

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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CONSTANCE IRETON; OR, MY UNCLE'S WARD.

BY MISS SARAH A. BOWEN.

CHAPTER X.

The next morning I awoke to hear the rain dashing against the windows. "Oh!" exclaimed Constance, who was already up, "isn't this delightful. We shall now have an opportunity to see how Neptune behaves in a storm."

We found quite a company assembled in the drawing-room, looking rather gloomy at the prospect of a day within doors. One glance at the leaden sky, revealed the fact that rain, wind and sea were likely to be dispensed with for the next twenty-four hours at least.

I stationed myself at the window to gaze upon the sea. The waves were black and threatening, and gave low muttered growls as they came surging in upon the beach.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Appleton," said a voice at my elbow, and turning I beheld Mr. Hastings.

"They are not worth that exorbitant sum," I replied, laughing. "In the first place it would puzzle me to analyze them, and then I doubt whether they would be edifying or amusing to any one but myself."

He smiled. "Allow me to be the judge of that. I know that you were thinking of the ocean. Do you like it in this state?"

"Like it!" I repeated, contemptuously. "There is something grand and sublime in this mood. I have seen it with a smiling sky reflected in its bosom, and I admired it; but now that I behold it in its rage, it inspires a feeling of awe for its strength and power. I believe I should really enjoy to be on the deck of a ship at this time, with the dark, lowering clouds overhead, and the wild rushing billows underneath."

"Well, if you had happened to have been out, I should have prayed that the vessel might be staunch and true, and not betray its trust; but as for me I am ever comparing the sea with human life. Yesterday it lay, to all appearance, tranquil, yet to an experienced eye the waves were seen to be in a sullen rage, as if the storm-god had whispered to the breezes that he was coming in his might and power, and they as they kissed the sparkling water, had revealed it. Just so the soul lives at one time in an atmosphere of brightness, but even when the sky is yet unclouded, it scents the approach of the wild, bitter winds of desolation, and the raindrops of pain and agony."

He paused, while I looked up in surprise, as he had expressed some of the thoughts that had been passing through my mind. He appeared to read my face, for he continued:

"Ah, I have repeated some of your reflections, have I?"

The same idea, although it lay in a rude, chaotic condition not yet elaborated, whereas you have robed it in polished language."

"Generally speaking, it is better to give our thought expression, and throw it out upon the world to become current interchange between mind and mind. Sometimes counterfeits of coin are forced upon us, but we must test it with the solid of reason and common sense, and then if it has not the ring of the true metal, cast it aside."

"We do not always possess keen enough perception to detect the spurious," I replied, with a sigh. "Much that in society passes for gold, is nothing but brass."

"Very true. We require to be vigilant and always at our post, else we shall certainly be imposed upon. There was one other striking illustration about the ocean that I wished to call your attention to, and that is, that after every storm that sweeps over the soul, a most profound calm follows. Did you ever think of it?"

"Yes; but although the sun appears to shine brighter after every trouble, I am not satisfied that it really does. The contrast makes it seem so."

"That may be one reason, but there are others. We know that there is always a reaction after a tempest. One extreme ever follows another."

At this instant, Florence came up to speak to me. I introduced her to my companion, and then we conversed for a few moments together, but after a while she went to find Constance.

"Well, Miss Appleton, I believe we have mortified long enough for this morning at least. What say you to a game of chess?"

"I am at your service; but I fear that you will find me an opponent not worthy of your skill."

"Does that mean anything?" he rejoined, smiling. "I believe ladies are apt to depreciate themselves."

"Are they?" I said innocently. "I was not aware of it. I am not of that kind."

We had now seated ourselves at the board, and were soon engrossed in the game. I perceived that he was well versed in all the tactics of warfare, and for a time I was obliged to rest wholly on the defensive. At last the pieces were in such a position that I thought I had a decided advantage. With my knight and castle I could dash down and capture his queen and check-mate him.

Just as I had got my plan matured, I looked up and beheld Constance, surrounded by a group of gentlemen, flashing her diamond wit in every direction, while my uncle stood leaning against a column, intently regarding her, with a moody, bitter expression rooted upon his countenance.

"May Appleton!" I inwardly ejaculated, "what a goose you are never to have misinterpreted that before. A romantic episode being enacted right before your eyes, and you so perfectly unconscious. There, miss, your bachelor uncle will soon be benighted if the gods are only propitious."

At this moment my meditations were suddenly interrupted by my opponent, who, with a quizzical glance, politely informed me that it was my turn to move.

"Oh, dear!" I said to myself, "I'll warrant this tell-tale face of mine has been amusing him by revealing all my thoughts."

In the meantime, I apologized for my inattention, but with my head still full of my wonderful discovery, I blunderingly advanced my queen, which was immediately captured by an insignificant pawn. As a consequence, my elaborate campaign was a failure, and in a few moments Mr. Hastings said:

"Checkmate."

I was now completely disgusted with chess, and beckoned uncle Robert to take my place, while I retreated to my old seat by the window. I had scarcely begun to dream, when George Mendon, like an evil genius, aroused me. Mentally consigning him to the antipodes, I prepared myself for martyrdom. For twenty minutes he inflicted his small talk upon me, laughing uproariously at his own feeble wit, and then, to my great joy, Angelica Carr came to my relief. I now joined Constance, who was looking over a book of engravings.

"It is insufferably dull here," she exclaimed, with a yawn.

"Dull! I thought you seemed to be very well amused half an hour ago."

Her lip curled.

"We want to be something else besides amused sometimes. Such a set of coxcombs as have been flitting about this morning! It seems to think that any woman must be perfectly delighted with their conversation. They have now departed for the bowling alley. Really, I have not seen but just one man for some time."

"Who is that, Howard Percy?" I said, mischievously.

"Yes," she replied, with the utmost gravity.

"He would, undoubtedly, be flattered by your preference; but you forget uncle; you do not intend to class him with these brainless fops?"

"Certainly not; Mr. Lindsay is always excepted," she coolly replied, and walking to the piano, she sat down and commenced playing.

The sound of the music attracted the loungers from the other parlors and the hall, and soon quite a crowd was collected about her; but she did not appear to realize it. Howard Percy bent down and whispered something in her ear, and then a faint color tinged her cheek, and I turned away with a sigh for uncle Robert.

Half an hour after Florence came, and linking her arm in mine, said:

"Come up to my room. I want to have a good, quiet talk. Here we can't be together more than five minutes without something or other interrupting us. There is that Mr. Hastings now circumnavigating this way. I declare, I do believe he's an emmet, and if you don't accompany me up stairs this minute, I shall know that's the case with you."

That speech was sufficient to send the blood tumultuously to my face, and also to quicken my steps from the parlor, while the roguish girl by my side almost went into convulsions in her amusement to see the effect that her words had produced. We were soon occupying very comfortable positions in her room, one on the lounge, and the other in the rocking chair, while our tongues flew rapidly.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Florence, "I do believe that Constance will be my cousin yet."

"Do you indeed? Upon what grounds do you base such a conclusion as that?"

"Oh, because Howard is head over ears in love with her, and then he's a wealthy and handsome, and would make her a good husband."

"Really, then, you think that she's just like a ripe peach ready to fall into his arms on that account. You might as well say the same of five hundred, and yet she would not marry them."

"Oh, you provoking creature! Why, I've even gone so far as to plan the bridal tour, and now you must go to trying to dash my air castles to the ground, even when I'd let you be first bridesmaid."

"Thank you; your kindness fairly overwhelms me. But I fear that your arrangements will never become perfected, with that couple at least. I do not believe that their paths will ever blend in one."

"Dear me! How confusing you are! But if she do not care for Howard, I don't think there is anybody that she is interested in."

"No, I guess her heart is untouched yet. She does not seem to care particularly for any one, that I can see."

"Well, then, I'll wager my emerald ring against your ruby, that she'll become my cousin yet. How and in a great favorite with the ladies, and she can't help liking him. I'm confident that he will win her. I'll help the match along, if I possibly can."

"In trying to make you may mar," I said coolly, "and I presume that Constance will think she can attend to her own affairs without any assistance. I am sure that I should."

"I am certain I never thought of such a thing as aiding you," she replied, her black eyes dancing.

"You and Mr. Hastings are getting along so awfully merrily you don't need it."

"Don't be so foolish. Can't a lady speak to a gentleman without having designs upon his heart, or can't he be civil and polite to one of the opposite sex, and yet have no desire to make her his wife. You draw very hasty conclusions. But I see it is late, and I must go to prepare for dinner, and I would advise you to do the same."

"Stop a moment. You have not accepted my wager."

"I never indulge in betting."

"Ah! ah! you are afraid you will lose," she replied, as I shut the door.

Thinking, I lay down with joy and pleasure, drifted unconsciously down the river of Time. Mr. Hastings became my escort in our walks and rides, and regularly each morning the servant rapped on the door and presented a beautiful bouquet, with a knowing glance at my blushing face. I almost unconsciously to myself, a new sweet, deeper, stronger and more delicious than any that I had yet known, was dropping like robbins into my cup.

It was now the first of October, and the beautiful Indian Summer had cast its violet-tinted veil over the earth. The trees had long since thrown out their pennons of scarlet and amber. It was the delectful beauty before autumn died.

One evening we were all gathered upon the veranda. The west was blushing rosy red at the approach of the sun, and when he disappeared from her view her tears fell like molten lava.

"If I were a poet," exclaimed Harley Graham, "this would be my favorite hour. Now my lyre would be tuned to sing its sweetest strains."

"If I were an artist," said Howard Percy, "I should fling down pencil and brush to despair before the glowing colors of yonder canvas."

"Well, as for me," said the fun-loving Mordant, "as I am perfectly contented with myself and the world, and have no desire to be any different from what I am, I think that the greatest halo with which I could invest this hour would be to hear a certain young lady answer 'yes' to a particular question; then the Indian Summer would be typical of Paradise."

All last there came one night when the music of my own heart led me to sleep. Maurice Hastings had spoken that day the words that every woman waits to hear. I referred him to my whole, and that same evening the latter led me out upon the balcony, and there, with the star-gemmed mantle of the friendly night to hide my blushes, he said, with an infinite tenderness in his voice:

"So someone else loves my Mayflower; and would rob me of her, and you prefer him to me. I had expected this would happen some time, but really I was not prepared for it so soon. I guess your mother and sister will be astonished."

My lover now joined us.

"Maurice Hastings, I give my darling to you, Cherish her faithfully, and as you treat her, so may the Great Jehovah deal with you."

"Mr. Lindsay, I will guard her as my life."

"God bless you both. May you be happy."

"So we were betrothed."

Clouds dark and heavy had gathered about me in the morning of my existence; now the sun, in all its radiant splendor, shone upon me.

We were to return to "Maple Grove" now very soon, and a gay party were to join us there. My uncle had given Mr. Percy an invitation to return with us, but Constance was strangely taciturn.

One more walk Maurice and I took upon the beautiful beach. "T was there my life was crowned."

CHAPTER XI.

One week after we returned home there came a letter from my mother, enclosing one from Laura. The former wrote:

"I am perfectly delighted with your good fortune, although how you ever succeeded in entrapping so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. Hastings, I am utterly at a loss to determine. I never gave you credit for half so much management. He was expected at Barnstable this summer, and considerable disappointment was manifested when it was rumored that he had gone to Newport. I can scarcely realize that he is to become my son-in-law, and, above all, my husband. It would not have seemed so strange if it had been your sister; but it only verifies the truth of the old adage that 'love will go where it is sent.'"

I paused in bewilderment, and said to myself:

"Why, who can Maurice be, that people should be so much interested in his movements, and anxious his affairs so freely?"

I took up Laura's missive with considerable curiosity. It was the first time that she had seen fit to honor me. A vein of ill humor ran through the whole.

"So it seems you are as artful as anybody else, in spite of your demure face," she said. "You have played your cards well, and have won an eligible match. I never happened to meet Mr. Hastings, although I know that many a cap has been set for him. What a pity that he should walk through the woods, and pick up a crooked stick at last. It is really laughable that you, of all others, should take him in. The only prayer that I can offer for the poor fellow is, that he will not get sick of his bargain. It is curious that you should be engaged before me. Give my best respects to my proposed brother. I should advise you not to tarry, since him to any of your handsome friends, for then he might be tempted to slip through your fingers. I think he showed his good sense by not falling in love with that hateful Constance."

I smiled, and thought, "If he could withstand her fascinations, and choose me from among the throng of beauties, I will treat him anywhere," and taking my letters, I went to seek my uncle.

I found him in the library. I placed the writings in his hand, and then sat down to await his remarks. He read them through, and then looked up with a smile.

"I told you, May, that they would be amazed."

"Is he, then, so very rich?" I said, for until that day I had not so much as thought of it.

He arched his eyebrows in mock surprise.

"Why, you little unsophisticated puss! It is possible that you are engaged without having that very important question answered. Luckily your mother does not know of it, she would go into violent hysterics that might endanger her life. Here, let me make a note of it. A young lady of the nineteenth century was so very imprudent as to accept a suitor without ascertaining the amount of his bank-account. Why, May, the leaders of fashion would unanimously exclaim that you were a fit subject for a straight jacket."

"What a tease you are," I replied, laughing; "but now do enlighten me with regard to his finances, for I am exceedingly desirous to understand what constitutes him such a catch in Laura's eyes."

"Well, then, yet, he's one of the nabobs of New York. When he was fifteen; his father and mother died within a few months of each other, and Paul and Maurice, the only children, found themselves possessed of independent fortunes. The former, being ten years the oldest, became his brother's guardian, and will die he is full of the trust. He had great talents for business, and he invested their property so judiciously that by the time Maurice was twenty-one he had doubled. A few months after that event, Paul was stricken with brain fever, and never left his bed until he was carried out in his shroud. Your lover became heir to his wealth, and that, in addition to his own immense fortune, constitutes your sister's eligible match."

"Well, I don't see through her speculations, so I am no better pleased than I was before," I rejoined, as I left the room.

That afternoon Mordant and Florence Percy arrived, and in the evening Harley and Edna Graham. Our company was now full. All the bright days we patronized out-door amusements, but when the weather confined us to the house, we had concerts, charades and tableaux, and enjoyed ourselves to the utmost.

Gradually my uncle withdrew himself from our pleasures, except on occasions, pleading business for an excuse, while Howard Percy became more and more devoted to Constance. The latter seemed changed, and I was puzzled to account for her almost capricious manner. At times she was gay, to excess, and then grave and silent for days together. I made no attempt to gain her confidence, for I felt that the wisest course was to leave her to herself.

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We all laughed, with the exception of Edna, whose cheeks were as pale as the sheet of death, and in the midst of our mirth uncle joined us.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a smile, "I have an idea which I have been meditating upon for several days, and now I come to lay my proposition before you, and to receive your votes. What do you say to a fête on the grounds, about the tenth of this month?"

"Capital! capital!" we exclaimed, without one dissenting voice. The rest of the evening was spent in discussing the plan and making our arrangements. The next day the invitations were issued. Such a busy time as we had. Uncle seemed determined that people should be astonished at the brilliancy of the entertainment.

The eventful night at last arrived. Luna, with all her numerous attendants, graced the occasion. It seemed like fairy-land, the lighted grounds, the ravishing music and the gay assemblage.

Refreshments were provided in the arbors, while on the lawn, happy tripping feet kept time to glad melodies. The fountain was illuminated by many colored lamps, until the drops caught and reflected all the hues of the rainbow.

On the river were pleasure-boats, and occasionally we heard the musical clip of the oars, while over all rang merry peals of laughter. The house, flamed with light, and there were sounds of mirth and revelry in parlor and hall, for some there were who did not care to join the festive throng outside; for those my uncle had thrown open the doors of his beautiful cabinets, that they might gaze at the wonderful curiosities and antique gemstones therein. Here and there were white tables, that those who delighted in the quiet "rubber" might avail themselves of the opportunity.

Constance seemed to be unimpaired, moving from group to group; she always appeared when most needed. Once as Maurice and I were walking up the avenue of elms we met her.

"Have you seen your sister since she arrived?" she inquired.

"What!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, "has Laura really come?"

"Yes, and Mr. Lindsay told me about me ten minutes ago to inform you. Why are you surprised? You sent her an invitation, did you not?"

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"Yes, and Mr. Lindsay told me about me ten minutes ago to inform you. Why are you surprised? You sent her an invitation, did you not?"

"Of course, still I did not suppose she would accept of it. Are father and mother with her?"

"I believe so."

"Come," said I, to my companion, "you must go up and be introduced to them. They are probably anxious to become acquainted with you."

"With all deference to you, May, I should be delighted to postpone seeing them for the present. I am selfish enough to dislike anything that will take me from your side. This is the first moment that I have had you to myself this evening, and I'll warrant it will be the last."

"Oh, but you know, that I must entertain my uncle's guests. There's Constance, now, has turned Howard over to some pretty girl, and allows the company to monopolize her attention. I must not let myself be outdone by her."

"Oh, but that is not any sacrifice to her. I really believe she is glad of an excuse to get rid of him."

"Do you think so? Well, perhaps you are right. I am rather mystified myself. Then you don't believe they will marry?"

"Marry! no indeed. The poor fellow does not dare to stake his happiness upon the cast of a die by offering himself, so he dallies along, alternating—rising to the clouds, and then sinking into the pit. I do not think, however, that he will remain in that state of suspense much longer, he will soon hear the edict of banishment."

"You are very observing," I said, laughing, "but really, I had made up my mind that he was the chosen one. I wonder who will win if he does not."

Maurice looked up with a smile.

"Why May I is it really possible that you do not know?"

"Just below my brow," I replied, laughing; "at least they were there half an hour ago, and I believe they have not moved."

"Are you trying to evade my meaning? Then I shall be obliged to tell you in just so many words, that if Constance ever changes her surname, it will be at the solicitation of your uncle."

"I hope that your supposition is correct," I said earnestly. "Nothing would please me better. Not come now, I must present you to my sister, and then leave you to play the agreeable to her. She is very beautiful, and I presume you will enjoy her society so much, as to soon become reconciled to my absence."

"No, indeed, you know very well that to me there is no one in the wide world that can compare with you."

Oh how it pleased my foolish heart to hear him make that assertion! and so bidding Laura, I introduced them to each other, and then turned gaily away.

Half an hour after, I met them promenading together. Maurice sprang forward and offered to relieve me of the task that I was carrying, but with a laugh I declined his assistance and passed on.

Merrily and joyous the hours glided away, and when the East began to glow, we were vainly seeking repose.

The next morning we missed Howard and Constance, and when an hour after the former appeared, pale and haggard, and announced his intention of returning to the city, we exchanged significant glances.

"May, I am glad you did not accept my wager," whispered Florence, "for then I should have lost my emerald ring; but I had not the least idea that things would turn in this way. Poor fellow, I pity him."

"No certainly appears to need it, still I presume he will console himself in a month by taking a wife."

"Why, you heartless thing; he looks more like drinking poison, or shooting himself. I really believe that I must endeavor to perform some little comely office for him so as to cheer him up," and the lively girl danced away, and soon I discovered her packing his valise.

My father and mother departed that afternoon, but Laura tarried. The days glided smoothly along, and still she lingered.

Uncle Robert seemed more like himself, and once again he joined us as of old.

Mordant and Edna appeared to be progressing finely with their affairs, and there were hums when they were entirely indifferent to the society of the others.

Harley devoted his attention about equally between Florence and Laura, and sometimes I found myself speculating as to which he would finally decide upon.

Guardian and ward were almost always together, and the cloud that once rested over the latter, seemed to be removed.

Aunt Alice often required some assistance from Constance or myself, and usually I withdrew from the rides, giving Snowball up to Laura.

CHAPTER XII.

One morning as we sat laughing and chatting around the breakfast-table, my uncle exclaimed:

"In the midst of all our rambles, there is one wild picturesque spot that I have entirely overlooked. I should have been vexed enough after your departure if I had forgotten to take you there."

"Where is it?" inquired Harley.

"In the outskirts of a small village about ten miles from here. It is called the 'Dead Man's Bluff.' It would make a grand painting, but I will enter into no description of the place, as you will all prefer to behold for yourselves. I think we had better go to-night. It will be splendid by moonlight."

"Oh that will be delightful," said Florence, "but Mr. Lindsay, how happens it that it possesses such a singular cognomen?"

"There is a beautiful grove of trees near the bluff, and the story is, that a dark, gloomy man, a foreigner, built himself a house there, which was a miracle of wonderful architecture. He shunned all intercourse with the simple villagers, and kept but one servant, a sinister old hag, who was as taciturn as himself. Of course, many reports floated about about the gossiping tide. Finally the majority of the people arrived to the conclusion that he was a pirate. How near they came to the truth, I am unable to say. At any rate, he was pursued by fearful memories, and one morning some laborers going to their work beheld him running wildly toward the bluff, and ere they could reach the spot he had flung himself over the precipice. His mangled body lay upon the rocks while his blood tinged the water. They went to the mansion to inform the sexton, and were horror-stricken to find her weeping in her grave, with a diabolical look of baffled rage and hate, stamped by the seal of death upon her countenance. Considerable excitement prevailed for a time, but at last died away. The pair were buried in the garden. Nothing was ever discovered that revealed their history. The house soon acquired the reputation of being haunted. No one was found fearless enough to live there, so after a time the owls and bats took undisputed possession. The spiders have spun their most elaborate draperies, the dust from Time's chariot-wheels has settled over the furniture, and decay and desolation reign

The Children's Corner.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.
Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say?
Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speaks in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
Be not selfish to each other,
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be best.

THE FROG THAT WENT TO THE CITY

BY MRS. M. D. STRONG.

would become a sovereign
with nothing the bitter ta

Not a great while ago under a little bridge that ran across a ditch half filled with water, lived a colony of frogs. The ditch was never quite dry, but the water was muddy, and covered with the green substance the children call frog spit. Rushes and long, coarse grass grew there, and some lizards had their home in the darkest place under the bridge. I do not suppose you and I would have thought it was a very pleasant place, but the frogs did. There were plenty of flies and bugs to eat, and nice places in which to sun the selves, and they had quite as lief the water would grow muddy as clear, and what more should a frog want? Neither cow, horse, nor sheep ever came there to drink; so nothing disturbed them, except some naughty boys, who would sometimes come and throw stones at them; and then they all used to dive down under the water and huddle close together. So, they lived and croaked and sang together in the way nature, and had a good time of it.

one little fellow, who was the youngest of them all, and so was a great favorite. The rest took care of him and saw that he had the fattest flies and nicest bits that were to be found, and the warmest and best place to sun himself, and altogether I think they petted him a little too much. Perhaps that was the reason that he grew nervous and discontented after a time, and went to talk about wanting to go away and see

world. "What's the use," said he, "of always staying in one place? I want to see something. I think I'll start to-morrow morning and take a little journey. Perhaps there are pleasanter places than this to live in." "If you go and see and bring you back word," said the frog, "I will be very much alarmed and tried to persuade him to give up his foolish notion. They declared that he didn't want to hear about any other place; they were sure that their country there under the bridge was just the greatest best country that the sun shone on; they warned him of all sorts of troubles and dangers that might be his way, and when all this would not do, they called one of their number who had hopped as far as the oak tree at the top of the hill, and was considered to be quite a traveled frog.

"Do not think of it," said he; "I've tried it, and I know all about it, and it's only owing to my good luck that I'm alive now. I've been a long while on the hill, you can see what you're on the top of the bridge, and there was you'd a drop of water upon your head. And you know we frogs can't live with water. Such a time as I had! I was laid up in a sick with the rheumatism a long time after that. Indeed I don't think I've ever been the same frog since."

Then all the frogs croaked in chorus: "You'd better stay here. You'd better stay here," till they had made noise enough, you'd have thought, to persuade a half dozen frogs.

But, after all, he would go, and so the next morning he took a fly in each creek to eat when he got hungry, and hopped off, while all the frogs sat in the water on top of the bridge, looking after him, with the

Well, he hopped up and down for a long time, every time trying to trust, for a wall was there and he was not used to it, till at length he came where there was a high wall. He thought it would reach up to the sky, it was so high. And while he waited, uncertain what to do next, a little boy came around the corner of the wall. Now, though this frog did not know much, he had some experience; boys, and when he saw one he always expected a next. So when he saw this one he was terribly frightened, and looked about him for some water to under, and it happened that there was a low tub sitting near, and he hopped on the edge of it, and down it. There was not much water there, and he was so tired that he did not know what to do.

And now I have come to the most wonderful part of the adventures of Mr. Frog. The family, into whose backyard he had chanced to come, were moving, one day, and pretty soon a man came along and took some mats and a piece of an old blanket into the house and taking it up stored it away with other things in the big express-wagon that stood at the gate. The poor frog did not know what to make of the darkness. He tried to hop and he tried to dive, but he was of no use; the weight upon him was not enough to hurt him, but he could not stir. So all the

down to the ferry-boat, and over the bay, and down Pacific street went Mr. Frog, snug in the tub; and the wagon was unloaded, and he tumbled out on

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Banner of Light.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLST, EDITOR.

I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne And shut the gates of mercy on mankind

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over that vast Confederation, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The Force of Example.

Great is the silent influence of example. The least among us can be a teacher of nobler truths, though unendowed with eloquence of speech, or power of poetic utterance. Righteous living is the loftiest instruction; and to live purely and justly in accordance with Divine law, is possible for the humblest intellect, needing only the striving and aspiring heart of goodness. He or she, who, following the daily routine of toil, fulfill the oft irksome duties with submissive and cheerful souls, is blest with the answering peace compensations that ever await the faithful laborer. Such may think their sphere of usefulness limited, but their benign example spreads far and wide, a household word of encouragement and comfort unto many on like striving planes.

The patient thrift of the mother, her unvarying kindness and gentleness, her oft-tested, meek forbearance, her utter self-negation, are so many examples of goodness exercising a wide-spread influence, of which she is herself unconscious. The example of patient, untiring perseverance, of honest endeavor, of lowly, consistent virtue, of generous and pure resolve, though limited to the household sphere, all are worthy of the admiration and homage of the world, though heralded by no trumpet voices of Fame.

It is the province of some of our best writers to portray the heroic lives and soul-struggles of the humble; to delineate with the master pen of feeling and spiritual insight the upward strivings of the toiling masses, hungering for a better food than the world's scantily awarded bread. From the descriptions of the sumptuous palaces and midnight revels of the rich, we are taken to the murky hovels of the poor, and permitted to catch sweet, transient glimpses of the angel-nature indwelling in the down-trodden, imbrued humanity of large cities. Blessed be such books! They depress, but they also elevate the heart. Their example is the continuation of the love-teachings of the Nazarene. Mighty is the power of the pen, when wielded by a progressive and beneficent hand.

The inspirations of poetry, the charms of music, the illuminating beauty of soulful pictures, exert a silent, powerful influence. Many a familiar strain of melody has guarded the heart from yielding to a strong temptation. There was an angel's whisper in the appealing chords. Vivid, it may be sorrowful, but heavenward, aspiring feelings have been recalled by the sweet aspect of a pictured face; many a remorseful echo awakened, and the incentive given to a better, nobler life, by the perusal of some heart-touching poem. Great life-lessons have been learned from the pages of fiction; and the soul has been imbued with religious fervor amid the companionship of those silently imploring monitors—the good books of all times.

But it is in human effort and aspiration, in self-culture, in the unceasing watchfulness of the mind and heart manifested in present deeds, that the force of the mightiest example dwells. It is in the daily, unostentatious life; in the fulfillment of every loving and every bitter duty; in the independence of honesty and rectitude; in the evidences of advancement in home, heart and spirit culture, that mankind is to be bettered, the state of society exalted, the sufferings of millions ameliorated, the false, outer distinctions are to be swept away. By the potent force of good examples the world is to be rescued from misdirection, and the Kingdom of Harmony is to be brought to earth. Therefore, for the sake of all, as well as for our individual good, we owe the world the bestowal of the ennobling influence of a pure, just, and truthful life.

The Very End of the Matter.

The writer of the book-notices in the Journal—if it is ever considered fair to notice a critic—in speaking of the famous Cambrist's book (what has it been written, and written about?) in reply to Bishop Colenso's review of the Pentateuch, the title of which same book very modestly reads, "Hoses Right, and Bishop Colenso Wrong"—says as follows: "These lectures are designed to meet the wants of such youthful and unlearned persons as have found their faith in the Pentateuch shaken by Dr. Colenso's very timely attack upon it." We want to ask them: If a "timely attack" on their "faith" has succeeded to shake it, may it not be equally "timely" lectures that are sufficient to restore it?—especially in the case of persons so "youthful and unlearned." But to proceed:

"The author replies to the Bishop conclusively. He reminds his readers that that gentleman's objections have been met and answered long ago. He exposes his want of philosophy, want of scholarship and want of candor, his hard, narrow, one-sided view of the topic which he professes to handle, and the resolute infidelity which leads him not only to exaggerate real difficulties, but also to create others which have no existence. He shows that the Bishop cannot even have read with care the books which he affects to criticize, and points out blunders both absurd and unparadisable.

There is a criticism for one to go by—a religious "criticism" in a newspaper. No bigotry there; no credulity; clear judgment, vast learning, perfect self-satisfaction, and no appeal from the decision! Will Bishop Colenso buy in his editions now?

In France.

The intelligence from France indicates that the opposition to the Government has made a much bolder and more successful stand in Paris than was anticipated, astonishing the Emperor and all his adherents. Paris offered the Government candidates for the legislature to the people, and they were every one defeated. But in the Province the Government was more successful. Twenty-four is supposed to be the whole number of the legislative opposition to the Emperor's party; a number quite as large as was dared to be expected, prior to the election. Napoleon now has as much on his hands as he can cleverly attend to—this opposition at home, the Polish insurrection, and the war with Mexico. His troops have finally succeeded in taking Puebla, and it is believed they will eventually have possession of Mexico beside. Then will begin the political game which it is claimed for him—he is soon to open on this continent. The curtain of the political future of the State of this continent is fast closing, and the revelations which will be made are of the first interest and importance to the whole civilized world.

Concerning Maternity.

We have a second communication relative to the question of maternity from Mr. Patrick Welch the first we gave in full, with our own remarks. This one we have not the room to reproduce, nor does it require it, in fact. He merely advances two points—that, in our comments on his first letter, we failed entirely to understand him, and that, secondly, he is a serious reformer, a man in earnest, and of true respectability. Had we doubted the latter point, we should not have given his letter—even on so important a subject—the attention we did. As for our misunderstanding him, that matter has already passed out of his and our hands in a degree, and we must each of us be content to let the reading public decide for themselves. Mr. Welch seeks to argue the question all over again, and, as we think, does not stand up so stoutly for his original declarations as we supposed he would; he doubtsless sees how preposterous—to call them by no worse a name—they are, now they present themselves to his eye in open and candid type, and would fain whitewash off their corners and dress them down with sandpaper. This disposition is what pleases us with him more than his original communication did.

In lieu of any extended remarks of our own on the subject, further than to add that this question of child-bearing and child-rearing is one of the fundamental questions of the age, and must be thought of, and talked of, and thoroughly comprehended by every responsible man and woman—we append a letter which we have received from "An American Woman," who has knowledge of what she writes, and can convince Mr. Welch, probably, better than we can, whether his first letter was "misunderstood." We advised him, in a matter of debate like this, to ask the women—the mothers, what they thought on the subject of bearing great broods of children, believing them competent to give the most reliable testimony to the point. The letter we herewith furnish appears to have been only the result of our suggestion to him. It deserves thoughtful reading:

Mr. Editor—I have just finished reading your cool comments on Mr. Patrick Welch's somewhat excited remarks concerning Maternity. You say, "If he would know the exact truth about this matter of health and happiness, let him ask the women." I wish he would ask me, but fearing that he will not, I volunteer a few words without real conviction.

I have been a wife, and also a mother, but not to such a crushing extent as Mr. Welch would doubtless have condemned me. If he had had the opportunity, Thank God, that I did not run the risk of making his acquaintance.

I believe that no woman is happy or healthy, because health depends upon happiness, who has more children than she can care for tenderly. Her body is exhausted by actual labor, and her heart is broken with her inability to supply all their needs, physical, mental and moral, unless she is herself so nearly on the animal plane as to recognize only their animal wants, in which case she may be "healthy" while bearing children, but but progressive men desire large families of children from such stock?

Within the circle of my acquaintance are two of the ministers' wives, of whom mention is made. They are nearly sacrificed, and will in a short time probably give up their earthly places to two other women, who will be subjected to the same condition. Heaven bless poor womanhood! The male world knows nothing of the sorrows of women, and they themselves scarcely know their own position having accepted it in consequence of being born under it, and not realizing the wrong done to their natures by reason of their ignorance; and how few of us have an opportunity to know anything outside of the everyday details of domestic life, especially if burdened with ten or fifteen children, which Mr. Welch considers a suitable number. In my opinion that number of children is enough to shut up every avenue to any other knowledge than that which pertains to the earthly necessities of the said children, and in most cases the mother's life is sacrificed as soon as, or very soon after, her period of child-bearing is over. I think, however, that Mr. Welch, notwithstanding his gender, is not far ahead of us in knowledge. His standard of value for woman appears to be the number of children she can produce.

If it be a truth, which at present I verily dread, that "the most prolific mothers are the healthiest, happiest and longest lived" of women, then it argues, to my mind, a lower development of the female sex than I am prepared to believe. According to M. E. Lazarus, a writer on this and kindred subjects, excessive fecundity shows a very low development of all the other powers. He gives in illustration the numerous families of the lower classes, those whose education is extremely limited, and whose cultivation and improvement and enjoyment has been hedged about by circumstances in all points, yet if their physical nature is in order, they can propagate to a large extent, and it is among them that we find the ten and fifteen children in a family.

On the other hand, he speaks of the scarcity of children among the rich and highly developed families of the aristocracy, some of them being under the necessity of adopting heirs to their estates. Mr. Lazarus says much more on this subject than it is worth while to quote to Mr. Welch, and proves clearly, to my mind, that Nature is better pleased with one truly developed individual than with ten or fifteen badly-begotten and worse brought up human beings. I believe that the poor man's blessing is the greatest curse to the poor man's wife, which she is compelled to endure, her very affection for them making the curse heavier. In such families I have seen some children with rickets, and some with bandy legs; and, indeed, such an overwhelming family, and such a burden upon the mother, that she is liable to every accident and deformity. No one woman can properly take care of and rear them.

In regard to the laziness of women, I think something must be said. I have had a chance rarely enjoyed by women. Have been domesticated, and borne the heavy burden of housekeeping and care of children, which no man knows anything about; and have, by necessity, changed this position for the man's sphere, so called, and applied myself to the business of getting the living for myself and family, which I find far, very unpleasant. No man can ever know a woman's work and labor in her house and for her family, unless he could take her place in every particular, and hold it for three years, at least. Short of this means of knowledge, he can only misjudge us.

I find that Mr. Welch's century is a longer period of time than mine. If I read his article understandingly; but this is of small importance to woman, in whose behalf I am interested, and I wish that mothers of large families would send word to the BANNER office whether they are healthier and happier for having these families, and state what number of children they would have had of their own free will.

Yours truly, AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

Rebel Dissatisfaction.

Any evidence that the rebels at the South are becoming tired of their "cause," suits us to a dot. It would be a great deal better if their own sad experiences would cooperate with our outside blows, in the work of destroying the fiend called Secession forever from the face of the earth. The North Carolina people have for a long time been dissatisfied with the condition of matters, and have not refrained from speaking of it openly; neither have the citizens of Georgia. Davis seems to have made up his august mind to please Mississippi and South Carolina, at any rate—let the others feel as bad as they may. This is what the Raleigh Standard has to say of the treatment which North Carolina is now receiving at the hands of Jefferson Davis and his fellows: "If that cause (of the Confederacy) should become merely the cause of Davis and Seddon, and if partyism should take the place of patriotism in the administration of the Government, the cry in this State will be, 'To your tents, oh, Israel!' North Carolina will never have wood and draw water for those who alight and understate her. She must be the equal of the other States of the Confederacy, or she will leave it and endeavor to take care of herself!" We like the strain. It signifies that all spirit of freedom has not died out in the breasts of Southern men, more than of Northern men.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch in Lyceum Hall.

The numerous friends of this eloquent lecturer will be pleased to learn that she is to speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, next Sabbath and the two following Sundays, afternoon and evening. To her course of lectures, an admission fee of ten cents is charged to non-subscribers.

The Banner Message Department.

We are aware that some misunderstand the object of our Message Department. They look it over, and perhaps are struck with the similarity of the various communications, or find little to interest them, and at once conclude that our space had better be filled with other matter. We admit that a certain similarity exists, such as must necessarily, when individuals for the first time essay to convey to mortals the data of their life and death and impressions of the spheres. They are all repeating the same story. There has been published, however, the greatest diversity of matter. If the reader will glance over the volumes of the BANNER since it first began the publication of Spirit Messages, we think he will be amazed at their diversity. But to gratify mortals is not our only aim. It is the benefit conferred on the spirits themselves which we must look at. By learning the possibility of communication with earth, an avenue for improvement is opened to them. By assembling at our circle, they are brought in rapport with those who are willing to aid their progress.

The verification of the majority of the Messages, not only show their truthfulness, but the immense good they are doing. Whenever one applies, it makes former converts, and spreads a radiant joy over their minds.

The BANNER was the first, and is the only paper devoting a department to the spirit intelligences, thereby offering them a free channel of communication. We are confident that it has in this manner conferred the greatest good on thousands of spirits as well as mortals.

Local Telegraphing.

All the good notions—and some few bad ones too, we fear—originate in Boston, and that is why the self-complacent wiles men of the place style it the "hub." The latest crochets, and it is an excellent one, is the idea of a telegraph communication, with Boston as a centre, between Boston and nearly or quite all the surrounding towns and villages; in fact, a sort of suburban family telegraph. It will enable a man who does business in Boston, but has his home outside, to send a message to his family at any hour of the day, or vice versa. If a man's wife has changed her mind about her dinner since getting up from the breakfast table, and seems to think she would prefer to have roast lamb and green peas for dinner, from the city market, to the state dinner she had before thought of contenting herself with, all she has to do is to get the operator at the suburban office to play on the keys and order her good man in town to send out just what she prefers. How handy this will be in case of sudden sickness, or an accident, or death, or of any special and unexpected demand for something from Boston which had not been thought of in the morning, the telegraph wire is impressed into service, and the desired goods are delivered. We might, on the whole, call this the Social Telegraph, to distinguish it from the larger business affair which talks about politics and stocks with hardly three hours' rest during the whole twenty-four.

Street Air.

To smell the atmosphere of the streets of a large and dirty city all day—dirty even at its cleanest—and then to go out of town a few miles to one's sweet and quiet country home at night, where the lungs can revive themselves with all the fresh odors of earth and plants and flowers, and the sleep overnight is calm and unbroken—is an experience calculated to make a lasting impression on the thoughts of any one who has ever tried the contrast. In certain weather, the dampness of narrow streets does not get expelled during the entire day; and to breathe this sort of air, while the brain is excited to the highest degree of energy by business and professional avocations, is as hurtful to the whole man as anything could be imagined. Street air cannot be sweet air. That can be found nowhere but away from the deep grooves, or rule, of city enclosures, where the sun does not always penetrate or the winds always blow. We feel, when we look at the "pale faces" of the pent-up citizens of a crowded town, if after we have visited the country, as if we should be glad to give them all the fresh air they need, and let them lay roses and all other sorts of flowers on their cheeks without limitation.

What is Health?

Not muscle—not mere strength. The men who can lift the most, as well as they can swing the heaviest sledges or strike the hardest blows, have their aches and pains as much as the feeblest race of mortals; white, oftentimes, those of delicate organization, and even men of a feminine quality of physical energy, are found to be in the enjoyment of high health, and to make a world out of this common world for themselves, which many an one might well envy them. We cannot but consider good health that happy combination of the physical and spiritual energies which holds a constant balance all the time between the two, and creates a harmony which contributes to the most exquisite enjoyment of each. If a person is all physical strength, it overbears his spiritual organization. If the spiritual is stronger than this proper combination seems to warrant, then the physical goes under, and carries the enjoyment that arises from harmony to that extent along with it. The happy adjustment of all the forces is the exact point of health for every one. How few attempt to secure it!

Quite an Idea.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Connecticut, and referred to a Committee, providing that railroads shall carry members of that body wherever they want to go, free, during the existence of that Legislature. Of course it only includes riders within the State. It is the first cool and refreshing breeze which we have had since summer set in. A contemporary suggests that it be amended by inserting a proviso that keepers of hotels and boarding-houses shall be compelled to furnish the members with board and lodging gratis while the Legislature is in session. We would have them throw in soap, likewise; tooth-brushes would be "in common," of course, where living and furnishing was conducted on such a principle. We see now that "the world moves." This looks like "progress." If this railroad scheme is n't agrarianism, we should like to have some one, look in his dictionary and tell us what is.

Spirit Power.

We can none of us too often resolve in our minds the paragraph in Mr. Willis's lecture in this city, on the first Sunday of June, viz.—"The spirit life that has passed from the earth necessarily increases greatly every year, because innumerable souls pass to the immortal realm. Hence, the spirit and conscious life, that flows back to earth, is constantly increased. And what is the effect? Why, this: the atmosphere of the earth is becoming more and more magnetic, more and more filled with the spiritual element; and therefore a period has arrived when men ask of spiritual things; for they feel the life, or power, of the spirit. The greater the degree of magnetic life that resides in the atmosphere, the more readily do men perceive the spiritual facts of the universe."

A. E. Newton's Lectures.

Mr. Newton delivered two discourses on Sunday, June 14th, afternoon and evening, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on the subjects of, "The work before us," and "The Church of the Future," which evinced much profound thought and ability. At his request, we make no report of them.

Physical Education.

We have in Boston, what no other city of the country has, a Normal Institute for Physical Education. It is established and located at No. 20 Essex street, and is under the charge and management of Dr. Dio and Lewis, aided by several competent professors and teachers in the several departments. Dr. Lewis's system of gymnastics is fast being introduced into our public schools, and has received the hearty endorsement of teachers of every grade. It works beautifully, as a system, on the health and mentality of the pupil, as recovering for him the great amount of strength and elasticity which was lost under the old, careless and ignorant systems of instruction. Dr. Lewis's Institute, we understand, has already held four sessions, and graduated sixty-two teachers; these teachers are engaged in teaching the new gymnastics in colleges, seminaries, and other institutions. There are two annual sessions, often weeks each, beginning with the second day of January and the fifth day of July. Both sexes are admitted. Thus far, more than half the pupils have been ladies. Physical culture is among the great wants of the age; we are glad to see the public mind awakened to its importance by the instructions, essays and lectures of a man so much a master of his subject as is Dr. Lewis. His gymnasium has already sent a graduate to New York, who is teaching large classes of physicians, clergymen, and others.

The Black Flag.

We allow that it may be the most natural thing in the world for the Southern white man in arms to revolt at the thought of being confronted in battle by the black men, some of them perhaps our own slaves but a little time ago, and we think we can understand how it is their aroused vengeance could drive them on to a resolution to raise the black flag and give no "quarter" to the black soldier. But it ought to offer itself to the reflections of those men, that the black soldier can refuse to give quarter as well as they. When it comes to a matter of mere physical strength, it admits of little question where the victory will lie. A black man can cut and thrust, stab and kill, just as freely as his white enemy; and the latter takes upon himself even more personal danger than is necessary, in professing to despise a strength which is, after all, superior to his own. In some instances, the rebels have seized colored pickets and hung them; but immediately after, the colored pickets caught a white rebel picket, and hung him. It was found to be just as broad as it was long. Anybody can see to the end of such raving madness as this is.

An Excellent Try.

Mr. Benjamin Starbuck, of Troy, N. Y., writing to the Herald of Progress in reference to Mrs. Augusta A. Currier's lectures there, gives the following: "She had a very good manifestation here on Saturday. She returned to Troy, late Friday evening, before leaving her room Saturday morning, her brother, who has been in spirit-life for several years, came into her room, and seating himself upon her trunk, said, 'Augusta, mother is with me.' Much startled, she exclaimed, 'What!' He repeated, 'Mother is with me, and has passed from earth-life,' and the vision vanished. She immediately went to E—, to see if any letters had been received from home for her in her absence, but found none. Upon questioning the spirits through the raps, they said she passed away the first of the week, and that Mrs. C. would receive a letter by the noon mail, giving her the intelligence. And surely a letter from her husband did come, with the intelligence that her mother passed on to the higher life on Monday last."

A Bird's Egg.

T. W. Higginson says in his new book of Essays, speaking of the pretty toys Nature secretes among the leaves and grasses—"I think, that, if required, on pain of death, to name instantly the most perfect thing in the universe, I should risk my fate on a bird's egg. The associations and predictions of this little wonder—that one may hear between his fingers all that winged splendor, all that celestial melody, coiled in mystery within these tiny walls! Even the chrysalis is less amazing, for its form always preserves some trace, however fantastic, of the perfect insect, and it is but moulting a skin; but this egg appears to the eye like a separate unit from some other kingdom of Nature, claiming more kinred with the very stones than with feathery existence; and it is as if a pearl opened, and an angel sang." There could not be put in words a more beautiful fancy than this last.

Spiritualists' Annual Picnic, at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, June 23, 1863.

All those who would avail themselves of this occasion to visit the delightful Grove at Abington, and spend the day agreeably, outside the dusty metropolis, must bear in mind that a special train of cars leaves the Old Colony Railroad Depot, corner of South and Kneeland streets, on Tuesday, 23d inst, at 8.45 and 11.30 A. M. for the Grove. Returning, leave the Grove for Boston and Way Stations at 4.30 P. M. Eminent speakers are expected to take part in the exercises. An excellent band will furnish the music for dancing.

Should the weather be stormy, the excursion will be postponed until Thursday, the 25th inst. Fare from Boston to the Grove and return, by special train: Adults, 60 cents; children, 30 cents.

The Pentateuch and Bishop Colenso.

Bishop Colenso is giving and trouble to the Bishops of the Established Church in England. He will not resign, nor retract the views he has put forth in his work on the Pentateuch, so they have resolved, as far as possible, to disqualify him from exercising any Episcopal duty. In this new movement the principal leader is the Bishop of Oxford, who has addressed a letter to the clergy of his diocese, forbidding the Bishop of Natal from ministering in any of the churches of the diocese.

Our learned correspondent, "O. B. P.," it will be perceived by referring to an essay from his pen on our second page, has something to say in regard to the Word of Dr. Mahan, of "The New York Theological Seminary," which has been put forth in answer to Bishop Colenso. Our correspondent's essay is a production.

The Future of America.

A discourse by Theodore Parker, (through the instrumentality of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch,) delivered at Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday, May 10th, 1863, is for sale at this office. The discourse was phonographically reported, and occupies over five columns of the BANNER. Those who heard the lecture, pronounce it characteristic of Mr. Parker, and very appropriate reading for the present time. Singles copies five cents; \$3.00 per one hundred copies.

Donations to the Free Circles.

The expenses of our Free Public Circles are nearly thirty dollars per week. We are thankful to the friends who have of late aided in a measure toward liquidating this heavy outlay, and we hope we shall still continue to be aided in this department by those who appreciate our difficult labors. Our list of acknowledgements will appear next week.

New and Curious.

Two very interesting essays will be found on our sixth page—given by inviolables—entitled "The Immortality of American Insuperableness," and "The Origin of Baptism." Do not fail to give them a careful perusal.

Change is Natural.

Much as we love the past, and strongly as we are wound about with the fibres of its hallowing associations, we confess we cannot sympathize with those who take up so much of their valuable time in lamenting over the changes and breakings-up which are necessary accompaniments and tokens of progress. We try to think the Present as good now, and as rich in fruition, as it ever was; what we call the Future is but a creation of the imagination, and what we call the Past is of no further use to us. Nature never repeats herself, neither could she exist in a state of monotony. There must be constant variations taking place, continual changes going on. All growth implies a constant displacement of old particles for the coming on of new; were we to stop where we are, all circulation of spiritual life would at once stop too, and stagnation and death follow as a matter of course. Those who choose to look at this thing as it really is, cannot fail to see that change is but the result of motion; and that motion, activity, is the first evidence of life. Would we wish to live, and still desire to be dead? The question is answered before it is asked.

Friends pass away from mortal sight, and we grieve for the loss; but death is as natural as life, and, in fact, the birth into the new and immortal youth for which we are all more or less anxious. Then, too, grief performs an excellent office in wrenching away from our affections, where they had taken root, many an idol love, which was good enough while it acted merely as a stimulus, but is debilitating and dwarfing to us when it comes to overshadow our individuality. We are always made better when we suffer; that is the true office of suffering. No matter whether it is in life or limb, in friends or fortune, suffering brings us back at once to that point where we make the closest possible acquaintance with ourselves. But for these trials, which come but as angels in disguise, we should soon become self-satisfied and self-sufficient, and grow calloused where these necessities keep us soft and sympathetic. He is a person of superficial experience who cannot gladly accept all these changes of life, and even go out joyfully to meet them. They furnish the soul with the very aliment it needs; and to wish to avoid or escape them is to prefer to starve than to feast, in the midst of plenty.

A Small Garden.

Whoever would lead a wholly happy and contented life, must needs cultivate his little garden. It is a great solace and a great friend. Cato was a noble man for working in his little patch, and so was Cincinnatus. It need be but a trifle of a strip; certainly not more than enough to awaken a little care each day, and more tender friendships than care. It is so good to see your own seeds sprout and grow. They are your own offspring. You have an affection for them which grows likewise. Edward Bates, the present Attorney-General, said he never could have carried himself successfully through his professional labors, but for the recreation furnished him by his garden—his home being in the outskirts of St. Louis. It is the garden that a person cultivates with his own hands, of which we speak; to keep a hired gardener to perform the work is as good as to have nothing at all to do with it. In a very short time one becomes devotedly attached to the plot of ground he works over, and his home is many times dearer, because of the beauty he year year creates around his windows and doors. An hour in the garden in the morning, while the dew of the day is on, is a refreshment and an inspiration until the evening comes down. Very few persons, who actually know what the pleasures of a garden are, would forego them for other attractions of the most powerful character.

New Publications.

THE BATTLE RECORD OF THE AMERICAN REBELLION, By Horace E. Dresser, A. M. New York: Sinclair, Conkey, 121 Nassau street, and Henry Dexter, 118 Nassau street. Pages 72, 8vo.

The author of this work has treated the reader to a richer and better entertainment than the bill of fare, found upon his title page promises. It is a record not only of the battles, skirmishes, fights, &c., which have occurred during the Rebellion, but of the most important and noteworthy occurrences in the legislative, executive and military departments of the Government of the United States, and those of its foe, the Confederate States. It commences with the first movements of the rebels, and comes down to the close of last year from which period it appears by a prelatory note, it is designed to continue the Record in a Second Part, when the war shall have ended, or the occasion shall warrant. The order is excellent—the events and their dates being alphabetically arranged, and thus furnishing a ready and most convenient Manual of Reference. It should be in the hands of every citizen—to the soldier who has fought and shed his blood, and witnessed the fall of comrades in the battle here noted, it must be a useful and desirable hand-book. This book is just the thing for the masses; cheap and accessible to all—it is *valium in parvo*. It is the very pith and marrow of affairs, the account of which constitutes those costly and most valuable bundles of History, now swollen to five volumes of more than six hundred pages each.—Putnam's Record of the Rebellion," by Frank Moore. The author of "The Battle Record of the American Rebellion" has done the public a great favor by thus epitomizing the history of the rebellion, inaugurated by those Arch Fratricides who have caused the land to be drenched in blood. The book is for sale by Wm. White & Co., 128 Washington street, Boston. Price, single copy, 25 cents.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XIII, was placed on our table by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, just as we were going to press. Without having time to examine the work, we give a list of its contents: The Greek Tragic Drama—Æschylus; Theology of the American Indians; Photographic Short-Hand; Arabic Language and Literature; Earthquakes, their Causes and Consequences; Mahatma College; Woman, her Influence and Capabilities; Peruvian Antiquities; Manufacture and Use of Artificial Precious Stones; Notices and Criticisms—1. Education and Science. 2. History and Biography. 3. Belle-Lettres. 4. Miscellaneous.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July is already issued. It is well filled, as usual, with an interesting variety of reading matter, illustrations, fashion plates, &c. The popularity of this excellent publication is undiminished. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it for sale.


Miss Emma Hardinge proposes to spend the fall and winter in the West, and will be happy to make engagements accordingly. Miss Hardinge promises to reply to the numerous applications already received as soon as her route is determined on. Address, Boston, Delano, Burlington Co., New Jersey.

The Arcana of Nature.

The second volume of this exceedingly interesting work, just published by us, is having a rapid sale. Those ordering from us will be supplied with the most promptness. For full particulars see our advertisement in another column.

Announcement.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will attend the convention at St. Charles, Ill., on the 24th of July, lecturing on "The Church of the Future," in the evening of the 24th, and on the 25th, 26th, and 27th, of the same month.



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ANI took of the reader:—If he wishes to be convinced of the *Bestness*, to read my *New Book* of twenty-four pages, which I have just published, and send five or ten cents for postage and a receipt of name and post office address. **K. P. KIDDER,**
Practical Apiculturist,
Burlington, Vt.

June 20.

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