



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

THE ORPHAN OF THE TEMPLE; OR THE RIDDLE OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was this hope, made firm by her religious trust, which supported the queen to the last moment of her sad and unmerited death.

In the proudest days of her queenly life she had been a stranger to that love which, like a line of sunlight, had

"Glimmered o'er those gray old walls, And mid the iron grates hall."

One by one the members of the royal family had paid the penalty of their high position in society, and atoned with their lives for the errors of their ancestors.

The pitiless mob, like the all-devouring ocean,

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

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

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

CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

your father, by the river side; he is waiting for you."

He obeyed, and saw standing by the Indian chief, whom he called father, a gentleman, richly dressed in military costume. As soon as he came near, the gentleman clasped him in his arms, and as the little fellow expressed it, "he wet my face with his tears." Again and again he thanked the chief for his kindness to the child, and, leaving gold, departed hastily.

The old monk from the convent of "Trois Rivières," in his pious mission among the Indians, passed that way, and stopped with the Indian chief.

He took Eleanzer in his lap, and talked much with him.

"This is not your child?" said the priest, looking inquiringly at her.

"The Great Spirit gave him to me," said Wenona; "is he not mine, father?" she said sadly, evidently pained that he should call in question her claim to the boy.

"Yes, yes," said the priest soothingly, and a blessed gift too," he said, as he stroked the boy's long curls.

"And where did you get these, my boy?" said the priest, as he saw the child playing with a French coin, different from any then in use in the provinces, and a richly chased silver shoe-buckle, with the fleur-de-lis of France upon it.

"They are mine," said the child; "mother says they are."

Wenona started, and taking the toys, said quickly, "Mother will keep them safe for you."

"This boy must be educated," said the priest.

"Yes," said the father; "I intend to send John and Eleanzer both to some school in a few months."

Leaving his blessing with the child, the venerable Father Colonne went his way.

CHAPTER VI.

"You'll find a welcome in the style,
Our father and our friends,
A welcome free and full to all,
With little care for rank;
The style that by the table showed
A beautiful provider,
When the Parson blessed the food prepared
And took his mug of cider."—ELEANZER.

There was quite a commotion raised one day in the little village of Longmeadow, on the Connecticut river, in Massachusetts, by the report that Mr. Ely, a worthy old gentleman of that place, had sent off to Canada to a tribe of Indians, and obtained two boys, whom he was going to educate. Now, a long time had passed, since the Indians had been driven from the Connecticut valley. It is true, they were very unwilling to leave this garden of New England, the fertile meadows, and the fine hunting grounds. They disputed the land at each aggression of the whites, and only yielded to the superior military skill of the latter. But these battles with the savages were only known now as traditions, related by the oldest inhabitants, and though not a savage was to be seen, they were only spoken of as the "Lord's accursed," the "Philistines," that must be rooted out of the land.

Their names were associated with helpless women scalped, and infants dashed against the wall. Mr. Ely was an exception to many of his neighbors—

"He was an old school gentleman,
A personage quite rare
In these exulting modern times
Of stags, rattan, and hair;
One of your true, whole-hearted men,
Whose purse and story, and basket,
Whose heart, and house, and heart, and hand,
Are yours, before you ask it."

Wishing to do some good to the poor Indian, this plan occurred to him.

Now, some of the good ladies, as is often the case, wished to have a finger in the pie, and proposed to furnish the young savages with suitable clothes for attending school. Sewing societies were not in vogue in those days; it was before the worthy inhabitants of the good Bay State had sent the true, old-fashioned "gospel to the heathen," leaving hardly a tolerable share for their own use.

I am inclined to think that the ladies of this beautiful village of Longmeadow must have originated at this time the idea of sewing societies. At any rate, the credit shall be theirs until some antiquarian, searching amid the records of the past, shall bring evidence to the contrary. Two or three of the most active went from door to door to appoint a meeting to cut and sew the garments.

"Now, you don't say," said Aunt Sally Hopkins, as she stopped her spinning-wheel, and sat down to listen; "you don't say Mr. Ely is going to let them ere savages come back to Old Massachusetts? I'll tell you it's contrary to Scripture—they are the Amorites and Hittites that the Lord hath cursed. They'll bring a curse on the place."

"Oh, no, Aunt Sally," said the lady mildly, "I hope not; besides, they are not all Indian blood. They are descendants of Rev. Mr. Williams, of Deerfield, who was taken captive by the Indians. You have heard about it."

"La, yes! it was Nance Williams, great uncle; and he's a't I seen the bullet-holes in the door at Bloody Brook? and don't I know how they scalped olks and knocked their brains out? No, no, don't you catch me a helpin' 'em back. Who knows but we shall all find ourselves murdered some mornin'."

"I hope not," said the lady; "they would thus destroy their own kindred."

"Oh, as to that, Eunice Williams," said Aunt Sally, "she might have come back, if she'd been a mind to, but she clung to her idols, and I say let her alone. She married among the heathen, which, you know, is expressly forbidden in Scripture."

"No argument would move the old lady; as for leaving her spinning to sew for Amorites and Hittites, she'd no thought of it."

The lady, learning wisdom by experience, used another argument at the next house, where two ancient spinners lived.

The poor savages would like as not have clothes enough, but what would they be? Their bodies half naked, and what they wore, covered with Pagan hieroglyphics, or idol images.

"That would be dreadful," exclaimed Miss Prudence; "so injurious to the morals of our village."

"Yes," said her sister, "and out of regard to the virtue of the neighborhood, we will each furnish a pair of pantaloons."

This was a fine beginning, and though there was much fear upon the subject, and a great thinking lest such a meeting would be stepping out of their duty as women, they at last collected, and went to work, in earnest. This was in the days before a silver-shake basket took the place of pumpkin pies and election cake; or bread was shared like doubtful notes by a State street broker.

The ladies assembled, at one o'clock, and worked like bees on the cotton, spools all a-re, when they

assembled round an ample table where baked beans, Indian pudding, pies, cakes, apple sauce, &c., furnished an ample repast to the laborers.

"Do you suppose Mr. Ely would have these little savages at table?" asked one.

"Why, no, indeed; they only eat with their fingers," replied another.

"My daughter wonders how they'll manage in school with them," said another; "for her part, she aint going to sit by 'em."

Ellen Ely, a sweet girl of fourteen, heard this conversation, and her sympathy for the poor boys was awakened. "I will be kind to them," she says to herself; "poor things, they will need a friend."

Not long after the meeting of the ladies, which I must add, en passant, resulted in the forming of a society for the education of the Indians, which, after the first prejudices were removed, did much good. But, as I was saying, not long after this meeting, a large sleigh, drawn by two small, but strong Canadian ponies, was driven through the village by a tall, muscular Indian, in the dress of his tribe, accompanied by two boys, also in Indian costume, and stopped at the house of Mr. Ely.

Little Ellen was at the window; she was a graceful, gentle child, and though her heart beat fast, and she would gladly have retreated, yet she said to herself again: "Poor things, they are parted from their home; I will be kind to them." So she piled the wood upon the already ample fire, and awaited their coming.

What was her astonishment, when she saw behind the tall, but not fierce looking chief, the beautiful boy with his long curls, and dark, blue eyes! John, who stood beside him, was not at all forbidding in his appearance, still she thought he looked as Indian boys do—but this vision of beauty before her! Surely it would not be hard to treat him kindly. The boy, too, seemed as much pleased with the little girl. He passed his hands over his eyes, as if there was a mist before him, or he were dreaming; then advancing towards her, he returned her salutation with a graceful bow.

"Oh, I am so sorry Miss Prudence thinks they must take off their Indian dress, and wear pantaloons," she said to herself, as she saw the taste of Wenona in their embroidered garments.

The boys were reluctant themselves to change, and felt very awkward at first; but Ellen promised she would lay aside their Indian clothes, and that they should wear them when they went into the woods to play by themselves.

Eleanzer, or Henri, as we prefer to call him, was an apt scholar; and, after some years, was transferred to Dartmouth College. The memory of Ellen was ever fresh in his heart, but now a new field of enterprise was open to him. The alarm of war was heard, and notwithstanding his intention to devote himself to the ministry, there was something in the sound of martial music, and in the show and parade of military life, that stirred his very heart's blood. Throwing aside his student's gown and his aspirations for literary fame, he girded on the sword, and rushed with ardor to the battle's strife; and, as an Indian chief, did honor to the American flag.

He had been bred among the valleys and hills of New England, and in the simplicity of their Puritan worship; but his taste led him to prefer the more imposing worship, and the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal service. He was ordained as pastor among the Oneida Indians, and we find our little wanderer the adopted of Wenona, leading his Indian flock to heaven, winning them by his own blameless life and devotional spirit.

One Sabbath morning a traveler, finding himself in the vicinity of the village of St. Regis, N. Y., and knowing that a tribe of Indians resided near, asked of his host at the country inn if there was any house of worship there. "Yes," replied the man, "you will find an Indian preacher, about two miles from here."

It was a beautiful morning, and our traveler giving his horse the reins, went slowly towards the spot pointed out to him. Now and then an Indian woman, or a group of children neatly dressed, would be seen wending their way to the same spot.

When he entered the church, the pastor was already in the desk, and the gentleman, as he gazed upon him, just then in the beauty of opening manhood, wondered why he should be called "The Indian Preacher."

His wonder was still more increased when he entered into conversation with him, and became a guest at his table. The gracefulness of his manners, the urbanity of his conversation, the waving, glossy fine hair, the European cast of his features, all spoke him to be of other than aboriginal descent. But there was the full-blooded Indian woman whom he called "Mother." He knew no other, he remembered no other. True, he sometimes had strange visions in his sleep, as if he were again an infant child, not in the Canadian wigwam, but dressed in rich robes, and sporting on velvet couches with a lady, upon whose beautiful face he loved to gaze; but such visions as these were always succeeded by a demon face, that thrust itself into this paradise, and curdled his blood with his horrible looks.

Wenona never spoke to him of his infancy. With eleven children, her cares had increased with age, and the count had long since been numbered among the brighter scenes of her younger days that had grown dim as the shadows of life's evening closed around her. The golden cross still hung upon her bosom, and beneath, in the depths of the heart, lay the yet unbroken vow.

One day, before the death of the old Chief, Thomas Williams, the son inquired of him his age. "Why do you ask me? Go to the priest—he keeps the records."

To the priest he went, and there found recorded the date of the birth of each of his father's children, eleven in all, but no record of his own.

At length he is appointed chaplain to the garrison, stationed on Green Bay, far away in the north-western part of the United States. His little Indian congregation from St. Regis have followed him hither. His Indian mother has now fallen to his charge. Her other children are dead or wanderers; he alone survives, to return in her old age the care which she had for him many years before.

CHAPTER VII.

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

In the year 1841 there was a large concourse of people assembled upon one of the wharves of New York, awaiting the arrival of a vessel, which had already been telegraphed in the office.

There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the vessel; it was such as one might see almost any week riding at anchor in the harbor.

It was neither a Chinese junk, from "farthest Ind," manned by Celestials, to attract the curious, nor did the crescent wave at the mast head, that our shipbuilders might collect to compare her clumsy bulk with our own world-renowned clippers. Neither was it a British yacht, so with a challenge to the enterprising Yankee, who never yet refused to raise the gauntlet. It was simply a French frigate, neatly built, and finely rigged, to be sure, and giving to the breeze the tricolor flag of La Belle France.

But similar vessels are coming and going constantly, without exciting so much interest. Ayl this is the "La Belle Poule," and her freight is a prince of the blood, De Joinville.

We Americans are accused of undue adulation to such personages. But as long as fortunes are made by the exhibition of "wooly horses" and mummy princesses of the masculine gender, let us charitably conclude that it is our curiosity, rather than our reverence, that leads us to flock in crowds to gaze upon so rare an exhibition in our country as a royal prince.

But then De Joinville is young, handsome, and fascinating. The ladies will forgive the title in admiration of the man. So parties are made, dinners given, and Stuart, in his marble palace, adds greatly to his fortune by the increased sales of gala dresses and white gloves.

A large party has assembled to welcome the prince at the fine mansion of Judge B. Mrs. R., of Philadelphia, Mrs. S., of Boston, the beautiful Misses Q's, of New Orleans, are present, and a reporter is already behind the curtain, to give as minute a description of their dresses, as if he were witness on a criminal trial.

Boquets are up in the market, and democracy is certainly at par. But still,

"The lamps shine o'er fair women and brave men," but not half so brightly as the smiles of the courtly foreigner.

"Music is there with its voluptuous swell," but not half so sweet is the melodious discourse of the hired band, as the musical accent of the prince's inimitable French.

In the midst of all this gayety the prince disappears. He is in the ante-room, in close conversation with the French consul.

"Can Monsieur tell him where a certain Episcopal clergyman, by name Eleanzer Williams, resides, a missionary to the Indians?"

The consul is startled at the question, but etiquette forbids any expression of surprise.

He cannot inform the prince; but his friend, Mr. Ogden, of that city, would be able to do so, and he will consult him.

He is requested so to do, and report to the prince. Again De Joinville mingles in the dance, and wins many a bright glance from republican beauties. They did not dream then that only a Brazilian prince, from the sunny land of diamonds, could satisfy the ambition of the son, or the craftily laid plans of the citizen king, his father. No matter—the fairy little plans that dance on the green sward of the fresh young hearts there will do them no more injury than the romances their eyes might wander over, if they had remained at home.

How many nights might be woven out of the little episodes in a young belle's heart, during her first season, better than the "Chronicles of Canongate?" for Sir Walter.

The consul learns that the Indian missionary is at Green Bay, Wisconsin, up among the great lakes. The prince expresses no surprise, takes the direction, and, as he wishes to see the scenery of North America, will visit the lakes during the summer, and may give the missionary a call.

The missionary, as we should have told before, is married. There may have been some youthful romance in his heart, connected with our "little Ellen," and perchance Longmeadow, with its acres of waving broom corn, its fertile fields, sloping hills, its noble river, and its busy farmers, especially their loaded tables, steaming with hot buck-wheat cakes, yellow corn bread, and pumpkin pies, never rise in vision before him, but little Ellen comes too with her light step and sweet smile. But long after his school-days were over, he encountered, in some of his wanderings, the daughter of a French officer. She was told that the missionary was an Indian. "May be he is, and may be he is not," she thought, and all true philosophers have to come to similar conclusions on many great subjects. At any rate, her doubts weighed but lightly in the scale against her inclination, and they were married.

On board a packet on one of the Western lakes the prince and his suite were pursuing their travels. It was ascertained by some one that the missionary, Mr. Williams, was on board, also. An introduction took place, when Mr. Williams informed the prince that he was hastening home, on account of the sickness of an infant. The child had been born during his absence, and his desire was to baptize it before its death.

The prince wished to stand god-father, saying, "I would like to name it for my mother, the queen Amelia."

Unfortunately the child was dead when they arrived. The prince remained some days in the vicinity, visiting the missionary frequently. One day he requested a private interview. It was long, and, to the missionary, it would seem startling. To use the language of another, "What transpired between them will probably go down to the grave unknown."

But where, during all these years, is De Lajard? Has he forgotten the child for whom he once cared so tenderly? Many years have passed since "more gold" came to Wenona, and many more since the "strange gentleman" clasped little Henri in his arms, and wet his face with his tears. The missionary has no other recollection of him. All that transpired before his face, in seventeen hundred ninety-nine, is like an indistinct dream.

Wenona never refers to those days. The prince, it would seem, has bound the minister to secrecy, and not even his wife knows the particulars of that last interview. Death may not reveal it; it is among the secrets of the earth, which the last great day alone will reveal.

A few years after the visit of the prince, a gentleman died in New Orleans.

From what little we can learn of his death we conjecture it may have been our old friend, De Lajard. How painfully the singular revelations of Mesmer proved true, history has already related. More is left to suspicion in the case of the count. Enough that he died in New Orleans, and left the following confession upon his death-bed: "That in the year seventeen hundred ninety-five, I was brought, from Paris the Dauphin, son of Louis Sixteenth, by way of Holland and England, to the United States, and committed him to the care of an Irishman, named Thomas Williams, in Canada."

Not long since, dear reader, we met with the Indian missionary. It is stated in "Lamartine," and I think also in two other, and still more authentic histories, that the wound which Simon made by the nail in the napkin, left a scar upon the left temple. A similar scar we found upon the missionary. It is also stated that he died of scrofula, which affected his limbs. There are scars upon the limbs of the supposed Dauphin, which skillful physicians pronounce acrofulous.

Our description of him would agree with that of another, who, in a brief notice of him some time since, thus speaks: "He is now about sixty-five years of age; five feet nine inches in height, and inclined to embonpoint. His eyes are dark, but not black. His hair dark, rich and glossy, and interspersed with gray. His eyebrows are full, and of the same color; upon the left is a scar. His beard is heavy, and nose aquiline. The nostril is large, and finely cut. The mouth is well formed, and indicative of mingled firmness and benignity of character. Most, however remarkable, is the full, protuberant upper Maxillary lip, the distinctive feature of the Austrian family. This, the experienced observer is well aware is never found in the aboriginal, and very rarely among the Americans themselves. His head is well formed, and sits proudly upon his shoulders. In his address he is easy, and in conversation animated."

His manners are, and ever have been, uniformly polite and gentlemanly, indicating French, rather than English parentage. But there is not the slightest indication in his person or countenance of Indian blood. And if there be anything in family resemblance, whoever has seen Louis the Sixteenth, or likenesses of him, or is acquainted with his family, in beholding this man, would notice the similitude."

Since the confession of De Lajard, or Belanger, as the newspapers termed him, the missionary received a small package from Paris. It contained a child's ring. It was found in the crack of the floor, where the Dauphin was confined, in a room of the Temple. Another person has sent him a robe, which once belonged to the queen, or as the giver expressed it, "his mother."

A gentleman obtained in Paris a correct likeness of Simon, the jailor, and handed it to Mr. Williams. At the first glance, an involuntary shudder passed through his frame. He took it, turned to one side, while his feelings almost overcame him. There was the demon face which had haunted him through the years of his suffering childhood, and disturbed the midnight slumbers of maturer years.

Many such devils incarnate were let loose upon unhappy France during the first revolution, and when the blood of the aristocrats flowed like water, and the royalists were hunted like deer, from one refuge to another, no wonder that modern research finds many romantic details for pen and pencil. The good old Abbe, in the little convent of Trois Rivières, could have told us many a sad tale of suffering and hairbreadth escapes, but he likes not to dwell upon the past, but in prayer and penance passes the hours that divide him from death, where he trusts to meet his martyred king, who gave his blood as an atonement for the sins of his father. One fact alone we draw from his lips. When the poor little dauphin lay sick in his prison, two physicians were appointed to take charge of him. "They were secret loyalists. They laid a plan for his escape, and caused it to be carried into execution. They reported him worse, and, finally, dead. The officers were bribed, and the guards intoxicated. A dead body was introduced from the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the living boy immediately passed beyond the power of bolts and bars."

The compassion which the most civilized nation of earth refused to the heir of the Cæsars, was found in the wigwam of the North American savage.

There was no home for him in the land of his birth, when Napoleon ruled the realm; but when Louis Philippe was enthroned in the Tuilleries, would not he recall the secret, guarded like buried treasure for so many years?

Alas! would the son of Egalité search in the wilds of America for the lost heir of the elder branch of the Bourbons?

Yes, he did search for him; but to quote again the words of another, "It was probably to make overtures to him to renounce forever all claim to the throne."

He received the same answer which his royal cousin gave to the ambassador of Napoleon, at Warsaw:—"Though I am in poverty, sorrow and exile, I will not sacrifice my honor."

We spoke in the first part of this narrative of the children of the queen. Maria Theresa de Charlotte, the sister, was older than the dauphin. She shared his imprisonment, or rather the same prison enclosed both; but after the death of her father, mother and aunt, and the escape of her brother, she was left alone. In 1795 she was exchanged by Austria for some French prisoners. Her life was an eventful one, full of sorrow and suffering. After many changes, we find her at last in the little village of Frohsdorf, in Austria. It is an old feudal estate, near the Hungarian frontier. The chateau is surrounded by a dry moat, crossed by a stone bridge. It is painted white, and the pointed roof is crowned by chimnies, and garret windows, and ornamented with a triangular gable. A traveler says, "The site is stern and melancholy." To the west lies a vast plain, at the extremity of which rises, in all its magnificence, the chain of mountains, which separates Styria from Austria. On the east is a long hill, on the summit of which runs the Hungarian frontier, guarded by armed peasants. In this distant retreat, "in a plain, dark attic, and severely simple room," the aged princess spent the last years of her life. There, shut up from the world, she lived amid the souvenirs of the past. Around her are the portraits of her father, mother, and the unfortunate Princesse Lamballe—the black waistcoat which her father wore in going to the scaffold, and the lace kerchief which her mother mended with her own hands, before going to the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Once a year she takes these relics out, and, shutting herself in her own room, lived awhile with the beloved dead.

After an exile of twenty-one years, she expired on the nineteenth of October, beloved by all who knew her.

She never forgot in her life the memorable words of her father, contained in his last will: "I recommend my children to my wife; I wish her to make them regard the grandeur of this world, if they are condemned to enjoy them, as dangerous and perishable advantages, and to turn their thoughts towards the only solid and durable glory of Eternity. Thus passed this daughter of the Cæsars from a life of sorrow, to the eternal gates."

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SPIRIT COMMUNION.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

In the silent twilight hour, voices whisper unto me,
And my longing spirit listens to the murmur of the sea,
And the deepening shadows wait me to a summer land of bloom,
While the dream of youth returneth from the solitude and gloom.

On a silvery beach, all studded with the treasures of the deep—
Gleaming pearl and scattered coral, over which the wavelets leap,
With a song of summer gladness, where the stately palm tree bends.

Come unto my longing spirit, visions of what life could be,
Deep imbued with aspiration, holiness, and purity;
To my soul's deep chambers gliding angel harmonies attune,
There the slumbering lyre awaiting the responding spirit boon.

Life and Love! the dream returneth, fraught with all its mystic power,
And the inner gem is gleaming, with the glory of its dower,
On my brow the hand is resting of one loved and gone before,
O'er my heart the peace of heaven stealth on that sea-girl shore.

To my lone heart's invocation, from a mansion in the skies,
Liste a radiant seraph, dwelling in the light of Paradise,
And with spirit-arms enfolding clasp me to her angel breast,
On my soul the impress leaving of communion with the blest!

By my soul's upwelling gladness, by its freedom and its bliss,
I can tell the angel signet of a mother's hallowed kiss,
And I know that "Love eternal," is the watchword of the spheres,
That the starry crown of glory, oft is formed of earth-wrung tears.

In the silent twilight hour, voices whisper unto me,
And my longing spirit listens to the murmur of the sea,
Life, with all its earnest beauty, Love, with all its holy might,
Beckon 'mid the deepening shadow—Onward, Upward, thro' the night!

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13, 1857.

POOR TOM. A CITY WEED.

When I first became acquainted with poor Tom—Craddock was his surname—he was about twenty-five years of age. His appearance never altered. He must have been the same at fifteen as he was at forty. Imagine a short, shambling figure, with large hands and feet, a huge water-on-the-brain-looking head, surmounted by rough stubbly, red hair; eyes that no mortal ever saw; for, suffering from a painful ophthalmic disease, they were always encased, not so much in spectacles as in a perfect bandage of green glass; dress which, though ill-made and of necessity thread-bare, was always clean and respectable. Imagine these things, and you have all that I care to dwell upon of the physical characteristics of poor Tom. He was earning a very scanty pittance as an usher, or rather common drudge at a classical and commercial academy at Hackney, where I was sent as a youth to learn the science of book-keeping by single and double entry, and to post up and arrange numerous imaginary transactions of great intricacy and enormous magnitude in sugar, hides, and tallow. Tom's intellectual acquirements were on a par with his physical advantages. Being sent out by his parents into the world to shift for himself as his father had done before him, he had shifted himself into a very ill-paid and monotonous occupation.

Tom's parents were, no doubt, very good people, as the world goes. The father was a quiet, plodding man, with no ideas beyond the routine of his office. He had been put into an ordinary government situation in his early youth, and had trudged backward and forward on the same old road for eight and fifty years. The mother was a hard, dry, Calvinist, crammed to the throat with doctrine, but with neither head nor heart. Her children—and she had eight—were all the same to her; the girls went out and kept schools, and the boys went into the world to sink or swim, as their father had done before them. They had all been decently clothed and fed up to a certain age—they had all had the same meaningless education—they had all sat under the same minister, and had served as teachers in the same Sunday school. They were all—with the exception of Tom—cold, hard, selfish, and calculating; there was nothing like love amongst them; its place was supplied by a propriety of regard that was regulated by the principle of duty.

Though poor Tom, with his half blind eyes, and general physical disadvantages, merited a treatment a little removed from the rigid equality which governed his parents in their family organization, he never met with it; he was one of the eight, and he had his eighth of attention—neither more nor less. His mental training was even below the level of his brothers and sisters, because the medical attendance, consequent upon his diseased eyes, took from the fund that was methodically set aside for his education. If, as was the case in the year when he underwent an operation, the surgical expenses swallowed up the educational fund, and, something more, his clothes fund was debited with the difference, and he suffered for his bodily failings in a short supply of boots and hats. The father kept a book in which he hid opened debtor and creditor accounts with all his children, as if they had been so many mercantile vessels. When Tom arrived at the same age as his brothers had arrived at when they went out before him, he received the same hint that it was time that he sought for a means of obtaining a livelihood; and, feeling his own short-comings, and want of energy, he accepted the offer of a chapel connection, and quietly sank into the position at the school in which I found him.

Poor Tom's personal appearance gave rise to all kinds of heartless jokes, such as only self-willed, thoughtless schoolboys make. His eyeglasses were always a fruitful source of amusement. Many a lad in all the full glow of health, has tried to break those green coverings to see what kind of eyes were concealed behind them. Tom bore all with wonderful patience and amiability of temper. He had small authority over the boys, for want of force of character, but his uniform kindness did a great deal, and many a little tormentor has shed bitter tears of remorse, when he found the way in which his annoyance was returned. Tom's income was exceedingly small, far under the average of ushers' stipends, but he was very careful and independent with it. He was away from home he sought for no assistance, and by great economy and self-denial he was able to indulge in the luxury of buying little presents for his favorites in the school. One day, shortly

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

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

Tom repaired the damage done to his garment as well as he could with my aid, and would have walked about in it contented enough; but he had been induced to buy the coat sooner than he would otherwise have done because the master had told him, that "he wished him to appear a little more gentlemanly for the credit of the school," and Tom now feared that he should be ordered to purchase another. A favorite relaxation of the tedium of study used to be an excursion of the whole school to the Temple Mills at Tottenham. An excursion of this kind took place about a week after the above occurrence, and Tom was put quite as his case when we started with-out any remark being made upon his greasy costume. It was the last excursion that we had, for at the close of the day a boy got away from the ranks—the boy who had poured the oil over Tom's coat—and was found drowned in the river Lea. Of course, the master, who had done nothing but eat and lounge the whole day—throw all the blame upon Tom, who, poor fellow, was nearly worn to death with his day's work, for in a conscientious spirit, that no one might suffer from his bodily defects, he always devoted a double amount of labor to any task that he undertook. He passed a wretched night, grieving for the lost boy, grieving that he had procured him a week before, and racking himself with doubts as to whether he might not have prevented the accident by greater care, activity, and thoughtfulness, although I knew that he had borne nearly the whole fatigue of the excursion. As I expected, the master discharged him the next morning, with an impressive censure upon his carelessness, and some cruel remarks upon defects which poor Tom was only too painfully conscious of.

It was some ten years after this, that I got poor Tom's situation as junior clerk, under me, in the counting-house of Biddles & Co.—old Biddles—in the West India trade. Tom's father had died shortly after he left the school at Hackney, and Tom had come into one of a number of small legacies, which his father had left in equal proportions to all his children. Tom received the amount from his eldest brother, the executor, after a deduction of about one-third, for loans and interest, medical attendance, &c., as per account rendered, from the family ledger before alluded to. Small as the sum was, to a person of Tom's humble ideas and inexpensive tastes, it was a mine of wealth. By great good management he contrived to live upon it for nearly ten years, and it was almost drawing to an end when I seized the opportunity that offered of placing him in our counting-house. Tom had not been idle during these ten years. He had inserted advertisements in the papers, he had canvassed friends, he had walked many times wearily and diffidently into offices and warehouses, he had begged to be employed; but his conscientious fidelity, his industrious zeal, his noble and valuable qualities, were sent away as if they had been the veriest drug in the market, because he could not carry his heart upon his sleeve. And yet no sooner had he left the door, than those who spurned him were loudly asking for that which had just been offered to them in vain. It is useless to preach about not judging by appearances; to say that merit will make itself discovered under the most ungainly exterior; that if the kernel is good it matters little what the shell may be; I know better; we all know better. Qualities of the heart, far more valuable than any intellectual gifts, or force of will, embodied in weak and unsightly frames, may hover near us like unseen angels, and be unheeded, trifled with, and despised. The brazen face and the strong lungs are the practical rulers of the world. During Tom's endeavors to get employment he had lost twenty pounds of his little store by leaving it as a "cash deposit," or "guarantee of fidelity," with a "general merchant," who left him in charge of a very dull, quiet, ill-furnished office, for about ten days, at the end of which time even Tom became aware that he had been swindled out of his money.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light. ANSWER TO "LILY!"

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

A TOUCHING (AND TOUCHED) CHARACTER.

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

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

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

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

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

Why did you not leave me your address? I would have sent you your clothes and trinkets. . . . But not to send for them: for pity's sake, leave them with me. I have arranged them on chairs, and I fancy you are in the next room, and that you will soon come in and dress yourself. Besides these things, which you have worn, spread a perfume through my little room; and so I am happy when I come in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COMICAL COMEDIANS.

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

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

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

John could not carry on the joke. The metamor-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oui, oui! zat all very good. But how mosh, for take moime et mon baggahze to ze Metropolitang?"

"Three dollars! That's all!" "Tre dollars! Mon Dieu! Zat is too mosh for ze leetle vays to ze hotel!"

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

"What zat you call ze bridzhe, and ze toll, eh?" interrupted John.

"The bridge? Why, (gesticulating,) high up, so! Water running under, so! Cross over! Stop! Pay money every time!"

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

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

THE CALORIC ENGINE.

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

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

1870.

Men to the plow,
Wife to the cow,
Girls to the barn,
Boys to the yard,
And all dues settled.

1850.

Men a mere show,
Girls, Piano,
Wife, silk and satin,
Boys, Greek and Latin,
And all hands gizzotted.

1857.

Men all in debt,
Wives in a pet,
Boys tobacco squirrels,
Girls dragging skirts,
And everybody cheated.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

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

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

TO
NEAR BOSTON, November, 1857.

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

Mr. Flaggabus had been deeply imbued in his youth with the rigid tenets of orthodoxy, the effects of which were apparent now; I was, as my name would suggest, ready for any impression, and probably that was one reason why we so fraternized, for I could listen to him, and like a sieve, never get full, but always was a listener with room for more. As I said before, my friend retained some of his early impressions, but like the world, the canvass of time as it unraveled had liberalized his sentiments, and without any but a gradual change, he was now one of the strong pillars of Unitarianism—like many others, his change from rigid orthodoxy had been so imperceptible to the doctrine, that a well-ordered life was the true religion, or using poetic language, the time when he used to sing—

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

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

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

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

"When I can read my little clear,
To mansions in the skies," &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Therefore we say, without fear of contradiction

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MORMON REBELLION.

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

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

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

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

MRS. HATCH AT THE MELODEON.

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

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

THANKSGIVING.

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

MR. A. B. WHITING AT THE MELODEON.

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

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

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

CONFIRMATION OF A MESSAGE.

LYNN, Nov. 21, 1857.

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

Yours, &c., S—h M. E.—th.

Messrs. Colby, Forster & Co.

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

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

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

MUNSON'S DEPOT, NEW YORK.

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

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

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

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

SUNDAY MEETING AT 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

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

HARVARD'S REPORT.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

Late European Items.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gen. Nicholson has died of his wounds.

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

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

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

The advices from America were regarded as more favorable.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The financial pressure had reached Sweden and Norway.

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

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

Dramatic.

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

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

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

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

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

It was presented last Monday in connection with Luceria Borgia.

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

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

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

Poetry.

A PEEP AT HOME.

BY ANNA M. FULTON.

"De it ever so lowly, there's no place like home."
 "Put the kettle on the stove, Kate,
 Heat the water for the tea.
 Let us have all things in order,
 Order should our motto be."
 Thus the mother said, and smiling,
 Locked the baby to and fro,
 Pressed a kiss upon its forehead,
 Stroked the little locks of tow.
 Kate put the kettle over,
 Swept the nicely painted floor,
 Made the chairs look so inviting,
 Hung the broom behind the door;
 Drove the table to the centre,
 Whisked linen on its spread,
 While her own, her little fingers,
 Neatly sliced the snowy bread.
 Father comes, all white with snow-flakes,
 Cheeks as red as damask roses,
 Rubs his hands so brisk together,
 Says he believes he's almost froze.
 Soon as warm, he takes the baby,
 Rubs his whiskers on its cheek,
 Gives his hair to little fingers,
 Pockets gives to little feet.
 Says: "there never was a baby
 Half so pretty, half so smart,"
 Wife unequalled, Kate loving,
 Oh, what sunshine to the heart!
 Reader, will you not believe me?
 "This a truth and you must know—
 Angels stoop, and love to linger,
 'Round that hallowed home below."

Written for the Banner of Light.
CHRIST'S MISSION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Communicated.)

KING ALCOHOL—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

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

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

The next person to call attention to "Spirit Manifestations," was a London barber, who resided at 37 Somerset street, Portman Square. Mr. Robert Chambers, of the Edinburgh Journal, paid him the honor of a visit, and was gratified with the following highly important and extraordinary intelligence, purporting to come from a spirit:—

"I am a spirit, sent by the God of love, to impart the knowledge given me for men, for their good. I say, we be unto those people named the Haydens, they are not words and responses from God, but from the devil; they are false and wicked spirits that respond at Mrs. Hayden's. At Mrs. Roberts, they are good spirits; their idea of religion is true, for it is the religion of Christ; but although their religion is right, yet they are not what they ought to be, they are hourly offending their God, and all power will be taken from them, unless they alter, and are more careful of the way they treat their blessing sent from God, for the instruction of mankind."

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

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

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

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

CLAIRVOYANCE BY THE INDIANS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The next day the sun shone bright, and long before noon all the Indians were gathered together on the eminence that overlooked the lake. The old king came to me and asked me, whether I had so much confidence in what the priest had foretold, as to join his people on the hill, and wait for the completion of it; I told him I was at a loss what opinion to form of the prediction, but that I would readily attend him. On this we walked together, to the place where the others were assembled. Every eye was fixed by turns on me and on the lake; when just as the sun had reached his zenith, agreeably to what the priest had foretold, a canoe came round a point of land about a league distant. The Indians no sooner beheld it, than they set up an universal shout, and by their looks seemed to triumph in the interest their priest thus evidently had with the Great Spirit.

In less than an hour the canoe reached the shore, when I attended the king and chief to receive those who were on board. As soon as the men were landed, we walked all together to the king's tent, when, according to their invariable custom, we began to smoke; and this we did, notwithstanding our impatience to know the tidings they brought, without

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

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

MISS C. M. BEEBE.

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

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

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

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

TO MRS. G—B—, FROM HER BROTHER J—O—.

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

Sister, still I love to be,
 Brother, dwelling near to thee;
 Near in spirit dwelling,
 About thy home in earth-life—
 Earth-life swelling, mental strife
 In thy nature welling.

Sister, I can happy be,
 Mingling brother-love with thee;
 Mingling mine with thine, Grace,
 Speaking joy—controlling fears,
 Chasing back the burning tears,
 Tears burning sister's face.

Sister, to the dawning day,
 Brother, sheds a passing ray—
 A ray of love divine;
 Divine as love immortal—
 Immortals ope the portal,
 That spirit rays may shine.

Sister, Hope shall brighter seem—
 Hope shall send a radiant beam
 To light thy journey through;
 Light, that shall to thee unfold,
 Unfolding joys yet untold,
 Joys that never bid adieu.

A PRAYER.

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

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

The spirit of JOHN WEAVER.

MISS SPRAGUE.

By a letter received from a warm-hearted friend, residing in Providence, R. I., we learn that Miss Sprague, the eloquent trance medium, lectured at that place last Sabbath, November 16.

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

The Messenger.

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

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 "lost" and "doomed" to suffer in the "other world." It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

At our sitting, November 13th, a spirit manifested, speaking in a dialect we did not understand. The only intelligence we could glean from it was that he was a spirit from Ceylon, named Goanthee, who had a wife living by name of Cocho, who learned to write a little English of a missionary, whose name he gave as Hubbard. Much of this was gathered by pantomime, though the names were written.

Jeremy Belknap.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, thou who art from everlasting to everlasting, we do, at this time, most humbly beseech of thee to bless thy children. Our God, our Father, we know thou art possessed of all power; we know thou art reaching far over the heads of thy children; we know thou art able to save all thou hast created, and we know thou wilt eventually save all thy children.

Yet, Father, we ask thy blessing to rest on thy children, gathered in darkness; we ask thee to send a lamp to guide them forth; we ask thee to put around them thy shield of love, that they may no longer be burning with hate.

Oh, God, our Father, thou who gave us mortal forms, which we have laid beneath the common mother, earth, we entreat thee to open wide the door, that we may come to bless man, both on earth, in heaven, and hell, also, for thou art in heaven, earth, and hell, and we know thy love is all-powerful, cleansing all from sin, and raising them from darkness to light. We thank thee for the blessings we daily receive; we thank thee that thou hast permitted us to return to earth; that thy voice is heard through a thousand voices; that thou art sending light unto the darkened temples of the universe. We entreat thee to so touch thy children here, that they may prophecy, as man never before has done: that they may speak, with tongues of fire, the words of the Holy Spirit. We pray thee that those who rule in this land may be filled with the Holy Ghost, that all may know that they walk with the Redeemer. Oh, God, do thou help thy servant, who, for the first time, has taken upon himself a strange form, and thus is striving to give forth thy truth. Oh, send holy ones to aid him, and thine be the glory and the power, from the beginning to the end of time.

Years have flown by on the wings of time since your speaker left the earth sphere. Progress has been doing her work, and I find, on coming here, the places that were once familiar to me are no longer; the hand of man has wrought out many new inventions, and God, in his wisdom, is also bringing into new life that which hardly had existence when I was with you. I am not accustomed to controlling mediums; indeed this is the first time I ever tried to control, but I was drawn by a power I could not resist, to-day, and I hope to be the humble instrument of doing some good, however small that may be.

First, let me inform you who I am. I was born in Boston, was educated in Harvard, and my name was Jeremy Belknap. But the education I had there now avails me naught; I might as well have passed my time in drawing lines upon the sea-shore, for there I should have listened to the voice of God, as sung by the waves of the ocean. My education, that I acquired there, was a material one. I laid it down when I laid down my physical form. I knew nothing of God, or of life in the spirit world; all my ideas of them were like phantoms—they were nothing. After receiving my education, I preached the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; I considered myself chosen for that special mission, but when I came here, I found I had been preaching error; all the long years I had stood in the pulpit I had been giving forth false ideas of the Bible. I found that book altogether a new one; a glorious halo was all around it, and each word was invested with a splendor that I never felt. Days, weeks, have I studied on earth to reach its hidden beauty, but never before had I seen it. I had many followers, many who loved me, and really thought I was a man of God. Well, I was an upright man, and I entered the spirit life and was happy; but it was the happiness of a child; I could not enter the Wisdom sphere, but had to go back to the intuitions of my childhood, and progress from them.

Now, when I was a child, I had strange perceptions of the Deity; I say strange, for they were strange for those times, and when I grew to manhood, I formed others, which were entirely different. Now, when I entered the spirit life, I found those first perceptions were the basis of my education, and I had to go back to them to build up my foundation for the spirit life. Perhaps my friends will say I was left to follow my perceptions, but not so. They were crushed by education. The memory lived and clung to me; but what is memory but a fleeting cloud; with you to-day, and away to-morrow?

Now there are some on earth that my spirit longs to commune with; I doubt not I should receive pure pleasure in conversing with them. But the time has not come yet. Jesus, of Nazareth, came in God's time, and the principles he taught have lived since, and each generation have clothed them with their own fancies; but now the time has come when the key is given man to unlock them, and each man may be his own teacher.

Ah, I view a vast congregation around me. Joy is pictured upon the faces of some, happiness on those of others, misery, and dark despair fills up the picture, and would to God you mortals could see it. But I come to earth to bespeak mortals to trust God more, and not to trust their education so much to fools in wisdom! Had I learned to trust God more, I might now be happy in spheres beyond.

A very dear friend of mine addressed you a few days ago. He has long been lingering near earth, striving to manifest to those he loves in the earth life. I was first told by him I could come back to earth, through a mortal form, and preach as God would have me preach, not puffed up by a dictionary, standing on the Bible but the truth of God for my foundation, and with the Bible in my arms. Not that I denounce that book, but I do not consider it the word of God, as you now understand it. The opinions of men go much towards filling up the sphere of darkness.

I tried to preach the best I knew how, and that was but poorly, for I was cramped at the beginning. I could not expect to be a sturdy oak, for I was crushed at manhood.

You seem to be happy here—the mind seems to be a placid sea; see to it that no pebble is thrown upon its bosom, to ruffle the surface of the waters—that no one with too much learning drives the God within you out, and sets up the devil within.

Some time I will come again; but, as I said before, I am unaccustomed to this style of communicating, and you must pardon my errors, and pray God that I may soon become an inmate of the sphere of Wisdom.

Alice Patten.

My darling child—think not your mother is not often with you, for I do often come and stand by your side, and sometimes manifest to you. But, oh! you cannot see me. My darling child, let not the cold, hard storms you meet with in this earth life make you unhappy, for the sunshine will overshadow you in the spirit life, if not on earth, and

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

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

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

Oh, my beloved son! how my spirit hovers near him in all his daily walks; and the rich fruits of a mother's love shall yet be his; yes, that which failed to ripen on earth is mellow in the spirit life. From Alice Patten to Alice Allen. Nov. 18.

John W. Webster.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

William Staples.

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

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

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

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

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

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

James Russell, Fayal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nov. 14.

Littlefield, of Boston, drugged for money.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harriet Davis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emeline Tracy.

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

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

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

I want to tell George Brown, who lived in Manchester, N. H., that if he ever meets me in heaven I will not own him. I know it is bad, but they said I was so on earth. Five years I have been here, and I may stay 50 for aught I know, and be unhappy. Well, I know God is love, and that as soon as I am good I shall be happy; but it is such hard work. Oh, if I could tell you all, but he will not allow me. I drowned myself in Lowell, Mass. My right name was Emeline Tracy. I worked in the mill. No one cared for me there, else they would have done better by me. Yes, six years ago I worked in the mill in Lowell; five years ago I drowned myself.

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

Nov. 14.

Emily Wallace, to her Husband.

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

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

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

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

Henry Howard Lesseure.

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

This spirit says he went up in a balloon, landed

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

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

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

John Stewart.

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

This is from John Stewart in spirit, to Oscar Knox in mortal life. Nov. 18.

Samuel Wobber.

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

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

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

November 17.

Edwin Allen.

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

You, dear father, do not believe in the coming of spirits yet, but will in time. Next, let me tell you how I met grandmother when I left earth, and how glad she was to see me and to help me. Now don't think I am not going to say anything about my dear mother. Oh, yes, I love her better than anybody on earth; and also love the dear friends I left there. Tell them I often think of them in my spirit home.

Dear father, when you

Pearls.

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

One morning in the blossoming of May,
A child was sporting 'mongst the flowers,
Till warbled out with his restless play,
He laid him down to dream away.

The long and scorching noontide hours,
At length an angel's unseen form
Parted the air with conscious thrill,
And poled itself like a presence warm.

Above the boy, who was slumbering still,
Never before had so fair a thing
Stayed the swift speed of his shining wing,
And gazing down, with a wonder rare.

On the beautiful face of the dreamer there,
The angel stooped to kiss the child.
When, lo! at the touch the baby smiled—
And just where the unseen lips had pressed,
A dimple lay in its sweet unrest.

Sporting upon its cheek of rose,
Like a ripple washed from its light repose,
On a streamlet's breast, when the soft wind blows,
And the angel passed from the sleeping one,
For his mission to earth that day was done.

A fair face bent above the boy—
It must have been the boy's own mother,
For never would such pride and joy
Have left the face of any other;

And while she knew, the quiet air
Grew tremulous with whispered prayer;
Then it ceased, and the boy awoke,
And a smile of love over his features broke;

The mother marked with a holy joy,
The dimpled cheek of her darling boy,
And caught him up; while a warm surprise
Broke like a star to her midnight eyes!

And she whispered low as she gently smiled,
"I know an angel has kissed my child!"

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

The up-hill path of human life,
Strown as it is with cares and grief,
Affords, to retrospective glance,
A thousand joys, as we advance.
Sorrow, that many a tear-drop drew,
Brought blessings in the distant view;
And pleased, we see them as they fade,
Betwixt and softened into shade;

As setting sun, on mountain side,
Lights up the trees, the bushes hid.

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

Evil is in love
And ever those who are unimpaired have
Their hearts desire the oftenest, but in dreams,
Dreams are mind clouds, thick and unshapen beauties,
Or but, like shapes, like mountains which contain
Much and richer matter; often not for us,
But for another. Dreams are rudiments
Of the great state to come. We dream what is
About to happen to us.

High and beautiful is the lot of the great poet. His lyre is
the world, and the strings on which he plays are the souls of
men. When he wills it, these tones are called forth, and
melt together into a divine harmony.

Written for the Banner of Light.

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

BY CORA WILBURN.

Poor Rose Ellison! She had never known a mother's
watchful care, and the sunshine of affection
gladdened not her solitary pathway. Thickly beset
with stinging brambles, with thorny briars, was the
poor child's way through life; no loving brother
smiled encouragement; no fond, confiding sister
whispered hope unto her aching heart. With child-
hood's lingering glory upon cheek and brow, she
wept the bitter tears of soul bereavement, and sighed
for the happiness beyond her feeble grasp.

Poor Rose! She remembered not her mother;
but in her dreams, a face of exceeding loveliness
smiled upon her, and a voice of sweetest melody
called her daughter!

Her father had been a drunkard, and from the re-
membrance of his bloated visage and reeling step,
she turned with loathing; from the remembrance of
his cruelty, his untimely death, she turned with for-
giving pity, a pity all devoid of filial love. She was
early cast upon the world; she soon arrived at the
knowledge of its stunted charities and cruel neglect,
for a wayward fate seemed to lead the orphan child
among the cold, the harsh, and the unloving.

A sorrowful, neglected childhood was hers; she
was reproved for her eager questioning; her admi-
ration of the grand and beautiful met with no re-
sponse from those around; and chilled and wearied
with discouragement, the neglected child would sob
herself to sleep.

Then, while the curtain of sleep veiled from her
view the hollow world without, a glorious dream re-
vealed a scene of beauty to her longing soul. Tower-
ing mountains, bathing in the mellow light of a
happier world, enclosed a fertile valley, studded with
innumerable flowers, and happy homes, that glistened
silvery beneath the eternal sunrises. Crystal
waters laved the flower-gummed banks; groves of
sweetest shade, the waving foliage of trees unknown
to earth, rustled in the perfumed breeze, and flitting
snow-white birds trilled forth a welcome hymn.
Many lovely forms moved o'er the emerald green of
that Paradisean vale of peace; but on one face and
form rested the enraptured eye of the dreaming
child—on her mother's spirit-beauty; to her voice
of wondrous melody she listened with a breathless
rapture. When the harsh voices of strangers called
her at early dawn, the holy influence of the nightly
vision lingered around her footsteps, lit up her timid
eyes, and glowed upon her rounding cheek.

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

They gave her tasks far exceeding her feeble pow-
ers of body; and doomed to a life of drudgery, the
uncomplaining orphan child. But from the spheres
of light and love, an angel whispered hope and con-
solation, and pointed to a starry pathway leading to
celestial mansions. The young heart, so richly en-
dowed with the priceless boon of love, found no re-
sponse to its clinging prayers—on earth; the mind
that harbored celestial gifts of poetry and loftiest in-
terests, was denied the free expression of its inspi-
ration; no loving soul sought with soothing words
kind words of cheer, to bring to the light the hidden
treasures of that spiritually gifted child.

When the blush of girlhood deepened on her cheek,
and the sad eyes gathered lustre from the love-lit
inner shrine of feeling, while the thronging hopes
and sacred aspirations of youth led her spirit to the
mountain heights of contemplation, from whence she
beheld the beauty and utility of life, the glowing
promise of a hereafter, the certainty of a glorious fu-
ture destiny came to the bereaved, aspiring heart.
Blessed with an angel's privilege, low, thrilling
spirit voices spoke to her listening soul; and within
that lone heart nestled a rapture beyond all human
comprehension, a peace truly passing all under-
standing.

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

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

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

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

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

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1887.

The Busy World.

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

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

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

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Mirick, of the Greenfield Dem-
ocrat, has been appointed a weigher and gauger in
the Custom House. Salary \$1600.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hon. Charles P. Chandler, Senator elect from Pis-
cataquis, Me., died very suddenly of disease of the
heart, at his residence in Foxcroft, on Tuesday eve-
ning last.

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

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

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

Flashes of Fun.

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

"Oh," says the debtor, "I pay my small bills al-
phabetically. When Mr. A. calls, I settle—ditto
Messrs. C, D, E."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Draw that stout."

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

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? Be-
cause she got a little profit from the rushes on the
banks.

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

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

"How so?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nuff oed, my son."

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

A was asked the other day what was the most
unusual thing in time of a money panic. He replied,
"a suspension that would not resume in a short
time, or a failure, in which the assets did not greatly
preponderate over the liabilities."

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

"I thought he was a very stout man."

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

"Father, are there any boys in Congress?"

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

"Because the papers said, the other day, that the
members liked Mr. Brown's Bill out of the house."

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Thomas Barry, Lessee and
Manager; J. B. Wright, Assistant Manager. Paquette,
Baker, and the Tiler of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Amphitruo, 15 cents. Doors open at 8:30;
performance commence at 9 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—R. G. Marsh, Lessee
and Manager. Return of the March Children.
The Curtain will rise at 8:15 o'clock precisely. Prices of ad-
mission: Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Dress Boxes,
75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. B. Ensign, Lessee
and Manager; J. Higgins, Acting Manager. Doors open
at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7:15. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit,
15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; per-
formance commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Or-
chestra and Historical Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Satur-
day Afternoon performances at 2:15 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly op-
posite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday eve-
ning, August 31. Manager, J. P. Ordway. Open every
evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors
open at 7; commence at 7:34 o'clock.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Boston.—A. B. Warrington (the celebrated trance speak-
ing medium) of Michigan, will speak at the Melodeon on Sun-
day next, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses
Hall.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture in the Melodeon, on
Friday evening, (November 27), at 7 o'clock.

Meetings for free expression of thoughts upon the subject
of Spiritualism, or other subjects bearing upon it, at 10:15
o'clock A. M. Free.

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

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

A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Mani-
festations will be held every Sunday morning at No. 14 Bromfield
Street. Admission 5 cents.

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

THE DAYTON MEDIUMS have returned, and are located
at the Fountain House, where they hold circles each after-
noon and evening, Sunday excepted.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening
at FREMONT HALL, Wrentham street. D. F. GODDARD, reg-
ular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

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

**LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS
FOR THE BANNER.**

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

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medi-
um, will respond to calls to lecture in the New England
States. Letters, to his address, Cambridgeport, Mass., will
receive prompt attention.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-
ton, Vt.

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

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

JOHN H. GURLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,
No. 81 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

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

MR. AMOS DRAKE, Union, Me., is authorized to take sub-
scriptions for the Banner.

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

H. F. RIPLEY, Canton Mills, Me.

Advertisements.

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

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

DENTISTRY.
W. D. & A. BROWN, DENTISTS, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston.
WILLIAM D. BROWN. **AMMI BROWN.**
Nov. 21

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

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

This New Game for Home Amusement consists of a book of
24 pages, with 100 printed Cards, all enclosed in a neat box.
It comprises ENDLESS TRANSFORMATIONS OF WIT AND HUMOR.
There is nothing about it in the least degree objectionable to
the class religious or polite on it is equally well suited to
all ages; its use can be learned by any one in a moment,
and it may be played by any number from 2 to 50. Price 50
cents. Sold at all the Book, Periodical and Fancy Goods
Stores. A. WILLIAMS & Co., Publishers, 100 Washington st.,
Boston.

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

MRS. MUNSON will hold circles for development and com-
munication from spirit friends, on Tuesday and Friday
evenings, each week, commencing December 1st, at No. 3
Winter street. Persons wishing to join either of these circles,
will leave their names at that place.

Terms.—One dollar for two hours; opening at 7 o'clock pre-
cisely.

NEW WORK FOR SPIRITUALISTS, PHILOSOPHERS,
and Reformers.—The Educator: Being Suggestions,
Theoretical and Practical, designed to promote Man Culture
and Integrity, founded on a view to the ultimate establish-
ment of a Divine Social State on Earth. Comprised in a
series of Revelations from organized Associations in the
Spirit-Life, through JOHN MURRAY SPEAR. Vol. I, embracing
papers on Social Re-organization, Electrical Laws, Elementary
Principles, Education, Agriculture, Health, Government,
and Miscellaneous Topics. Edited by A. E. NEWTON. Price
\$2.00.

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

MRS. L. R. COVENT, WRITING, SPEAKING AND PER-
forming MEDIUM, No. 52 Harvard street, will sit
for Communication between the hours of 9 and 12 M., and
10 and 1 P. M., or, if desired, will visit families. Terms
moderate.

JAMES V. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, ROOMS
No. 121 N. State St., opposite the Boston
Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours
he will visit the sick at their homes.

MRS. KENDALL HAS TAKEN ROOMS AT No. 18
La Grange Place, where she offers her services to her
friends as a Trance and Healing Medium. See also her
sale for her spirit paintings of Flowers.

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

**MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, RAPING, WRITING, TEST-
IMPRINTING, (Letters on the Arm) and CLAIRVOYANT-
FATHOM MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place Boston.</**