

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### HUMAN TRIALS.

#### A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MARGARET WOOD.

##### CHAPTER I.

It was a dreary morning in November, the wind howling in that most desolating strain which is the precursor of a storm, and Mrs. Barton, who was sitting alone in her spacious drawing-room, seemed the very impersonation of the day. She was dressed in a wrapper of mourning gingham, with an old shawl thrown over her shoulders, beneath the ample folds of which she sat shivering, too much abstracted to observe that the damp, chilling air from an open window was blowing in upon her.

The room was richly furnished, but wore the same air of neglect which was exhibited in the person of its mistress. Chairs huddled in groups, ottomans and foot-stools elevated upon the sofas, and the bifurcated of the centre-table arranged in enclosures, for the accommodation of various dilapidated dogs, horses and pigs. Occasionally might be heard the only cheerful feature amid this desolation—the joyful shouts of children ringing out amid the pines of the walling wind.

Now a carriage sweeps up the drive, and, without waiting to be announced, a visitor enters—a lady somewhat past middle age, and with a look which might be expressed by the term, expediency. Her eyes first fell upon the open window.

"Why, Jane," she exclaimed, "what's this window open for, on a day like this? People will say that you are crazy, child, if you go on this way?" and the offending sash came down rapidly beneath her strong touch.

"Well, Jane, the winter is almost upon us, and I have come to see you about making arrangements for it. You must know that this establishment cannot be supported. Poor Paul's death cut off two thousand a year from you, and now the only thing that you can do is to come home."

"But, mother, we should make you a great deal of trouble. You and father are so accustomed to quiet living that children would disturb you."

"To be sure, a large family is more trouble than a small one, and, indeed, I could not have my parlors looking as yours do. I shall establish my rules, and see that the boys obey them; and it is high time, on their account, that you were moved, for I never did see children that needed training more! I shall take them in hand immediately. And then, Jane, it's really dreadful for you to mope in this way. You must keep up appearances, child. People must not say, 'There's Jane Barton, all broken down by her husband's death, and as poor as a church mouse!' It was only yesterday that your old beau, George Holman, said to me: 'I saw Mrs. Barton in church last Sunday, and really she is so altered that I hardly knew her.' Knew her, indeed! I wonder if he knew Rachel Down, who has been setting her cap for him these five years, and who took her seat just opposite him on purpose to show off her new hat and feather; but she need not set them at flim, though, for it's not forgotten in Jonestown that her mother was but a milliner's apprentice. But now for our plans: this house must be let; and your father says that, as times are now, we will not bring more than two hundred and fifty dollars a year, which he, of course, must collect for the increased expenses of the family. The boys are small, and won't need to dress much, and when you want anything I shall, of course, see to that. When I have the management of your dress, it will look rather different from what it has done. Let me see; you must wear black for six months yet, and what you have will last you through. Then I shall see that you have something lively. Pity colors are my aversion. Your father says that the furniture had better be sent to the auction room, with the exception of a couple of beds and bedding. You must leave out for the boys—not that four-post bedstead in which they now sleep, but one from the servant's room, as I shall spare for them that low room over the kitchen—the best place for boys, as they can go up and down the back stairs, and save a deal of dirt and noise."

This lady, whom Mrs. Barton called mother, had stood toward her in that relation from her earliest remembrance, as she had been adopted by her in infancy, at the death of her own mother, whose sister she was; and she had really received from her all the affection which was in her nature to bestow. As soon as she left Mrs. Barton's pent-up feelings found relief in a flood of tears.

"Oh, Paul! Paul!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "how can we live without you? You were our summer warmth—our sunshine—our home! Gone—gone! gone forever! No, you are still near us; you love us still, dear, dear husband. There are none in that bright world who can make you forget us. I must have faith, and then I shall imbibe your spirit, as I once did, and it will help us in this dark extremity."

With this thought, a degree of peace dawned upon her spirit, and there came to her face something of its old expression, of trusting and joyful love; and with an interest to which she had long been a stranger, she went to seek her children. She found them in the large, cheerful kitchen, where Katie, the indulgent woman of all work, was amusing them with songs and tales of "swate Ireland."

The beautiful boys! The mother's heart thrilled with joy as she looked upon them. So vigorous! With eyes sparkling, and sweet, kissable lips.

"Indade, mum, and it's glad I am to see the smile on your face agin, and it's tasing me the boys be for songs and stories of old Ireland."

"Oh, mother, mother," interrupted the boys, "Katie has taught us a song. Do n't you want to hear it?"

"Stop, stop, boys," said Katie, who, since her mistress's affliction, had come into much authority, "never be troubling the mother; she'd not care for such blather."

These encouraged, the boys displayed their new acquirement, greatly to their own delight and Katie's, till the old kitchen rang with their vociferous melody. Mrs. Barton yielded to the pleasant influence, and forgot, for the passing moment, the weight upon her heart.

Willie was a child of peculiar organization, full of buoyant life when happily surrounded, and easily yielding to depressing influences. He was so much exhilarated by his mother's unwonted cheerfulness, that he expended himself in the fondest caresses and most jubilant merriment, the latter somewhat to the detriment of Katie's orderly arrangements. These peculiarities had often been observed and reprimanded by Mrs. Dalton, but to his mother they were very endearing, and she desired especially that his outward might ever be as now, the true exponent of the inward. Though ten years of age, he had not yet conquered the mysteries of the multiplication table, and Colburn was his especial aversion, but his cheek would flush and his eye brighten at a beautiful sentiment, and he would repeat, almost without study, verses which pleased him. The beautiful in Nature filled him with inexhaustible gladness; and a rosy sunset, the shadows upon the water, the changing tints of the distant hills, were all commented upon by him, with constant appeals to his mother's sympathy. But beauty of form was his chief attraction, and when taken to the Crystal Palace, he lingered, enraptured by the groups of statuary, scarcely attracted by the glittering shows in which children of a larger, as well as smaller growth, chiefly delighted. When he returned home, he made little models in clay, some of which were remarkable for reproducing the sentiments of the original.

Mrs. Barton, without any fixed motive, encouraged Willie in his peculiar tastes, for she had, almost unconsciously to herself, an intense love of the beautiful. She rejoiced with him in any little success—she grieved with him over a disappointment, and was tenderly pained when his plans were thwarted. She had resisted all her mother's entreaties, that he should be sent to a public school, for she felt, instinctively, that his routine would be thoroughly ungenial to him: "What would he do at mother's?" she murmured, and her heart sank at the thought. In addition to this, came the reflection of the great inconvenience to which Mrs. Dalton would be exposed by such an addition to her family.

Mrs. Dalton was what is called "very particular in her way," and this was she found it sufficiently difficult to impose upon her frequently changing cap, without the increased labor of reducing two buoyant boys to its routine. Could nothing better be done? Plan after plan suggested itself to Mrs. Barton, only to be rejected. Her education, showy but superficial, would not warrant her in an endeavor to teach. She could not open a boarding-house, for she was deficient in the qualities of a housekeeper. Thus those two chief, and almost only avenues for ladies in reduced circumstances, were closed against her. But for a home, she would make sacrifices—she would sell her furniture, pictures, books, her husband's law library, which he had valued at a thousand dollars; but what would it bring in an auction-room? A new thought strikes her—it should not be sacrificed.

A few days after, accompanied by Willie, Mrs. Barton commenced a long walk. Her destination took her through the business part of the town to a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, then unoccupied. Furnished with a key, they entered. Its aspect was most uninviting: the ceilings low; the walls dingy; the windows small and many of the panes broken.

Willie discovered an old bench, which he brought for his mother, and placed it by a window into which the sun shone cheerfully. Near by was a friendly well-house.

"Now, mamma, for a splendid drink of water," exclaimed he, and darted through the doorway; he whirled the wheelless round rapidly, and soon brought up the old oaken bucket, with its sparkling contents. A rusty dipper, after many risings, he filled and brought to his mother. The affectionate attention, so gracefully offered, with the bright smile of the giver, won from her an answering smile in return; and refreshed by the draught, the dreary apartments looked to her less dreary.

"What a small house, Willie! How do you suppose that people ever lived here?"

"I guess they were short, like you and I, mamma. I'm sure Uncle Joe would bump his head in the doorway," replied Willie, laughing.

"Which do you like best, this or grandpa's?"

"Why, grandpa's is very fine."

"Yes, truly, shall we go there now?"

Willie's eyes opened with a gleam.

"Yes, Willie, we're not money-mongers, you know. Keep our own house, and must move somewhere. Grandmamma is so kind as to invite us, and 'X' love beautiful things, and they have fine furniture and pictures, and vases. Shall we go?"

"Oh no, mamma, 'tis so cold there! Grandmamma shuts out the sun, lest it should spoil her curtains; and the fresh air, lest the dust should get in; and she never likes to have Bobby and I step upon the carpets. Why does she ask us? I'm sure she can't want us!"

"She asks us for our own sake, because we must leave our house, and she thinks there is no where else for us to go."

"Then let us stay here, dear mamma."

"What! in these little rooms, so old and ugly?"

"But the sunshine is beautiful—the fresh air is sweet, and then it would be all our own; and we can see, and breathe, and play, and sing when we want to. Do let us stay here!"

"We will, darling." And thus it was decided.

But even this humble home could not be secured without an extra effort, and Mrs. Barton resolved, as a first resource, to fit up the front room as a library, and offer her books for sale. We will not follow her through all the trials she encountered, in the opposition of her relatives, to the very peculiar course she had resolved to pursue. Let us rather go with her on the day of her removal. She had previously, with Katie's assistance, mended the broken panes, whitewashed the walls, and cleaned the neglected wood-work. For the first time, indeed, she had incurred any expense in having the room altered to the walls, and the books, now neatly arranged upon them, made quite an imposing display, for beside the law library, was a

large selection of a miscellaneous character. In the little window were placed all the pretty trifles which had adorned the mantles and tables of the former home.

The room which wore the most familiar aspect, was the kitchen. It was large and roomy, and fitted up with the same tables and chairs to which they had been so long accustomed. Katie's bright face completed the situation. Indeed, the boys, who, since their mother's affliction had been much left to her society, hardly realized the change.

It was evening, and temporary arrangements having been made for the night, Mrs. Barton, thoroughly exhausted, threw herself upon a couch and fell into that deep rest which follows physical exertion. She was soon aroused by the sound of the table-bell, which was followed by Katie's cheerful presence.

"Indade, mum, I'd waited if I'd known ye were sleeping; but maybe it's ad well for it's time ye'd be aiting something, and ye'll have to excuse it that the table is laid in the kitchen."

Mrs. Barton resisted the first selfish impulse to make no further exertion for the night, and half aroused and dispirited followed Katie; but when the kitchen door opened, a really inviting scene burst upon her. The burnished stove with the open grate, through which gleamed the ruddy coals—the polished tin upon the walls, and the table spread with its white cloth and fragrant cakes. The children, clean, merry, and affectionate, eagerly greeted their mother.

The table was laid for three, and Katie bustled herself in removing some dishes from the stove to the table. Mrs. Barton's heart swelled, and her eyes filled with tears, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Katie, my good girl! I did not expect this—and you so weary, too! but there's just one fault here—bring another plate!"

"Indade, mum," commented Katie—

"Yes, indeed, Katie! I'll not sit down to this table unless you sit with me. You're been to me for a long time not only a servant but a friend—there, I have placed it for you, as you have mine for me, and laying her hand affectionately upon Katie's arm, she drew her to her seat. Never were the boys so happy before.

"How well Katie does!" said Mrs. Barton, as she sat alone after the rest had retired. How untrifling, how orderly, how cheerful, and how successful! I could not hope to rival her in her peculiar sphere. Oh that I may be able to retain her! But if I would sell my books—I must—sell, Katie—to them. I'll write an advertisement; but even that may not be sufficient. I must put up a sign. 'Books to Sell.' But will that do? No; the sign must correspond with the advertisement. 'Mrs. Barton, Bookseller.' How painful to see my own name in large letters over the door; but for the sake of home, home, I must submit to it."

In a few days, the little sign over the door, aided by an advertisement in the daily, did not fail to attract customers. Let us describe the first. Willie, who had been stationed in the little front room—where may as well call it store—came rushing out to his mother to say that a gentleman wished to see her. She did shrink for one moment from taking this first step, though she had supposed herself entirely prepared for it. Katie, who saw the flushed cheek and trembling movement, entreated to be permitted to go in her place.

"No! no! Kate," said she, "I am ashamed of this weakness," and hastily stepping to the door, she entered the store.

She there found a gentleman who had been a friend of her husband, and who had spent many a pleasant evening at her house. He greeted her cordially, and said that he had called to wish her success in her undertaking; and to offer her any advice, or assistance she might need. He pronounced the law library valuable, and offered to add prices to the books. This was truly a favor, and most gratefully accepted. He spent several hours thus employed, and offered to call again the next morning and complete the work. Receiving several volumes, he paid for them a liberal price, professing himself fortunate in being able to procure them. How much this kindness and sympathy aided Mrs. Barton. There was positive hope, too, in the bank bills which filled her purse.

This encouragement in the morning was followed by a drawback in the afternoon. Mrs. Dalton made her appearance, and with a face flushed with anger, she entered the little store, exclaiming: "Pretty doing this, truly! Mrs. Barton! books and stationery! Whoever thought of your going on in this way to disgrace all your friends? Everybody staring and talking about it! I'll tell you what—people say that your head is turned—that you never have been straight since Barton's death. They know, of course, that your father and I expect you to come home. You should have had some regard to our feelings, after the generous offers we made you. But it is not too late yet. Your father says that you'll not have a cent of his property, if you go on in this way—that you must pull down that miserable sign and come home at once; and I've brought Tom to help pack. Here, Tom!"

Tom commenced taking down the things.

"Stop, Tom!" said Mrs. Barton, "your services are not needed here."

"Go on!" said Mrs. Dalton, stamping.

"Mother!" said Jane Barton, "I cannot permit this interference. I have chosen my own course, and I must abide by it."

Much more was said on both sides, and when Mrs. Dalton found her assumption unavailing, she resorted to tears and entreaties. These were much more difficult to resist, but they were resisted, for her daughter would know the penalty of yielding—after subservience of herself and children, to a most impetuous away, and to a tone of thought and habit utterly discordant to her own. It needed all the endearing ways of her children, and Katie's cheerful housekeeping, to do away with the unpleasant influences of this interview.

Mr. Powers the next morning fulfilled his promise, and although the actual service was great, the kindness and encouragement were for more.

Many were the comments upon Mrs. Barton's conduct; not only by her immediate circle, but many others.

"How odd!" said one; "but then she always did the strangest things. Why, she would sit in the

middle of her pew at church, and give her sewing-woman the head seat; and once, when she had been out making visits, she picked up her washerwoman, laden with a huge basket of broken victuals, and took her home; and now, it is positively asserted that she sits with her cook! I approve of kindness and charity, and all that sort of thing, of course, but such innovations upon the true order of society are dreadful! Her influence as a woman of position was bad, and no doubt her afflictions are a dispensation of Providence on that account. Educated as she was, too, by one so stylish as Mrs. Dalton—it is most astonishing."

"How unfeeling," said another, "is Jane Barton's conduct. Poor Mrs. Dalton's heart is almost broken by it. She and her husband had expected so much enjoyment from the society of Jane and the boys—they are so lonely in that great house, which is half shut up. She says now, that her great fault was in permitting her to marry so young; for Paul always encouraged her odd ways which she had taken so much pains to correct."

"What a mean spirit Jane Barton has," said one, "to be willing to live in that low way; but as water seeks its level, so will people at length sink to their true positions. For my part, I never did think much of her, and always wondered what Paul Barton could see in her to admire."

But there were a few who regarded her course with more favor—who felt that outward freedom was necessary to the growth of the spirit, and that her efforts to obtain it, which in a man would have been regarded as praiseworthy, were in a woman no less so. From these she received the friendship, useful counsels, and all the business patronage which they had to bestow. By them, she was encouraged to persevere in her undertaking, and advised to lay by as much as possible from the receipts of her sales, to replenish her stock, before it should become exhausted.

The long and cold winter which was now setting in, required to be met, with many household arrangements, and to such cares Mrs. Barton, and some expenditure of money. Before they were completed, winter clothing for the children became an imperative necessity. This she could not afford to hire made, and must therefore herself endeavor to accomplish. But alas! how intricate is the mystery of socks, jackets and pants, to one unaccustomed to their construction! She commenced by dissecting old garments, which she endeavored to imitate. Her first feat was a jacket for Bobby, which, when completed, she held up with an air of great exultation.

"See, Bobby!" said she, "what a nice warm jacket mamma has made for you! Come and let us put it on!" and he, greatly delighted, was soon induced into it and buttoned up to the chin. He felt the thick texture, explored the pockets, and danced about in great delight, but alas! that emotion was all on his side, for its ill proportion so marred the harmony of his erect, and graceful little figure, that his mother was in despair.

"Come here, darling! and let me take it off. I think it needs a little altering."

"Oh no, mamma, it's a beauty, and so warm! Do let me wear it!"

Mrs. B. yielded, for she had little faith in her power of improving, but it was with a sad heart, and greatly diminished courage, that she contemplated the remaining articles.

In the midst of her despair, and Bobby's glory, Katie announced a visitor—Miss Rachel Downe. She had been an old schoolmate of Mrs. B.'s, and always kept up an intimacy.

"Now what has happened?" she exclaimed, seeing her friend's woe-begone face.

"Oh, not much, was the reply, accompanied by the ghost of a smile; "but do look at poor Bobby."

The latter, in his extreme complacency, was upon the point of attracting attention to his new jacket, but turned about, greatly bewildered by his mother's doleful tones.

The effect was really comical, and Rachel burst into uncontrollable laughter. Bobby laughed in childish sympathy, but the case was really too tragic for his mother, as was evidenced by the dropping of some positive tears.

"Oh Jane!" exclaimed Rachel, instantly checked by the sight, "do forgive me! I should not have laughed, if the case had been irreparable; but you must let me assist you. I have a positive genius for fitting. This would not be so bad, after all, if it—"

and the lurking fun at the corners of her mouth, threatened again to overcome her. But she conquered. "If it were taken in the back. Now, Bobby, take it off, and let us see it for a while."

Bobby was very reluctant, but at last consented, and Rachel, with the freedom of old friendship, gleefully accepted, drew the friends nearer together than ever before, and Mrs. B. fortunately discovered the means of prolonging the intercourse which both found so pleasant.

Miss Downe had accepted, for the coming Spring, the place of assistant teacher in a neighboring academy, and in the meantime was desirous of improving her knowledge of the French language. Mrs. Barton was thoroughly competent to assist her, and each day found her in the little front room, where in her friend's absence she waited upon customers, for customers there were, and many a costly volume had been transferred from her shelves to those of others.

##### CHAPTER II.

One unusually bright morning in the latter part of November, Mrs. Barton had been tempted to take a longer walk than usual, and on her return found George Holman in earnest conversation with Rachel. Remembering that their names had been often coupled together, she made a hasty excuse, and passing through the store, left them alone. Pleasantly exhibited by her walk, she was in a mood to interpret everything favorably.

An answer, without doubt, thought she. "Marriage and a pleasant home for my dear Rachel," and she went on, waving in her own mind a thousand

fancies, all hanging upon this interview. Thus glided away a half hour, when Rachel came out suddenly to say that customers required her presence in the store. She looked up somewhat surprised at the request, and saw that her friend was in tears.

"Rachel! what does this mean?" said she, taking both her hands.

"Oh, do not ask me, Jane. I am so unhappy. Go—go," and she gently pushed her away.

Mrs. Barton entered the store and served her customers, seemingly engrossed with a periodical. Her tomorrow, Mr. Holman in the meantime standing at a feelings were greatly excited against him as she thought of her gentle and suffering friend, and without deigning him a look even, she left the room to seek her, but she had gone. She heard Holman walking backward and forward in the store with quick, impatient steps, and at length he slightly opened the door, and calling her name, begged to speak with her. She ventured, with no very friendly feelings, toward him. He commenced:

"Mrs. Barton, you have seen Rachel?"

"Yes, Mr. Holman, I have seen her as I hope I shall never see her again. If there is anything especially odious, it is to wound the affections of another, to trifles, as I may say, for years; to use every personal and accidental advantage to excite an interest which is afterward treated with contempt," and the exalted speaker dashed the blinding tears from her eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Barton, how thoroughly you express my feelings," said her interested auditor.

She gave him a look of contempt.

"But, dear madam, though your sentiments are so correct, you have a strange want of sympathy with a poor fellow who is exactly in the situation you describe."

"Sympathy with a trifler! one who has coqueted with false smiles and pretended sympathy, who has dallied for years with a faithful heart, and would now scold himself under some kind of sentimental pretext—I know not what."

"Dear Mrs. Barton," interrupted the gentleman, "I admire your indignation, while I cannot but feel desirous that the deserving object should receive the benefit of it. I assure you it is not me. You look surprised, but must believe me when I tell you that it is not your friend Rachel but myself who is the scorned and slighted one; that I have loved her these five years, and proposed to her nearly as many times. Yes, indeed, your description suits her excellently—smiles, personal advantages, and all that used to deude a poor fellow, and then very coolly cut of want of sympathy, and the deuce knows what! If she could have offered one reasonable objection, I would have given her up long ago; but, by Jove, the longer she talks the more I'm bewildered, and am just as far from understanding her as I was five years ago. If I could not offer her a handsome income, she'd have a right to say no. If I was sick, and needed nursing, she'd be a fool to have me. If I was cross-grained and sour-riaged, I would not blame her. But as you see, Mrs. Barton," (and he cast a look of complacency at the little mirror opposite, which reflected back his very handsome face), none of these objections exist, and her persistency in rejecting me is utterly unaccountable. No doubt she will come round at last, but I'm tired of waiting. Now, dear madam, as you must clearly see that her interest and happiness depend upon it, I beg you will use your influence to bring her to reason."

"Indeed, Mr. Holman, as Rachel has had five years to think of this, and has not in all that time changed her mind, as a friend, I would advise you to give her up."

"As a friend, Mrs. Barton, you could advise me to no such thing. My highest idea of married happiness is to be united to a gentle, yielding and sweet tempered woman; and there is not in all Jonestown one to compare with Rachel in this respect. 'Why, my dear madam, she never could have come down upon a poor fellow as you did upon me just now; though no offence, I assure you. Indeed, the only inconsistent thing she ever did is to permit in refusing me. She'll have to repent of it by-and-by. You're a sensible woman, Mrs. Barton; you surely see it in the same light in which I do.'"

"Whether I do or not, I see that it is very desirable to have it settled. I appreciate your kind intentions, and will lay them faithfully before her."

This was a point gained, and it put Mr. Holman in exceedingly good humor. Expressing his thanks most abundantly, he left.

After she had dined, Mrs. Barton reproached Willie with a note to her friend, begging her to come to her, as she could not herself leave the store. Rachel pleaded a headache, and promising to go in the morning. This did not satisfy Mrs. Barton, and therefore immediately after tea, taking Willie for company, she went round to Mr. Andrew's, the brother-in-law of Rachel. She was invited to her own little room, and greeted most affectionately.

"Dear Rachel, it was almost unkind of you to leave me so suddenly. You must have known that when you and me in tears, I should have been unhappy until I saw you again."

"Oh, don't do n't, don't speak of it!"

"I would not for my own sake, but I really think you would be happier to have this matter settled. I have no doubt that you are entirely right, and you need not disturb yourself on George Holman's account, for he is not a man to die of a broken heart. If you can make him understand that your mind cannot be changed, he will retire; though I really wish that you could like him—he has a kind heart."

"So he has, and I really do like him."

"Well, truly you are verifying his words, that the only inconsistent thing which you ever did is to refuse him."

"He never can understand me; but you can—must. I like him for his kind heart. I respect him for his integrity. I admire his handsome person, and appreciate the advantages of his wealth and social position, yet I could not do a more fatal thing than to marry him. His will is very strong, and so is his love of ease, and he chiefly desires me for my yielding disposition. It is the consciousness of this weakness which arms me against him. Woman's highest duty, in his eyes, is housekeeping; and he would require from a wife the most solemn attention to the stove, as a sinner. If he should say to me, 'Rachel, this







### A Telegraphing Story.

A writer on the heels of telegraphing. In the February number of Harper's Magazine, tells the following capital story respecting a couple of reporters for rival New York Journals, who had taken possession of the telegraph station on a certain Sabbath night, at Niagara Falls. It was at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit there, and, of course, each paper was eager to outdo the other. In the date and character of its dispatches relative to the Prince's tour. One of these special reporters for a New York paper had ordered the telegraph line to be kept open, one hundred evenings, when the offices were usually closed, and had engaged to pay the operators liberally for their extra work. Before he had finished telegraphing his usual reports, along came the reporter of another New York Journal, who, having obtained some exclusive news, and finding the line in one working order, asserted his right to have his dispatches transmitted to New York also. Reporter the first retorted, Reporter the second insisted. Reporter the first appealed to the telegraph operators, and, after a great deal of conversation between the Niagara and Rochester offices, the operators decided that both reports must be telegraphed. He-

porter the second was calmly triumphant, and coolly prepared his notes. Reporter the first attempted to bribe the operators, and, finding them incorruptible, began a long and desultory argument over the wires in order to kill time and crowd out his opponent. Reporter the second thereupon obtained an interview with the Hon. John Rose, the Premier of Canada, who sent down a message to the operators that he was, or had been, President, Vice-President, or a Director—he really could not tell which—of the Telegraph Company, and that, by virtue of this authority, he ordered both despatches to be telegraphed immediately. This order added fuel to the fire of indignation which glowed in the bosom of Reporter the first. A Canadian official dictate to an American Reporter! *never!*

Meanwhile, the moments slipped hurriedly away, and the hour was approaching when it would be useless to attempt to send a dispatch to New York in time for publication in the morning papers. Observing this, Reporter the first suddenly recovered his self-control, and referred all the parties concerned to the standard rule of the Telegraph Company, that "dispatches must be sent in the order in which they were received," and that "no dispatch must be delayed before another could be transmitted." This rule was acknowledged to be telegraphic law. Reporter the first then claimed *priority* for his report. This point was also conceded. The Reporter then briefly but eloquently informed the bystanders that they might as well go to bed, as his report could never be completed.

with a chance of a dispatch's reaching New York that might result in his competitor. Immediately he set to work to telegraph against time. His original report having been dispatched, he jotted down everything from word sending, and ransacked his brain for any little incident of the Prince's doings which might possibly have been forgotten. His pencil flew over the paper like lightning. Click—click—click—the operator hurried off page after page, almost as rapidly as the reporter could indite them. Reporter the second stalked gloomily up and down the office despairingly but unconquered. To him the minutes beat off the clock moved with terrible swiftness. To Reporter the first the moments seemed shod with lead. Every man being exhausted, a description of Niagara Falls, carefully reserved to be sent by mail, was handed to the operator and dashed over the line at a cost of six or eight cents a word. This done, there was a moment's pause. Reporter the first reflected. Reporter the second breathed more freely, and even ventured to smile hopefully and nervously finger his detained dispatches. Alas! Reporter the first writes again—

**Anno Lord Chamberlain's Sequece.**

time a note to the Rochester operator: "Which would you prefer to telegraph, a chapter of the Bible, or a chapter of *Claude Duval*, the highwayman? These are the only two books I can find in the hotel." The lighting flashes off with the query, and returns with the answer: "It is quite immaterial which you send." The reporter seizes the Bible; transcribes the first chapter of Matthew, with all its hard, genealogical names; adds this to his previous dispatch; takes portions of the twenty-first chapter of Revelations, describing the various precious stones (1) to the incongruous report; hands it all to the operator; sends his blessing and a salute; and is careful of the spelling to the Bucher office; and gleefully awaits the result with his eyes on the clock. Before this Scriptural news is fully transmitted, the hour arrived when no more telegrams could be sent. Reporter the first retired in glory; although his telegrams reached New York safely, the Biblical portions were unfortunately never published. Reporter the second telegraphed his news and his indignation the next morning, and then mood-naturally

acknowledged this defeat.

### Old Men.

"Where are all the old men?" Inquired one clergyman of another, both of them having become tolerably well advanced in years; "I don't seem to see as many of them around as I used to." "Ask the boys!" was the sententious reply of the other sage. How kind is of Heaven, to be sure, to engraft our descent on the bill of life that we are hardly conscious of the changes which are every day coming over us. We were more self-conscious than we are in respect of the matters, we should have time only to indulge in regrets over the flight of years, and should pass the greater portion of our lives in a sort of delirium of melancholy. If we strive to make our lives beautiful and true, as we go along, there is little danger that we shall be as happy and handsome in old age—if we should have the luck to reach it—as we ever were in our youth; yes, and a good deal more so, for the beauty of age is something real and visible, while that of youth is as yet "without form and void," and not be seen of every penetrating soul. [Life is full of blessings. If we will take them. We want a healthier

vanity and envy than we are ever called on to pay

all the virtues and graces counted together.

**PRAYER.**—It has been objected to the doctrine of natural law, that its tendency is to abolish the practice of devotion and prayer. But this is not much an objection. The opinion that God rises by general and immutable laws, and that our prayers have no effect upon him, has been maintained, not merely by the advocates of natural religion, but by some of its most eminent divines.

It is clear that God stands in no need of worship from us for his own personal gratification; the form of adoration which reason indicates as adapted to such a being, is that which will best cultivate our moral and intellectual powers. Now what is the form of service which is most adapted to the service of God? If so, natural religion must be progressive in its principles and duties, in exact correspondence with man's increasing knowledge of the world and of its inhabitants. Natural religion has hitherto been barren in results; this may have arisen from human ignorance of its works and laws of Nature.

As knowledge has advanced, the notions of man and with respect to a living being, have been more and more characterized by nobility and consistency. To the research that natural theology has borne on in regard to man's duties, it may in like manner be answered, that although by natural theology man is taught that it is incumbent on him to perform many duties, yet how could he discover what those duties were until he became acquainted with himself? Nature? He has felt impelled to read the record, and what record is ignorant of the precepts which it contains?—*Investigator.*

It is hard to believe that in the heart of an accursed creature the germ of a giant oak, which shall baffle the storms of a century; but no harder than to believe that in all men lies the germ of an angel.

If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send.



**New Publications.**  
**THE EUROPEAN PUBLISHING FUND—HUDSON TUTTLE'S**

Hudson Titlle's "Ancora" was one of the first American Spiritual works translated into the German tongue. It dawned like a new light upon the thinkers of that Intellectual nation, and was hailed by them as the harbinger of a brighter day, than they had ever yet known. The *Ancora* was a welcome visitor to all who perused its thought-laden pages. Those who at first read it, did so, rather from their fondness for

scientific knowledge than because it was a spiritualistic publication, proceeding from the brain and heart of one whose whole nature lay open to spirit impressions, but whose whole truth opened to them in time, and the reading of this single volume in the German tongue has done more toward awakening their ideas on spiritual topics than anything else.

As was mentioned in the *BANNER*, not long since, a fund is now sought to be raised in this country for the express purpose of translating the best works on spiritual topics into the language of that country.

that their minds may be opened to the free reception of truth as it is sent down from heaven. We understand that it is meeting with success already.

Mr. Tuttle is about to publish, through the publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, a second volume of *Middle Arcana*, which will of course be as readily seized upon by the German people as was the other. We sincerely hope there will be no delay in putting it in the power of German translators to make the books of Tuttle, Edmonds, Davis, and others, as familiar to the people of that country as their own Hegel, Fichte and Kant.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for May has an excellent table of contents. Mrs. Kirkland opens the number with an agreeable discussion of matters in "The Great Prairie State" (Illinois); and is followed by Hammond, Pelot, Edmund Kirke (author of "Life Among the Wolves"); Carlton Edwards, Richard E. Kimball, Hon. Robert J. Walker, and others. It is a fine number of the magazine. The Continental keeps abreast with the age, discussing living topics in which all are interested, and publishing opinions and sentiments for which many a mind and heart has been long hungering. We like the *spirit* of the Continental: that best announces the character and aims of the whole undertaking. There is a show of practical statesmanship in it, as well as of literary excellence. Its contributors are of our first writers, and its editorial department is thoroughly attended to. We hope its influence may extend everywhere over the land, making it self felt for good.

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS. By Edmund Kirke. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This second book of Sketches of Southern Life by the author of "Among the Pines," is as fresh and pathetic and tragical as that was, and should be rewarded with an equal sale. Kirke is a graphic writer, and has been a contributor to the "Continental Monthly" since its existence began. This little volume of his hardly requires more than a mention, coming from a pen whose power has already been fully

conceded. The pages do not furnish fiction, but absolute truth. Its style is attractive and engrossing; the dialogues running through it are captivating to the last degree; and the pictures it depicts are types which will soon be forgotten by those who once look steadily upon them. No more stirring writer nibs a pen among the literary laborers of the day.

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**ANNETTE, OR THE LADY OF THE PEARLS.** By DOMAS, the younger. Translated by Miss W. R. A. Johnson. Philadelphia: Carey & Brothers. For sale by Boston by A. Williams & Co.

A fresh new novel by the author of "La Dame aux Camélias"; will be equally acceptable after the other

hands who admire and are moved by his prolific genius. "Annette" has been faithfully translated, and is reproduced by the Philadelphia publishers in excellent style—good paper, fair type, and paper covers.

THE CHRISTIAN BAPTIST is the title of two sermons preached by Thomas Worcester, Pastor of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem. They are thoughtful, eloquent, and persuasive. To show the truly spiritual value of the Sabbath to men, we quote as follows: "He (the Lord) is always present with men, and is always giving them his Holy Spirit; but it is more easy for them to come into such a state of mind as to receive His influence, and so to enjoy His presence, on Sabbath days, than on other days. This is known from the universal experience of the former Church, and from both the experience and doctrine of the New Church. The reason why we are more receptive of the Divine influence, and are more sensible of the presence of the Lord, on that day, than on others, is because we are more withdrawn from worldly concerns."

passions, worldly cares, and world amusements; on that day, than on other days; and because our minds are then more turned to heavenly and Divine things than at other times."

These two sermons are handsomely printed by Wm. Carter and Brother, Boston.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for May, published by John W. Orr, New York, contains an attractive assortment of original and selected miscellany, besides all the intelligence desired by the members of the order known as the I. O. of O. F. It is a handsome magazine, published at the low rate of one dollar a year.

The San Francisco Hesperian for April comes to us laden with very choice intellectual food. It is rapidly gaining in public favor in the Golden State, we understand.

**Correspondence in Brief.**  
A correspondent writing from New Canaan, Conn., under date of April 23, 1893, says:  
Something a little new, Mr. Editor, occurred in my medium experience, yesterday, and the thought immediately struck me it was a walk which properly belonged to your Free Circle department; I therefore copy and enclose it for your disposal.  
An old lady of my acquaintance who left the mundane sphere some eighteen months since, had been writing to her son in California, and having finished, a stranger addressed me as follows:  
"MY DEAR FRIEND—You are not through, I hope. Please accommodate another, who's long has waited. My loving friends would rejoice to hear from their long lost George. Can you make application to them, by paper and ink? If so, please say to them that their son has found a home more precious than any he's enjoyed on earth. He now rests in the bosom of those that want before him the better and, and be witness you to make good your claim to this better inheritance."  
Norwich, New York, my parents live. Jane Coffey is my mother's name."

Should it prove true, it will afford me satisfaction; if not, some one else may be benefited by reading your paper. Respectfully yours, OXONIA.

**Movement to Raise the Price of Paper.**  
The paper manufacturers held a Convention in New York, on the 22nd of April, and agreed to stop half of their work at the present rate of the market.

of their work on printing paper. The object is to raise the price. How long will the General Government aid such an internal monopoly by protective duties?

**Mrs. Anna L. V. Hatch.**

This eminent lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, speaks again in Lyceum Hall in the city of New York, next afternoon and evening. There is a great desire to hear her wherever she lectures.

...all of the above.



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