease, and speak to Saul in common human language? Did not Moses and Elijah, more than a thousand-years after their departure, meet their Saviour and his disciples on the mount of Transfiguration?

Did not the apostles, when they beheld their Divine Master walking on the sea, and again when he appeared after his resurrection, imagine they saw an apparition from the invisible world? and did not our Lord, instead of reproving them for this, as mere superstition, only appeal to their senses to convince them that he was not such an apparition as they supposed him to be? Peter, too, after his deliverance from prison, was mistaken by the brethren for his spirit, as if they had thought that he had died in prison; and is there a word said in Scripture to contradict any such supposed erroneous notion, namely, of the possibility of departed spirits reappearing in this visible world?

"This awful writing comes to Jehoram six years after Elijah's removal from the earth, and this is all we learn from the sacred text, for no explanation is given. How then is the fact to be explained?"

Here the author gives three different answers in explanation of this fact. For the two first of which, I shall refer your readers to the work itself; the last is as follows:—

"The third explanation remains to be considered, viz., that this writing literally came from Elijah, the prophet, after his ascension from the earth. And why not, as well as by the agency of an angel, if it thus pleased God to make use of the prophet Elijah? In what manner it was done, we attempt not to explain, any more than we attempt to explain how this prophet appeared unto Peter, and James, and John, at our Lord's transfiguration on the holy mount."

We venture not to explain how far the powers and sphere of action vouchsafed to the 'spirits of just men made perfect' are extended; much less to assert that they bear no relation to the state of the church militant here on earth. It is in this light, therefore, that we receive with simplicity the fact recorded before us; and with this explanation, we dismiss the discussion."

As this subject bears its own comment, I shall, in conclusion, subscribe myself,

Yours, in the name of Truth,

Wm. H. Chittenden.



MR. O. H. FOSTER AT NEWBURYPORT.  
NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 8, 1888.

Mr. Editor.—We have had the pleasure of witnessing, through Mr. Foster, some of the most striking manifestations of spirit-power that has ever been our privilege to see. On the whole, we think he surpasses any other medium that has ever been among us, for physical manifestations. During our entertainment, everything was conducted with the utmost fairness on the part of the medium. Every arrangement was satisfactory to the most confirmed sceptics, as far as outward appearances were concerned. The table was lifted from the floor, while two gentlemen were exercising considerable strength to prevent its being raised. Although the weight was applied to one side, it came up in perfect equilibrium. Raps were distinctly heard, by which, with the aid of the alphabet, sentences were spelled out, and names correctly given. Names were written upon paper placed beyond the reach of the medium, without pencil or pen coming in contact, or any other visible agency. Harmonious sounds were produced upon musical instruments, and persons were made sensible of the presence of the invisibles by being repeatedly touched by them.

Witnessing these manifestations has proved to us the falsity of the assertion made by Professor Liebig, a knowledge of which we gleaned from the Watchman and Reflector—that, "placing the hands beneath the table, not on it, would preclude all possibility of any movement, providing the table was an honest one." We wish the Watchman and Reflector would please explain to us by means of the learned Professor's theory, how these manifestations which we have witnessed were produced.

We would add for its consideration, however, that the table, which has always been considered an honest one, was repeatedly raised without any visible contact.

In corroboration of the above, we copy the following from the Newburyport Herald:

Spiritualism finds its votaries increasing, notwithstanding Harvard College pronounces it a humbug. Such evidently it is not, though there may be a great difference of opinion as to the cause of the phenomena produced. The facts are not to be denied—for, whatever the professors of Harvard College may say, people will believe their own senses, however impossible the phenomena may be declared to be by some.

Recently, Mr. Foster's sittings, as announced in advertisement, have caused much excitement in the south part of the city, and he is indisputably the best test medium that ever gave experiments in this quarter. Any number of persons, whose testimony would be taken in any court, and upon any case, will say that at Mr. Foster's room they have heard raps and seen tables tipped, received communications written by the hand of the medium backward and forward, and written without pen, ink or pencil, when nobody was touching the paper, and heard musical instruments give forth harmonious music, when no visible hand was near them. These and many such facts, not accounted for by any known laws, are calling those who wish to investigate the subject to Mr. Foster's sittings. We wish that some of our scientific friends who have faith in books more than in human experiences, would give the Professor a call, and declare why these things are so; or if not so, as the multitude testify, wherein lies the delusion.

MRS. AMEDY AT EAST TAUNTON.  
EAST TAUNTON, Feb. 4, 1888.

Mr. Editor.—Being a reader of your much-loved Banner, I take this opportunity to let you know that the spirit of truth is doing a good work in this place. We had the pleasure of hearing two lectures on Sunday afternoon and evening, Jan. 31, given through the organism of Mrs. Rose Amedy, of your city. She has given the best satisfaction of any medium that has visited this place.

In the afternoon, the controlling spirit selected a subject from Revelations, chap. 22: 8-9; at the close, she offered up prayer to the Father of all spirits. It was the most sublime and beautiful invocation I ever heard.

In the evening she gave liberty to the audience to select any subject they wished to hear her speak from. The subject given was the resurrection of Christ's body. At the close, she asked the gentleman if he had any questions to ask. He was not a believer, but he arose and said that he was perfectly satisfied. She then gave liberty to any one to put what questions they chose bearing upon the subject. There was quite a number asked—enough to show that there was an interest taken in the cause—and all were answered promptly, and to the point. Then she gave the audience liberty to select a subject, and she would improvise a short poem. The subject chosen was "the voyage of life." It began with childhood, and ended with old age; and was admitted by the hearers to be the finest poem they ever listened to.

I will close, by adding that the cause is progressing rapidly in this section, and that your talented paper is eagerly sought for.

Yours in the faith, C. R. M.

Wit is brushwood; judgment, timber; the one gives the greatest flame; the other yields the most durable heat; and both meeting, make the best fire. A true gentleman never resorts to a falsehood to please a lady.

## Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such communications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

[Mrs. Emma L. Knight, Medium.]

Shel. Branch, to W. Wendonburg, Jr.  
Dear Friend—Embrace this opportunity to communicate with you, for I have long desired to do so; I who was careless and reckless myself, having passed through the vale of Death, as it is called, come back to advise you. I find you in delicate health, and am sorry to see it, not that I would not be rejoiced to take you by the hand when you come to the higher life, but because I see and feel it is better for you to stay where you are, as long as possible. It is your duty, my boy, to live as long as you can, and I would caution you to be careful. What if things do not go to please you? No matter; you have another duty besides pleasing yourself—that of pleasing your God, who will surely bring you to account if you spend your life foolishly, or throw it away. I shall come to you again. Don't let the words of your friends pass unheeded, because they have to be trumpeted to you in this fashion.

Margaret O. Fuller.

"Peace be with thee," were the Master's words. Peace be unto all mankind! Let harmony divine dwell in the hearts of all, and love, with its blissful foretaste of heaven, be things forever. Oh! let thy life be so free from all selfishness, from aught of malice, or dark thoughts, that men shall see a halo around thy brow; and, looking up, follow the Master's example, through thee. Be a true child of God, that all men may love thee, and bless His work. Let thy life be a precept that can never die—a living lesson that cannot fade, but grow stronger and brighter unto the end.

## The Messenger.

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

The object of this Department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but faint beings, liable to err like ourselves.

Rev. Dr. Emmons.

This was given the day following Br. Wright's death, and after he had manifested to us, at the same circle.

Another soul has been resurrected from death into eternal life. Another form left to be laid beneath the green sod; another spirit has been welcomed to its Spiritual Home. And yet the case of which I speak is one among ten thousand. But we do rejoice when one cometh in light; when one cometh having on the wedding garment; we do rejoice when one cometh and rejoiceth in the freedom which he has brought with him. Man may live upon earth three score and ten years, and pass down to the grave in happiness; another may pass out in the noon-tide of his existence, and yet his coming may occasion more joy than his who has lived out his appointed time. One has lived until the spirit no longer wishes to tarry on earth, yet he comes to us in doubt, not knowing whether he is going; while the other comes bringing his own welcome, shouting his own anthems. Thus it always has been, thus it always is, and thus it always will be, until the kingdom of Christ has come on earth. True, it is better that man live until he has attained maturity in earth life—until the spirit does not longer wish to dwell within the old temple, or until nature, in form of materialism, becomes too weak to hold the spirit. Yet there are exceptions. When disease has fastened upon the system, when the skillful physician exercises his skill in vain, and when nothing but the will of Divinity can restore health, it is better that he pass on instead of remaining in suffering. It were better that the little ones who annually come into the spirit life stayed on earth, for God and nature wills they stay here three score years and ten; yet as one who lives in the spirit world lately said, Heaven would be no heaven, were there no children there.

They are buds of fragrance with you, and think you they are less buds of fragrance in the spirit world? Yet keep them with you, if possible, that they may come to us ripe and full of glory that they have gained in their first school of progression. Christ has been called the first fruits of the resurrection, and so he is. The first fruits of the Resurrection! He burst asunder the gloomy clouds of opposition, and the darkness that hung over the land in his time, and proved to the people of his day that the spirit did indeed exist after it had been freed from the mortal form; that it was a distinct element of itself—not subject to materialism, but that to it. The spirit could not manifest itself in this natural existence, without the natural body, therefore God fashioned the body, that the spirit might be educated therein. Yet spirit is not subject to matter. Jesus proved this; every birth you have, whether it be the first or second birth, proves this also. The child, on coming into your natural sphere, sometimes lays for a moment, or moments, as it were dead, because the spirit has not entire control of the form, owing to an oversight of the physician, or the mother. Ah, the form hears not, sees not, has no life, until the spirit imparts it.

That form that once encased the spirit—can it rise? No. Can it think? No. Can it understand? No. "Is it cognizant of the sweet sounds of melody that are welcoming it here? No. And why is this? Because the spirit has ceased to control it—matter is dead without the spirit. Call upon the form of the spirit to raise this table, and it is dead—vain is your request. Call upon the spirit which once animated it, and it is done. This should prove to man that the spirit is God; yes, you are all Gods; and yet all spirits who are in mortal form are subject to Him who guideth all things in the natural and spiritual world.

The great volume of nature presents so many lessons, it is hard for one to single out a subject from the great book. They all demand attention; they are all calling for a key wherewith man may unlock them, and God will in good time furnish each unsolved idea with that which will make it plain to all mankind. The spirit, when once freed from the mortal form, sees, hears, understands, more perfectly than it can when encased in its form of clay.

You rejoice, Americans, that you dwell in a land of liberty, and yet you are slaves, every one of you; slaves to fashion: The spirit of the man oftentimes rebels against that which is presented to him in the natural sphere, because it has dreams of brighter things in spheres beyond, such as you may not gaze upon while here; yet the spirit is permitted to gaze in upon the joys of the higher spheres. One of the old men of Christ's time said, "This spirit is chained to a body of death." Oh, that spirit felt the bondage of the form. Yet it is wisdom that veils the glories of spirit life from your sight.

Children, if you were permitted to gaze at will upon the glories of that part of the spirit life which is nearest the natural sphere, you would all be dissatisfied with this life; you would say, why need I toil, when there is so much glory beyond? Wisdom has therefore concealed from mortal eyes the sight of that world where the spirit is free from the bonds of death.

The minister tells you you should not seek into the hidden things of the future; that God has forbidden you, but he tells you that which is not right and true.

This is not so; you may have such a foretaste of the after life that you may not only long to enter it, but be willing to remain here, and be willing to battle on, knowing that you will be happy in time to come. Therefore, if Divinity draws the veil over it, be satisfied to bide His time; be content to abide His will. Many of the children of men who believe in a Supreme Being, are prone to locate this superior intelligence in some far-off space, and fashion Him in their own light, or according to their own understanding. As we understand Him, He is in everything which has spirit, which is life; He is everywhere where death and hell are said to reign; He is in the spheres where true happiness is found. If God is in everything that is life, He is in you; and if you are satisfied that it is so, then you will know that whatever there is in the spirit that is good, that is God. Wherever you find that principle ever so poorly developed, that is God. Worship it—it is given to guide you—you need no other. Suppose you wish to travel from Boston to New York on foot; you are all unacquainted with the way, but some one who has been that way, has been pleased to plant a guide-board, which gives you a hint as to the path; you go on and find another—that leads you to another and another, until you reach your destined place.

So it is with God. Here in your own soul God has planted a guide-board, and in another man another, and if you study all, you will be led to the bosom of Jesus. Ah, how many are led astray by going to many of those guide-boards set up by man, as pointing the way. When you meet their guide-boards, did you ever go within and consult the guide-board there?

The guide-boards I speak of, are the Rabbin's of your land, whom you too often consult, while Jehovah has told you to look within; and if you would do it, you should find intelligence enough to guide you to heaven. Even the little child is a perfect mirror of Deity, and of the evil also. In one moment you see the evil influence reigning in superiority. The next moment, God shows His smiling face, and the little one is sorry for the wrong he has committed. Penitence is this, and it is one of the best guide-boards in this land. When you seek for light, look within your own soul. Men will say, Here is

Christ. Come, says one, we have him in our church. Is he there? No. Go forth to meet Christ, he is within you. Walk with him this short voyage, and the port will be peace, when you have cast off your garment. I would not have you think me speaking ill of the church. Oh, no; that may point the way to you, if it corresponds with the guide God has placed within you. We will not for one moment speak ill of the ministers among you. We know that they are wrapped in darkness—that the churches are filled with bigotry—but we know these same doers will blossom like the rose in time; therefore we are content.

I lived a long time in my earthly form; I thought I had gained much wisdom, but I found my wisdom was of a low plane—I lacked spiritual light. But, thanks be to God, I was willing to learn of Him, and I now stand perfectly free from bigotry or superstition. I love all mankind, and as Jehovah gives me power, I shall seek to benefit all mankind. As I pass on from one guide-board to another, I shall learn more and more of God, and of the fruit I gather, I shall feed mortals. It may not fill the body, but it will fill the soul, and if the body demands nutriment, so does the spirit also.

And now may the peace and love of God abide with you, now and evermore. This is the prayer of your Brother Emmons. Call me Rev. Dr. Emmons. Feb. 1.

W. E. Channing, to Spiritualists.

Friends, I am pleased to come here to-day, and yet I am sad. Sad, because in coming here, I find a mirror into which I can look and view my past life; and I assure you I find many spots there I would much rather not see. Pleased, because the spirit always loves to return home; whether the spirit be encased in mortal form, or divested of that, he feels its charm. Home! how sacred the scene—how full of love! Go where we may in spirit life, and yet our earthly home is still loved by us, and the spirit oftentimes feels more true joy in coming back to earth, than he or she would, would she be admitted into the celestial heaven. If I could to-day speak to many I often see walking in earth life, I should rejoice with almost unspeakable joy; but I cannot, I must be content with the pleasure before me.

At this time you have much depending upon you; you are every one workers in the great spiritual natural cause, and that cause is destined to save the human race. Now I do not believe that a part of God's children are to be saved, and a part lost. I mean to have you understand by that, that all shall see enough of this to carry them into the higher life.

Men at this hour call this evil, because their understanding of the facts is based upon evil. The true Christian will not call it evil; he may say, it is something I do not understand, but he will not denounce it. Christians have their work to perform in this great and mighty affair. Your opposers have their work to perform. The Christian, by offering his prayer to his idea of a God, may perchance bring thousands into the pale of Spiritualism unconsciously. The opposer, by his firebrand, which he hurls to destroy you, will kindle a fire which shall purify you, and cause all men to be attracted because of your light. The many firebrands which are being cast among you by your opposers, are tending to aid in this cause, and when this one or that one comes up and speaks against Spiritualism, know you that God is even there, and that though his words are harsh, he will perform his mission.

There are many spokes in this mighty wheel, and each aids the other. The Spiritualist says, I cannot believe the Christian, because he denounces Spiritualism; add the Christian says, on the other hand, I cannot believe the Spiritualist, because he is such. Now the two are children of God, walking in different ways, yet tending to "crush out all creeds, save those of Love and Truth." And however dark the Christian may be in his belief, there is light enough there to perform the work which God has assigned to him.

There are many denominations in your land, and scarce two agree on any one point, yet they are all aiding you, every one of you. They are but stepping stones to the great temple of Spiritualism. God has placed them beneath you in regard to the wisdom of the spheres to which you are coming, and you, my brother, might not have attained the pinnacle you now stand upon, except for them.

What though bigotry, selfishness, uncharitableness, hypocrisy, licentiousness, and all manner of uncleanness, be imprinted upon the hard face of every denomination; what care you? God is there, and though he manifests differently there than he does in you, you must not denounce Him. God seeks ten thousand ways in which to perform His work, and he could not perform it, unless all these parts be gathered in as links in the great chain. Be content, therefore, knowing that the past has performed its work, and however harsh it may be to your ear, to the ear of Deity here, and everywhere, it may be pleasant music.

Great God, we thank Thee for the blessings Thou hast seen fit to bestow upon us, even in decaying habiliments. We thank Thee, Oh Eternal Spirit of Goodness and of Power, that Thy ways are not the ways of Thy subjects. We thank Thee for the dark opposition of the past ages, and we would not fail to go back to thank Thee for the developments of the past. We would stretch out our arms to the present, and thank Thee for what Thou art doing in these days, and for the promises of what Thou art to do in the future.

We would, oh God, rest upon Thy arm, knowing that we are Thy children, and without Thee we are nothing. We ask Thee to shed abroad thy love among Thy children here, that they may display love and charity to one another, that Thy Kingdom may be ushered in, and Thy children may be loyal subjects to Thee. We thank Thee for what Thou hast done, we bless Thee for what Thou art doing, and we bow in submission to Thy will, now and evermore. We do declare your session closed.

Saturday, Jan. 30. W. E. CHANNING.

Edward Davis.

I've not been long in the spirit world, and I don't hardly know what to say. I have a father and mother in Boston, and am very anxious to commune with them. I was fifteen years old when I was on earth. My friends mourned for me more than there was any need of; if they were believers in what you are, they might understand more, and be happier. I have been thinking of coming back ever since I came here. I was told I could, by a gentleman, before I died; but the doctor told him he must not talk so to me, for it would tend to throw me into a fever. But I remembered what he did say to me, and when I came here I asked, and my wife told me he had communicated through a medium in New York, and that I could do so, but had better come here—and he is with me now.

My name is Edward Davis. My mother is very unhappy, because she cannot see me. I want her to be happy, and when she looks at things which were mine and cries, I want her not to feel so. I want her to give them away. It is wicked for people to keep things which belonged to the spirit when on earth. You cannot use them, and there are thousands suffering for just such things, and God will bless them if they give them away. I love my father and mother, and that is the reason I come here, for I want them to be happy. I am happy, for all I did some things wrong on earth. But I was sorry for all I have done that was wrong, and it is just as well with me as if I had been a church member, for I might have been bad even then. I don't know what I shall do now, but I used to love music, and I shall do all the good I can.

They used to think I was a strange boy, and had curious notions of a God. Well, I could not believe as they did. I never did see why God should save some and damn others, and I could not believe He did.

My folks do not believe in this, but I think I shall make them. I do not want to talk much more, for I do not really understand how to control, as I have been here but about six months, and knew nothing of any consequence of it before. I shall come again though. Good by. Tuesday, Feb. 2.

Session of Feb. 2.

The session of Feb. 2, was, so far as we could see, an uninteresting one. The medium was entranced, but not so deeply as to enable the spirit having control to use her vocal organs. He merely controlled her right hand, and wrote sundry short messages for other spirits who were at the circle, most of which were of a private nature. Those which were for the public are published in connection, immediately following:—

George Mollis.

I come with a message from Rachel's circle to a spirit named Fisher. He is wanted at his circle. By Rachel, I mean Mrs. Little.

Johnny Cilley.

A child will commune with his parents next week; they have requested it.

Jimmy McCann.

Wishes you to publish his message. His Texan friends wait for it.

Senator Rusk.

Wishes you to publish his message. His Texan friends wait for it.

The following communication will be read with some interest, inasmuch as it has reference to the guidance of our sessions:—

Dr. J. D. Fisher.

'Tis but right that I should make some little explanation relative to the proceedings here this afternoon.

The brief space of time appointed or set apart for the coming of spirits, has been given to France's most beloved and noble son, that he might learn to commune through your medium, that in time he still might be a benefit to the French and American nations. And as he could not control your medium otherwise than by using the right arm, he chose to be a scribe for various spirits who were present, and who desired to make their presence known.

Many of the unseen arrangements may seem curious to you, yet could you look within the veil you would agree with us; for I assure you, my friends, that no day cometh that we have not exerted ourselves to the utmost of our power to make all things harmonious. We first learn, if we can, what minds have been invited to come to your circle; we then form our circle to correspond to yours. Thus the medium is placed between the spiritual and natural, and therefore it is for our thoughts to flow to you. It were hard for your thoughts to flow to us in this way, for water does not incline to run up hill. We sometimes tell you that it is best for you to appoint your circle at one time, yet after it, we find that another time will be better suited to the occasion; and we want you to understand that we have but thrown off the mortal, and stand in spirit life, but a little above you in wisdom—above but finite creatures like you, and can only promise to deal with you in truth, and exercise our best judgment for you. The glorious work has many laborers. Men are daily being given to us, and yet we cry for more, because we see thousands are yet sitting in darkness. Mighty indeed is the effort being made in the spirit world for earth's children; and could they fully realize their relative position to us, I am sure they would lay down the past to take up the present; but let us have love and charity for those our brethren, knowing that God who has made them in His own image, will in His own time clothe them in spiritual light. Feb. 2.

From a Spirit Wife to her Husband in Boston.

Oh dear, dear, dear; I'm so sick! What's the matter? Enough's the matter. I've got a long story to tell—do not know whether it's best to tell it or not. I can't see very well.

I've been dead two months. I died in New York, and died in an attic too. Would you like to know what I came for to-day? Well, I've got a husband in Boston. He does not know I'm dead, as I know of. He's got a wife in Boston, too; I know it long before I died, but he did not know where I was. We had trouble. Perhaps I was to blame—perhaps not. I am not obliged to criminate myself. But he left, and I got poor, and sick, and had no medicine, no physician, but little clothes to wear, and I suffered much. I was sick five weeks, and then died. His father brought me here, and told me to talk, but he told me to be cautious what I said—that I must not tell you his name, nor my name, but must tell you things so that he would understand them. I'll tell you where he lives, if you will call over some of my hotels. The House—that's the place. Now I want to tell him I forgive him for all the sin he may have committed against me, and I ask his forgiveness. I want to tell him that four weeks ago he was in company with a medium, and I was there, but did not manifest, because I did not suppose he wanted me to. Tell him there is something wrong between him and his wife, and now he is at liberty to rectify that wrong. He might have done it before, if he had wanted to. She's a good woman, though I used to talk against her; but I was envious. He reads the Banner, and he will know who I am. He is a man doing a good business, and all his connections are of the first class, and it would not be right for me to come back and tell all I know, to harm him and not do me any good. I lived and died a miserable death, God knows I did; but I was told when I got here, that I had plenty of chances to be happy. The last I knew of earth, I had a great horror of death; but I have been happy since I have been here. I was not always as you find me now. I was at one time good, and surrounded by everything pleasant; but of the latter part of my life I cannot say as much. I thought when I came here I should like to tell a great many things; but I promised to give you nothing but truth, and what would be likely to do some good, else I should not be permitted to come again, and I should be miserable if I was not. I am told all spirits, in coming to you, must give you names, but there are exceptions to every rule, and I had to promise not to give mine, for the sake of those who live in the form.

There are good folks on earth, and many bad ones. I think if spirits were permitted to come they would do much good. When on earth, I used to try to magnetize folks in fun, so that when I came here I had no trouble to entrance the medium. I shall come again, if you want me to. Saturday, Jan. 30.

Aunt Judy.

The following communication was given to a gentleman who has passed some time at the South, who accompanied us to our session. All who have seen the kind-hearted, jolly house servant at the South, will recognize the true negro style in which this is spoken, which we defy Mrs. Conant to mimic in her natural state:—

How'd'ye, Massa Robert. Massa Robert don't know me. Lord'ye I knows you dis long time. Day lets me come; I want to so bad; dey helps me too. Massa Robert, I want you to teach me. I know you when you's young, Massa Robert—twenty, perhaps; I reckon it's about that, don't know where I know you; no so cold place as this. I know'd you at home, Massa. You know one time you come where I was, long time gone? You goes to ride horse-back; I fix all the goodlies for you. When you goes away, you say, "Judy, I see you sometime," and give me piece of money. It's a warm place, long ways. Try, Massa Robert, try to recollect me. You say you meet me sometime, Massa Robert, and dis is sometime. Old Massa Robert bring me here. I no belongs to your family, Massa Robert; you comes to see the family I belongs to. I was in Virginia. I see you many times, but you no lives with me, and I no lives with you. You ride horse-back with Massa George. Reckon, Massa Robert, reckon you must member me; I fixed all the goodlies for you, and you said, "Aunt Judy, I see you sometime," and give me a piece of money. George was young Massa, old Massa Robert's son. Old Massa Robert say try reckon the name of the place, Judy. I've been to see

you, Massa Robert, heaps of times; but can't speak nor write before. Massa Robert, was you ever in Richmond, Va.? I lived there long time once. Did you know Massa John there? I belonged to him once; he sold me, to Massa Richard. Reckon hard, Massa Robert. I go now, Massa Robert—I come again. When I come and says how'd'ye Massa Robert, you say how'd'ye Judy, will you? Feb. 8.

"Old Massa Robert," whom Judy mentions as having brought her, is the spirit father of "Massa Robert," to whom Judy was talking. Our friend did not recognize her at the time, as, having been in many places at the South, without the name of the place being given, his memory could not carry him back so far as the time he was twenty years of age.

George W. Williams.

How do? Yes, I've got along. I'm dead, and this ain't me, no way. It's me talking, but some how or other it aint me. I can't explain it—if you can, go ahead. I got here so quick I forgot what I wanted to say. I tell you what it is, it's almighty hard work to talk when you don't know what to say. I am just dead—that's one thing to be considered. Writing down, are you? I had it all out and dried what to say when I got here, but I came so quick I forgot it. I'm just dead. I was a sailor—had been to sea about seven years, and was 27 years old—don't say it was 37, for folks always tried to make me out older than I was. My name was George W. Williams. I was—blessed if I know how I did die—the last I knew of I was on deck, and there was a devil of a noise, and I found myself here. I was on the Family Fern. I don't know whether anybody else died or not. I did not know how I came here; all I know is, I am here, in a pretty good port. I did a little of everything on board. I was not used to such a craft, but had nothing to do, and thought I might as well go there as anywhere; but I got into a pretty good port the first thing I knew of. What's going to become of me? Suppose you was taken, eyes bandaged and squat down into a foreign country—what would you say? Would n't you want to know where you were going?

After explaining to him, as best we could, his situation, he continued:

What kind of folks are you, any way? Spiritualists, hey? Well, I heard told of that, but I always thought it was humbug—now I know it is not.

I've got a mother and sister. My father was a traveling preacher; died many years ago, when I was a little fellow—everybody says he was good, though. When my father died we lived in Vermont, near the Canada line, and shortly after he died we moved into the western part of New York, and from there to the place where they now live—in Buffalo. I went to sea, and did not see them much. I was in Liverpool three or four years, and hailed from there all that time. They don't know I'm dead, as I know of.

Tell us how we died. Blow up, hey? I thought so—for I was looking over the old concern a few nights before, and I thought we should go. I can't explain why, because I did not know much about the old machine. What are you writing this down for? What the deuce could anybody put what I say in the paper for? Well, don't make a fool of yourself in publishing what I say. I could not tell anything but in sailor fashion. I'm no land-shark; I tell you, and it's not fit to publish in a paper.

We explained why we printed such messages, and that his rough conversation was serviceable in showing a diversity of character, and his facts as good as any to prove the communion of spirits.

Oh, well, then I'm just as good as the next one, ain't I? If I talked any better, they would say I had got up fast. I tell you, I did not do much yarn-spinning on board the Family Fern, for I got all the spinning myself.

Well, I'll come again, if I can find a chance. I don't know how to take in sail on this craft. I could land and reef as well as the next one on board a ship, but it's no use—I can't handle this craft. Help me away, can't you? Tell me how to leave port—got under weigh, as we used to say. Jan. 30.

The spirit who communed under the name of Spring Flower, is a little Indian girl, and it is the manner of her conversation, more than the matter, which makes her visit interesting. Her talk is full of nature's simplicity and purity of childhood, which we cannot transfer to paper. She is true, however simple her message may be, and to the party who sent her to us, it will no doubt form a good proof that spirits can commune to us when far removed from the one to whom they wish to come, and out of the reach of their minds. In this light her childish talk is as valuable as other communications.

Spring Flower.

I've got a message for lots of folks where big trees grow. Old squaw what's big and fat, wants Spring Flower to go to—what you call 'em, ha? Yes, the Banner medium, and send message to me, then I believe you come to me. Old squaw got a big wigwam and everything nice—she's got a purpose too. You don't talk to me—why you no talk? I see you scratch away, but you no talk.

She goes to see a little squaw what's sick, and little squaw is going to get well. No hear all the squaws and braves say so—Medicine man Whitney say so too. Old squaw is a nice squaw, got much wampum and tells me no tell her name to you.

Tell old squaw what time day it be. I tell squaw I come 1-2-hour before sun go down, so you tell old squaw I come. I loves all squaws and braves that be good. Me likes all the little squaw mediums. Scratch down all I say, brave.

Our circle was closed to-day as follows: We do declare your circle adjourned.

NORTHERN LIGHT.

Under this name Daniel Webster, has been communicating to a private circle for sometime past, as we understood some time since when a message was given, signed "Northern Light," at their request, to prove to them that the spirit could act independently of their minds. Thursday, Feb. 8th.

Abigail to Charles.

My beloved son—You in your earthly life may never be able fully to realize the anxiety I still have for all my dear children. Yes, I am satisfied, when I consider you will not always dwell in an earthly form. You ask, my dear son, if I ever try to influence you. Truly, dear son, I do. And you ask if I am watching over you. Yes, my beloved, I am almost constantly watching over you to the best of my power, according to conditions, and shall not cease to guard and try to guide you while you are in earth life. My dear son, you cannot see your mother as she stands at your side and prays in union with you to our God, Father of blessings. Oh my dear son, I am deeply anxious in regard to the dear child here, and it is my wish that you do all in your power to aid her. I know full well you can do nothing, other than by word or prayer. My dear son, I am still the same as when you saw me in my earthly form. The only difference I know, is purity of all things. I have much to say to you regarding your spiritual welfare, and will in God's time.

My dear child, let your every thought harmonize with your Creator. Let your every act speak of purity. Oh that I could commune with all my dear ones, and fill all their souls with hope and lasting happiness. But I must be content. My son, be patient—try to be happy—it is your duty to. I cannot commune with you as much as I wish, yet let us thank God for what we do have, and pray earnestly for more. Oh my son, a mother's love will guide you if you are faithful. I am often in very near communion with your dear sisters, yet cannot commune at present



