

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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DORA MOORE; OR THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

"A race, whose history is at once sad, beautiful and eloquent—and touching from its mournful and tragic interest, beautiful in its traditions, and eloquent in its glorious inspiration and teaching to mankind."

Continued. CHAPTER IX.

THE FAMINE.—VISIT TO AN IRISH HOSPITAL.

"On either hand
The lawns and meadow ledges, midway down,
Hang rich in flowers."

There is no part of Ireland richer in beautiful scenery than the Upper Shannon; and many a traveler lingers around Lake Dug, loth to leave a spot so full of natural charms. "The valley through which the Shannon hurries its winding way, with broad plains on either side, with here and there a wooded hill, and the far-off ranges in the distance; bounded by Slieve Pheling, Devil's Bit, Gortymore, and others of equal grandeur on the North; by the lofty mountains which approach to the very shores of the lake, just at its outlet; then the calm, clear waters spreading off to the north, with little outlets penetrating even into the sides of the rugged mountains which border its shores."

It is a storied land, where one may gaze and dream of the past, as he marks many an old gray ruin and frowning castle looking down with a beautiful sorrow upon the noble river, which, with a strength of youth, untouched by time, gallantly rolls past her.

Now a massive cathedral wins the eye, and we turn our ear to catch, perchance, the music of some solemn chant: anon the famous mausoleum of the old warrior, Brian Boru, is seen upon a lofty summit, and the memory takes up the burden of some old war-song, embalming the warlike deeds of Ireland's noble chieftain. A few elegant villas, surrounded by extensive parks and shady avenues, are scattered at the base of the range of hills in the distance, and look down on the broad, green meadows which skirt the lake.

No wonder the three travelers enjoyed their morning walk amid such scenery. Father McSweeney, in his long frock coat and broad-brimmed hat, portly and full fed as he seemed, yet, by the aid of his stout oak cudgel, kept all the time ahead of his companions. The American, though a younger man, was not so trained a pedestrian, and O'Neil, as he walked slowly and gazed around him, was occupied with his own thoughts.

"My lord," said the priest, "methinks the sight of these fair lands, your own birthright, should make you more cheerful this morning. For my part, I must acknowledge myself somewhat like the discontented Israelites; tired of my desert of a spiritual kingdom, and half inclined to bow down to the image of a calf. See those fat beaves in my meadow. By St. Patrick! what delicious steaks! How my mouth waters. Alack-a-day! how hard these fasts are for poor priests. My heart is scold and my tongue parched with the blackguard salt fish I must eat; not a bit of a bit of fresh beef for forty days in Lent, beside the innumerable number of other fasts: and then 'nor wife nor children o'er can be beheld.' It's a hard lot, that of a poor parish priest."

"I supposed his kingdom not of this world," said Mr. Hall, "and that, for every penance here, he expected to reap compound interest in another."

"True; but faith sometimes grows dim, you know, and the fat cattle of the Nile look fatter and fairer than the far distant ones on the mountains of Canaan. But look yonder in the distance; do you see that pile of rock glistening in the morning sun? Ay, that is Derry castle; I'll tell you a tale about it to-night. Isn't it a goodly land—'swate Ireland?'" And the priest flourished his staff, and sang snatches of old songs like the following:

"Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and the neighboring earth,
Where grow the slyleah and shamrock so green."

Mr. Hall took up the song, and answered:
"Who has o'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair?
An Irishman all in his glory is there:
At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows."

The priest turned, or rather rolled his rotund body round, and flourishing his stick, looked archly at his companion, and sang:

"In Tennessee, as I've heard say, dere once did use to dwell,
A fine old colored gentleman, and de niggers know'd him well;
They used to call him Sambo, or something near dat same—"

"I beg quarter," said Mr. Hall, stopping his ears; "pray tell me to whom that ruin belongs: that castle must have been burned in modern times."

"Ay, ay," said the priest, while an expression of real sadness flitted across his face, "it's a sad story, the history of that family; a tale of wrong, of suffering and cruelty, that makes me blush for humanity, and weep over guilt. But where is Lord O'Neil?"

They had shortened their walk to the hospital by

a cut across a broad meadow, and now, on looking back, the priest saw O'Neil, some rods distant, kneeling in the long grass, and trying to raise some burden. On hastening toward him, they found a poor child, almost concealed by the grass, and evidently dying from exhaustion and hunger. He had not strength to raise himself. "Can we bear him to the farm-house yonder?" asked O'Neil.

"Wait a moment," said the priest, while he produced from his capacious pocket a small flask of choice liquor, and poured some of the contents into the mouth of the child. Searching again the depths of the same pocket, he brought forth a biscuit, which he fed in small quantities to the little sufferer. The effect of the priest's skill was soon apparent; the child revived, and was able to stand alone and tell them the direction of his home. Thither he was guided, O'Neil himself leading the way. It was a wretched hovel, and the only inmates were the mother of the child and two sickly little ones. The only food in the house was a little meal, of which the woman was trying to make stirabout for the children who were crying from hunger; the poor creature was so weak herself she could scarcely stand.

That very morning, with the aid of her oldest child, she had dug a grave for her husband, who had died of the fever, and then sent the boy with their last fourpence to buy meal; but hunger and sorrow had nearly completed their sad work, when O'Neil crossed the field on his way to the hospital.

This gentleman supplied the wants of the family, and promised further aid from the castle, but he seemed even more sad and thoughtful than before. Father McSweeney bustled about, generously imparting temporal comfort with spiritual advice, and now and then stopping to say to Mr. Hall, "this isn't my parish sir; no, in all this time of famine and sickness, not one poor body among my flock has died of hunger. I see to that myself; my lord fills the purse and I empty it."

As they went on their way, while the jolly priest talked of the ancient glory of Ireland and told legends of castles and sung battle songs, O'Neil forgotful of every thing else, was examining the miserable hovels by the road-side, and watching the poor, cadaverous looking men and women, some of whom were trying to work on the roads, others laboring in the fields; but all looked haggard, and now and then a deserted cabin told the sad tale of a whole family cut off by the fever.

"My poor country!" exclaimed O'Neil, "how have I been enjoying life in foreign lands, forgetful of my dependants; henceforth I will live for a nobler purpose." This resolution was strengthened by the sight of the sufferers in the crowded hospital.

When the party came to the cot of Dora, she was sleeping; her hand lay upon the pillow, and her head turned to one side, was resting upon it. The still uncut curls of her soft brown hair fell upon her neck and partly shaded the pale face; the long eye lashes were moist with tears, but as she lay there, so still and pale, one little hand on the white sheet which was smoothly folded back, she looked like some beautiful piece of statuary, fresh from the hand of the artist. Jemmy was sitting on the floor by the side of Dora's cot, holding an apple which Father Doherty had left for him; the touch of its smooth surface seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure.

O'Neil was the first to notice Dora, and he stood, almost breathless over the bed, lest he should awaken the sleeper. Mr. Hall soon joined him, and whispering, "that's a beautiful face," remained standing by his side. Father McSweeney was busy, inquiring of the attendant about certain patients who belonged to his parish.

"See that they are well cared for," he says, "and don't let them want for anything, and be sure and cure them. I don't want to lose any of my flock. Who is in that cot yonder, where my lord is standing?"

"Ooh! please your reverence, it's little Dora and her blind brother—her father died of the fever, and her mother has gone to America, and died too; and the poor graults were picked up on their father's grave, by Father Doherty."

"The sick one is a little slip of a gal, and she's sick intirely; she's quiet when she's awake, but such dhrames as she has! 'twould make your heart ache to hear her pray the Holy Virgin to take Jemmy and her to heaven to dwell with their father and mother."

"They've no friends on earth but Father Doherty, and he, poor man, is took with the fever this blessed morning."

The story, brief as it was, needed no embellishment, to enlist the sympathies of any warm-hearted priest, and he, too, in a moment, was at the side of his friends, telling in a low voice the sad tale; and he hoped it will not be considered derogatory to his manliness to add that a few tears fell on his broad face, as he looked on the children. Little Jemmy hearing voices, and feeling the presence of others, held his apple firmly with one hand, while with the other he grasped the bed quilt of Dora's cot and clung to it as if fearful of being removed.

"They say the name is Moore," said McSweeney, "and they came from near Killaloe. I wonder if they belong to the family that intermarried with the O'Neils, a distant branch of your own family, my lord?"

"I have heard of such a family," said O'Neil, "but having been so long out of the country I have not kept trace of any excepting the heir at law; and he, you know, as yet, has gained little of my esteem. It is this which makes me sad, when I look at the numerous tenantry on my estate; their happiness is dependent on the life of our frail, precious Maud, and for her, alas! I cannot hope many years in this world."

"Cheer up my lord," said the priest, "it is often that these ethereal, angelic beings like Maud cheat death of its prey; the old racial mistakes them for celestial visitants, and seizes hold of such fleshy devils as myself. Long life say I to Maud, and when we get home, we will drink to her health in a bottle of your oldest port."

Dora slept on, unmindful of the kind hearts by her side.

"You will inform me," said the priest to the attendant, "about this child; when she is better I will call in and see to what family of O'Neils she belongs; they are an ancient race in this country, and I ought to know the pedigree of the whole clan."

It was vain to make any attempt at removing Jemmy from his sister's side, though Lord O'Neil would gladly have sent him to his own house, where he would have been kindly cared for. "It would be the death of both," said the attendant, and convinced of this themselves, as they saw the boy clutch the bed clothes, and cling closely to his sister's side, they turned away.

The hospital, though crowded to its utmost capacity with the sick and dying, was in good order, and the patients were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Alas! it was not in the hospitals that the greatest suffering was to be found; in the cabins, where misery hid itself and shrunk from public gaze, and in the by-ways, where the dead and dying lay in the path; every day little creatures were found hid among nettles, squatted under turf-sacks, or asleep at the door of a cabin where the last of their relations lay dead within.

Ay! at that very time many an unburied corpse lay in the wretched cabins where they died, because none could be found to bury them.

The investigations made that day by O'Neil were enough to sadden much harder hearts than these three men possessed. It was true of Father McSweeney, that he had labored hard for the comfort of his own flock, and there was less suffering there than in any other parish in the County, but in doing this he had not looked beyond his own domain. That day he learned that disease was cutting away the population at a rate not easily estimated. The poor were buried by stealth, uncoffined and at night. Parents buried their children in gardens and by-places, to hide the fact of their death, in order that their miserable pittance of meal might not be stopped.

Poor Father Doherty was worn out with labor and care for the sick and dying. In an interview with Father McSweeney the next day, he said, "We have dead bodies every where; I have been obliged to handle them, coffin them, and put them in the earth myself."

Maud O'Neil was present in the evening in the library of her father, where the three gentlemen were discussing their visit to the hospital.

She listened with much interest to their account of Dora and her brother, and in answer to her father's remark, "I was sorry not to bring the little blind boy home with me. Maud said, 'Oh no, father, it would be a pity to separate them; I wish we could have them both here.'"

The next afternoon, an hour or two before dinner, mounted on her own well trained horse, accompanied by a faithful servant, she rode to the hospital. She did not inform her father of her purpose, lest dread of her taking the fever should induce him to forbid the ride. All night long she had dreamed of the lonely sick girl and her little blind brother, and she felt that she must see them.

Dora was better; the long sleep of the day previous had done her good. The crisis of her fever was past, and she lay weak and drowsy, but free from pain; her large blue eyes opened wide, and she looked wonderingly up to the beautiful vision that now bent over her pillow.

Maud was at this time about seventeen years of age, slender and graceful in form, with a sweet, fair face, full of gentleness and love. Her features were regular, almost classically so; her skin clear, transparent, lily-like in its whiteness, save the soft, roseate hue which tinged the cheeks; very soft indeed was this color, just redeeming the face from paleness. Her hair, as the poet describes it, was "gold in the sunlight, and brown in the shade," wavy and thick. It was parted plainly on the forehead, and wound around her head in heavy braids. She had laid aside her riding cap, and her neatly fitting habit

became her as it fell in long soft folds to the floor. She laid her little white hand on Dora's head, parted the curls, and said gently, "I came to see you, because you were sick; may I put this in your hand?" giving her an orange.

Jemmy, as usual, was by Dora's bedside; he heard the voice, and his sweet tones removed all fear. As he sat upon the floor, he put forth his hand very timidly, and touched Maud's dress, the soft cashmere pleased him, and he turned his sightless eyes up, as if longing to get a glimpse of the wearer.

Maud seated herself, and gently placed him in her lap. There was a moss rosebud in her bosom. Jemmy's fingers strayed to it; she gave it him, and after handling it a moment, he said, "Sissy isn't she rosebud too?" He had a distinct remembrance of roses, for Dora was always fond of flowers, and they had been the playthings of their infancy. Maud had bought many little comforts for Dora, and promised to come and see her often. Gradually she drew from her the short history of her life, and as Maud looked upon the little deserted ones, her angel-like spirit longed to fold them in the wings of her love, and shield them from further sorrow. Dora soon wearied, she was so weak, and Maud, administering some cordial, bade her try to sleep.

Dora's cat was near a large arched window that looked toward the west. The declining sun was sending its mild evening beams into the large room, touching with its soft light the long rows of single beds that filled that room of sorrow. Maud dropped the light curtain, and smoothing the bed clothes, said, "Try and sleep now, and I will sing to you." Dora's face brightened in a moment, and smiling, she said, "Are you an angel, and will you take Jemmy and me up to heaven, where mother has gone?"

"No, I'm no angel, darling, but I will take care of you; there, try to sleep."

With Jemmy still on her lap, Maud sung, in a low voice, the Hymn to the Virgin—

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Ave Maria! day is declining;
Safely and innocently fly with the light,
Temptation and danger, thy love be our light;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;
From the fall of the shroud, all the men shall rejoice,
Shield us from danger and save us from crime.
Ave Maria! Aud nua.
Ave Maria! Oh, hear when we call,
Mother of Him who is Saviour of all!
Foolish and fearing, we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.
Ave Maria! Aud nua."

Like the voice of an angel seemed the soft music as it floated in low tones from the corner of the large ward; more than an sufferer felt its power; Jemmy was asleep with his head leaning against Maud. She carefully removed him to the foot of Dora's bed, and hastened homeward, fearful lest her long absence would alarm her father.

CHAPTER X. COUSIN HARRY.

"I will seek to win her
With a bold constraint;
Better best slumber
Than a doubtful saint."

Maud was a fearless rider, her horse well trained, and a swift canter over the fine, smooth road, was very pleasant that evening, marred only by a little anxiety lest she should be too late to meet her father at dinner. But her thoughts suddenly took another direction. As she turned into the road leading to the castle, she saw a gay equipage dash up the shaded avenue and stop at the castle gate. Maud's heart beat quick; she thought she recognized that carriage. It must be that her cousin, Harry O'Neil, had anticipated the time of his visit by two or three days. She reined in her own horse to a slower gait, but the quick eye of the gentleman who had just alighted, caught sight of the lady, and came down the avenue to meet her. Tall, well proportioned, easy in address, this cousin of Maud's was known throughout Galway and Clare as "handsome Harry." He owned a fine estate on the banks of the Shannon, and already, though but thirty years of age, had been sent on a foreign embassy. It was from this mission he had just returned, and came now to pay his respects to Lord O'Neil, to whose estate, in case of Maud's death and default of heirs, he was heir.

The parties had not met before since they passed the winter together, at Rome, two years previous. There was little sympathy between the old lord and Harry. The latter was noted on the turf—a great sportsman, something of a dabbler in politics, and fond of fashionable life. Rumor now and then whispered of high bets, and certain gallantries which might have seriously affected the reputation of one in a lower station of life; but Harry O'Neil belonged to the British aristocracy, and therefore Rumor spoke in whispers, and the hushed voice reached the ears of but few, while Lord O'Neil only heard it through his friend McSweeney, who, with all his innate love of good cheer and merry times, had still, through some cause unaccountable to himself, a secret dislike to handsome Harry. Maud—our gentle, loving Maud—knew her cousin only in one character; the lively, generous playmate of her childhood, and the fashionable, accomplished companion of her tour through Italy. It is natural for a weak, timid woman to look with admiration on the physical strength and grace of manhood in its prime; and, on the other side, the gentle, quiet Maud, in her unconscious loveliness, was more attractive to Harry from the contrast to himself. Poor Maud had learned to love, and now, as Harry lifted her from the saddle, he felt the trembling of the little hand, and the rapid beating of the heart. He saw, too, the flush upon her face, and pleasantly congratulating her on her improved health, he accompanied

her to the library, to meet her father. In his own heart was triumph. "Ay," he said to himself, "I shall conquer even here. 'Twas but the one step between me and the object of my ambition—a seat in Parliament. The solemn old lord, much as he may dislike me in his heart, is too fond of his daughter to thwart her inclination; and she, Maud, the angel—I don't know how she can fancy such a dare-devil as myself; but it's just like her sex—they must love or die, and the love of such a glorious creature is enough to make even me, with all my conquests fresh in view, a proud man. Ay, and who knows but it will make me a better man? Ay, who knows! At any rate I'll quit some of my errors for a while."

Such was the soliloquy of the gentleman—a confident of some of the august members of the queen's cabinet, and the late envoy to Russia,—as he walked side by side with Maud, through the long hall which led to the library. The greeting between the two kinsmen, if not cordial, was at least tempered by suavity, and marked by that gentle bearing which always accompanies good breeding.

The conversation at dinner turned upon the famine, and the present state of Ireland. Lord O'Neil asked his kinsman if he had inquired into the condition of the peasantry on his own estate.

"Not I, my lord. I have tried it two or three times, and I would as soon put my hand into a hornet's nest; it is only from the papers I learn of the horrible outrages, and murders, of the burning and the starving throughout the land. My agent makes great complaints about collecting the rent, and he told me yesterday that he lived in constant fear of being shot; so much so, that whenever he rides out, he invariably takes, as a means of protection, two boys—one before and one behind him, on the horse, so that he could not be killed without one of the boys being shot. He's not over severe with them, either, I fancy, for he does not make more than half so much from the land as O'Brien. I have always been sorry that I dismissed him; but it was for a maiden's whim. I was riding out one morning, when I saw a whole family huddled together by the side of a hedge; it was cold, and a slight snow had fallen during the night. As I came opposite them, a girl drew near, as if wishing to speak; a real rustic beauty, my lord, with feet and ankles bare, but so perfectly shaped they would answer as models for Venus; her figure was slight and graceful, and her hair in sunlight like burnished gold fell in curls over her white shoulders. I stopped my horse. 'What do you wish, my pretty maiden?'"

"She curtsied low. 'I make bold to bother yer kind honor wid my troubles. Sure, and its hand upon my ould mother to be turned out of doors when the snow was on the ground, in the cold night, when no one was stirring to my God save ye; and we were not suffered to take so much as a blanket, because the bits of things were to be carted to the next morning to pay the rent of a field which my brother took and never worked.'"

"And who has done this?" I said.

"Well, my lord, and wasn't it the master ye set over us, sure, and we strive to please the agent; and it doesn't become the likes of me, nor would be manners to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a gentleman by your lordship's notice, which the whole country knew he was not afore by birth or breeding. 'Well, my lord, sure and if ye put a sod of turf—saying yer presence—in a good dish, it's only a turf still; and he must ha' beef Ould Nick's born child, (Lord save us) when yer honor's smile couldn't brighten him! And it's the truth, my lord, and no lie—first of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges; and then we were forced to give our best fowl as a compliment to Mr. O'Brien, because the goat, (and the cat without a tooth,) they said skinned the trees; then the priest, (ye mind Father Lavery,) and the agent quarreled, and so, out of spite, he set up a school, and would make all the children go there, and then the priest hindered, and to be sure we stud by the church, and so there was nothing but trouble—and, but may be I'm tiring yer honor, but when ye went away, sure, and the winter was come in earnest, and the summer was gone forever.'"

"Now I leave it to you Father McSweeney, if mortal man could stand that?" The rich brogue rolled in silvery sweetness from her nimble tongue, and the melting blue eyes, looked pleadingly up from beneath the shadow of their silken fringes. "Pray what would you have done reverend sir?"

I should have crossed myself and prayed, 'Ei ne nas inducas intentionem.'"

But her beautiful eyes would have answered—

"Sed libera nas a malo."

"And he who had the power punished the oppressor," said Mr. Hall.

"He did so," replied handsome Harry, "much to the detriment of my purse. I dismissed O'Brien, but for many days I was beset whenever I showed my face out of doors, with 'Plass yer honor will ye hear right this?' 'For the love of heaven will ye hear my story?' 'Ooh! and I'm glad yer honor came, for we shall have justice now,' till I was wearied out and in despair, telling my agent not to permit me to be bothered with their private affairs, I left the country, and held my ears until the channel rolled between me and my tenants."

To tell the truth, I would be glad if they were all safe in America, and their places filled with English and Scotch laborers. I suppose there is suffering at present in the country, and more laborers than work to supply them, and, if the papers are truthful, there

• Mrs. Hall's Kate Connor.

have been some instances of starvation; but, as a class, our peasantry are unused to luxuries, and do not feel the lack of them; they are lazy, and do not work when work is to be had; they are ungrateful, and gifts are often thrown away when bestowed upon them. I am glad to leave my old castle and live on the continent. Shall you not be glad, cousin Maud, to return to Italy and forget this land of beggars?"

"Not so, Harry, I am learning to love Ireland; every thing here pleases me but the human sorrow I see; if we could only lessen this, it would be the brightest land the sun shines upon."

"And it can be lessened," said Father McSweeney, bringing his fist down upon the table, and thus giving vent a little to the smothered indignation within him. "The glory of old Ireland might yet return if the descendants of the old chieftains had but a spark of their forefathers' fire. If they would spend their substance at home instead of wasting it in riotous living abroad; if they would struggle to wrest the power from the hand of their tyrants, instead of sitting tamely at their feet." In the words of another, "our liberties have been assailed, our religion repudiated, our homes invaded, and we compelled by taxes to support the government that oppresses, and by rents the lords who impoverish us. Look on our beautiful island, see our abbies in ruins, our cloisters forsaken of the reverend men who once dwelt in them, and the graves of our brave ancestors unguarded by the watchful care of their descendants."

There is pride of chieftain here, as in former times, but instead of soldiers to arm and protect his dependants, there are rapacious landlords who treat them as serfs. Alas for Ireland when her aristocracy have lost the will and the power to protect.

But there is a remedy still. Look at the condition of my Lord O'Neill's estate since his return. Much as the present misery grieves him, I know it is lessened one-half by his presence. His improved method of cultivating the land has employed more laborers and at increased prices, and his personal supervision of his agents has prevented much oppression. And, sir, there are on your own estate more than a thousand acres of waste land that might be cultivated by your suffering tenants, much to their alleviation, giving them that independence which well paid labor only can bestow."

Young Harry's dark eyes flashed, and the color mounted to his cheeks at the plain spoken language of the priest, but he commanded himself, and was only happy to be saved an immediate reply, by the gray-headed butler bringing, at that moment, some of that venerable port of which Father McSweeney has before made mention.

"Shall we not drink the health of the returned absentee?" said Lord O'Neill.

"Most willingly," replied the priest, "and may he remain as long in old Ireland as this same good wine hath done."

"Retaining all his good qualities, and gaining mellowness and flavor in Saint Patrick's land."

"Ay! ay!" said the priest, "and be embalmed at last in the hearts of true Irishmen," and he tossed off his glass with great gusto, and a smack of the lips, which showed his full appreciation of the merits of old port.

Neither did Father McSweeney refuse to join in the pleasures of the chase; it was the hunting season, and in the wide domain of O'Neill there was no lack of opportunity to enjoy the sylvan sport.

The neighboring gentry, too, showed all due courtesy to the returned ambassador, and fetes and parties were frequent during the three weeks he remained at O'Neill castle. Maud did not forget little Dora, and sent frequent gifts to her by the faithful old porter, but she found no opportunity to repeat her visit. So Dora lay in her little cot, looking in vain for the coming of the beautiful lady, with her sweet angel voice, and Jenny would sit on the floor with the flowers which Maud sent, and as he enjoyed their perfume would say, "It's like her singing, Sissy—it seems as if she were breathing close to us—will she come to us again, Dodo?"

"Yes, darlint, she said she would, and she aint the one to speak false." But said she would come and take us with her." She day after day passed and Maud did not come; in the meanwhile Dora grew better daily, a faint color came to her pale cheek; she no longer refused the food which her nurse brought, and her blue eyes looked clear and bright. When the sun rose in the morning she looked wistfully out of the window, but when it sent its soft evening light into the hall and touched her own little cot, her heart leaped with joy. "Oh, Jenny, we will soon go out of doors, and see the green fields and little brooks and little birdies—won't it be nice?"

Alas! poor Dora, in the excess of her own joy had forgotten that Jenny could not see them, and when she turned to draw him nearer to her, and saw those sightless eyes turned toward her, her own joy was changed to sorrow. But the little fellow delighted to hear his sister talk so cheerfully, put his arms round her neck, and kissing her, said, "Dodo see them, Dodo see them and tell Jenny."

The time came at last, when the children were allowed to go out and take the air in the grounds of the hospital. Dora was clad in a neat, comfortable dress, which has been provided by Maud, and Jenny, too, in new clothes, from the same kind hand.

It was a mild autumn day, the sun bright and the fields green as ever in that moist isle. A few flowers lingered by the hedges and in the shady lanes. Dora walked slowly, for she was weak yet; but she pushed back the curls from her fair face and drew her shawl up over her head, and with Jenny's hand in hers, forgot sickness and sorrow in the enjoyment of sunshine and the sweet air. Nature is a blessed comforter, and she has a voice of soothing for the weary child, as well as the way-worn pilgrim.

At this very hour, when Dora was singing merry snatches of song to Jenny, as they sat on a gray rock beside a laughing brook, a gayer, but not more happy party, were bounding o'er the hills with trained horses and eager hounds, hunting the deer. Not the least merry of the horsemen was Father McSweeney; his broad face was red with excitement, and his capacious breast drank in the morning air, with as much zest as his eager eyes the distant landscape, for the hounds had already scented their prey, and our good priest shared the desire of the old hunter he rode to be "in at the death." As onward they went, heedless of fence or grain field, now taking a leap that made the parson's fat sides shake, and anon over brake and bush, as if the horse would test the rider's mettle—a test well kept, for the priest was an old hand at the game, and kept his seat with as much dignity as he would the crimson chair of the Pope, had he suddenly been elevated to its well stuffed cushion. As on he went with

"Eyes and ear attentive bent."

he was suddenly compelled to draw rein, by the appearance of a traveller directly in his path.

"Heigh ho! don't stop me, man, another time—another time, good Mick." There's a time for all things, the wise man says, an hour for sport and an hour for old Homer's Greek. Come to the parsonage to-morrow, and we'll have a dish of the latter seasoned with a "dhrap" of the whiskey. Here's a douceur to comfort your stomach this fine morning," (throwing him a piece of money) "don't doff your bow, man, it takes time—faith and its worn will; how proud I was of it when I first placed it on my caput to keep company with my priest's gown, worn for the first time; you've put the badge of your profession on it, I see," touching the huge red and green rosette, "well, well, every man to his liking. Bring your fiddle, and we'll season old Homer with a serape of the bow."

"If your reverence would please inform—"

"Don't reverence me now, friend Mick. Come to-morrow and make confession, play the fiddle, or talk Latin and Greek; but zounds, I shall be late. Do you hear the hounds? I must dance to that music," and touching lightly with his spurs the sides of his horse, he was soon out of sight.

The old friend, Mick Nogher, seated himself on the hillock and watched the horseman till he disappeared.

"Quare priest that; wonder if his fat sides will squeeze through the narrow way to the other world; and yet, he has a good heart, and barring his love of the chase, a humane one. Well, well, he might have told me if he knew anything of the gauls. Poor things, the little birdeen is near my heart; if she but knew of this, how she would dance and sing," and he took a letter from his pocket. "Miss Dora Moore, care of Dennis Murphy, Killaloe, County Clare. (Boston, U. S. A.) Very slowly Uncle Mick read this over; he had done so twenty times, perhaps, during the last week, and had puzzled himself in vain over the mystical letters, "U. S. A." Now he scratched his head and repeated it over and over, U. S. A. "Ay! I have it now. You see, Ameriky. Ay! I have it now. Peggy Moore aint dead—no, no, this aint her handwriting sure, cause she's no scollard," then turning to the large, round red wafer, "and there's no black to the seal," and now holding it up in the bright sunlight, and carefully passing his fingers over the paper, "its thrue as gospel, there's money in it; now for the childer. I wish my poor old bones were young again. I never feel my infirmities, only when I want to do some good to others. Well, here's what will put the life into an old man," and he tossed up the piece of silver that Father McSweeney had given him.

The places are not few nor far between, in Ireland, where the "dhrap of the crater" may be obtained. The Maine liquor law, unfortunately, does not prevail here, and the devil's panacea for the troubles of the mind, is as easily obtained and vended there as are the wonderful patent medicines which cure all diseases of the body in New England. Mick Nogher replaced his beaver, put the letter carefully into the pocket of his scarlet vest, drew his "Jokey" around him and fastened the strap in front, shouldered his fiddle, and resumed his oak staff. A few minutes walk brought him to a little alle-house, where his money was soon dissolved into that magical stomach warmer recommended by the priest, and as highly appreciated by his humble friend, the fiddler.

He could walk now without feeling his infirmities, but where to go was the question. He had traced Dora from Killaloe to the cabin of the woman who kindly entertained her over night; from thence he had gone to her old home, intending to enlist Father Doherty in the search. The good priest was ill of a fever, and Mick, like many of his countrymen, shut a sick bed, and could never, on any account, be prevailed on to go near a fever patient.

"And what shall I do now?" said he to himself, as he stood at a distance watching the priest's house. Thinking of a price reminded him of Father McSweeney—a fact brightly. "I have it," he said, "the story of the poor children will touch his heart, and my fiddle never fails to put him in good humor—then we'll have a dish of Greek—yes, yes, I'll away to MoSweeney."

Hearing at the cabin of the return of "Handsome Harry" to the county, and of the hunting party of the day, he determined to waylay the priest, whom he rightly supposed to be one of the sportsmen. His suggestion we have seen. "It seems hard," he said to himself, "and the poor little things so full of sorrow; but one day is long to the heart that is heavy."

But Mick had learned "to take things asy," and being comforted with the bit and the sup, he thence to take a stroll to the castle.

"And so O'Neill has returned home," he said, as he walked up the avenue, and noticed the improvements in the grounds, the open castle, and the appearance of life and bustle in the vicinity. The venerable old gate keeper was at his post in the pretty lodge, and had a warm welcome for the fiddler. The old cronies had a "dish of discourse," and as Mick was very fond of talking of the gentry, the race of O'Neils were discussed, and their pedigree. "I know 'em all," said Mick; they are a brave race: some have lost titles and castles, but the old blood is in their veins. There was one Martin Moore, do ye mind him, who lived not far from here: his mother was an O'Neill—they are kinsmen in the third degree, but were poor and unknown by kith and kin. The gatekeeper had no knowledge of the family. "But you know, perhaps," he added, "that the two branches of O'Neils will be united some day: the old feud is settled, and the streams will run together again."

"No: how so?" said Mick, eagerly.

"Why, you know Handsome Harry?"

"Know handsome Harry! None know him better—not the mother who bore him. Is he going to marry the heiress of O'Neill castle?"

"All settled, I fancy. My lord aint for it, but something keeps his mouth shut, and he lets the wooing go on; and she, poor Maud, has a bright eye and a red cheek when over the shadow of Harry passes her: the old story, Mick—women like a douceur, form add a bonny face. I wish there was a window to the heart of her lover."

"Tell me about this Maud, Maud—it is an old family name; the grandmother, who came from France, bore it."

"I can't describe Maud to you, Mick; my old tongue is too lame to make the words go smooth enough to describe her; but do ye mind a song of yours—one of the 'quality songs,' as ye call it:

"Ye're over pure, quo' the voice of God.

"For dwelling out o' heaven."

"Then Heaven help the lassie," said Mick, "and

me too, that I may keep a still tongue in my mouth."

As they were talking, Maud herself, on horseback, came past the lodge, and stopped to say a kind word to the old gatekeeper.

Mick Nogher caught a glance of that fair, sweet face, as she bent forward to ask after the old man's wife, who was sick with the rheumatism, and bid him come and get some medicine which she had herself prepared for the invalid. When she passed on, Mick—who by long experience had become an expert physiognomist—began to hum a verse from the ballad just quoted, altering it slightly:

"She is beloved by a, my lassie,

"She is beloved by a,"

"An angel will fall in love w' her,

"And t'k' her frae us a."

"What's that about an angel, Mick?" said the gatekeeper. "It's no angel that's fallen in love with her, I tell ye, man."

"No, by St. Patrick, it aint; but I used the fute tense, old fellow. You don't understand grammar like Father McSweeney and myself. Now for a dhrap, and then I must take a stroll to visit some old friends."

Mick was not a deep drinker, though he liked a little often, and his two morning drams did not confuse his intellect or make him less active. Indeed, he seemed to have forgotten his "old bones" as he trudged on past the cabins belonging to the O'Neill estate, and wended his way to the other part of the town. When he came in sight of the hospital, his first thought was to pass it far on the other side; but at that very moment he caught sight of two children. One—a little girl—was trimming a boy's hat with flowers; as she finished the wreath, she took the hand of her companion and placed it carefully on the flowers, passing it round gently. Then she placed it on his head, and, taking his hand, they both proceeded toward the Hospital. Mick Nogher quickened his steps.

"Now, holy Mary be praised!" he exclaimed, "that can be no other than Dora Moore."

"Dora, darlint!" he called aloud, and hobbled on as fast as his old legs would permit.

"Dodo, some one calls," said Jenny, who heard the voice sooner than his sister.

"Dora, darlint, stop a bit," again called Mick: "I can't go into the hospital where the fever is."

Dora looked in the direction of the voice, and the next moment her little brown curly head lay close to the rest of the old fiddler.

"I'm so glad you've come, uncle Mick!" was all she could say, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XI.

MICK NOGHER'S HOME.—SCENERY OF THE SHANNON.

Uncle Mick looked at the pale thin face of Dora, and then taking her little white hands in his, said, "And so, birdeen, you've been sick with the fever, and forsaken by all your friends, your arthly friends, mean—but God and the holy Virgin haint forgotten you. No, avourneen, it's just such little forsaken things that God loves, and he's remembered ye, and sent ye a letter all the way from Ameriky."

"A letter! a letter!" exclaimed Dora, starting back, and flinging the curls from her forehead, that she might look into Mick's face to see if it did not belie his words.

"Yes, honey, I told you so; now sit down on this little bench, you are too weary to stand, and I'll lie down on the grass and watch Jenny while ye read us the news."

The little girl eagerly broke the seal, and as she opened the sheet, a bank note fell out.

"What is that, Uncle Mick?"

"Whist, aush! there's wisdom in silence when pound notes fly from the trees; it's money, jewel, that your mother has arned for you, a whole pound."

"Save it for me, Uncle Mick, I don't know how to use it; but see, here, there's mother's name at the fut of the letter, Peggy Moore, in a nice plain hand-write. Mother couldn't write, Daddy."

"Somebody has writ it for her, Dora."

"Then she aint dead, burst into tears," and she let the letter fall, and thrust into her pocket.

Jenny threw his arms round his sister's neck;

"Don't cry, sissy, let's go to mammy."

"Come, Dora, avourneen, who told ye your mother was dead? Faix and you bother my old head with your tears," said Mick Nogher, as he picked up the letter. "Can't ye read it yourself?"

"I can spell it out, may be," said Dora, "but I've almost forgotten writing—since father used to teach me."

"Well, then, it's me that can read it intirely," said the fiddler, and a fine hand it is, and all writ in nice English," and Mick proceeded to smooth out the paper, and then holding it out before him, read in a full, sonorous voice, as if it were his old Homer, the following brief epistle:—

Boston.

My dear child,—I am safe in America at last, but I have had a hard time of it. We were so crowded on the ship, that we all got sick, and the food was so bad that it hardly kept the breath of life in us. A good many died, and had to be thrown overboard. Oh, it made my heart sick to see 'em buried like dogs, with no priest to say a prayer. It was terrible in the night time, in the part of the ship where the Irish were; we could have no light, and some were crazy with the fever, and some swearing, and here and there a poor wretched creature calling on God for mercy. I think many were taken sick from the bad air and the filth. I stood it pretty well, till we were most to America; then I gave out, and thought I must die. I lay on a blanket on the dirty floor, for five days, with nothing to take but cold water, which a poor old lame man brought to me every day. I was sorry then I had left dear old Ireland, and my children. I kept praying the Holy Virgin to bless you. One day two little children died near me, and they carried them up on deck, and I heard the sailors when they buried them in the deep sea. Then I became crazy myself, for I remember nothing more till I found myself lying on a clean bed in a nice large room, and a kind woman brought me some medicine. They were very good to me there, and in a few weeks I was well, but all my clothes were gone, thrown overboard, because there was so much fever in the ship. It was very hard, and me so feeble, but I soon got a place to work, where I wash and iron, and earn eight shillings a week. I had to buy myself a gown, or I should have sent you some money before.

You must use this for clothes for you and Jenny, and give one-third of it to Dennis and Biddy. God in heaven will bless them for being good to my poor little ones. You must not come to America till I can send money enough for Biddy to come too. You would die as those poor children did on the floor at my side."

Tell Dennis he must come to America—there's plenty of work, and we eat meat every day. I don't mean that I forget fast days; but the people are most all Protestants, and they are so kind to me I wish they were of the true church.

God bless you, darlint!

From your ever loving mother,

Peggy Moore.

Dora took the letter from Mick, examined it carefully, and kissed it again and again.

"She's dead, Uncle Mick. Oh, how glad I am God didn't hear our prayer, and let Jenny and me die, we shouldn't have found mother if he had."

"Tut, tut, avourneen, and ye didn't pray to be laid in the cold grave, you that have just opened your bright eyes on the world! Ooh and I know it's a weary world enough, and we must all have our share of trouble, but it is not good for young hearts to be heavy. I'm an old man, Dora, and I'll tell ye now that ye may not forget, 'never despair.' There's always a morning to night, and the darker the night the brighter the day. And when ye pray, don't pray for things to come sartin, cause we don't know what is good for us, but say God's will be done. Will ye remember, darlint?"

"I will, Uncle Mick. Here Jenny, darlint, here's the place," and she put his finger on the spot where his mother's name was written.

"May I kiss it, Dodo?"

"Don't forget the money, Dora; here, let me fasten it into the letter," said Uncle Mick. "I suppose now you have this, you'll go back and live with Biddy. How came you to leave her? and why didn't she nurse you when you were sick?"

Dora told her story, with the simplicity of a child. "Och, and a quare woman that Biddy Murphy. She's for self intirely; but when she finds ye have money she'll trate ye kindly."

"And can ye divide the money?" said Dora. "Can ye cut off one-half and send to Biddy?"

"Now the saints be praised, my pretty little girlreen, that it's Mick Nogher has found ye; that is n't the way to change a bank note. But I'm not for giving so much to the wicked woman that turned ye out of doors."

"May be it will soften her heart, daddy. Can ye send it in a letter?"

"Be sure I can. Didn't Mick Nogher tache school, and can't he write like a priest? But I'm thinking ye'll carry it yourself."

But no inducement could prevail upon Dora to return to her aunt. She had once been turned out of doors, and her high spirit revolted at the idea of returning.

"And where will ye go, child? ye cannot stay in the hospital."

Dora hung her head, as if unwilling to reveal her hopes. She pulled the fringe of her shawl with her fingers, as she said: "There was a beautiful lady here the other day. I thought she was an angel at first, but I didn't see any wings, and she told me she would take care of Jenny and me. I'm waiting for her."

"Was her hair golden brown, and were her eyes blue, like spring violets with the dew on 'em? her voice like soft music? and did she call her Maud?"

"I don't know her name, Uncle Mick, but you've told her hair, and eyes, and voice. I'm waiting for her every day."

"And did he promise you should go and live with her?"

"Yes, she did, Uncle Mick."

"Humph!" said the fiddler; and he began to play a little air on his fiddle, looking very earnestly now and then at Dora, and falling at last into quite a fit of musing. "No, no," he muttered to himself, "she must not be dependent on the O'Neils; they're her own kin, to be sure, though they don't know it; and then the girl is a beauty—she'll bloom out one of these days like a May daisy, and—handsome Harry! has already plucked too many wild flowers on the Shannon. The wee darlint must go with old Mick Nogher. Sartin a bit I've to give the childer but a shelter, and my own tache. They'll learn music and the fear of God, and the de'il knows they might learn worse things than these where Harry O'Neill is."

"I'm almost sorry," said the old man, as he roused from his reverie, "that you're going to live at the big castle. I thought if you didn't fancy biding with Biddy Murphy, ye might come with me for the winter; ye once thought it would be nice to see Mick Nogher's home."

"And may we go with you?" said Dora, jumping up, "and may Jenny go too? And will ye tell us fairy stories, and talk about the old castles?"

"Yes, till you're weary; and I'll tache Jenny to sing and play on the fiddle."

"Oh, that will be nice," said the little girl, hugging Jenny, and fairly dancing with delight.

"And can ye keep the house for an old man, Dora?"

"I can cook the praties and make the strabout, and I can put some meal and pratle into a sup of milk, and make you nice cakes, Uncle Mick."

"Well, you shall thry, my birdeen; now run into the house, and I'll come for ye in the morning; this evening I must have a dish of discourse with Father McSweeney."

"And will ye send the money to Biddy Murphy?"

"Howld yer whist, mavourneen, to be talking so loud about the money—ye're a good child though, not to harbor malice. I'll take the note, and not ginsay ye again about it, but will get the change and send one-third of it—mind ye, only one-third, as your mammy said—to Biddy Murphy, this very night. Pat Cornish goes down on the boat, and it's himself is an honest man."

In a pleasant little house not far from O'Neill castle, Father McSweeney lived in "priestly loneliness," as he said, though two "slips of womankind," as he termed his maiden sisters, fed the vestal fire in his domicile. Mick Nogher found him alone in his own room, tuning a violin, now and then trying the strings and humming a song. A round table stood in the centre of the room, on which rested a joint of meat, rolls of bread, and a couple of bottles with their companion glasses.

"Holla, old boy, he cried out, as he saw the fiddler approach. "A time to make merry—now we're in for it—first take a 'dhrap,' and as he spoke, he poured hot water from the steaming tea-kettle on the hob, and carefully compounded a beverage with sugar and whiskey, which would, he declared make a man's heart dance within him."

Then old Homer was produced, and for an hour the two scholars forgot even the contents of the table in their love of the old Greek.

"Why, Mick, you'd make a professor of Greek in a college," said Mick, as he tried to get a school for a collage. "Faith, and I'll try to get a school for a collage, any how. I grow rusty, but you read as if you'd hoboabbed with Homer himself."

"And I do live, and walk, and talk with him; barring your reverence, he's the best company I have. But about the school, bedad, and it's not me that would be shut up in the four walls of a room, loading Greek roots, on asses' backs. Why, man, it aint one in a hundred can enter into the spirit of Greek after they have learned to read it. I come from the old race of Greeks, their blood runs in my veins."

"That's it, my boy," said the priest, "the old settlers of Ireland sprung from a noble race, but came, my bow is strung, we'll court the muses, my bow forbids all other wooing. First, I'll uncork this long necked bottle. Ha, ha, see how it sparkles. This came from the castle vault; it's older than you and I, Mick."

"Then it ought to impart wisdom," said the fiddler, as he drained the glass.

Then came mirth and song. Boon companions were the fiddler and the priest; and the old ballads of Ireland, sung by these two old amateurs had ample justice done them; until the small hours, the house rung with the music.

Steadily refusing to take another dram, Mick left to take a few hours' sleep before starting on his journey with the children.

"And when will ye come again?" said McSweeney, "the music and the Greek stir my blood."

"That's more than I can tell," said Mick, "I'm housed for the winter, and have two childer under my eye."

"Your children, Mick! I thought you were sworn to your fiddle as I to my yow."

"And so I am, though there's no knowing what would have become of my fiddle if Margaret Moore hadn't been laid in the cold grave in all her young beauty."

"Margaret Moore," repeated the priest, slowly, "Moore, Moore, my mind has been running on the Moores lately—there is a family by that name distantly related to the O'Neils. Where did I see one of them? Let me see—I remember. Oh, yes, in the hospital, two orphan children, one a beautiful girl, came from near Scariff."

"The same, your reverence; they're under my care now; I can give you the genealogy of the family," Mick went on with a history which would be tedious to my readers, but to these two antiquarians, who, like most of their nation, had a great reverence for ancient families, it was a topic full of interest.

Mick then gave him a little sketch of the children. "God bless you my old boy; call on me if you need help for the little ones."

Not many minutes after the departure of Mick, Father McSweeney was summoned to the death bed of the venerable Father Doherty. As readily, and with as kind a heart as he had welcomed his more jovial companion, the priest donned his robes to obey the summons. "He is a good man, and heaven will have one angel more if he leaves us. Sister Bridget, rouse yourself, dear, and prepare something nice for Father Doherty; he's been his own housekeeper since his sister died, and if he is not 'in extremes' now, some cordial may revive him."

But it was too late for cordials with the good old priest; he only desired the last consolations of religion before he departed, and notwithstanding the difference between his own ascetic habits and the musical, foxhunting McSweeney, he had been the latter a good man, and most willingly confessed to him, and received from his hands the sacred Eucharist.

He remembered, too, before he died, the orphan children at the hospital, and commended them to the care of his friend.

"Among my private papers," he said, "you will find a package marked 'Moore.' They were given me by the father of these children during his last sickness. I have never examined them further than to learn that they contain a history of the family for many generations back. I attach no value to them, but the father wished them preserved for his children."

A few kind words for the friends who had known and loved the father priest. (Alas! the circle was small,) and Father Doherty had been a quiet, lone man, no wife or child of course could soothe his dying hour, or mourn him dead, and the good man yielded his spirit to God.

The sun had long been gilding the tops of the rich swelling slopes that border the Shannon, before Mick Nogher was up and stirring. The Irish are not early risers, and though their salutation is often "The top of the morning to yer honor," they seldom care to see the dawn of day. But the steamboat was in no greater haste to depart, for no Yankees manned the craft, and Mick need not have pushed so vigorously through the crowd of ragged men and boys that gathered round the pier.

"Ay, Mick, and are ye going, arrah, without giving us a taste of your fiddle."

"Shure and it's not handsome in ye to do so; come tune up and give us Rory O'Moore."

"Wait a bit, boys," said the fiddler, as with his two children he took his station on the long stone pier to wait for the boats which were to convey them out into the river, as, owing to the great rise and fall of the tides in the Shannon, the steamboat cannot always receive her passengers from the pier.

Placing the children before him, Mick drew his fiddle from his green bag.

"You see," he said, "little Jenny

made a paradise of the place. Ooh! and didn't the wicked *Crumli* stride like a roaring lion over swate Ireland? All round here you see the marks of the wicked crathur—no Irishman loves the old usurper. But see those fine parks, and that big house there. That belongs to 'handsome Harry,' as they call him; a young fellow that loves good wine and fine horses. Ooh! and I wish I had some of his money for his poor starving countrymen."

Thus the old man amused the children till the boat stopped at Shannon Harbor. Here our little party alighted, and traveled on foot westward. Towards night they entered a little glen, remote from any house, but belonging to the barony of Lord Glenmore. In a quiet spot they came to where two large rocks met overhead, in shape somewhat like the roof of a house, leaving a space below large enough to accommodate our little family. A few evergreens shaded the spot, and the ivy had covered the sides with its glossy, rich foliage. Mick found the little pathway which led to this abode, and stopped at a door which had been rudely fitted to the opening between the rocks. A padlock hung upon it, the key to which Mick found in his own pocket. Dora's curiosity was excited to see the interior of this strange abode. "Oh, Uncle Mick, don't the fairies come here to stay?"

"And what for should they come here, lassie, when they can sleep in the lly's white cup, and drink honey from the sweet clover, and ride a-horseback in a gold saddle on a dragon-fly? No, no, the fairies don't come here to stay; but I never go away without leaving a peeled potato without salt on the door-step."

But the door is open, and Dora, holding Jimmy tightly by the hand, follows Mick. On one side was a bed, and opposite a hollow spot in the side of the rock that Mick dignified by the name of fire-place, the want of a chimney supplied by an aperture between where the two rocks nearly met overhead. An ancient harp hung over the bed, and two or three books lay on a little natural shelf near by. An iron kettle, a spoon of the same metal, and two tin cups, completed the furniture of this cabin. I should not have omitted to mention the pile of turf in one corner. Mick soon had a fire kindled, and produced from his pocket some bread and eggs, a luxury in which he had not indulged of late, for bread in Ireland, at that time, was scarce and high. But his return home was a jubilee, and his own summer's gain (though very small) and Dora's purse, seemed enough to last them a long time. But Uncle Mick, like most of his race, had little forecast. (Alas! they have no encouragement under their system of tithes and taxes.)

The children were weary and Uncle Mick told them they might go to bed. "Ye may take Jimmy with you," he said to Dora, "and I'll manage for myself."

"But I'll not be for taking the only bed ye have."

"Be quiet, mavourneen, there's dry fern leaves a plenty, and with my old cloak, I'll spare swatter than a king on his couch. I'm going to watch the stars awhile, and ye may go like birds to the nest."

Dora addressed Jimmy and knelt with him to say her evening prayer. Never since her mother left her, had Dora felt so happy. She had learned to love and trust Uncle Mick, and she dropped to sleep thinking how well she would try to serve him; what nice stirabout she would make, and how she would try to cook the potatoes as nice as mother did—and one bright thought entered her busy little brain—she would knit him some stockings for the winter. She noticed that when he came into the cabin, he took off his brogans and laid them away carefully, saying that he would save them for his travels. He had no stockings, and Dora thought that now the cold weather was coming, he would like some. If she could only get the yarn! She had the money now, and she would see what could be done. And thus she glided into the fairy land of dreams.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S REALIZATION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Home! In the Better Land it gleams for me,
Enthroned in beauty, by the azure sea.
The peace long sought for, with its dove-like spells,
'Neath the calm glory of its love-light dwells.
Hark! to the summer breezes' summons; "come,
Thou weary spirit, to thy angel home."

Love! In the Better Land it waits for me;
Crowned with the light of immortality.
The cherished dreams of life, of hope and youth,
Fulfillment gain upon the breast of truth.
Hark! to the swelling anthems from above,
The hallowed breathings of celestial love!

Joy! I have wandered o'er this fair green earth;
Have trod its forest halls in scenes of mirth;
While the dark shadow o'er my spirit came,
The lingering doubt, the haunting fear, now past.
For listen! Spirit voices breathe to me,
Revealing of a glorious destiny!

Friendship! Its earthly wreath is cast aside;
'A' faithless hand has dimmed its sunny pride.
The deserted altar is o'erthrown
The dreaming faith from the lone spirit flown.
Yet joy is mine! I know a kindred band
Of hearts unchanged, dwell in the Better Land.

Truth! radiant gem! oft dimmed by worldly wile,
Thy light unveiled shall o'er my spirit smile.
Thy glorious stores unfold, thy power divine
With gemmed and flowery beauty deck the shrine
Of the soul's worship. Freedom's holiest song,
Echoes triumphant from the white robes throng!

Rest! from the chilling fears, the sickening strife,
The withering coldness, and the cares of life.
No mocking joys allure, no false lights gleam
With borrowed splendors of hope's falsest dream.
Rest from earth's discords. Hark! the angels sing
A sweet refrain, while silver joy-bells ring.

Home in the Better Land—and joy and love!
Ever descending blessings from above!
Friendship and heart-wealth, sunny peace, and rest
From all the intruding phantoms of the breast.
Bow down my soul in worship! Lift thine eyes
Unto the glories of God's paradise!

Philadelphia, May 24th, 1887.

GROWTH OF SOUTHERN CITIES.—By the census of 1850, the population of Memphis was over 8000; it is now estimated to be over 20,000. That of Nashville, in 1850, over 10,000; now estimated at over 20,000. That of Huntsville estimated at 8000. In 1855 the census of Atlanta gave over 5000; some of its residents now estimate it much larger. In 1850 the census of Charleston was over 45,000; its population is now estimated, by a compiler of the last directory at near 60,000.

THE DEFORMED BOY.

A STORY OF SCHOOL DAYS.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in early summer. Us boys had gathered in front of grandfather Tom's cottage-door, and we all of us shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, and hoped his rheumatism felt better now that the long winter was fairly over, and told him that next week was vacation, and what glorious times we should have then, and all that had happened in the village since he had been sick, and I don't know what else beside, as we stood around him, all talking very fast and loud, and *real*, glad, you may be sure, to see the old man out again; for you see he'd had the rheumatism pretty bad during the winter, and this was the first day he had been able to come out of the house.

He was n't our own grandfather, you know, but all us boys used to call him grandfather Tom, because—well, because he was such a nice old fellow. Oh, you ought only just to have known him!

He lived in a little cottage, that we used to pass every day on our way to school; and there he used to sit at the door, under an old wide-spreading beech, with his hands resting on his cane, drinking in the air as it came to him fresh across the meadows; and every once in a while having a little bit of talk with the neighbors who might be passing along.

Nothing pleased him better than for us fellows to get around him, and instead of going out bird-nesting or fishing, to throw ourselves down on the grass at his feet, and listen to his fine old stories, all about the Revolution, in which he had fought and been taken prisoner. Some of the very little fellows used to climb up on his knee and sit there; but we were too big for that sort of thing, you know.

Then, while he talked, he'd be making us kite-frames, or swords, or bows and arrows, or something or other of the kind, and he used to make them better than any you could buy in the toy stores down to Boston; while I believe, if he'd sent one of his kites down to the fair there, he'd have had a gold medal for it, certain; he could make the tail hang better than any man living—all us fellows said so.

Well, on this Saturday afternoon we gathered around him, and some of us laid down at his feet—for the grass was soft and dry,—and the rest climbed up on his knee, or rested their arms on his shoulders; and we asked him to tell us a story, if he pleased.

"A story, children?"—he meant the little boys, when he said children—"a story: well, let me see if I can find one in my poor old head to please you. And he leaned his white head down on his hand, and for a time seemed lost in deep thought. Then he took off his silver-rimmed spectacles and rubbed them for quite a long while on his pocket-handkerchief, still keeping his eyes fixed down on the ground at his feet. When he placed the spectacles upon his face, and turned to look around on us, it seemed to us boys as if grandfather Tom had been crying a little bit. He began:

"Now then, boys, are you all ready?"

We sang out that we were all quite ready. One of the little fellows said he hoped it would be a funny story. We big boys looked with grave rebuke at him, and nothing further was heard of him for the rest of the afternoon.

"Now boys," began the old man, "I'm going to relate this incident of my own school-boy days, to show you how necessary it is that you should take heed not to inflict pain and misery on those unhappy beings, whom misfortune or accident has made deformed and unsightly. Unsightly, remember, they may be before you, but in the sight of the Great Being who formed them"—and he raised his thin old wrinkled hand slowly above his head,—"*as perfectly shaped, as any of his supreme creation.*"

"When about thirteen years old, I went to school in the village where I was born, and along with some twenty or thirty other scholars, was placed under the tutelage of one David Armistead. At that time, I was of opinion that my chief aim and duty in life, was to learn as little as possible, and to play as much as convenient opportunity would afford. I've thought differently since then, though, boys. There was nothing, I believe, absolutely malicious in my disposition, but I was fond of playing practical jokes, and did not stop to consider deeply the consequences of my wild doings. I was, as the neighbors all said, in fact a perfect young monkey for mischief; you'd hardly think so, to look at me now, boys."

How we all laughed at the idea of quiet old grandfather Tom ever being like that—no, not at all. The little fellow I spoke of had fallen fast asleep on grandfather Tom's knee. The old man held up his hand for us not to wake him, while he drew him up closer to him, in an easy position.

"Well, one day," he went on, "a family of the name of Decarn, who had lately arrived from England, came to the village, and took an old house which had not been occupied for some time, and which was let rather low, as it was somewhat out of repair. They did not seem to be very well off in the world; the father, a consumptive looking man, after some time got a situation as clerk on a neighboring plantation; the oldest daughter opened a school for young children; and the two remaining children, a boy of ten and a girl of seven or eight, remained at home with Mrs. Decarn."

"We were assembled, as usual, one morning in the little school-house, conning over the day's lessons, while above us the form of old David Armistead was seen at his high desk. The door opened, and a lady, leading by the hand a little boy, entered the room. He was a pale, ill-formed child, and walked with a slow, uneven footstep. As he entered fairly into the room, and stood exposed to the full gaze of the boys, he seemed as if about to turn hurriedly and retrace his steps; but, as he did so, he caught the mild eye of Mrs. Decarn fixed upon his face with a look of tender regard, and the little fellow's countenance assumed somewhat more composure, and placing his hand in that of his mother, he advanced with her toward the desk."

"Have you room for another scholar, Sir," asked Mrs. Decarn, in a low, sweet voice.

"For this little fellow? Surely, surely," said old David, coming down from his seat, and placing his hand kindly on the child's head.

The deformed boy's face brightened a little. David looked round among the boys. Every eye in the school was still fixed on the hunchback. He placed his hand confidently in the master's, who drew it kindly between both of his own, as he still looked around.

"Boys," said David, "where are your manners?" Little gentlemen," emphasizing the latter word, "do

not stare in that way at strangers. Your studies, boys, immediately."

The eyes in question instantly turned to their previous occupation; but there could not well be laid an embargo upon the ears, which accordingly were invested with a double portion of their usual duty; their owners evidently not much impressed with the rebuke of the schoolmaster.

"It has been a very hard struggle for my poor boy," continued the gentle voice of Mrs. Decarn, "to determine on leaving the retirement to which he has all his life been accustomed." She dropped her voice a little more as she added, "he dreads that his misfortune may prove a source of ridicule to those unthinking enough to sneer at them."

We knew that David had removed his eyes from the face of the fair speaker, and that he was now looking over amongst us boys. We were sure of it when we heard his reply to her.

"To sneer at misfortune! To ridicule God's handiwork! No, madam, in this place I trust there exists no fear of such unworthy act."

There was a terrible attention to business amongst us as he said this; the demand for scholastic knowledge had evidently received quite a lively impetus.

"But," continued David, "in order to accustom my little man somewhat by degrees to these new faces, suppose we seat him near the old school-master. He won't mind that, perhaps, so much as he would being suddenly thrown into the midst of this noisy young Babel."

As David spoke with much good humor, we ventured to steal a glance at him and the strangers. The hunchback had his large, black eyes fixed with perfect confidence on the old man's face, and his two thin hands were still placed between both of his. The lady kept her quiet, motherly look fixed upon her deformed boy, and he appeared to have gained something of composure since we had first seen him enter the school-room.

After some further conversation, relating mostly to the terms of the tuition and such like matters, Mrs. Decarn turned to go. I don't think I can ever forget the look of that pale, little face watching the retreating figure of Mrs. Decarn, as she slowly and lingeringly advanced toward the door. It was that of terrified beseeching, strangely mingled with an expression of firm determination, this apparently arising from a strong sense of thoroughly formed and resolved duty. I could not read this then, but I learned the study in after life, when the human face became to me almost as a familiar book.

David read that look, I have thought since. He led the new scholar to a seat at a little table close to his own desk, and sought with soothing and pleasant words to re-assure and comfort him. The two became from that moment forward, the veriest cronies in the world. When school was out, instead of jumping briskly from his seat, seizing his cap and dashing out to the green patch before the door, with a wild yell of delight—the usual accompaniments to our general exits—Pierce Decarn would remain quietly seated at the schoolmaster's side, talking to him in his queer, old fashioned way, and then afterwards would be seen with his hand clasped in that of David's, hobbling along homewards by his side.

I don't know how it was, but as the affection evidently existing between master and pupil appeared to increase, we boys grew antagonistic towards the latter, and sorrowfully do I own it now, we took every occasion to display this unwelcome ill feeling to him. It was principally owing to Jack Butler.

Jack Butler was a coward and a bully, generally disliked by us, but yet who, in regard to Pierce Decarn, contrived to make appearances tell greatly to his disfavor. We did not then know the secret of the hatred he bore the deformed boy, or I am sure we would every one of us have had our right hand cut off rather than have taken his side against the little stranger.

"He's a spy and a tell-tale," said Jack Butler, and we not being able to counteract this assertion, began by degrees to look upon it as a matter of absolute certainty.

And now I come to what is most painful to me to relate, but I hope the narration may prove of benefit to you, not only now, as boys, but in your future walks in life.

On one occasion, having the spirit of mischief more than usually rife within me, I, with the assistance of several other of the boys, procured a small carpenter's saw, and during the dinner recess, out through one of the legs of David's high stool, leaving the disjointed limb, to all appearance, sound as before. Just as the task was completed, Pierce entered and discovered what we had done.

"Oh, boys, how could you do such a thing?" said he. "I suppose you'll tell then," and Jack Butler, as he spoke, came close up to him, and looked threateningly in his face.

"Yes, he'll tell, and have us all whipped," and we all drew around him in a circle of any thing but friendly appearance.

"I am not a tale-bearer," rejoined the hunchback, looking with something of terror at the fierce glances cast toward him.

"Prove that you ain't said Jack."

"Yes, prove that you are not," echoed we.

"If he don't promise to keep silent about it, we'll souse him in the mill pond when we catch him out of school; won't we boys?" asked Jack Butler.

"We felt a little ashamed of acting thus toward such a poor, puny creature as this, but we were goaded on by the evil nature of Jack Butler; so we reiterated his brutal threat."

"Will you promise to keep the thing silent," he asked again, "or will you take the consequences?"

"I—I will say nothing about it."

Poor boy, his gentle spirit could not resist the rude violence of those fierce countenances, and he sank beneath our threats. He was conquered, and we took our seats to await the issue.

I had not anticipated that the result of our fun would have turned out so serious as it did. David, never dreaming of mischief, had barely taken his accustomed seat, when it instantly overturned and threw him heavily on the floor, striking his side as he fell.

He arose, much hurt, and of course, immediately proceeded to ascertain, if possible, who was the perpetrator of the mischievous practical joke. But though we regretted greatly having been the means of hurting our worthy old schoolmaster, yet fear of his just resentment, kept us from discovering ourselves.

A day or two passed heavily over, for I felt myself constantly haunted by the accusing phantom of a guilty conscience. It was present with me at all times and seasons; it shaped itself into my dreams by night, and formed a prominent feature in my educational exercises during the day. Each time

that I entered and seated myself as usual, I came to the determination that I would make a clean breast of my own portion of the guilt; but each time as I made the essay to rise, and chanced to meet David's eye, now so much sterner than it had been wont to be in days of yore, the resolution, like a stream touched by the ice King's wand, froze on its way and suddenly stood cold and motionless, and totally bereft of life.

So for the time, it passed. One morning I was seated in my place, and the school business of the day had fairly commenced. I heard David's voice commanding silence, and started as it met my ear. The phantom I have mentioned, was at his usual work.

David called me by name. I arose from my seat with a scrambling, all-of-a-heap sort of method, and advanced toward him, the hobgoblin within keeping up a most confusing hammering.

"From information I have received," he began, "I am led to believe that the prime mover in the matter of cutting through the leg of my stool, some days ago must have been you, Thomas. I do not condemn you unheard, however. Answer, is this truth or falsehood?"

The phantom's power had now, I thought, reached its climax. I held the talisman that could annihilate it at a blow—the magic talisman of Truth!

"Yes, Sir, I did it, I am the guilty one, and know that I deserve a downright good whipping."

The horrible ghost disappeared forever as I said it. I breathed quite free now, and could look David Armistead full in the face.

"I did it, Sir," I continued, "but I never for one moment thought of injuring you. It was only intended as a harmless joke, and I truly and humbly ask your pardon for what turned out to be an act of cruelty."

He had looked at me at first coldly and sternly, and I had seen punishment written plainly on his face. I did not care so much for that as for the thought that he should set me down a cold-hearted, evil-dispositioned boy. But as I went on, I could see the muscles of his mouth relax, and the old look of kindness and benevolence again take its accustomed place.

He did not say any thing; merely motioning me to my seat. He knew well that I had received a lesson that would long impress itself upon my memory. And it did; I was cured somewhat of my fondness for practical joking.

The next thing that occupied my mind was, who sent the information of the culprit. A conclave of the boys was held after school to take some action in the matter.

Jack Butler drew us close together, and glancing furtively around, said,—

"Hush! I have found out who it was. Last evening, when school was out, I was standing close by one of the windows, that one near where David's desk is, and I heard Pierce Decarn and he talking earnestly together. I heard your name mentioned," continued he, turning to me, "and listened further. I then and there, heard the miserable dwarf relate the whole circumstance of the stool to David. I intended telling you of it this morning, but I could not see you before school, and so could not find the chance. Now boys, what do you think of our precious school-fellow?"

"He ought to be,"—began several furious young voices,—

"Ducked in the mill-stream," said Jack, finishing the sentence.

I objected decidedly to this, however, and showed that we could punish him much more severely in other ways, and which would have the effect of making his stay amongst us pretty certain of a speedy termination.

"We'll out him dead, boys, when we meet him in or out of school," said I.

"So we will, so we will," exclaimed the boys.

"We'll leave him out of our Saturday afternoon rambles in the woods."

"So we will, so we will," again from the admiring listeners.

"Draw ugly faces and hump-backed men in his copy-books," this from Jack Butler.

Another yell of delight from the assemblage.

"Refuse to lend him any book, pen, pencil or other article necessary for his use or amusement," said I, continuing the drawing up of our Declaration of Ill-will.

"Yes, yes."

"In short, we'll make the school too hot to hold him, and show him what he has gained by currying favor with David, at the expense of the good opinion of his school-mates."

To all of which they gave in their undivided and unqualified approval.

And I went home with a queerly mixed sensation, composed of the gratified vanity of a successful public speaker, and that of an officer whose command has succeeded in the capture of an enemy's fort, of which the garrison had consisted mainly of a defenceless old woman.

In spite of all we did, Pierce Decarn remained, though it was plain to see that the ill usage and contumely he met with had a powerful effect upon his delicate nature. His thin and pallid visage grew each day more wasted and colorless, and the look we had seen on his face that morning of his coming among us, gradually settled itself completely upon his face. The self-same look of helpless agony, strangely mingled with the compressed expression of unalterable determination which he had turned towards his mother as her retreating footstep pressed upon the lintel of the school-house door.

He was not in his old seat one day. The conspirators mutely drew one another's attention to the fact. David was evidently uneasy and abstracted at the absence of what had long been his favorite scholar. The morning passed over, and we went to dinner.

We had been re-assembled some time, and the afternoon hour of study had long passed ere David entered. We all saw that the old man was strangely moved. He went to his seat, but did not sit down. He called us to order, and then addressed us in somewhat broken tones:

"Children, I have something very serious to say to you. You have, without doubt, observed the absence of one of the most punctual of your number. I mean poor little Pierce Decarn. I am most pained to say that I fear this seat," and he laid his hand down upon it, "will never, never be occupied by his form again. Boys, your schoolmate is—dying."

He could say no more. The words seemed to choke him, and he took out his handkerchief and held it a moment to his eyes.

"What we felt children, you may form some idea. Pierce Decarn dying! And we had perhaps been the means of hastening his death!"

"He has expressed a wish," continued David, "that you should go and see him. He has something to say to you all. It may be too late," said he, in a hollow tone, "if left till evening. We will at once proceed to his house."

In silence and trepidation, under his guidance, we proceeded to the house of the Decarn family. Pierce was lying on a little bed. His eyes, unusually large and lustrous, were fixed anxiously on the door as we entered, nearly filling the room. We gathered silently around him. His voice seemed to come from some far off distance as he broke the quiet that reigned in the apartment.

"I have sent for you, my dear school-mates, not to upbraid you for a great wrong you have done me, but to show you in what way you have been cruelly at fault. But first," and he looked anxiously around among us, "there is one absent. He, of all others, I desire should hear what it is I have to say."

Something told me he meant Jack Butler. I was right, for he added,—

"I mean John Butler."

He had certainly been present when we assembled, and left the school at the same time with the rest of us. A determination to see this all sifted to the bottom, took immediate possession of me, and I offered to seek our missing companion, making a private resolution to produce him with or without his own personal concurrence. A couple of the boys accompanied me, rather against my will, for I conceived it to be an exclusive duty of my own.

After some considerable search, he was finally espied, evidently trying to elude our observation among some ricks of hay in the barn-yard of his father. I walked up to him.

"John Butler, you are wanted," said I.

"Wanted, who wants me?" said he sulkily.

"That you'll find out soon enough. There's no time to be lost, so come along."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he rejoined. "A good idea I want me, and therefore I must go. I rather like that!"

He turned upon his heel with a sneer, and began to walk away. I had him by the collar in a second, and brought him once again face to face with me.

"Will you go with us, or will you not? That's a plain question, and there's not much time to be lost in answering it!"

I drew my jacket tight around me, and pulled my cap firmer on my head. He glared at me a moment, and then replied:

"No! I will not."

"Then, by Jove we'll carry you!" said I, suiting the action to the word, and lifting him fairly off his feet. Despite all his struggles—and he was a large, muscular fellow—we bore him to the door of our schoolmate's cottage, and then, though he fought hard against it, we got him into the house, and face to face with the dying boy. He was almost as pale as the latter when he met that large black eye fixed steadily upon him. The hollow voice again resounded through the chamber.

"John Butler, I have sent for you, in the presence of your schoolmates, to ask some restitution at your hands, for the sake of the name I am about to leave on earth. I would have it remembered as honorable and unspotted; I would have it spoken with affection, and a prayer of love murmured for the one who bore it, when he has passed beyond the portals of the mysterious Unseen! A word from you will remove from that name the blight that hangs upon it, and that word I ask of you to give utterance to. I ask it in all kindness, but it is my right—my dying right, and now it may not be refused."

The white cheek had become slightly flushed as he spoke, and he fixed his bright gaze full on our captive's downcast face. The latter hesitated, and shuffled first on one foot and then on the other, and at last muttered forth:

"I've got nothing to tell."

The dying boy rose upon his arm, and looked with sternness upon him.

"John Butler, you are uttering what you know to be a wicked lie, and in the presence of one who will shortly stand before his God. I ask you again to fulfil my demand."

"And I tell you again, I've got nothing to say."

Pierce Decarn sat completely upright in bed.

"I have given you the chance to save yourself; but as you will not accept of it, but persist in your course of malignant and villainous falsehood, listen now!"

He pointed his thin finger tremblingly with agitation at him.

"Look well, and know him all of you better than you have done before. To me his true character has been evident for some time back. I saved my helpless little sister from his brutality, and with even my weak arm administered a portion of the chastisement he so well deserved. What ensued? He has traduced my good name—blackened my reputation, and would now, to crown all, see me sink into a dishonored grave, without doing me the small justice of saying that I had been wrongfully maligning. He told me himself, with devilish exultation, that he had been the informant at school for which I bore the blame—nay," seeing a gesture of denial on the part of the miserable fellow, and waving it away with an imperative motion of his hand, "he cannot deny it, he dares not."

He seemed to have resigned himself to his fate, and allowed Pierce to conclude without further interruption.

"He has done more, much more than this. You may not be aware of it, but my poor father's health visibly failing each day rendered his being spared long to his family a matter of sorrowful improbability. As we should then—my mother and sisters—have been without a means of support, I determined to brave what I dreaded most of all things in the world—communication with those who might sneer at my unhappy shape, and endeavor to gain for myself an education which might avail us when our father being no longer with us, we had not means of gaining bread."

"John Butler may lay his head upon his pillow to-night, with the reflection that he has cruelly prevented me from accomplishing my holy task; and with the satisfaction of knowing that his malice has gone to its farthest length for here all persecution ceases."

Back sank that poor head, and heavily down fell the extended arm. A light stream of blood issued from the lips, now white as the marble visage itself to which they belonged. A weak heaving of the chest—a flutter of the drooping eyelids—a convulsive clutching of the transparent fringes, and then—his name alone remained to be remembered of him when his poor, unshapely body should rest beneath the graveyard sod."

And grandfather Tom slowly drooped his white head, until we could no longer see his face. The sun

was just going down, and its parting rays fell upon his silver hair. We saw that something which glittered like drops of rain fell to the ground at the old man's feet.

"And what became of John Butler?" I asked, almost in a whisper.

"He was drowned the week after in the self-same mill stream where he would have had the hunchback ducked."

You may be sure we boys went home very sad and thoughtful. The little boy who had fallen asleep on grandfather Tom's knee, I carried all the way home on my back. He was tired and sleepy, and besides a weakly little fellow, while I was such a great, strong one, you know.

Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM MR. WILLIS AND JUDGE EDMONDS.

Boston, May, 30, 1857.

Mr. Editor:—Circumstances have made it impossible for me to comply with your kindly urged request, to furnish your forthcoming number with some gleanings from my own experience in spiritualism and mediumship. But I am happy to be able to do far better for you and your readers, by sending for your columns the accompanying excellent letter from my honored friend Judge Edmonds, who kindly permits me so to do.

It replies in admirable tone and spirit to some of the points that have been under discussion for weeks past, in our community; it breathes that strong love of truth and justice that so nobly characterizes the Hon. Judge. Nor is it lacking in that beautiful spirit of Christian charity that throws its blanket over all.

From innumerable such expressions of sympathy, warm from noble and true hearts, I have drawn courage and cheer in my late severe trial; how severe, they only can judge, who possessing an equally sensitive organization with my own, have been called upon to pass through trials of a similar nature.

Your beautiful sheet is a welcome weekly guest. I trust it will prove a Banner of Light to many a heart that now is enveloped in the darkness of materialism. Certainly there is no faith like ours, to take hold of and stir the deepest and holiest emotions of the human heart. I have seen the man of strong, cold intellect, who made it his proud boast that he was a disbeliever in every thing spiritual and divine, subdued and softened by spiritualism, and tears, eye, tears forced from his eyes, as he listened to words his heart told him came from the living, loving spirit of one whom he laid in the grave, feeling that death not only destroyed the body, but also annihilated the soul. I listened with a heart full of gratitude to God, as he took both my hands in his, and told me how life bloomed with a new joy, and assumed a new aspect and meaning, and thanked me for having been the instrument in God's hands, of breaking the icy fetters of unbelief, and restoring to him the beautiful faith of his early life, from which he had wandered far away into the mazes of a false, myopic philosophy.

And this is but one instance of the many, that I could give you of the power our faith has to touch the soul. The pulpit might have spoken to that man, who was down below the plane of a belief in immortality, till it could speak no longer, and it would have been of no avail. But in three calls of about an hour each, at my room in Cambridge, the great subject of immortality was demonstrated to him in such a manner that he can never doubt again. And that too, not by "the ringing of bells," "tilting of pianos," or "sounding of a drum," but by gentle, loving words, warm from the soul of her to whom he pledged his faith at the altar, and who for three short years was the joy of his heart, and the light of his home, and then went down to the grave, with all that wealth of affection, to perish there, as he thought. She gave to his doubting, exacting nature, such test proofs of her presence, that he could not escape them.

Our clergy are obliged to confess that "spiritualism" is a power with which they cannot cope; whose progress they cannot stay. Clergymen of this city have told me, that it was working like secret leaven in their parishes. Let it work say I. Do not attempt to cope with it, for it is, working the glorious work of Him who sent it. It is modifying religious opinion; shaking the strong holds of bigotry and sectarianism, and establishing Liberal Christianity, on a broader and more glorious basis.

This, I feel to be its true mission; and while I cannot but perceive and deplore the perversions that many make of it, I am encouraged to renewed exertion in behalf of it, by coming daily in contact with persons whose natures have been softened, refined and elevated by it.

While I cannot but lament the errors and delusions mixed with it I am cheered by the rich gleanings of the truth that underlies these errors, as the diamond lies embedded in the rough, coarse earth, and which shall in time blaze forth resplendently, lighting up all the dark places of sin and error, and making this beautiful planet of ours, what God means it shall be—the abode of innocence and purity; the home of the perfected human brotherhood. May God hasten the meridian brightness of that glorious day, the dawning of which, we believe modern spiritualism ushers in.

Yours truly,

FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

New York, May 25, 1857.

Dear Willis: I cannot permit myself to forego the opportunity of uttering to you a word of encouragement and sympathy. I have watched your progress with interest, from the time of your first introduction to me, at Mrs. Leeds', in Carver street, to the moment of your dismissal from the school at Cambridge; and while I sympathized with the pain which I knew this uncoerced notoriety must give to one as retiring and as sensitive as you are, I have rejoiced at your courage in standing boldly up to the truth as you knew it to be; and after perusing your letter to the *Courier*, of the 21st inst., containing your avowal of your steadfast adherence to the cause of truth, I congratulate you on the opportunity which has thus been afforded you, of showing yourself to be indeed a worthy minister of this Gospel of Truth, which has now come to dwell among us. Few men living have had so glorious an opportunity, and I am right glad to see that you have so worthily availed yourself of it.

I have read, with care and attention, the statement of Professor Eustis, which appears in the same columns with your letter, and if I had not already witnessed so many other instances of similar infatu-

tion on this subject, among the so-called wise men of the day, I should be astonished at this manifestation of it in one whose business it is to fit himself to be a teacher of the truth to the young, and whose duty it is to keep his vision clear, that he may verily see it in its nakedness, free from the distortion of passion or prejudice.

Allowing every word of his statement of the facts to be literally true, they do by no means justify the inference which he and others have drawn from them, namely, that the manifestations were fabricated by you. It is true that those facts are consistent with such an inference; but it is equally true, as you, and I, and hundreds of others, who have examined this matter know, that they are equally consistent with the fact that they were not fabricated by you. Any man, woman or child, at all familiar with the subject, cannot but perceive this at once.

What then, under such circumstances, was the duty of a teacher of the youth—of the directors of a religious seminary—of the conductors of a press, which aims at the public enlightenment? Was it that of drawing the most unfavorable inference from the facts, and determining that that inference was the true one, because it might be, though at the same time that its opposite might also be? Was it Christian feeling to do this, even at the risk of ruining forever the prospects of an inoffensive young man?

There is no animal so intolerant as man in the pursuit of his fellow. The wolf will cease to lap blood when his hunger is satiated: the tiger will retire to her lair when the defence of her young is achieved; but man, warring upon his fellow, is stayed not by the death or the overthrow of his victim, but will cry ha! ha! even over his grave.

It was to meet this propensity of our nature, which had so long prompted man to rejoice in human suffering, that the "Holy One"—speaking as never man spoke before—said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

And oh! how far from this beneficent teaching is the propensity which can see the evil only, rather than the good which may be in the human heart!

There is no tribunal known among civilized men, where a conviction, even for the most trivial offence, could be had under such circumstances, and upon such testimony. It is an axiom of the law, and of sound morality, that those circumstances can alone work a conviction of guilt, which exclude every other hypothesis but that of guilt. Based, as the administration of justice among us is, upon the Divine Law, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, where shall we find a justification for this departure from its merciful precepts, but in the abrogated denunciation of a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye?

Such is the general view of this matter, which the kindly, generous, Christian heart would have taken; and you, a young man, inexperienced in the ways of the world, and fitting for the high calling of a minister of the Christian religion, had some right to expect, in their dealing with you, some conformity with these precepts, and, at least, that as long as there was a probability of your innocence, you might escape condemnation by those to whose paternal care you had been committed.

Aside, however, from this consideration, there are many others, which one would suppose could not have failed to suggest themselves to even the commonest understanding.

Thus: it has been asserted within the last five or six years, by many persons of intelligence and probity, that many of the so-called spiritual manifestations have been witnessed, where the possibility of mortal fabrication has been entirely precluded, and instances of it have over and over again been published to the world. Would it not naturally be supposed that any one, in the candid pursuit of the truth, would have paused in coming to a conclusion, until something had occurred which was claimed to be of that character, or until a full opportunity had been afforded of producing something of that nature? Now, you and I know that there are many of the manifestations which could be produced by mortal agency. Any man, for instance, can make the raps, and, by preconcerted signals, convey intelligence through them. So any one can tip a table or tilt a piano, and thus display intelligence. But you and I, and hundreds of others, know that intelligence has been conveyed by the raps and the table tipplings and the like, under circumstances which absolutely excluded the idea of fabrication.

Thus, I have been travelling in a railroad car, with a medium, when the raps have followed us for a hundred miles; when they have occurred at the table where we were luncheon, and on the ground, when we were outside the car, waiting because of an accident. In this case, it was impossible that any machinery could have been at hand to produce the sounds, or that the medium's foot could have done it.

I have seen a medium walk the length of a suite of rooms, sixty or seventy feet, and the raps follow her, occurring two or three feet behind her.

I have known them to occur high up on the door, and side wall of a room, above the medium's power to reach.

I have known them to change from the floor to the table, to different parts of the table, following the motions of my hands, and then on to my chair, and thus move from place to place, under such circumstances as absolutely forbid all idea of collusion, fabrication, or even ventriloquism.

I once associated myself with an accomplished electrician—Major Raines, of the United States army, formerly a professor at West Point, and with him, had many meetings and a great variety of experiments, which demonstrated to a company of keen and inquiring minds, some of whom do not to this day believe in the spiritual truth, that the medium could not have produced them.

I have repeatedly had them in my own rooms, when I knew there was no one there to make them.

All this is my own testimony only, and if there was nothing else, I would not wonder at the incredulity of others. The evidence is so peculiarly personal in its character, that we cannot expect to be able to convey it to others with the same strength with which it comes to us.

For instance, I was once seized by the arm, by a powerful grip, as if by an iron hand. I felt the thumb, the palm of the hand, and all the fingers; and it held me fast, so that I could not move. I could see nothing. I put my other hand all round the spot thus affected, so that I knew there was no mortal doing it. To me, this was as absolute a reality as anything I ever felt in my life. But how could I possibly convey to any other person the same vivid realization of it that I had?

So you know whether any of those things detailed by Professor Eustis, were done by you. You know that; but you cannot make others know it as you do. So that, I repeat, if this matter depended merely

upon our testimony, we could not so much marvel at the incredulity of our auditors. But the true marvel is, that these men, who are now cavilling, do not, instead of jumping at a questionable conclusion, aim at attaining this means of knowing, which is just as available to them as it is to us. They can know, if they please, just as you and I do. They can have, if they will, the same personal evidence which you and I have had. And the marvel to me is, that they do not seek it. There are so many all around them, telling them that is so; so many through whose instrumentality they can obtain this certainty, that it excites a smile (of good humor, if not of derision,) at their painful floundering amid their doubts, when a firm footing is so accessible to them.

It was Christian who struggled manfully through the Slough of Despond, while Pliable, discouraged by the difficulties of the way, returned to enjoy the scoffs even of unbelievers.

But this is not all which is calculated to excite mirth. The Professor, the *Courier* people, and others of your assailants, are having a noisy time over what they flatter themselves is a new discovery by them, namely, that the manifestations are not always to be relied upon, because they may be fabricated and that mediums are to be regarded with suspicion, because it is at times for their interest to fabricate.

The amusing feature of this is that these gentlemen should imagine that we who have been investigating this matter for years, have gone all this time without finding this out. It is a pity to disturb their pleasant self-complacency, but I am afraid we shall have to do so.

Why, these are considerations which were palpable to us long ago. We have been for years dining them into the ears of inquirers, and cautioning believers against their danger. If these gentlemen would have taken the trouble to read only a one hundredth part of what we have written on this subject they would not cackle so loudly over their solitary new laid egg.

I was so strongly impressed on this topic, that I devoted ten octavo pages of the Introduction of my second volume, published two years ago, to this topic, and I promise your assailants that if they will carefully peruse those ten pages and a pamphlet I have lately published, entitled, "The Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse," they will find more weighty objections against it, than they have ever dreamed of in their philosophy.

My answer to it all—and it seems to me that it is the answer of good sense,—is this: the testimony is necessarily imperfect, because it comes to us through imperfect human channels, and it is not true philosophy to reject evidence because it is not infallible. In all human transactions we are obliged to deal with just such evidence, and to get at the truth the best way we can, amid all its mazes and uncertainties.

I am taught caution, not infidelity, by these difficulties, and I cannot help thinking that such is the part of wisdom. How could we get along with any of the affairs of life upon any other plan? We could not keep out of harm's way for a minute, and life would indeed be a "mighty maze and all without a plan."

Another objection which seems to trouble these gentlemen is, that mediums receive pay; and Professor Eustis seems to lay stress upon your receiving five dollars on one occasion.

Alas! that is so, and I would, with all my heart, that it were otherwise. But what are we to do? It is now as of yore, that it is out of the mouth of babes He has ordained strength, and He has "hid these things from the wise and the prudent and revealed them unto babes." And what are the poor and the simple to do, who have this power? Themselves and their families must be provided for, and if they give up their time to their private duties, they must deny to seekers after the truth the much coveted opportunity of obtaining it. If they devote their time to their mediumship, their families must suffer. They have no alternative, if they seek to do their duty to the family of man, but to ask man to provide them with the means of employing some one else to perform their private duties for them.

But, after all, this is a very inconsiderable matter, for where there is one medium that receives pay, there are ten, aye, twenty, who do not.

It is true, I have no doubt, that there are some, whose acquisitiveness is so strong, that they continue in the matter for the sake of the reward. But I desire to know, wherein are they any worse than clergymen who receive pay for preaching—the professor for teaching, or the editor for instructing his readers? They, as well as the mediums, are engaged in the praiseworthy task of enlightening man. And in all cases they must be paid by those whom they instruct, or abandon the task.

Yet here again a smile is awakened. In the same columns in which so much clamor is made on this subject, is an equal fuss about an offer of \$100, by some one at Worcester, I believe, for a sight at a particular manifestation. If we are so mercenary as is charged, why is this offer not accepted? The thing desired has been done over and over again, and hundreds and thousands have beheld it. It is possible, we know, to earn this money upon the professed terms; yet, thank God, no man or woman is so low as to accept the debasing offer.

These offers, are however, an old, worn out device. They have often been made but never accepted. I have had them made to me by name, through the public press here; and on one occasion, a circle to which I belonged, and which was enjoying such manifestations at the time, was offered \$10,000, by a man who could well afford it, to permit him to see an inanimate object move without mortal agency.

My answer to all these offers ever has been—and it is the answer which the spirits ever give to the proposition—that of Peter to Simon, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

But I am spreading out my letter too far, and must draw it to a close. I could not well omit saying what I have, if by so doing, I could afford you any comfort amid your trials. If I have done so, I shall indeed rejoice, for I can well appreciate how forcibly you must realize the saying of one, who in his day, was a medium also,

Wouldst teach new truths and save a sinking land? All for some aid, and but few understand. Painful pre-eminence! joyful view Above life's weakness and its combat too.

But, my dear young friend, be of good cheer. It is His cause, and it will prevail. Be ever firm and faithful to the Truth as it is given to you, and it will never desert you. It will come to you with healing on its wings, giving you comfort which the world, with all its wealth and power can neither give nor take away,—bestowing upon you, amid the trials and anxieties of life, a peace of mind, of which the

more worldling cannot conceive, and rendering even this worldly existence a close approximation to that holier one beyond the grave, whose veil has already been lifted to your view, and whence flows into your heart that Truth which can indeed make you free.

Yours ever,
Mr. Fred. H. S. Willis.

J. W. EDMONDS.

Banner of Light.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. WOLFE, Philadelphia. We thank you for the favor with which you receive our paper and trust that your prediction may be fulfilled, but must decline publishing the lines sent us.

J. H. T., Boston. Try again. You have got the soul of poetry but you put it in a very ungainly body.

T. H. C., Decatur, Ga. Our absence must be our excuse for delay. Early attention shall be directed to the matter of which you speak in your letter of the 2d.

H. R. W., Boston. Thank you for the "Communication." It shall receive early attention. A casual glance at it impressed us that it contains, as you say, many good thoughts.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

Prominent among the reforms needed in our present state of society, we class the treatment of those who have committed crimes against persons and property. It has been, from time immemorial, the practice to condemn a man upon the first accusation of having outraged the laws, as a villain of the blackest dye, one who must be instantaneously exiled from all our sympathies, and cast forth from all the kindly influences of humanity. No thought is taken of the dark influences by which he is surrounded; no recollections had of the evil temptations which have dogged his pathway through life. A blighted childhood, a manhood embittered by rough contact with the selfish and sometimes, those whom society exalts with its breath of flattery, and gives authority to judge, condemn and crush those who, but for them, would have been purer in action, as they are in thought—lead men into the wild whirl of excitement, and to the intoxicating cup, wherein they seek to find forgetfulness; but realize a life. But of this, society takes no heed—"By the fruits ye shall judge," say they—and the cause, the irresistible temptations, are utterly forgotten or derided.

Oh! purse-proud, honored citizen, did you ever think how the Demon of Hunger was gnawing upon the heart of that poor child who so mercilessly condemned to a felon's doom, before the good Angel left him, and the Fiend, ever at his side, prompted him to reach forth his hand and commit a theft? Did you ever think that the same passions which prompted that child, now made by your punishment a stern, reckless, hopeless man, to give the blow which stamps him a murderer, exists in your own nature, and might have been brought to the same fearful climax, had your position and his been reversed?

Would every man put these questions to his own heart, in his quiet, reflective moods, there would be less vindictiveness, less sweeping denunciations than now burst forth when society is startled by hearing that its laws have been outraged and violated.

The great aim of punishment should be reformation, and to this end no means should be neglected to make the erring one sensible that he is not yet out of humanity's reach, that if his fellow man consigns him to the stone walls of a prison, he does it with no feeling of hatred, no thought of bitter revenge, but with a sorrowful feeling, due towards a fallen brother. The prisoner should be treated so that he should not forget that there is a future to those who repent and earnestly strive after the right. That the time may come, when stifling his evil propensities, he may once more walk forth a free man, free from the bolts and bars of a prison, free from the control of evil influences, and that his fellows may hail him in the words of Jesus of Nazareth, "There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men who need no repentance."

The primary cause of crime being ignorance, a reform might, with the happiest results, be introduced into all our prisons by appropriating a few hours of each day to a regular system of education. Books and papers should be allowed the prisoners, and time allowed them to read and improve their minds. Now, it seems to be the primary object to ascertain how much toil can be performed by convicts, irrespective of their physical abilities. So long as they are not on the sick list, the time allowed for recreation is very slight indeed. Mechanics, and those demagogues who prate of the rights and wrongs of the people, have unceasingly declaimed against the ruinous effects of prison labor, but they have both forgotten that the convicts are kept to work, with hardly time for thought; that means of education are denied them; and that the newspaper is a forbidden thing within their cells. We can conceive of no subject more earnestly requiring the attention of philanthropists, and all those who feel that through the great brotherhood of mankind runs a chain of feeling and sympathy, no link of which should ever grow rusty, or be rent asunder.

NAHANT.—The swift and favorite steamer Nelly Baker, commences running to New England's most favorite watering place, on Thursday, June 4th. The "Nelly" is a beauty—she has donned a new spring attire, and looks better than when she first appeared among us. Captain Covill is a commander every way worthy of her, and we trust it will not be long before we have an opportunity of visiting the sea-girt peninsula in his company. The "Nelly" will make four trips per day.

WALKER AND NICARAGUA.

The struggle upon the isthmus, to which the civilized world has been looking for two years past is over—at least for the present. General Walker and his companions are now scattered over the United States. We have no thought of taking part with any schemes of invasion, or dissemination of progressive principles by the bayonet and the rifle. Truth has a mightier lever than these; yet we cannot but think the violent attacks now made upon Walker are merely echoes, of that sentiment with which the world judges every action of mankind of a heroic nature—praise and cheers for Success; contumely and hisses for Defeat. If the crown gashed at is won the holder is hailed a hero; if lost, a fool or worse. There has been something extremely heroic in the attitude assumed and maintained by Walker and his companions, and if not strictly patriotic as such exertions would be in defence of native land, many a man has been crowned a hero in a worse cause. They have not succumbed, to a foreign enemy but to the opinions, and in some instances the actions of their own countrymen. Had the great steamboat king, looked with a favorable eye upon their operations, they would now stand as the victors instead of the vanquished. There are many luxurious lands on this continent, producing nothing, running to waste under the rule of ignorance and superstition, which must be reclaimed for the use of man, by precisely such "filibustering" expeditions as this of Walker. The end is not yet.

A WORD TO SPIRITUALISTS IN BEHALF OF THE "BANNER."

We present the *Banner* this week printed from new type throughout, and have made, and shall continue to make, such other improvements as may seem called for, in order to furnish a paper for the people, one that cannot be excelled either in the variety and character of its articles; or in its general typographical appearance.

The *Banner of Light* is the largest paper, or publication of any kind, adapted to the views of Spiritualists, and one that presents not only the greatest amount of reading, but that reading in the greatest diversity. As such we present it this week more especially to the attention of Spiritualists throughout the country, and solicit the co-operation of every reader in our efforts to sustain and carry forward the enterprise we have commenced.

Do the Spiritualists want a good family paper; one which shall present all that can be obtained from every other source in relation to Spiritualism, and, in addition thereto, the choicest stories of life, sketches, interesting incidents, articles suited to every condition and employment, poetic gems, and a well arranged summary of religious, political and social news? We think they do. And it is because we have thought so that we have published this journal, and send it forth to answer the call. It has been welcomed in thousands of families, and all that has seemed necessary for its introduction has been a moment's glance at its general features.

Now we desire greatly to increase its circulation so that we may increase its attractions, and render it even more worthy of your patronage. Please, therefore, take this copy and show it to your friends, and ask them to send us their names. Let clubs be formed in each town. In a single day a list of from twenty to fifty can easily be obtained, as but few who are interested in the subject of Spiritualism, after an examination of our columns, decline subscribing. We will send specimen copies free to all who order them.

Said a very cautious individual, a few weeks since, "I am going to wait, and if the *Banner* succeeds, shall subscribe." "Come up to its support," replied a lady; "its success is certain, for it is established on a firm basis, but it wants the hands and hearts of all its friends at the present time, for it's a youth yet, and when it attains its manhood, and reaches the prime of life, your aid, though just as acceptable, will not prove as valuable."

The lady was right. The gentleman came directly to our office and subscribed, and is rapidly forming a club of twenty-five in his neighborhood. That's our view of the matter. We want your aid now. Come and take hold with us. We all feel how great is the cause in which we are engaged; let us, therefore, unite, and by mutually assisting, mutually benefit each other. Who will send us the first list of a hundred names?

SPIRITUALISM IN ALL THINGS.

The truths and manifestations of Spiritualism are as universal as the air we breathe, and we err when we suppose they can be confined to any age or people. Spiritualism, rightly interpreted, is the great Word, or Truth, that was in the beginning with God, was with God, and, indeed, was God. On it prophets and apostles built that great, and for ages, living institution, the Church. Its members were baptized in the healing waters of spiritual faith, and the disease of materialism and the evils of ignorance departed. They were truly washed and made clean in the purifying element of Spiritualism.

If evidence is wanted, take up your Bibles and read. From Genesis to Revelations, every act is participated in by angels—every word is spoken at the dictation of a spirit—often attributed to the great "I Am," and prefaced with the words, "Thus saith the Lord." See how every page glows with the light of a spirit world, and with what beauty great truths are given out in the forms of visions and the words of parables. In a word, the Bible will be found to be a record of angel visitations to mankind; of spirits encouraging the lovers of truth and the workers in its broad fields; and of mighty causes and many wonderful things being done with the assistance of spirits.

Tell a Bible believer, a good Christian woman, that such is not the main feature of all scriptural history, and she will call you an infidel, and one worse than a heathen, for daring to doubt so prominent a truth. And is it not very strange how far the world judges by name, rather than by nature. Mention the word Spiritualism, and with her it is another name for infidelity,—thus judging by name, does she condemn her own faith, and crucify her own Lord and Saviour.

We need not look to tables moved by unseen hands, nor to sounds from invisible causes, nor to wonderful words from entranced mediums, nor to all or any of these things, which the secular, and even the religious press, so stupidly yet ineffectually labor to prove non-existent, to behold the manifestations of spirit-presence, or the phenomena of Spiritualism. No, not to these. Every breath we breathe, every motion of our bodies, is a tangible manifestation, an indisputable evidence of the existence and presence of an immortal spirit. There is nothing from the minutest atom to the highest seraph of whom mind can conceive, that is not a medium for the trans-

mission of spiritual truth from a world of intelligent spiritual life. We wish to keep this great fact distinctly in view, and ever present before the minds of our readers. We wish them to understand that a great spiritual truth can reach them through a well written story, as readily as in what is termed a "spiritual communication," and often far better. We would not in the least degree under-value these "communications," but we must be true to ourselves and say, that to meet the wants of the community at large, they are not so well suited as agreeable sketches, and that which is commonly called fiction. They are mostly personal, and to whom they are thus addressed, are treasures of inestimable value—hold them fast, friends; they are jewels in the crown with which you would enter the new Jerusalem—but that which possesses personal, cannot be expected to possess general interest.

We wish to present in our columns, Spiritualism in all its phases, and we wish to have our readers recognize its presence without the obligation on our part to label the article, or otherwise point it out.

Every reform, of whatever name and nature it may be, has for its great moving element the soul of Spiritualism. We shall therefore do our part in these, and bear our "Banner" aloft through the struggle for Right, with words of hope and cheer inscribed on its folds, for all the armies of man engaged in the conflict.

Every department of life is dependent upon the Spiritualism of God;—the Mechanic, the Agriculturist, the Professor, the Student, and that great all in all, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, who in all his manifestations, the Family, will find in that which most truly meets their various wants, Spiritualism. Therefore, in answering their calls, in giving thoughts, whatever may be the form in which presented, whether as a story, sketch, essay, poem or paragraph—if it satisfies the soul's longing they may be assured that it does so because of the Spiritualism it contains.

Leaving, therefore, the mere technicalities of our faith, the forms and ceremonies of the past, we would seek to generalize Spiritualism, and to look upon all things as of God, and every mode of imparting truth suited to the wants of the world. While, therefore, one chooses a sermon, we will not say that another may not receive equal benefit from a story; while one chooses a grave homily on abstruse matters, we will not declare it impossible for another to find food for his spiritual nature in the light and fanciful scintillations of wit, or the fair creations of a charmed imagination.

THE COURIER'S LETTER TO MENANDER.

In a letter from Judge Edmonds, published in our columns a short time since, reference was made to Mr. Mansfield, and the fact of his having answered thousands of unopened letters, as evidence of the presence of an intelligence independent of the medium in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Acting on the suggestion Professor Felton caused to be deposited at Mr. Mansfield's office three letters, one of which was superscribed in Greek, and addressed to the ancient poet, Menander. A friend of ours happened to call upon Mr. M. while this letter lay upon his desk. Mr. M. remarked that the letter was certainly a strange one; that he felt impressed with nothing but what seemed to be a medley of hieroglyphics. The result was the following, which we copy from the *Courier*, together with the letter of Professor Felton:—

LETTER TO MENANDER, ADDRESSED ON THE OUTSIDE IN GREEK.
CAMBRIDGE, May 22, 1857.
My dear Menander:—I wish to know in which of your works occur the lines that have been lately found in New York. By giving me the information which I have been unable to obtain fully from other sources, you will confer a great favor upon one who has long admired your genius.
I am, my dear Menander,
faithfully yours,
C. C. FELTON.

Please state what line follows the third in the passage referred to.

MENANDER'S ANSWER.
Cornelius C. Felton,
Professor of Greek:
How long have ye dwelt on
Templing me to speak?
Why invoke my spirit down
After lapse of ages?
Is it mine to trample down
Theories of sages?
Am I to proclaim the Truth
That spirits walk the earth?
'Twas so in my days of youth,
And ages are my birth.
Then cast off thy bookworm pride,
Search ye with candor:
Allow not tongue to deride—
Remember Menander.

We have received a note from Judge Edmonds, in which he deems a reply to the *Courier* uncalled for. We make a few extracts from this note, which, though addressed personally to us, may prove of interest to our readers.

"By slipping away from the main points of my letter to you, the writer actually confesses himself worsted in the fight. Such, at least, will be the conclusion of the candid mind, and there can be no necessity for our saying any more.

"If his reply satisfies the *Courier*, it will not satisfy any one else, and we do not write to convince the *Courier*, but others. The particular instance it gives of the application to Mr. Mansfield, is terribly against him, as he must see, and everybody else certainly will see.

"Mr. Mansfield does not understand Greek, and how could he tell what the endorsement on the envelope was? Yet it seems that it was understood by some one—by Mansfield or the intelligence that wrote through him. Then, how did Mansfield know the letter was to Menander, or what its purport or object was? Yet he, or the operating intelligence, found it out and answered correctly. What was it that did it? That is the question I propound, and I should like to see it answered."

THE BEAUTY OF OUR NEW SUIT, will make its impression at once. Our warmest thanks are due to Mr. E. A. Curtis, who furnished our type. Mr. Curtis has lately added to his Foundry an entire new series of Scotch faced type equal to if not surpassing any in the city. His establishment is now complete.

UNGENEROUS.—We find in the *Saturday Evening Gazette* of May 30th, the sketch entitled "The Passing on of Minna" written by our associate editor, and published in our first number. We have spared no expense to produce a first class literary paper, and we cannot think it fair that our cotemporary should transfer an original story from our columns to its own, without giving us the slightest credit.

THE ENORMOUS PRISON OF DEEP seems to have at length reached the height at which consumption is checked. The butchers in New York have refused to buy at such prices, except sparingly, and rates have declined in the cattle market about one cent a pound.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.

From the time when the British government first insisted upon cramming opium down the throats of the Chinese, whether they would or no, a disposition has been manifested, by that powerful nation, to encroach upon the internal affairs of China, until now it stands in a menacing attitude, with nearly all the nations of Europe at its back. As we considered that first movement unjust and tyrannical, even so unjust and cruel do we look upon the present demonstration, although the united navies of those so lately thundering against each other for that favorite European idea, "the balance of power," are combined against the junks and gun-boats of the Chinese.

There is something so just in the reply of Yeh, the Chinese minister, to the remonstrance [on the subject of the poisoning at Hong Kong] by Dr. Peter Parker, the United States Minister, that we append the following extract:

"The Chinese and Americans have usually been on good terms, and the trade between China and other countries has heretofore been conducted amicably; but the English have now, for several months, in a most unprovoked manner, brought their troops and engaged in hostilities, repeatedly setting fire to the shops and dwellings of people, and destroying a very great number of buildings, and have ruined some entire families. Doubtless there are many Chinese whose hatred against the English has been much increased by this; but to poison people, in this underhand manner, is an act worthy of detestation; still, as it all occurred in Hong Kong, it is impossible for me to examine into all the facts. The act is owing to the unnumbered evils which have been inflicted upon the Chinese by the English; and the natives of the surrounding districts have taken this way of revenging their private wrongs. The Americans having never injured the Chinese, there is, of course, nothing to mar the good feeling existing between them. Your excellency might, with propriety, issue admonitory exhortations for the Americans quietly to attend their own business, and there can be no question but the Chinese will always treat them in a proper manner."

We hope it will be long before the flag to which the suffering subjects of despotic power, look with longing eyes and trembling hope, will be seen floating side by side with the emblems of tyranny, in a war totally unjust and cruel. While many of our philanthropists protest in bitter terms against any fancied aggressive movement of our own flag, they are too apt to applaud the encroaching steps of despotism.

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

Ex-Vice President Dallas, whom one of the English papers styles "a tall, venerable, grey-headed man, of determined American features, dressed in an old blue top-coat with velvet neck," it seems has caused "many smiles and curt remarks unfavorable to our American cousins," by simply waving his hand to the jetty ambassador from Hayti, "Baron Damier, a black of the first water, with a greasy skin," instead of embracing him, as did that representative of liberality, the ambassador from Belgium. Our transatlantic cotemporary says, "the Haytian noble delights to bother the citizen Dallas, by proving, upon all public occasions, that he is 'a man and a brother.'" Were there no other cause for Mr. Dallas' indifference to his sable excellency, this would surely be sufficient.

THE TREMONT BRASS BAND.—During a recent visit to the pleasant village of Tremont, we had the pleasure of listening to the music of the above named band. The members are entitled to high praise for their proficiency. Although young in years they are worthy of rank with the best bands in the State. Their performance of the "Marseillaise," lingers in our recollection, as a thrilling realization of that inspiring Hymn of Liberty.

Chat.

—The Minstrel always sings from the heart when he gives utterance to the sweet melody of "Home, sweet Home." We have journeyed long and far, and now, at "Home again" in our accustomed chair, we can easily understand how every wanderer turns with longing gaze to one spot on earth, and that spot, home, and calls it the dearest. We have many sweet memories of our friends all through the broad West and the Canadas and we hope from time to time to hear from them. Write to us. All our readers, we know, will be glad to hear of the progress of the many reforms and other good works in which you are engaged.

—S. T. Munson has established an important auxiliary to the cause of Spiritualism and Reform in New York at No. 6 Great Jones street. His store will be found a capital place for strangers to meet, and his Record of Mediums, Lecturers, Publications, &c., highly useful and convenient to all.

—The "Home Journal" says that Spiritualism is going to make and work with secrets. No one will doubt this who has had experience in the subject. The revelations made at times of the most secret thoughts are startling. Crime cannot exist when Spiritualism has full sway.

—An enterprising man in that distinguished locality "Down East," heads an advertisement "Bones Wanted." He offers good pay. Here is a fine chance for those whose bones are lying idle, waiting the general resurrection, to hire them out. Send along your bones.

—We would solicit for our friends Barry & Henck who have just opened a store for the sale of Books and Periodicals on Spiritualism and Reform at 836 Race St., Philadelphia, the patronage of the public in that place. They have both been long engaged in good works and are worthy of all the fortune which may be bestowed upon them.

—Will our beloved friend and "brother in the Lord" of Rehoboth, favor us with a line. If he can, we assure him his line shall be cast in pleasant places. The Photographic "cause" is onward.

—The "National Anti-Slavery Standard," a most capital paper by the way, publishes a letter from Dr. Ross of Alabama and entitles it, "A South Side view of the Golden Rule," and remarks, "The Golden Rule, under his exegetical manipulations, becomes a charter for the greediest tyranny, a warrant in the hands of the rich and powerful for the oppression of the poor and needy."

—Our friend of the *Vanguard*, a good, honest, outspoken paper in Ohio, is announced to deliver an address in Indiana—Subject, "How?" That is certainly incomparably comprehensive.

THE LINE THAT FOLLOWS THE THIRD.—Prof. Felton asks his Greek friend Menander to state what line follows the third in a certain passage. It don't take an old Greek to answer that. We humbly suggest that "the line that follows the third" is usually the fourth. By the way we have an "impression," and it is that there is no fourth line in the passage referred to.

Editor's Table.

PEACE: OR THE STOLEN WILL! AN AMERICAN NOVEL, BY MARY W. JANVRIA. BOSTON: JAMES FRENCH AND COMPANY.
The new novel with the above title has met with a cordial reception by the public. Of Miss Janvria's qualities as a writer it is unnecessary to speak. She possesses a clear brilliant perception of character, an eloquent readiness of language and a power of description equalled by few.

PEACE is one of the best novels which has appeared in years.

THE WIDOW OF ANGERIA. BY THOMAS L. HARRIS. PART I. NEW YORK: NEW CHURCH PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION 1857.

Among the contributions to the Spiritual literature of the age, there has been none more acceptable than those of the Rev. T. L. Harris. Many passages in the "Lyric of the morning land" and other of his poems, bear the stamp of great mind. Of the present work we cannot praise it more highly than by referring the reader to a short poem on another page of this paper and by quoting a paragraph from the preface.

He asks that this book may be read. He deprecates no severity or completeness of criticism. Profoundly convinced the time has arrived when his brethren in the Christian ministry must feel the importance of a thorough acquaintance with the subject of man's relations with the Spiritual World, he offers this volume as the first of a series, designed to shed the light of one experience, faithful though humble, upon this interior realm. He is cheered by the conviction that the time has passed wherein it was deemed the evidence of insanity to allege a personal intercourse with the world of departed spirits.

HYMNS OF SPIRITUAL DEVOTION. BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Our opinions of the Rev. Mr. Harris are expressed above and we quote likewise from the preface of this little volume:

The poets of the world, even in hours of utmost materialism and ignorance, have proved themselves the bearers of a Spiritual Message. They have, for the most part, sorrowed more deeply, suffered more acutely, than any other class of men. For the poet inherits the gift of song; through love also, the power to take unto himself the very agony of the world's grief, and so, in some finite sense, to bear the sorrow of mankind.

READING AND COMPANY, have the most complete stock of British and American Magazines and papers to be found in the city.

We are indebted to our friend "Mike" for a choice supply; Harper with its rare illustrations of the city of Charleston; "Glorious Old Knick," ever fresh and welcome; Putnam, solid and sound, maintaining its position as the "Addisonian" magazine, and The Schoollfellow, for the little ones.

The present number of the London Illustrated News is a miracle of printing, and worth four times the amount it costs.

European Items.

The opium trade of China and India has been discussed in the House of Lords. In the Commons, Lord Palmerston has given notice that he will bring in a bill to remodel parliamentary oaths, and omit the words "on the true faith of a Christian," and thus admit Jews to Parliament.

The French court is at Fontainebleau.

From Madrid we learn that Espartero has resigned his seat in the Senate of Spain. The fleet for Mexico had not left Cadix, but all the troops and generals were on board, awaiting final orders.

A dispatch had been received from Berlin by the French government, notifying the tenor of the King of Prussia's reply to Napoleon's autograph letter in the Neufchatel affair. This reply gives assurance of an early settlement of the remaining points at issue.

The Diet of Sweden had given assent to the bill for the construction of new railways, and to a loan of fourteen millions of rix dollars for that purpose. Fifteen millions of the loan is to be brought out on the London and Paris markets.

The King of Prussia, at the request of Madame Hinckeldey, pardoned Herr Von Rockow, who it will be remembered, killed her husband in a duel.

From the Danubian principalities it is reported that the unionist party had split itself into two—the one advocating the candidature of a foreign, the other of a native prince.

It was said that Denmark was about to yield on the question of the Holstein constitution, mainly in accordance with the good offices and recommendations of the French government.

A Russian expedition was to be despatched to China, with special envoy.

Two delegates from Newfoundland, who were sent to London on the subject of the convention concluded with the French government regulating the right to fish on the banks of Newfoundland, have arrived in Paris, and are to be presented, by Lord Cowley, to Count Walewski.

The trial of the fourteen men, accused of having got up a secret society for the overthrow of the French government, had been brought to a close at the Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police. Three of the accused were acquitted. Pilette, the chief, was condemned to fifteen months imprisonment and a fine of 1000fr., the others to smaller fines and shorter terms of imprisonment.

The Paris *Moniteur* says: M. the Baron Gros has been appointed by His Majesty the Emperor to repair to China in the character of Commissioner Extraordinary. Lord Elgin has received from the government of her Britannic Majesty, an analogous mission, with the same title, and the two plenipotentiaries will lend each other mutual assistance in the negotiations which are confided to them, and the success of which would, without any doubt, open a new field to Christian civilization and the commerce of all nations.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* says that Baron Gros's instructions are to demand from the Chinese government reparation for certain grievances affecting France especially, and among them the murder of M. Chapdelaine; that he is, moreover, to ask for new commercial treaties, and that any combined action by the French and English forces, will depend upon the result of Baron Gros's mission.

Lord Elgin proceeded without delay from Alexandria to Suez, where he found the steamer *Ava* placed at his disposition, with orders to convey his lordship to Singapore, where he will await the French Imperial Commissioner.

Twenty-four ships of the sunken fleet have already been raised in the harbor of Sebastopol.

The Sardinian government has resolved to send a ship or two to the Chinese waters, to combat alongside of the British squadron.

Familiar Letters.

OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

We know not dear reader, if your heart leaps up as ours does, when we escape from the busy haunts of men, and shaking off the smoke and dust of the town, jump with the eager leap of a schoolboy, over the fences into the green lanes and fields of the country. To us there is an inexpressible charm, a ceaseless longing, which beckons us out from the city, into the quiet, holy solitude of Nature.

Come with us upon one of our rambles. The printers have a sufficient supply of "copy," the proofs are corrected, and, for a few hours, we can wander free and untrammelled. Let us go. The rail car looks inviting, but, nevertheless, let us walk.

As we pass up the street let us mark the weary, pinched faces of the business men, chasing one another in an unceasing whirl, like the flying figures upon an itinerant's organ. Their eyes are seldom raised from the stony pavement, and far too often its consistency is imparted to their hearts.

Mark those gaily dressed butterflies, "They toil not, neither do they spin," but day by day they promenade from West to School Street, and from School to West Street, as if the visible world was confined to that brief space. They never dream of the Spring-time glories, clothing all the fields and the forests with a luxuriance they may look in vain for in their sumptuous drawing rooms. The only perfumes of the starchy flowers, which they recognize, are bought in fashionable stores, and enclosed within cut glass bottles. But see! We are leaving them to their enjoyment, in the pursuit of ours. Apple blossoms are scenting the atmosphere. Tufts of blue violets appear amid the emerald verdure. The golden buttercup laughs in the meadow, the scarlet columbine bows its head amid the rocky places, as if in adoration of its Creator. Along the little running streams the dark green leaves of the water-cress mingle with the delicate flower of the forget-me-not. The hum of the city has died away, and the gold-finch, the blue bird, and the robin, flit from bush to bush, whistling and singing in delight.

Let us sit upon this rock. How harmonious is all around us. Reclining upon the green sward the patient cattle seem like sages in meditation. The brook bubbles upon its way. The birds flit gaily over our heads, and the smile of God beautifies and hallows the landscape. Let us ascend this observatory; "Rockland Tower," they call it. How vividly it brings to our memory that glorious afternoon in the Indian Summer, when amid the frost-painted leaves which were falling all around us, we walked to a tower of the same name, and precisely similar in construction, situated upon one of the most noble hills of the memory-hallowed Hudson. How placid was the broad bosom of Taipan Zee; its many white winged vessels seeming like great swans flying over a lake of molten gold. As the sun went down upon the beautiful river, the clouds, the hills, the autumn foliage, all assumed the same glorious hue. The mists rising up from the water, the vapors descending from the sky were tinged with a radiance like that of some sphere born of the poet's imagination. The little tree toad who climbed up the cedar spile and looked forth from his throne like a monarch, seems transferred to this mate tower, flooding our hearts with pleasing thoughts.

From this tower, we miss the scenery of the Hudson, but our eyes drink in a most gorgeous landscape. The three hills of Boston rise up softened by distance. The broad expanse of ocean, with many stately vessels spreading their canvases to the breeze, lies before us. Villages, embosomed amid groves of varied hues, with church spires pointing upwards, dot the scene here and there, and it is with a long sigh of regret we realize that our doom is cast amid the prison-like streets of the city. And yet the great desire of country boys is to rush into the city and every hour over the highways which lead to it.

— from many a sunny shire.
The country life comes green to wither for the hungry fire.
While within the city,—
With merry laughter merrily at the dancing of dead leaves.
There girdling greed rich-heaps the yellow wealth of bank and shop.
As Autumn leaves grow golden when rotten-ripe to drop.
Stay at home boys, learn to love and appreciate the beauties which surround you, nor allow the purity of your souls, the treasures of your hearts, to be crushed within the jaws of the grim city monster.

Dramatic.

The season is over. The Boston closed its dramatic performances with the benefit of Mrs. Julia Bennett Barry, on Monday, the 1st instant. The house of course was filled to repletion. We can hardly suppose the season has been a paying one. Indeed, with the exception of the two engagements next preceding the last, no "Stars" powerful enough to attract, have risen in the firmament. And it is a settled fact, that Boston people will not go to the theatre to witness a performance, unless they are attracted by immense letters upon posters, or long preliminary puffs of some one or two prominent individuals. When Mr. Willard opened the NATIONAL, at the commencement of the season which is now about closing, we will venture to say that no better stock company was ever brought together in Boston. No, even those who entertain such exalted reminiscences of the "Old Tremont," have never witnessed "Julius Caesar," cast as it was in the company of the National. Yet what did it avail? Mr. Willard toiled hard, but was forced to succumb to the idol worship of the populace. Why it is so we will not pause to inquire, but that such is the fact, admits of no denial. Those, then, who are disposed to cavil with a theatrical manager, as a book black might do with an artist, because the necessary shine is not given to the body of his picture, should pause, and learn.

At the Museum, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Davenport have concluded a successful engagement, and have been followed by Mrs. Senter. We truly regret to see such artists as Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, compelled to play at an inferior place of amusement. Both have received the stamp of approbation from the best critics in this country and in England, and yet when they visit this city—the native place of Mr. Davenport—they are only able to get an engagement where the greater portion of the audience are blind to their great merits—an audience to whom it is but little encouragement for a good actor to exert himself. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport sail shortly for England, where we have no doubt a warm welcome awaits them.

In the dearth of good dramatic performances we have at the Boston, "Italian Singers," and at the Howard Athenaeum, "Trained Monkeys,"—strange coincidences.

The Busy World.

THE LIBRARY of the British Museum contains 450,000 volumes, placed on shelves which occupy 15 miles of space.

THE TOWN of Delhi, Ingham county, Mich., returns an aggregate of twenty-two tons, or 44,000 pounds of maple sugar.

ANOTHER PLANET, the forty-third of the system between Mars and Jupiter, has been discovered at the Radcliffe University, Oxford.

A Horse owned by Dr. F. Dorsey, of Hagerstown, Md., died last week, in the 46th year of his age.

MR. BANCROFT is said to have realized \$50,000 by his "History of the United States."

HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, of New York, who has been mentioned in connection with an important office, has declined accepting any post in the gift of the Administration.

THE PROPHECTOR of Mount Vernon, Col. John A. Washington, is lying dangerously ill at that place.

THE BUTCHERS of Philadelphia attribute the recent rise in the prices of beef to the action of speculators, who have plenty of stock on hand, but hold it back from market to enhance its value.

THE DWELLING HOUSES, stores, &c., now in process of construction in New York, involve an estimated expenditure of nearly six millions of dollars.

THE ACTUAL SQUATTERS finally whipped out the speculators at the land sales at the Osage office, Iowa, and warrants, consequently, went down to the following figures: 160 acres, 90c; 80 acres, 85c; 120 acres, 80c.

MISS STEWART, daughter of John Stewart, of Waterford, N. Y., has recovered \$1,000 damages from the Washington and Saratoga Railroad for injuries sustained by the cars being thrown from the track.

DREPP SCOTT, with his wife and two daughters, have been emancipated by Taylor Pillow, Esq. They had all been conveyed to him by Mr. Chaffee, of Massachusetts, for that purpose.

THE SUGAR CROP of Vermont, this year, is estimated, by the Montpelier *Watchman*, at over 8300 tons.

GEORGE PEARODY, the London banker, has returned from the West and South, and will remain in this vicinity till August, when he returns to England.

MORE MILITARY COMING.—The Manchester (N. H.) City Guard are making preparations to attend the celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June.

SPONGES.—One hundred thousand dollars worth of sponges were exported from Key West, last year; and the exports of this year, stimulated by the advanced price, will probably reach \$300,000, or about 150,000 pounds. About forty boats and two hundred men are engaged in the business, who catch the sponge in the shallow waters of South Florida, as far west as Cedar Keys.

DURING FOUR DAYS of last week, 54 vessels arrived at the port of New York, laden with cargoes of sugar and molasses alone. In one day the amount landed was 8923 hogheads of sugar and molasses.

GREAT SHAD FISHING.—At Hadley Falls, on the Connecticut River, 4600 shad were taken, a week or two since, at four hauls. They were worth fully \$1000.

EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN acts, and twenty two resolves, have been signed by the Governor of Pennsylvania, during a session of one hundred and thirty-seven days.

THE FRENCH NAVY comprises 527 vessels, of which 209 are steamers, and carrying altogether 14,077 guns. The American navy numbers but 70 vessels carrying 2243 guns.

SLAVES are "looking up" in price. A few days since, in Missouri, a "boy" of twenty-four was sold for \$1550, and a woman with three children for \$2350.

THE PARISHIONERS of Rev. T. Starr King have presented him a service of plate of the value of \$100 to \$500.

NAHUM CAPEN, author of the History of Democracy, has been appointed, by the President, Postmaster of Boston.

HENRY O'REILLY, of telegraphic fame, offers to the United States government to build, at his own expense, a telegraphic line to the Pacific, if military protection against Indians be afforded.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. HENDERSON, will speak in the Melodeon on Sunday, 7th inst. at 3, and 1-4 before 8, o'clock P. M. IN CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings are held regularly at Washington Hall, on Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced mediums.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FREMONT HALL, Winisimmet street. D. F. Goldard regular speaker.

IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Mr. C. H. Crowell, trance medium, will occupy the desk on the 7th inst.

MEETINGS also at Wait's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire streets, at the same hours as above.

IN SALEM.—Meetings in Sowell street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening.

AT LYCEUM HALL, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. Tooley.

HEALTH TO THE SICK.

Mrs. Conant, the lady through whose mediumship the personal communications which we have published, and which have attracted a great degree of attention, have been recovered; has devoted a large portion of her time to the examination of disease, and in prescribing for the sick, has met with eminent success. An instance we have now in mind, will serve as illustrative of her services in this interesting field of practical Spiritualism.

A lady of this city had a child who was dangerously ill, and who was attended by two of our best physicians. Every effort was made to restore health to the patient, but all in vain, when, at the last moment, having relinquished all hope of saving him from death, it was proposed to obtain the services of a medium. Mrs. Conant was immediately called. She became entranced, and the spirit in possession described the illness of the child as resulting from internal injuries caused by a fall which it received some years before. Mrs. C. was a stranger to the family, and of course, had no means of knowing the cause, as not even the physicians were aware of it, and remarked that had they known it, they would have advised differently. A course of treatment was then prescribed by Mrs. C., and adopted, which resulted in an entire restoration of health, to the great wonder and surprise of the doctors and friends, and the great joy of the parents. This is but one of many cases of similar nature. Mrs. Conant will attend upon the sick, when not engaged in communicating messages for our columns, and may be addressed or seen at her rooms at the National House in this city.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

On board of a Mississippi steamer on its passage between Dumbleth and St. Paul, we cannot refrain from a passing allusion to the great tide of emigration that is flowing from all parts of the world into the West and North West territories of this country.

The Granite State is really crowded, and we are on deck, writing this upon a pile of trunks and all sorts of baggage, for the reason that every seat and table in the saloon is occupied. Even out here, we are hustled every now and then from our position by the throng. At noon the dining table, a very long one, was four times replenished with food and passengers.

Those on board form as motley a group as can well be imagined: They are from the most distant countries of Europe, and from the hills and valleys of our own New England. The Yankee with his shrewd, inquisitive, careless look, with hands thrust deep in his pockets saunters up and down the deck and saloon, a perfect specimen of American independence and Fourth of July. He has got his pocket full of "rocks." His brother was far up in Minnesota last year, bought a lot for four hundred dollars, and is now offered twenty thousand dollars for it, which offer he indignantly refuses. It is not a sufficient advance on the cost for Jonathan: he'd get poor making such bargains. Our Yankee passenger parades up and down this territory of steamboat, boasting of his brother's luck, and leaving the astonished crowd to infer that he intends to have the same.

Here, also, is the Dutchman, just the opposite extreme of human nature, with the omnipresent pipe protruding from his fat face. He is here with all his family. They have come over the seas, and remember well the long hours in the emigrant ship, and the rough boards and rough fare they encountered. They have a few chests; and they contain all they have in God's wide world—all they brought with them from the fatherland, except the imperishable remembrances of "sweet home," and its old associations, forming a part of their immortal being. They go to build a home for themselves and their children. God bless them, say we most earnestly, and bless all these thousands who relinquish all the scenes of youth and go forth six thousand or more miles, to find a spot on God's bright, green footstool, on which they can rest, undisturbed by the Mammon fiend, or his arch ally, Speculation.

All nationalities are here represented. And here, all ages—the white-haired "old folks"—not "at home," but between two homes, the old and the new. And young children are here, too young as yet to have the least idea of the occasion of all the stir and bustle that is around them.

At present there is a much larger emigration from the Eastern and Northern States than ever before. Even in Ohio, thousands are making ready to go "West." Once that State was considered the extreme West; now it's "away down East." There are probably twenty-five or thirty families on this boat; all respectable, well-to-do people. At night every berth is occupied, and the floors are covered with those who cannot find a better place. And yet this is but one of the many hundred boats that are passing up the river, all equally crowded.

And the West is worthy of all this pilgrimage, and all the offerings and worship the world can bring unto it. Its broad fields are waiting to bless millions. Its rich and fertile soil is only waiting for man's presence, to speak to man of the greatness, goodness, and beneficence of God.

But we must close. The tall cliffs on either side cast deep shadows on us. The lamps are being lighted within—music begins to sound from the violin of some amateur of the art divine, and amusement seems destined to be the order of the evening. So, good bye, reader; from this pile of baggage on the Mississippi this last line is sent to you, greeting.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE CLERGY.

The ignorance of the "religious world," as a certain class of our brethren subscribing to a form of creed and belief, is called, in regard to the spiritual phenomena, its facts and its teachings, is equaled only by its own ignorance of all truth as made manifest beyond the limitation of the church. Ask a devotee of church forms, what is spiritualism, and ten times out of a dozen the reply will be a confused jargon of unfledged ideas, dislocated facts and opinions. You will be told a great deal about "raps," "table-turnings," "ridiculousness," "sleeping in their graves," "the witch of Endor," and that distinguished hero of all church history, the Devil.

Having delivered himself of this extraordinary exposition of Spiritualism, the man of solemn visage assumes a more solemn face than ever, and warns you against having anything to do with it—tells you it is leading souls from God, filling our asylums with throngs of maniacs, and breaking up our families as a boy breaks up kindling wood.

Now whether you will heed this admonition, depends altogether upon your state of manhood. If you have an individuality of your own—a faith in God; if you know in whom you believe, and believe that God is the Supreme Disposer of events, such a man's opinion, based as it is on ignorance and fear, will have no weight in your judgment. No, not at all; though he profess to be called of God, and fill one day in seven a black walnut pulpit.

But all are not so. Some there are who follow where he leads whom they hire, to lead them (believing in a hire law). Such are content to take a man's say-so for their gospel of life. They greatly fear lest God shall present to their minds something which their minds cannot bear, and so, walk on, refusing to listen to the voice of truth and wisdom; and their response to this man's warning is, "Yes, yes, brother, it's all so; let us pray fervently to God that we may be delivered from this great evil."

The fact is, and it is becoming daily more apparent, the teachers need to be taught. The clergymen of our land profess to be able to meet the spiritual wants of the people, yet we see to-day a faith entirely spiritual, believed in by three millions of people, of the facts and foundations of which, these clergymen, as a class, exhibit a greater degree of ignorance than the children of our primary schools. This is a truth capable of demonstration, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.

The question at once arises, why is this so? We need not over-tax our brains to furnish an answer. There are very many reasons why. It may be a certain innate fear of being obliged to relinquish long-cherished opinions. "Why, sir," says the Rev. Dr. Plum, to us, "haven't I stood up in the old East Church these twenty years and told my friends they were all going to the devil, if they didn't subscribe to my Articles of Faith? and do you rationally sup-

pose, sir, I can stand up there now and say there is no devil to go to, and no Articles of Faith as good as those which God has placed in every man's soul, safe from the pens and oratures of councils and committees? No, sir! Your Spiritualism is a humbug. Away with it; it's a trap set by the father of lies to catch the sheep that feed on the hills of Zion." And our worthy Dr. Plum, the next Sabbath, astonishes his congregation with a sermon from the text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Another may not think this Spiritualism worthy of his notice. "It's low; it's vulgar; mechanics indulge in it; folks who sit in the cheap pews in the gallery turn to it." This man would blame Christ for being born in a manger, if 'twas policy to do so, and tell St. John that he ought to be ashamed of himself, to dress as he did.

These, and a hundred other causes, have prevented clergymen from fairly investigating this subject. On the other hand, there are hundreds, we know not but thousands, who have examined the subject, and are as firmly convinced of its spirituality as of their own existence, and yet, will not openly declare it. They are waiting for a convenient season; they say it wouldn't be policy to avow their belief, it might injure the cause. We say to such, most emphatically, and we would sound it in their ears until they do their duty—"The cause is God's cause, and he will take care of it. Never a truth can come too soon. Do your duty, your whole duty, and leave the consequence with God. In your congregation are many who are waiting for you; in others, there are pastors waiting for the people. The only way is for each individual to follow the truth, regardless of what may ensue."

If there is a crime on the face of earth, this neglect shown by the clergymen of this age to a subject of such paramount importance, is surely one. Why, look at it as it is. Here we have the great gate of immortal life swung open by angel hands. We have the testimony of tens, yea, hundreds, of thousands in evidence of the presence of those whom we have been taught were "dead and knew not anything." We've these "dead" here with us now; they live, speak, clasp our hands in their own, and tell us of their glorious entrance into a beautiful world of life and joy. Every family is interested; every individual feels the truth of all this. Some believe, boldly proclaim their faith, and throw aside as a child its primer, the creeds and dogmas of a superannuated theology. Others look tremblingly, yet with hope that they may be true, on the thrilling events around them. They have seen; they cannot doubt their senses; but alas, education has trained them to look and rely upon "our minister" in all matters of religious belief. They go to the pastor, and the pastor "calculates" that if these things are so, every man will be his own minister, every soul its own creed—and he denies it; pronounces the sound at midnight upon the little stand beside the bereaved mother's couch, the hallucination of an anxious mind—calls the loving tones of a mother's spirit voice the rhapsody of a nervous brain, and the sight of an angel form, the phantom of an over-wrought imagination.

And this man, this man so wilfully ignorant of the great facts of this age, this man who professes to have been "called of God" to lead the people into light and truth, throws great mill-stones in the shape of creeds and dogmas, prejudices and selfishness, about the necks of a willing people, and leads them down to darkness. In such a way are thousands turned from their father's house, and made to eat husks with swine.

As of the people, we earnestly protest against such cruelty. As among the taught, we demand of the teachers that they inform themselves by careful research whether Spiritualism is a truth that is turning a world of ignorance upside down, or whether it is an error that will destroy us.

It will not do to closet yourselves up in your studies and judge things out in the world. It will not do to look into books for a knowledge of whether the sun shines or not. Go out into the world, and among men, where these things are, and look them in the face. Throw your book in the stove—it will only burden you, and you may cling to it as the foolish man at sea clung to his anchor to save his life, and go down, like him, with it.

As clergymen we address you openly and honestly and ask you whether be this a truth or a delusion, have you done your whole duty in regard to it?

A BOOK.

As a home does not consist merely of the walls, the conveniences and the adornments which any man's gold may purchase, but of those unseen yet far more real and enduring possessions, the fine spiritual influences and presences that pervade it; so with a book, it consists not alone of covers, and paper, and ink, but of a soul, a life that, radiating from its pages, charms the soul into a subjection to its loves and its beauties.

Such a book we have beside us now—a real book, not one made by printers and binders alone, but one in which the souls of angels dwell, giving it an immortality. This immortality may not be of that nature which the world recognises—and yet it is far more tangible.

The title page of this volume is simple and without the least shadow of pretension—"SCANDAL. By Mrs. J. T. Bickford."

We have read this book through, and we find it crowded with great truths, nobly, boldly expressed, and in a form of narrative intensely interesting. There are many allusions to spirit presence; and spirit guidance is evident in every event related. We are credibly informed that the authoress is a Spiritualist. Whether she is professedly one or not, there is enough of its soul in her book to render it attractive to those who are.

The claims of honest worth, and of that unfortunate class who are cast out of society, upon our sympathies and aid, is strongly exhibited, and in a style simple and natural. There is no forced effort to make a display of learning; no bombastic attempt to present a startling work, but in a plain and honest way the story is told, and in its very naturalness and tenderness of thought holds the reader's interest—now beguiling with some pleasing home scene, and now calling forth tears at the recital of the wrongs endured by the victim of "Slander."

We have not space in which to give a fair outline of the main incidents of the work, and can only recommend it to our readers as a book, which as Spiritualists, they will admire, and if not Spiritualists they cannot fail to be deeply interested in.

Some of the incidents it narrates may be thought improbable, if not impossible, but only so by those who are not conversant with the startling events of unseen agencies that are transpiring in our midst.

We copy the following from the Rev. T. L. Harris's new work, "The Wisdom of Angels":—

EVENING HYMN OF HEAVEN.

The day of days draws near. The Sabbath day Hastes like a virgin to her bridegroom's breast. Sweet as the soul-flowers of the Heavenly May, We scent the fragrance of approaching rest.

Now the sweet angel like a happy bride, In the soft arms of silence and repose; And through the Heavens, a deeper, mightier tide Of living rapture, from the Father flows.

The six days' labor brightens every brow, With gems and wreathed flowers of Light Divine; Strow festal roses for the banquet now Press the ripe grapes of Love's immortal wine.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA IN 1847.

A gentleman of our acquaintance has related to us a few facts in his experience, which, as they may interest our readers, we will here briefly relate:—

This person, whom we will designate as Mr. G., in the year 1847, was much interested in the study and practice of Mesmerism, then holding about the same place in the public mind, as to an acceptance of its truths, as Spiritualism now does. He had a friend, a young lady, whom we will call Miss H., who was a good mesmeric subject and clairvoyant. One afternoon the lady was reclining upon a couch in a half listless state of mind, and Mr. G. was carelessly looking over a volume upon a table at some distance from her. While seated thus, he cast a look towards Miss H., and beheld a small piece of paper upon her head. She was in a semi-conscious state, and, as he approached her, did not notice him. He took the paper, a piece about one and a half inches long, by half an inch in width, and was surprised to find legibly written upon it a message. In a few moments the young lady became conscious, and was also surprised and delighted at what had occurred. There was no paper in the house similar to this piece, and the letters, though perfectly plain, did not have the appearance of having been written with the common appliances of writing.

Mr. G. sent the mysterious writing to a friend in New York. He soon after received a reply to his letter accompanying it, which we have now before us, and from which we make the following extract:—

"I submitted that paper immediately to a very independent clairvoyant of great spiritual powers. Professor Bush was present, and mesmerised her. She said that Miss H. was one of the least selfish beings possible, and was as near to a spirit as one could be, and yet remain in the body. This, she said, invited the presence of attending spirits, one of whom was 'so like her that they almost seemed like one.' 'Why,' she says, 'she loves her so much that she would almost assume a body (if it were possible) for the sake of doing her good, and being near her.' She says the paper was not provided, nor the writing traced with the hand, but that the thought of the spirit brought the necessary characters into visible relations. She entered at length into an explanation of the influence of attending spirits; and it was delightful to see her manifestation of enraptured interest, when I put the paper into her hands, not telling her what it was, or where it came from. She understood it at once, and was in ecstasy, apparently holding communion with a spirit, and exclaiming, as she clasped the paper to her bosom with one hand, and raised the other as if beckoning to angels, 'Oh, you don't want it any more.'"

It will be recollected by our readers that this incident occurred, and the letter from which we have quoted was written several years before the advent of modern Spiritualism; yet all the circumstances are alike in nature with those attending the phenomena of Spiritualism. We are further informed that many times subsequent to this, slips of paper fell at her feet, and often came in at the open window, bearing messages from the spirit world. The writing appeared quite legible, and remained so for a considerable length of time, but finally entirely disappeared. The manifestation of spirit presence was also made by letters upon the arm of Miss H., identical in appearance with those now being produced upon the arm of a young lady in this city.

We submit these facts to the judgment of the people, and candidly ask whether these incidents of ten years ago, of which not a word has been made public till now, and the events occurring in ten thousand honest families in New England, do not inevitably lead us to the conclusion that there is something above mere "delusion" in the theory of the Spiritualist.

NOT MERE ASSUMPTION.

The Chicago Tribune says:—"Any amount of instances of the failure of experiments, or of imposition and deception by 'spiritualists,' will not disprove the occurrence of phenomena which may rightfully demand careful, scientific investigation. We may here remark, that the believers in 'spiritualism' seem to us to be the whole question, by assuming that the phenomena are the result of the action of disembodied spirits. We admit the phenomena, but can see no proof of their being caused by spirits."

We agree with the above, so far as it relates to the phenomena, but differ entirely in regard to the "whole question." It is a mistake to suppose that spiritualists assume that it is the production of spirits. They do no such thing. It has only been by the greatest amount of evidence that they have come to such a conclusion. A large number of those who now rank as spiritualists, have been exceedingly skeptical in relation to matters which they now have the fullest faith in. They have not merely assumed that the phenomena is spiritual, but have been obliged to admit it as such, or deny the verity of their own senses, of their own existence.

If our friend of the Tribune has not seen proof of these manifestations being the result of spirit agency, we can only say that he will at no distant day. All that is needed, is a willingness to investigate, and to admit as a truth that which bears the evidence of being such when presented to the mind.

Hume, the table-turner and magnetizer, who has of late excited so much attention in Paris, has predicted to Alexander Dumas that he would live to the age of 123 years, and be killed in a duel.—*Exchange.*

Another story got up by some penny-a-liner—a paragraph to fill out a column. But long before the death of Dumas' 123 years is completed, Spiritualism will be too firmly established to be injuriously affected by the non-fulfilment of so foolish a prophecy.

A GENTLEMAN who is just returned from a somewhat extensive trip through Upper Canada, informs the Rochester Democrat that "nothing" can exceed the promise of the wheat crop there; and unless some evil, now unexpected, shall befall it, there will be an unusually bountiful harvest the present season.

THE TWO VISIONS.

BY R. A. K.

I saw a fair maiden tolling through hardships to support herself and widowed mother in a respectable manner. I saw her frail form grow bent, and her face bear the lines of care and sorrow. Thoughtful and sad was her blue eye, and beneath the almost transparent skin, the once warm blood crept sluggishly along, as if no joy or blissful emotion ever gave it a warmer tint, or quickened its flow.

Life on earth once so joyous, was slowly wearing away, and care had sprinkled a few grey hairs, in the golden locks that would never see age. I saw her bow each day over her task, and when at last it was completed, and taken to the man who gave it out, it was received without a word of commendation or encouragement and the small pittance grudgingly bestowed. I watched her on her homeward way, with eyes cast upon the ground; when the blue sky was smiling overhead, and the warm sun threw his rays alike upon all. I saw her step into a small store, and buy a few necessities for their frugal housekeeping and noticed that the purchases were made more with a thought of her mother, than of herself. I saw her at last, again in the room she called home preparing their simple meal. I saw with what care she spread the repast to tempt the appetite of her feeble companion, and when the labors of the day were passed, she sought her cot and fell into slumber peaceful as an infant, fatigued, but conscious of doing right.—I watched her while she slumbered, and saw the countenance light up, smiles flitting across the brow and hovering around the mouth, and I thought truly the heart finds in dreams what it misses in its waking moment.

The scene changed. I saw a man tossed upon a bed, not of pain, but remorse. His brow contracted, his hand clenched, and groans issued from his lips. He writhed as if in agony, and woke to find it dreaming, and laughed at his fears. There was no rest in slumber, no repose when the soul is conscious of wrong doing. Yet this man of the world wore a calm brow, sported a gay exterior, and was thought to be a well doing happy man. As years passed he grew more avaricious, more grasping, more penurious—and it mattered little to him, what the means were so he made money and did not infringe upon the laws of his country.—Such a man was a good citizen—respected, honored, looked up to—a man of influence and wealth and courted by all. Young maidens smilingly bestowed their hands in the dance, and maneuvering mammas courted the wealthy bachelor for their daughter's sake. Petted and noticed, with a smiling exterior but a heart that constantly told its tale of wrong; that would be heard, if not in waking moments, in sleep. Then it was that pale faces bowed over work, that barely brought sustenance of the poorest fare, rose up before his view, and eyes with tearless but rebuking glance followed him whichever way he turned, and the man of the world started up from his slumber cursing, and swearing he would not sleep.

Again and a higher vision rose up before my view. I saw the maiden stricken by the hand of death, and her feeble parent weeping tears of anguish over her corpse—at the same time I saw the spirit of the maiden borne in the arms of two kindred spirits to her home in the spheres. I saw them lay her upon a couch in a beautiful room, bedeck her with richest garments and retire. I watched her as she lay apparently in slumber; I saw her after a time arouse herself and look around, starting up as if she could not believe her senses at the sight of the beauties surrounding her. I saw her rise and walk around, grace in every motion, with her gauze like drapery falling around her like a silver veil; her golden hair flowing about her shoulders and a wreath of tiny white flowers about her brow, her blue eyes beautifully clear and bright, yet wearing a startled expression, like that of a frightened fawn. Of what was she thinking when she clasped her hands to her breast and burst into tears? Was it a thought that in the earth life she had been offered the splendid temptation so often set before the poor sewing girl, who is endowed with beauty? It was this thought, and not knowing what she was—and only remembering those scenes that had been most strongly impressed upon her mind, and seeing herself in such a beautiful place alone and in magnificent attire, she thought that she had fallen. Sinking upon her knees before a chair, she buried her face in her hands, and wept and prayed at intervals. She started up hearing beautiful music, and found two maidens had entered the room, one playing a lute and singing to its accompaniment. She immediately felt reassured and better.—The one continued playing, while the other came to her, and raising her, drew her to a seat and clasping her about the waist, laid her head upon her bosom. After kissing away her tears and wiping all traces away with her raven locks, she told her of herself; of the happy home she had come to dwell in, of the reward her dutiful labors in the earth life had brought her, and that henceforth no more tears should flow but all smiles and happiness would be hers, and when she spoke of the parent she had left behind, with what transport did she hear that she could still visit her in the earth-life, and commune with her! Truly her cup of happiness, was filled to overflowing!

Again I stood beside a corpse, the countenance disfigured, the form contracted with agony, as if to die had been a horrible thing. Friends hovered around doing all that could be done, for the wealthy man wanted for nothing that money could procure. But death ever relentless alike to the rich or the poor had borne away his prize. My inner sight was opened again—I saw the spirit carried away by those congenial. They paused when they came to a vast dreary plain, and laying the spirit down, they left him to the fate he had chosen, or brought upon himself. I watched by the unconscious spirit a long time; at length I saw signs of returning consciousness, and noted the expression of his face. He started up as if from slumber, and rubbed his eyes to make sure of being awake. He then thrust his hands deep into his pockets as if conscious that he possessed much gold—a strange gleam of satisfaction crossed his face at the recollection of his wealth. Poor creature! rich in the dross of earth—but poor in spirit! I saw him strut around clothed in rags, but with both hands crowded into his pockets as if the feeling of gold made him happy. He travelled until he grew hungry and weary; wished in vain for food or water; but the wealth of earth could not procure the spirit's food and for the first time a thought crossed his mind that it might be useless. Weary and faint he made little headway, but still

persevered and travelled on. He even wished to die to be released from his misery for he knew not that he was in the spirit land. But death came not, for his power was gone—he had done his work—and yet this brought no rest or peace to the unhappy man. I will not follow this spirit through his wanderings, for it is needless; suffice it to say that he was taught by experience which is a true teacher that the wealth of earth is but dust, and is useless in the true life, when a clear conscience or a pure spirit, and good deeds, are the only recognized currency to good society.

The poor girl was rich, the rich man poor in the Spirit life; he in earth life had "his good things," as she had "evil things." But now she "was comforted" and he "tormented."

ENCOURAGING.—A. O. Stiles, M. D., of Bridgeport, Ct., writes us as follows:—"Book me for three copies of the Banner of Light. It is an excellent paper, and I want to give the two extra copies to those who cannot afford to subscribe. They need light, and I am bound they shall have the Light. They shall not be debarred from receiving the published word from the spirit world because they are poor. Let all who are able, take three or more copies, and give to those who are unable to pay for them. God speed the Banner of Light."

SPIRITUALISM IN PORTLAND.

A correspondent in Portland, Mr. William Gerriah, furnishes us with some interesting items relative to the rise and progress of truth in that city. Public meetings were commenced there in December, 1854. They were then held in Rechabite Hall. Subsequently, in 1855, Ware's Hall was occupied. On the 30th of March last, the "Harmonial Spiritual Association" was organized. The meetings are usually addressed by higher intelligences through the mediumship of L. K. Coonley, Stillman Sharpe, Mrs. E. B. Danforth, Mrs. Slite and others; and an increasing interest exists. The hall is free to lecturers; they are cordially invited and remunerated for their time and services by such contributions as may be freely given by the audience. In this connection we give place to the following letter:—

PORTLAND, May 25, 1857.

Friend Colby—I drop you a line this morning, to say to you that I think if your agent would come here, he would not obtain many subscribers to your excellent "Banner of Light." I can truly say so, for it is well received.

The Spiritualists here are in most glorious spirits. The cause was never more flourishing than now. There are two halls open every Sabbath for unfolding of Spiritual Truth; and what makes us feel more buoyant, is the fact that the Rev. Dr. Dwight, the "Priam" of New England Orthodoxy, has hurled his javelin at the Angel host, who stand more invulnerable than Achilles, for even the heel of that host are unharmed.

I sent you the discourse of the Rev. Dr. as reported correctly (for I heard it delivered), by the direction of the Spiritualists here. The reporter entered it for copyright. The Dr. served a writ of injunction, and in turn the reporter served the Dr. in the same way; and then both issued and are now selling the precious document, of which I send you a copy. Last night one of our lawyers, Jabez O. Woodman, replied to the Dr., and his hits were sometimes not only very amusing, but uncommonly keen. This occurrence is glorious for our cause here.

Yours, truly, L. K. COONLEY.

[We should be pleased to hear from our Portland friend often.]

MANIFESTATION IN BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, May 25, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—William Darby, late of this city, the well known author of several Geographical works, was, previous to his death in 1853, an investigator of Spiritualism, and a short time before his departure hence, wrote the following and sealed the contents, viz:—

"Did Eve ever smile after being driven from Paradise?"

On the outside of the sealed note was the following endorsement, in the handwriting of Mr. Darby.

"I promise to reveal what I utter within, if possible, hereafter. William Darby."

Written this 25th October, 1853."

The note was left in the hands of a medical gentleman of this city, and by him recently handed to me with the request that I would get a reply through some medium of my acquaintance. Accordingly I laid it upon my table while sitting opposite Mrs. W. of Bel Air, the lady of a respectable lawyer of that town, both then on a visit here. Mrs. W. was immediately entranced—her eyes closed while she wrote—

"Eve did smile after her expulsion from Paradise. She enjoyed the love of her husband, and the protection and forgiveness of her Maker."

It is proper to remark that no person on earth had any knowledge of the contents of the sealed note until after the above was written, nor was the seal broken till returned to Dr. T., before alluded to.

The "original papers" are in my possession for examination.

If the foregoing is of any account, print it. The parties alluded to are all respectable, and I presume might not object to seeing their names in full. They are—Dr. TANNER, BALTIMORE; R. W. WHALAND Esq., ATT'Y., Mrs. R. W. WHALAND, Bel Air, Harford Co., Md. Respectfully, R. MACHEN.

Manifestations in Southern Illinois.

A correspondent of the Du Quoin Mining Journal, vouched for by the editor as a "man of truth under ordinary occurrences," gives the following account of some very singular manifestations near that place, of which he says he was an eye witness:

About the middle of the month of March last, after I had retired to bed for the night, I was thinking of my plans for the next day, I heard a loud knocking upon the door, and opening it, found my nearest neighbor, Mr. L., awaiting me. He was trembling from head to foot, at which I was greatly surprised, as the night was quite warm, considering the time of year. "For God's sake, come to my house immediately. Satan or some of his crew have taken possession of the premises and are playing the d—d generally."

He would give me no time to ask questions; but was exceedingly anxious I should accompany him. I had scarcely got my clothes on until he took me by the arm, and hurried me along towards his residence. He entered the main room of the building, closely followed by myself. There the most wonderful sights I ever beheld presented themselves to my view. Mr. L.'s wife and two oldest daughters were huddled up in one corner of the room, and each was the personification of terror. They were clinging to each other, and sobbing violently. Near the fire place, was the youngest daughter, a very pretty girl, moving round in a kind of waltz-like dance, with arms in a hor-

Pearls.

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

Cease railing at Fortune,
Meet life with a kiss,
Nor needlessly wish it
One cycle of bliss;
For cares but embellish
Our season of joy,
Like feathers cloudlets
That sprinkle the sky.

Cease railing at Fortune,
Take life as it comes;
If wanting its delusions,
Be glad o'er the crumbs;
Each little is sweet, if
A smile the lip wears,
But bitter the morsel
When moist and with tears.

Difficulty of attainment is commonly proportioned to excel-
lency of object.

With allent awe, I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still,
With soothing calm on every breeze is born;
A graver murmur surges from the hill,
And echoes answer softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnets from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill,
Hail! light serene; hail! sacred Sabbath morn;
The rooks float silent by, in airy drowse;
The sun a jaded yellow lustre shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

The smallest and slightest impediments are the most an-
noying, and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little af-
fairs most disturb us.

With mystical faint fragrance,
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
Where winged hopes might bide;
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise beamed
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the lino
Of Angel-light increased;
Like the mystery of Moonlight,
That folds some fairy feast,
Snow-white, snow-white, snow silently,
Our darling bud up-curlied,
And dropt the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

The want of goods is easily repaired, but the poverty of the
soul is irreparable.

As one lamp kindled may convey
To thousands more a living ray,
So one man's virtues may create,
Like kindled lamps, a virtuous state.

If you do good forget it, if evil, remember and repent of it.

Ye heavens! whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;
Who, though so lonely, share in the world's toll,
And though so tasked, keep free from dust and soil;
I will not say that your mild dews retard
A thing that may be of their silent pain
Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain;
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be—
How vast, yet of what clear transparency.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ISOLA.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The dazzling glory of the tropical noonday beam-
ed in upon a strangely contrasted scene. Without,
the warm air stirred the plenteous foliage and the
gorgeous wild flowers; the crimson and golden fruit
glistered temptingly from amid its encircling leaves.
The starry jasmine mingled with the creeping vine,
and sent its fragrant message into that luxuriously
appointed chamber, where life and light, and wealth's
scattered gifts contrasted with the darkness of desola-
tion; the death that knows of no immortal awak-
ening.

There were costly mirrors, over which floated
clouds of softest lace; beautiful pictures, sweet
scenes of calm rural life, and of ocean's aspect in its
fair and sunny mood. Rich vases stood filled with
choicest flowers, and roses lay scattered with gen-
erous profusion upon the matted floor. In the far-
thest corner and deep in the shade, stood a couch,
over which the snowy curtains drooped, softly wav-
ing to the caressing breezes' motion, as if lulling
into rest the sleeping form beneath.

It was a woman's form of purity and loveliness,
reclining there in the last earthly sleep. The face
was no longer youthful, but on it lingered traces of
the most patient suffering, by death exalted and
glorified! The dark hair so smoothly parted, was
interwoven with many threads of silver. A smile
of ineffable blessedness dwelt on the closed lips, the
white still hands were folded, as if in the attitude
of fervent prayer, and the beholder, as he gazed
upon that shrouded form, felt deep within him the
consciousness of a life beyond; the blessed convic-
tion that she that lay there so motionless and smil-
ing, in spirit wandered in an unseen world.

Beside that couch knelt a young girl, on whose
face the ravages of grief were deeply impressed.
There was no resignation in her soul, no light of
hope immortal within those tear-dimmed eyes; but
from her pale lips issued the despairing moan: "Oh,
mother, mother! for ever, ever gone!" And in her
wild and prayerless anguish, the misdirected child
accused Heaven of injustice, rudely tore her glossy
tresses, and writhed in utter hopelessness upon the
floor. Sad had been that young heart's experience.
The loving, sanctifying influences of the mother,
counteracted by a father's blighting example. A
wealthy man, yet poor in the heart-wealth that
makes a heaven of home; skeptical of human faith,
a disbeliever in the life to come, sneering at all
manifestations of noble and disinterested feeling;
his utter heartlessness towards the sanctities of
life; his disregard of the home which he invaded
by uproarious revelry and drunken folly, all this had
broken the heart of the gentle wife, and doomed to
doubts of Heaven's justice, to a repining and aimless
life, the heart of his sorrowing daughter.

A year passed on, with pale cheeks and prema-
turely clouded brow, the young girl sits beside the
open window; sunshine and flowers, and beaming
skies unheeded; for care and fear, and distrust of
all things, lie heavily upon that soul. The one un-
fading fount of love still wells up, pure and gush-

ingly, to the plaintive accompaniment of her yearn-
ing tears, love for the departed mother; but no an-
swering signal from the world of spirits, tells her of
life and remembrance of coming reunion and joy!
Her father has given all the ties of affection that
bind the parent to the child. Blows and curses
greet her daily, and the once poetic aspect of the
lovesome home has changed to one of bleak discom-
fort. The heart of the doubly orphaned girl grows
stern and cold, there are no words of sympathy to
call forth her better feelings, and she is unconscious
of the salutary influences of heart trial, knows not
that the stern lessons of life are necessary to the de-
velopment of the immortal spirit, and that the puri-
fication of the soul by the fiery ordeal of sorrow is a
great and holy boon of mental elevation. She knows
not of this; she suffers and rebels, weeps and re-
pines, nor looks to Heaven for aid and guidance.

That night, her father left her for a short voyage
to a neighboring island. His farewell was almost
tender, his manner thoughtful, and his better nature
asserted its angelic sway, as he embraced his child
and bade her adieu. Long did Isola linger on the
threshold of her darkened home, watching his re-
treating form. An undefinable yearning possessed
her, a wild desire to follow, to entreat his return, to
cling around his neck with the old familiar childish
fondness! Resolutions of love and patience, of for-
bearance and endurance, passed like music waves
over the troubled heart, and Isola retired to pray for
her absent father.

That night there arose a terrific storm that car-
ried devastation far and near. When the morning
sun beamed from the cloudless sky, it revealed the
wrecks of ships and fishing boats, lining the sand-
beach for miles. Never returned, the harsh un-
feeling father of Isola, who had he lived longer,
might have been won to love and charity. He
passed away from earth, the prayer for forgiveness
upon his lips, mingling with the names of his de-
parted wife and desolate child. But amid the or-
phan's desolation gleamed a ray of hope that gradu-
ally expanded into the love-light of a promised joy!
Her heart yielded to tenderness as she recalled her
father's parting words of affection, and life, all be-
reaved, as she was, no longer seemed the dark and
gloomy valley.

From the distant shores of the land of Washing-
ton came to the dwellers of that summer region
"tidings of great joy!" It was told that the spirits
of the departed communed with men. Arousing
from the apathy of grief, Isola listened eagerly, her
doubting soul admitted the possibility of conviction.
Oh! if her mother, her erring father lived, and she
should yet behold them, be with them in another
life. Oh! overwhelming joy! glorious compensation
for her young life blighted by earthly cares. She
called upon a friend at whose house sittings were
held for the purpose of spirit communion. A deep
calm settled upon her, as she sat with a chosen few
around a table; presently a message came, written
by the hand of one noted for her truthfulness and
loving heart. The icy barriers dissolved from
around Isola's spirit, and the era of light and hope
dawned for the desolate girl, as with quickly falling
tears, she read:

"My beloved child, I have seen thy struggles and
thy sorrows; they were necessary to the purification
of thy soul. My daughter, there is a world of love
and joy which I inhabit. Be pure, patient, and full
of love; we shall meet on the eternal shores; on
earth, even, thou shalt have proofs of my presence
and watchful love. Thy Spirit mother."

Then again the medium wrote: "Pray for me, my
child; give me thy thoughts in love and forgiveness;
darkness yet surrounds my spirit; but light is
breaking through."

Her father's name was signed to this communi-
cation. Henceforth happiness beamed upon the
pathway of Isola; worldly troubles off intruded, yet
her soul walked serene in faith, in communion with
the beloved. Blest as she was, are countless thou-
sands.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GRAVES OF THE HOUSEHOLD AND
THE HEART.

BY AGLARE RITCHIE.

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light has fled;
For thick in every grave-yard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky."

In every heart there is a secret chamber, which is
kept pure and sacred. From the dim old walls of
this precious home-gallery, many a sweet face looks
down upon us, remembered in the wistful past, and
living with us still, in the fitful present. And out
in the old church-yard, where the dark cypress
waves, there's many a grave, holding the buried cas-
kets we loved so dearly. Many a vacant seat by the
hearth-stone and at the home-table, but resting
places out there; and many a lone being walks the
earth, whose all was laid in the grave, long, long
ago. Beautiful faces; they come to us yet in dream-
land, in all their pristine beauty, with the angel-
print on each brow, gazing far down into the inner
being of us, and reading our past and present at a
single glance; leaf after leaf in our life-histories,
which we thought sealed down forever; pages dark
with sin, only a light here and there, to show the
few good deeds we have done. Out into the far be-
yond, years ago, went the dear ones of my heart,
and its walling has not ceased yet. So Death, lay-
ing low the bonds of affection, commanded, in the
name of the loved Master, those gentle beings, whose
lives had been all sunshine and happiness, to "walk
through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing
no evil." And the eyes closed gently, and tiny
hands were clasped meekly over pure, loving hearts;
that ne'er knew evil, and calm brows looked still
more calm that the death-angle had set his signal
seal there. Old and young—they sleep alike now.

I have a dim vision of a sweet angel-face that
faded from my sight, just as I had learned to love it
—of bright earth-flowers that the Father's hand
transplanted, all the sooner, that I loved them so
fondly. But better far this, than all care and trials.
Better that the heavy clouds fall harshly on the coffin
lid, than that love should die out from the heart,
leaving nought but a weary space, which only the
evil in us can fill.

I laid them away months ago; that glossy curl,
those lotus so full of love, and that miniature.
But those dark eyes are following me yet, and that
bewitching smile haunts me night and day, winning
my spirit, though oceans divide us. Nothing for me
now to look at but a faded yellow rose. Oh, Edward,
are those days a weary blank to you? Alas, if this

be so. Yes, better, thrice better death, than this
bitterness of heart between us.

"And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky."

From my window I can see the church-yard, with
its little mounds, its white monuments, and gray,
time-worn stones; so many angels in heaven with
God. And lonely, broken-hearted mourners come
and weep, and the bright bird-warblings are heard,
and the squirrel runs amongst the noble old trees;
and the flowers are blooming in fragrant luxuriance
whilst the old church, all moss-grown and embowered
in creeping vines, stands like a sentinel, keeping
watch above the holy dead. I weep for you, little
child, as I watch for your coming; you, lying there
on a mother's grave, with that heart-sorrow weigh-
ing you down. In the leafy springtime, in the sum-
mer twilights, when the autumn song-birds trill
forth their sweet lays, and in the dreary winter time,
when the white snow flakes come stealing down so
gently, at morning and night, I gaze out with tears
blinding my sight, at you, so pure and innocent,
waiting there for "mother." And all the while I'm
praying for you, that the dark cloud of sorrow may
never gather over your head, or your tiny feet learn
to tread the thorny path of sin, or your heart know
the lesson of faithlessness; but that, ere the night
of life setteth in, God may call you to join "mother,"
adding one more hillock to the grave-yard; one more
angel to the "Heavenly Host."

Aye, this, rather than "a living death, a dying
life."

Life and death on earth—eternal life in heaven.

Scientific and Mechanical.

NEW METHOD OF PRINTING.—The following method
of printing is described in the last number of New
ton's *London Journal*, and secured by patent in Eng-
land as the invention of J. B. D. Chevalier and N. R. O'
Sullivan, of Paris. It has for its object to obtain
printing surfaces as a substitute for lithography,
over which it claims to have advantages, not only in
cheapness, but in printing a number of colors at
once, whereas in lithography each color has to be
worked off separately. It is described as follows:—

"In carrying out the invention, the patentees
take any suitable permeable substance or fabric,
such as linen, calico, cloth, canvas, or other woven
or suitable material, or it may be, a reticulated met-
al surface, or metallic plate or sheet, perforated with
minute holes, to impart the required degree of per-
meability, and on this surface they draw or write
the characters in ink composed of lampblack, India-
ink, gum, sugar, and salt.

A coating of this ink being applied to the perme-
able surface in the form of the design or character
or characters required, they next coat the permeable
substance, on the side drawn upon, with a thin coat-
ing of film of gutta percha, or of gelatinous material,
covering the drawing as well as the other part of the
permeable material. When the coating of gutta
percha or other gelatinous material is dry, the fab-
ric, or other surface so coated, is washed. The gut-
ta percha, or gelatinous material, at that part where
it comes in direct contact with the permeable mat-
erial, adheres firmly thereto; but at those parts cov-
ered by the ink it has no such adhesion, and simply
holds to the ink design. The ink, being readily soluble
in water, is removed in the washing, and carries away
the gutta percha covering it; thus the design drawn
upon the permeable material is now the only per-
vious part remaining on the surface.

The back part of the pervious substance or fabric
is now to be coated with the ink or color or colors
required to be printed, and the ink or color having
been applied, the impression is taken from the face
of the fabric or substance by pressure in a suitable
press, the paper or surface to be printed being placed
in contact with the face of the fabric or printing sur-
face, the ink or color passes through the pervious
part, and thus applied and printed on the paper.

Instead of applying the ink or color to the back
of the pervious material, the design in that material
may be placed on a pad containing a reservoir of ink
or color, by which the ink or color is supplied, by
pressing it upon such pad, from which it passes
through the pervious parts of the material constitu-
ting the design to the paper or substance placed on
the face of the printing surface to receive the im-
pression.

SHIP BUILDING.—The total number of vessels built
in the United States during the past year was 1,703,
the tonnage of which was 469,393. Maine, Massa-
chusetta, and New York are by far the greatest ship-
building States, more especially the first, no less
than 316 of the vessels, amounting to 149,907 tons
burden, having been constructed in Maine ports."

Flashes of Fun.

A gentleman complained to old Banister that some
malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which,
as he meant to sell him, would be a great hindrance.
"Then," said Charles, "you must sell him whole-
sale." "Wholesale?" says the other; "how so?"
"You cannot re-tail him."

"I have heard," said a Quaker to a reverend gen-
tleman, "I have heard, friend Young, that thou
wouldst not bury—because he was one of the
dissenters." "You're misinformed," replied the other,
"I should be happy to bury them all."

A boy, attending a festival supper, said some of
the voracious visitors had been starving themselves
so long, in anticipation of the feast, that they were
hollow all the way down; and he could hear the first
mouthful they swallowed strike at the bottom of their
boots!

A lady up town cleared her house of flies by put-
ting honey on her husband's whiskers when he was
asleep. The flies stuck fast, and when he went out
of the house he carried them off with him.

Lawyer C.—(entering his friend Dr. M.—'s office,
and speaking in a hoarse whisper.)—Fred, I've got
such a cold this morning, I can't speak the truth.

Dr. M.—"Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will
interfere with your business."

A philosopher who had married a vulgar but ami-
able girl, used to call her "Brown Sugar;" because,
he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.

A horse-dealer, describing a used-up horse, said
"he looked as if he had been editing a newspaper."

At a Sunday school examination, the teacher asked
a boy whether he could forgive those who wronged
him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy,
for example, who has insulted or struck you?"
"Ye-es, sir," replied the lad very slowly "I—think,
—I—could, if he was bigger than I am."

Agriculture.

THE GRAIN PROSPECT.

Notwithstanding the "croakings" of the *New York
Tribune*, and a few other city papers, the prospects of a
plentiful harvest grow brighter day by day. Hard-
ly a paper comes to us from the producing districts,
but speaks cheerfully, sometimes enthusiastically, of
the crops. From Illinois, in which great State the
commercial papers predicted an almost entire failure
of the grain, hints conveyed in "extracts from busi-
ness letters"—that phrase means, dear reader, let-
ters from emissaries of speculation,—the accounts
are especially joyful. From Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky,
and the entire South, come like reports. Let the
people set their faces against the speculators—let the
producers and consumers combine against these de-
vouring locusts, and the "better time," so long ex-
pected, will have arrived. Fruit of all kinds promises
better than for years before. The maple sugar crop,
gathered during the past season, amounts to a sum
far beyond any previous year; and in nothing is the
country wanting, save a little less love of the "al-
mighty dollar," and a little more to man.

SOWING FLOWER SEEDS.—Small seeds are apt to
be buried too deep, or they are left on the surface,
and a burning sun scorches them, or the soil is stiff,
and, when wet, draws them round so tightly that
no air can get at them. The soil should be made
very fine before sowing. If the soil is the least ad-
hesive, a little fine, sandy soil should be used for
covering, and then success will be more certain.

WILD GRAPE.—The question is often asked by the
farmer, whether the native grape, if removed to our
gardens, and subjected to good culture, would not
improve in the character of its fruit, and become less
austere or foxy. This method was adopted some
years since by Professor Gimbrede of West Point,
who collected every known variety from the woods,
manured and pruned them with great care, in the
hopes of changing or ameliorating their character;
the experiment was a failure, although the fruit was
greatly increased in size, some berries being larger
than the Black Hamburg, yet the flavor and rough
state of the fruit remained the same.

POTATO-DIGGING BY MACHINERY.—Every one who
has dug potatoes, and felt the back-breaking, head-
aching trials which accompany the tedious process,
will feel a bound of pleasure on hearing that Yankee
ingenuity promises to supersede by machinery the
afflictive labor of gathering this important harvest.

Capt. Taggart, of Roxbury, has patented a simple
contrivance for the purpose, which an agricultural
house in Utica is about to carry into practical use.
It is a plow-shaped machine, with a double set of re-
volving metal fingers, which take up the favorite
fruit, winnow them from the earth, and deposit them
in baskets hung on each side, or in a couple of rows
upon the earth. With a pair of horses, a man, it is
calculated, can dig from six to ten acres per day. We
shall watch with curiosity the results of a trial of
this very useful invention. It will work a very im-
portant revolution in potato raising, if successful.

SHADE TREES.—A correspondent of the *Southern
Cultivator*, states that a friend of his had a large
number of the barren mulberry trees growing in his
yard, and casting such a dense shade that the rays
of the sun never reached the ground. He called his
attention to this, and advised him to remove every
alternate one. This was not done; they were allowed
to stand. That season he lost his wife and three
children by sickness. The correspondent referred to
attributed this sickness to the dampness in and
around his friend's house, caused by the deep shade
of the trees. His inference is probably a correct one;
for a free admission of cheering light can never be
excluded from any house by shade trees (or anything
else) but at the peril of health. In this place we
also advise those who have shade trees around their
houses, to be very careful, at this season, to sweep up
blossoms and pollen which fall upon the ground, and
remove them to a distance, for all decaying vegetable
matter, in the neighborhood of dwellings, engenders
miasma.

THE LADIES IN THE GARDEN.—The culture of straw-
berries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, cur-
rants, and garden vegetables, is as delightful and
profitable as anything in which woman can engage.
She may sprinkle her garden well with flowers: all
the better for that. A snow-bell in this corner, a
rose in that, a dahlia bed there, and a moss border
here, will not be out of place. Only let the substan-
tial and useful constitute the chief part. A touch
of the ornate, like a ribbon on a good bonnet, is not
in the least objectionable. In all the schools the girls
study botany. In all families the women ought to
practice botany: it is healthful, pleasing and useful.
The principles of horticulture are the principles of
botany put into practice. Farmers study agricul-
ture: why should not their wives and daughters
study horticulture? If any employment is femi-
nine, it would seem that this is: if any is healthy,
this must be: if any is pleasurable, none can be
more so than this. A rich bed of strawberries, a
bush of blackberries or currants, a border of flowers
produced by one's own hand—what can well afford
a more rational satisfaction? We say to all our
country sisters: have a garden, if it is only a small
one; and do your best with it. Plant it with what
pleases you best, with a good variety, and see what
you can do with it.

MORAL COURAGE.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world, for the
want of a little courage. Every day sends to the
grave a number of obscure men, who have remained
in obscurity, because their timidity has prevented
them from making the first effort, and who, if they
could be induced to begin, would, in all probability,
have gone great lengths in the career of fame.
The fact is, that to do anything in this world
worth doing, we must not stand back shivering,
and thinking of the cold and the danger, but
jump in and scramble through as well as we
can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating
takes, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well
before the flood, where a man could consult his
friends upon an intended publication for a hundred
and fifty years, and then live to see its success after-
wards; but at present, a man waits and doubts, and
hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle,
and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that
he is sixty years of age—that he has lost so much
time in consulting his first cousin and particular
friends, that he has no more time to follow their
advice.

The Governor has vetoed the resolve increasing
the State aid to the Idiote Institution from \$5000 to
\$7500.

A LATE CENSUS of London shows 149,120 more fe-
males than males, 65,481 unmarried ladies in excess
of unmarried men; 110,076 widows to 87,080 wid-
owers; and 10,693 "grass widows," as is seen by the
fact of there being that number of married women
more than of married men.

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June 11

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS,
Labels, &c., handsomely illuminated, in the highest
style of the typographical art, will be executed promptly, and
upon reasonable terms, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT,
17 Washington Street. June 11

THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD! MRS. E. B. DAN-
FORTH, 12 Wilmet Street, Portland, Me., a Sympathetic
Examiner and Prescriber for the Sick. Having been more
than three years in Portland and vicinity, in restoring many
that were given up by physicians, now feels encouraged to
offer her services to those who may want. Mrs. Danforth
will give special attention to female complaints—Examina-
tions—private and strictly confidential.

Mrs. Danforth's course of treatment cleanses the blood,
gives circulation to the fluids and vitalizes the system. She
treats Catarrh, Dropsy, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Paralysis, Sol-
id Affects, Gravel, and those subject to Fits, have all yield-
ed to her treatment. Persons from the Country are re-
quested to give their names, age, and town they live in, and they will
have a description and prescription sent, and medicine if
required. The fee for our distance prevents personal at-
tention. Medicines all vegetable.

Terms.—Examination and prescription if present at the
house, \$1.25; in the city, absent, \$1.50; out of the city, \$2.
June 11, 1857.

LIFE OF A SEER. JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, entitled
"THE MAGIC STAFF." This Greatest of the wonderful books
of Mr. Davis is now ready. For sale at S. T. MUNSON'S No.
6 Great Jones Street, New York. Sent by mail, post paid,
on the receipt of the price, \$1.25. June 4

GEORGE ATKINS, HEALING AND CLAIRVOYANT
MEDIUM, Office No. 184 Main Street, Charleston.
Heal the sick by the laying on of hands and other spirit
powers. When sickness or disease prevents personal at-
tendance, by enclosing a lock of hair with the name and
place of residence, the patient will receive an examination
written out, with all requisite instructions. Terms, when the
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GEORGE ATKINS, Healing and Clairvoyant Medium, of Char-
leston, will be at Webster, Mass., three first days in every
fortnight, commencing with Monday June 1st. The friends in
all places desiring his services to lecture or attend to the
sick, will please address D. R. BRIDGEMAN, of that place.
June 4.

MEDICAL INSTITUTE, HAVING NO SYMPATHY
with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a
combination of speculative individuals, having no higher ob-
ject than money making; frequently disregarding the inter-
est of the sufferer, and too often taking advantage of those
unacquainted with their craft; practicing, for their own con-
venience what they acknowledge as deception, I have come
to the conclusion that, as well as a medical diploma, each
student in the city, establish myself in an institution alone, with
my wife and boy to constitute the whole faculty, professing
that I have cured more of the THOUSANDS OF CASES OF DIS-
EASE by which mortals are afflicted, than any other physician
in my locality, during the long period in which I have been
thus practicing; and this without the aid of any of my own
peculiar compounds. Office, No. 50 Kneeland Street.
May 28. N. H. DILLINGHAM, M. D.

LIFE OF A SEER. JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, entitled
"THE MAGIC STAFF." One volume royal 12mo. 652 pages.
Price \$1.25. BELLA MARSH, 16 Franklin Street.
May 28.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE TABERNACLE. DISCUSSION
of Spiritual Philosophy, by COL. C. V. HART, a Spirit-
ual Medium, and MR. C. H. HARVEY, a Minister of the
Gospel, on Thursday evening, April 16th, 1857. Photographi-
cally reported. 16 large octavo pages. Price 5 cents; 6 for
25 cents; 12 for 40 cents; 25 for 60 cents; 50 for \$1.00 and
smaller prices for postage. Address STEARNS & CO., pub-
lishers, cor. Ann and Nassau Streets, New York. May 28—31

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY
LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES MAINE,
Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted at
the corner of State and Court Streets, Boston. He is prepared to
attend patients desiring treatment by the above process on
moderate terms. Patients desiring board, should give notice
in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before
their arrival.

Who send locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should
inclose a card, the examination, with a letter stamp to
prepay their postage.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.
May 28

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM. ROOMS
No. 15 Tremont Street, Upstairs, (opposite the Boston
Museum). Office hours from 9 A. M., to 5 P. M. Other hours
he will visit the sick at their homes. May 21—24

MR. F. R. HAYDEN, WRITING, WRITING, TEST IM-
PRINTING (Letters of the firm and CLAIRV-
MATH MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place, Boston. May 14—17

MRS. M. MUNSON, CLAIRVOYANT,
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