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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—sad and touching from its mournful and tragic interest, beautiful in its traditions, and eloquent in its glorious inspiration and teaching to mankind."

"Continued of Chapter XIX.
"Now for poor Jonas!" said Jack, but a heavy fall startled him for a moment. Bolt had lost the excitement of his liquor, and was now helplessly drunk upon the floor.

"An anchor to the windward!" said Jack, "I remember now, the fellow's brains never could stand more than a thimble full of grog, and that made a devil of him—weak in the top-sail, I guess."

The open door and confusion within, had by this time attracted the attention of the watchman; and he entered. On seeing Jack, he exclaimed, "Holloa, Jack, you on shore again, and at your old tricks, what new spree now?"

"Pon honor, now," said Jack, "I'm as dry as a ship on the stocks, but look here, this is pretty work, this poor fellow's leg is broken." Jonas groaned as they handled it.

"You must take him to the Hospital. It's old Jonas Hart, the chore-man, you know him."

"Yes, an honest old soul, who has kicked up a row with him?"

"Do you see that red fellow—he was a murderer, every soul on board, here; but as good, luck would have it, I came in, and played captain for him."

Poor old Jonas was kindly cared for, and in less than two hours was transferred to a clean cot in the hospital, with his limb skilfully set, and everything comfortable and neat about him.

Bolt woke from his long stupid sleep, in the watch-house, henceforth to be carefully watched over by guardians of the public weal.

"Yes, my hearties, you shall go to the funeral," said Jack, in answer to Dora's entreaties to be permitted to follow her old friend to the grave. "I'll get a carriage, and you may go, if you have a lame arm—but remember I'm captain now, and you must obey orders."

"I'll do just as you say, Jack, if you will only let me go the grave, for she told me before she died—Dora, dear, ye'll mourn for me, I know, and ye'll go the funeral—and when ye stand at the grave, ye must think I'm saying to you Aunt Bolt is where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But I'll mind ye Jack, ye're all the friend we have now, what'll ye have me do?" Dora looked up to him with that sweet gentle expression which had won the hearts of strangers and made friends for the little wanderer.

Jack looked at the sweet face and brown curls, and said to himself, "Jack Warren aint seen salt water for nothing—I'll see now if a sailor's wages aint good for something better than to buy grog with."

"She's a pretty little angel, and handsomer than the figure head on the Dorchester. She shan't want for nothing as long as I can splice a rope, or climb the mast head."

"Ye must lie still, Dora, in your own room, up stairs, till the funeral time. There's a woman coming to clear up between decks, here, and when the time comes, I'll come and take you to the carriage. Do you want any torgery to wear?"

"I should like—I thought it would be pleasant, I mean, to put a black ribbon on my straw bonnet, not any bows on Jack."

"Yes, yes, that's right, flags at half mast, you know, I'll see to it."

In a short time Jack's "woman" came, a kind hearted sailor's wife. Dora was carried to her own room up stairs, where, in the quiet of the darkened chamber, she slept long and soundly. When she awoke, Jenny sat upon the bed, holding a little leg-horn hat, with a broad black ribbon tied round, and fastened in a knot, with flowing ends, a silk cape, and a tiny pair of black gloves lay beside it.

"See, sister, see," said Jenny, "I feel how nice and pretty it is."

"Dora was delighted, and thought Jack a wonderful sailor. "I love Jack," said Jenny, taking a huge piece of candy from his pocket, "don't you, sissy?"

"With all my heart," said Dora. The kind woman now came to prepare the children for the funeral. When Dora was ready, Jack came in, and would not allow her to walk to the carriage, but carried her in his arms. The three, Jack and the children were all the mourners, but Father Taylor, after praying with them, rode with them to the grave.

It was hard to see the kind friend laid in the cold ground, but far more desolate did Dora feel when they returned to the lonely house.

On entering, for the first time she missed the parrot.

"How wicked! how cruel!" said Dora, "it would have been a great comfort to have taken care of her

pet. Who was he? How came he here? Pray tell me, Jack?"

Jack remembered young Harry Bolt; he had sailed in the same ship with him, and he could never think of the brutal father, without feeling to his very finger-ends, an inclination, as he said, to send him to Davy Jones' locker.

"Little Jenny, sit upon my knee, and Dora in a chair, by his side, while he told them the sad story."

"Will he ever come back here?" said Dora, "Oh, Jack, let us go away from here. You won't go to sea, and leave us here, will you?"

"You needn't be afraid of that, hearty, but Bolt is safe enough for awhile, any way. But if you'll trust Jack Warren, he'll find a safe harbor for you, before he puts to sea again. I forgot to tell you that I have been to see Jonas, to-day. He wept like a child, because he couldn't follow his old friend to the grave, but he was comforted, when I told him that every thing was done up right; and that I had a prayer and a carriage. He thought I'd forget all about the prayer. Just as if Jack Warren never had a mother!"

"Jonas says he wants you and Jenny to come and see him to-morrow. I didn't want to have you go there among the sick folks, but he seemed so set on it, I told him I would bring ye."

"I'm so glad you did Jack. We ought to go, Jonas has been so kind to us. May I carry him one of Aunty's little glass jars full of tamarinds?"

"Yes, and I'll come for you at two o'clock."

CHAPTER XX.

MEETING OF MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

"How changeless is a mother's love!"

"I can't understand what Jonas wants of you children, at the Hospital," said Jack, as he handed them into the old-fashioned chaise, a vehicle very common in Boston at that time. "It's no use for you to go there, and may be catch the fever."

Jack was getting jealous. He didn't wish any one to interfere between him and the children.

He had become so interested in them as to forget his old haunts, and he was very careful now not to let his wages slip away in grog, or himself carried to the watch-house, a place where he had formerly often passed the night, when on shore. His dress now was always neat, and in true sailor taste, the blue jacket, white canvass trousers, and the broad black ribbon, were, as Dora said, "the prettiest dress a man could wear." It was amusing to see him and the children together, Jenny always on his knee, and Dora in the low chair, both listening with wonder to his "long yarns" as he called them, about the sea. They, in turn, would tell him about Uncle Mick and his fiddle. Nothing pleased the children more than to hear Jack say he would go fifty miles to hear that fiddle, and when talking about Ireland made them sad, and they would feel homesick, for the old country, Jack would say, "When I'm captain, I'll take ye both over to Dublin, and will find Uncle Mick, and all dance together to his fiddle."

This morning, Jack had found a home for the children, a few miles in the country, where they were to remain during his next voyage, which was to Liverpool, with Captain Caswell.

As he went up the broad stone steps of the hospital, leading Jenny by the hand, he said to the children, "You mustn't stay long, 'tain't healthy. Jonas can look at ye and say his say, and then we'll come right away."

We will precede the children a little. The old man is in his cot, and looks comfortable, considering that he must keep in one position, on account of his splintered limb. His thin gray hair is smoothly combed, and his poor, old withered face has such a look of resignation and patience, that it is pleasant to see him. A stout, middle-aged Irishwoman is near him. She is dressed in a clean, well-fitting calico dress, and her cap, with its coarse lace border, is white, and nicely starched. Her face is full and ruddy, and take her altogether, she is one of the best specimens of Irish women. She has just handed the patient a glass of water.

"You say me am you're sure your children were drowned at sea."

"Yes, shure, sir, two as pretty children as ever ye set eyes on. Bad luck to the day when I thought to lave 'em."

"But there were some saved from the Dorchester." "Yes, but I saw one of the sailors meelf, an' he said he heard the Irishwoman, Biddy, and her children, when they fell into the say. Ooh, sir, we won't talk about it. It makes me wack."

"But you know I told you yesterday there were two children that I wished you to see."

"Yes, sir, and not a bit of slape could I git for thinking of it; but ye said the little boy was blind. My Jenny was not blind at all, he had great black eyes, the very morsel of his father's, and Dora's were blue, like her grandmother O'Neil's."

"The children will be here at ten o'clock, Peggy, and you can see for yourself."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Jack, with the peculiar rolling gait of the sailor, made his appearance. Dora, in the straw hat, with the long ribbons, and a nice little merino sack, selected by Jack, came tripping along, carrying in her hand the jar of tamarinds. Jack had taken off his own hat, and now removed Jenny's cap, as they came near Jonas' bed. Peggy stood a little one side, rolling up the corner of her apron with her hand.

"Good morning, Jonas, I've brought ye some tamarinds. I knew ye liked them, and they will taste all the better, because they were here, ye know." As she spoke, Jenny came up to the bed, and Jonas laid his hand on the little head.

"Look up here, Jenny, I want to see your eyes." The big black eyes were there, dimmer than formerly, but bright still.

While Dora was speaking, Peggy's eyes were fixed intently upon her. There was a strange expression in the woman's face, half doubt, half hope, but when the face of the little girl turned towards her, the look of the mother changed from perplexity to joyful certainty.

Dora knew her mother, and sprung forward to meet her. "My mother!" was all she could say, and hid her face on the bosom that had pillored her in infancy. But Peggy saw those eyes, the black eyes of her baby boy! "Jenny, my child, come to me!" she exclaimed, holding out her right arm, while the left enfolded Dora. Jenny turned his face in the direction of the sound, but did not move from the side of Jonas.

"Don't you know me, don't you know your mother?" said Peggy, drawing him towards her, and folding both of her little ones to her heart.

"Dodo, Dodo," said Jenny, "I can't see her. Is it mother? Oh, Dodo, I can't see her!" and he held out his hands, as if groping for light in the dark.

"Mother, make Jenny see!"

It was sad, it was piteous to behold this poor boy; he had expected to see when he found mother, and now, for the first time since his sickness, he cried because he was blind. In the language of Scripture, the child lifted up his voice and wept.

"Oh Dora, my child, what is it? Can't Jenny see his mother?"

"No, mother, Jenny can't see at all, it was the small pox took the light out of his eyes," and the tears flowed fast down the cheeks of the little girl, when she saw the distress of Jenny.

"My poor baby—my poor baby!" said Peggy, sitting down, and taking Jenny in her lap and folding him tightly in her arms.

The boy cried bitterly, but when Peggy took his hand and laid it upon her face, and the little fingers passed slowly across the features, from the frill of the cap to the rounded chin—again and again repeating the motions, the child was gradually comforted; the crying was changed to sobbing, the sobbing to the gentle sigh, and while the mother held the other hand in hers, he gradually fell asleep.

All this time, Jack had been sitting by Jonas' bed. At first, the delight of Dora, at finding her mother, was so great, that Jack forgot everything else, in sympathy with her; but gradually, as he sat there watching the picture before him, the thought stole into his heart, that he wasn't needed any more—the little ones were no longer dependent upon him, and Jack felt lonely. This feeling was only increased, when Dora, seeing her mother took no notice of Jack, whispered, "That is Jack, mother, our best friend; he took care of us when we were all alone on the wharf, and found us a home with Granny Bolt, you must love Jack, mother, he is so kind to Jenny."

Peggy's heart was so brim full of the delight of finding her children, that there wasn't room for anything else. She had not even asked herself how they came there, or who had befriended them. To be sure Jonas had told her all about the children that Jack had brought to Granny Bolt's, but she didn't think of that just now. Everything was forgotten in the pleasure of having them with her, her good-natured Irish face shone with the light of a mother's love, as she sat there with Jenny's black head resting on her bosom, and her arm round Dora, who nestled close to her side. The whisper of the little girl reminded her that she should think of those who had been the means of restoring her children, and she began such a torrent of thanks in her Irish brogue that Jack, who never dreamed of having done anything deserving such praise, was quite overwhelmed.

"God bless ye, Mither Jack. My heart is beating so fast with the joy that my tongue can't keep time to it; ye're too good intirely for this wicked world, and yet if it warn't for the likes of ye, the poor friendless craters that come to Ameriky would die intirely. My blessing on ye, wheriver ye go, and the blessing of all the saints with St. Patrick at the head of them." And if I might make so bould, Mither Jack, I'll pay ye in the gold too. I've saved a pretty bit for I was going away from this strange country to my old home, I wanted to see the green grass, and the clear waters, and the hedges, and the little church wid the green ivy over it, and then lay my sorrowing heart at rest by the bones of my husband, Martin Moore. But I shan't need it now, and if ye'll take it for the trouble ye've had with the children, I'll be glad to give it all to ye. Sure and there aint many so good as ye are. I'm sure Jack had never been called "good" before, and

his honest heart felt almost reproached for it—and then that she should offer to pay him for what he had done for the children! That widened the separation which he felt was taking place between them, and for a moment Jack couldn't find the word to answer.

Dora, with her more delicate perception, saw at once, by the expression of Jack's face, how he felt about the money, and hastened to say, "Oh, mother, it wasn't for the money Jack did it; he was too kind to leave us alone in the street, and Jenny no light in his eyes."

"I aint good, Mrs. Moore," said Jack, "and I han't done no benevolence, as the big folks call it. Poor Jack Warren aint got no friends, and nobody to give his wages to, only the whiskey dealers and tobacco sellers, and them children have paid for every cent I've given 'em. I aint sorry you've found 'em, because you're all so glad; but I'm sorry to say good bye, and lose 'em now."

"If ye're not called good, Mither Jack, ye've got the honor in yer heart's blood, and that's better than to have it only skin deep, like some that ride in great carriages with sarvints before and behind 'em."

"There are good people among the rich and the poor too," said the feeble voice of Jonas, "and you must thank God, Peggy, for restoring your children. As I have been looking at you, I have felt to thank Him that my leg was broken, since it was the means of restoring you to your little ones."

"You're right intirely, Mither," said Peggy. "Holy Mary be praised that my children are here. I'll say many prayers to-night."

"Say them to God, my good woman," said Jonas.

"Yes, yes, that I will, but ye wouldn't have me forget the blessed mother of our Lord. I'm not forgetful of my prayer-book, Mither Jonas."

Jonas did not seem quite satisfied, but made no reply. Giving his hand to Jack, he said:

"Those children have been ministering angels to you, Jack—it seems to me just as if your little sister, that Granny Bolt used to love so well, sent them to you. They have made a better man of you, bless God for it, and don't forget the lesson."

"But I'm afraid I shan't stay good, if they're taken away from me," said Jack, and his lip quivered. Dora stole round to his side and took his hand in hers. "Jack, we aint going to be taken from you, you'll come and see us, just as you always have; there's only one more to love you, mother, you know."

Jack felt the soft pressure of the little hand and stooped to kiss Dora's cheek. "Then I may come to see you, may I? And shall I bring you the parrot you wanted so much?"

"Oh, do Jack, and don't forget that when you are Captain you will take us to Ireland."

Just then Jenny awoke, and finding Jack about to take his leave, cried to go with him. This pleased the sailor, and Jack felt that after all, if they had found their mother, they had not ceased to love him. As he rode away, he wondered within himself, if he should ever be Captain.

Not many days after, two gentlemen met on the broad stone steps of the Hospital.

"Ay, ay! Edward, that you, my boy?" said a venerable-looking old gentleman to one much his junior in years; "glad to see you back again. When did you return from France?"

"Some months since, sir; but have been at Beechwood most of the time, engaged in superintending the farm and settling my mother's estate."

"Yes, yes, I heard of her death on board the Rochester; but you may be sure the lamp only went out a little sooner, for the rough wind that blew upon it. Otherwise it would only have flickered a little longer before it sunk in the socket. A complicated heart complaint, where our skill was useless. It's hard to part with our patients, but it's the course of nature, you know, and you have the consolation that in her case your loss is her gain. Well, I'm glad to hear the estate doesn't settle well. I was afraid you'd be rich, my boy, and then I wouldn't give a rush farthing for all the professional skill you'll ever gain. You were out for a doctor, just the investigating, inquiring sort of a fellow I like to have in my office. Now if you have money left to buy a good medical library, you have enough to start the world with, and I hope to see you taking a high rank in the profession. Come from Paris, I suppose, with your head full of the wonderful skill of the French faculty, and a sovereign contempt for us Yankee doctors, hey?"

"No, indeed, sir," said Edward Kenney, "I have only returned with a higher appreciation of the medical faculty at home. The name of Dr. Reynolds is too well known in Paris, and his opinions quoted too frequently to make me forget the obligations which, as a student, I owe to him."

The elder doctor bowed. "Thank you, Ned, but I was fishing for compliments."

"Were you going to visit the wards, to-day? If so, I will go with you."

They entered together. There were some cases which interested them, and they remained some hours. A broken leg was no novelty to either gentleman, and they were passing directly by the cot of Jonas, when Edward Kenney's attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of Dora reading the Bible in a low voice to the sick man, while Jenny sat at her side listening as eagerly as the patient.

There was something familiar in those faces, some association connected with those black eyes of the little Irish boy, which the young doctor could not immediately recall, but stopping a minute and running his hand through his hair, as was his custom

when puzzled, the scene on the wharf at Liverpool at once came back.

Stopping up to Jenny he said, "And so, my little fellow, you've got safe to America, thanks to your good little sister here, I suppose."

Dora laid down her book, rose and curtsied. She recognised at once the pleasant face and voice of the doctor.

"Yes, yes," said Edward, "you are the same children. I remember the face now," looking at the bright, blushing face of the little girl. "But how came you here?"

"We found mother here," said Dora, "she is one of the nurses."

"Well, I'm glad to meet you again and learn that you came safely to your journey's end." Edward sighed as he spoke, for the sight of the children recalled his last interview with his mother.

"But we had a hard time, sir, and Biddy and Katy were drowned, and the ship itself was lost."

"And a lady died on the voyage," said Edward sadly. His intention was to see if the little girl knew anything of his mother.

"Yes, sir, a good, kind lady. She spoke very pleasant words to Jenny and me, and said if mother could give me up, I might be her little girl. I think we should have found mother sooner if the good lady had lived. We all cried, sir, when they buried her, and the Captain could only just read the words, for the big tears that choked him. I sat with her the day before she died, and she spoke kindly to Jenny, and she told me there was one in the world she loved as much as I loved Jenny, and she said it was hard to die without him at her side; but she prayed for him, and I heard her say that she was sure God would bless him, for he had been a good son to her."

Edward's eyes filled, and for a moment he could not speak. Dora looked up inquiringly into his face. "She was my mother," he at length said in answer to that look.

"Oh, sir, I'm sorry; if I had only known—"

"Sorry! my child. No, tell me more, tell me all you can remember that she said, and Edward, setting down, drew the little girl gently towards him, and elicited many little incidents connected with his mother's last days.

He had almost forgotten Jenny in his conversation with the sister. But the keen eye of Dr. Reynolds had detected the lack of vision at once, and he had been quietly, without any suspicion from the child even, looking at the sightless eyes. Unlike the violent examination of Edward, the more experienced physician was still and cautious, coming noiselessly nearer and nearer, and then holding a bright piece of glass directly before Jenny's eyes, but there was no evidence of sight.

"Holloa, doctor," said Edward, on suddenly perceiving what was going on, "that's my case."

"Your case, is it? I should think so, it's not mine. Have you performed an operation? If so, your success is wonderful, and the papers should chronicle it as a triumph of art. Come here, my boy," he added in a gentle voice, "come sit upon my knee, and take this apple."

Dr. Reynolds, like a true noble-hearted and scientific man, forgot that his patient belonged to the lower order of society, and could give him no compensation for the exercise of his skill. He only saw a possibility, a bare possibility that the child might be helped, and he determined, if it were in his power, to give sight to the blind. But difficulty of performing an operation upon a child of that age, occurred to him at once, and he dared not give any encouragement to the mother and sister. But day after day the good physician left his studies and cares, and might be seen in the hospital with this poor little Irish child on his knee, so that in time the little boy listened for his coming with eager ear, and his face would brighten at the sound, as if there were no music like that footfall.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEECHWOOD.—AUNT RUTH.—THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

"An intellect which yields celestial music when the master hand touches it cunningly."

In the pleasant old mansion-house at Beechwood, Aunt Ruth, the housekeeper, who has grown gray in that capacity, sits by the kitchen fire, reading a letter. It takes her a long time to do so, though there are but few lines in the sheet. At last she folds it up carefully, and, taking off her spectacles, thinks aloud: "Well, it's queer enough; we're to have an Irish woman and her two children here all summer, and one on 'em blind! Mr. Edward might as well turn the house into a hospital at once, and done with it. He'll tell me the story when he comes, and he knows my good heart will approve his plan, and aid him to carry it out. My good heart—a little 'blarney,' there, my boy, learned of your new Irish friends. Well, the house is his own, and he's a right, if he chooses, to fill it with beggars, and it would be just like him, too—he never could pass by any body in trouble, so there's nothing for me to do but to bustle round and get ready for 'em." At that the good woman bestirred herself, every once in a while repeating aloud—"Well, our Edward has queer notions."

Meanwhile, the object of her thoughts is in the city, waiting the result of the operation which Dr. Reynolds is soon to perform on little Jenny.

"Do you think, Dora, you can have the courage to stay with your little brother?"

"I'll thry, sir, for he'll not have the courage to stay without me."

Everything is prepared, and even the mother, though anxious for the operation, shrinks from wit-

nessing it; but Dora cannot leave her brother, and the child promises to be very still, if Sissy will stay close to him. The Doctors permit it, and persuade the mother to remain without.

Dora turns pale, and trembles when they bind Jimmy's hands, but she has promised to be strong, and quiet, so she chokes down the tears, and says: "It won't be for long, Jimmy, darling, and may be in a little while ye can see mother, and Jack, for Jack will come home soon; and see Dodo, too. Yes, darling, and Dodo, too," she adds, trying to steady her voice, and not tremble so, as she sees the little sharp instruments which the Doctors have ready.

The head is confined so that the child cannot move it, the hands are bound, and the Doctor, with a firm, steady hand, uses his instruments. Dora kneels at her brother's side, her hands clasped, her face pale as death, but not a tear or groan, for she has promised to be still. One scream from the little boy, an effort, a vain one, to free himself from the strong hands of the young Doctor, and all is over—the eyes are bound, and Jimmy is soon in Dora's arms, only, however, to be snatched away by the impatient mother, who exclaims, "And so ye haven't killt me boy—my poor little birdie," and she bore him away to tend him by herself.

A few days more, and the young Doctor is conveying his proteges to his own home, in Beechwood, where he intends to watch over Jimmy, until his bandages are removed, and he can see fully the result of the experiment.

Attached to the house is an L part, containing two rooms, formerly used by Edward's father, as an office. These are made comfortable, and Peggy Moore and her two children are given the rent for a year, with the addition of a small garden; this, with the avails of washing and ironing, which she proposes to do, will give her all the necessities, and many of the comforts of life, and Dora can go to school, "for that would please Dennis, poor boy, if only he weren't buried in dear old Ireland." Two or three weeks passed, Jimmy's eyes healed well, and under the careful management of Dr. Edward, the child was soon able to see his mother and sister for a little time; it seemed as if he could not remove his eyes from the latter; from long habit he approached, and put his hands on her curly hair, then would step back a little and look at her face, saying not a word, but with a lost, absent air, like one recalling a dream. Her face was the last pleasant object his eyes rested on, before, as Dora said, the light went out of them, and it had haunted him probably in his sleep, so that the vision now was like a dream come to pass. But he is allowed to look only a little while at first, the bandages are put on, for Dr. Edward is very cautious, and he has submissive patients, for the little family in the old office look upon him as "next to St. Patrick, surely."

Time passes—Peggy finds plenty of work for her strong, willing hands, and her children go to the village school, where, if their brogue affords some amusement to the Yankee children, the good temper and pleasant ways of Dora win for her many friends. One day, as the children were coming from school, they met their old friend, "Jack," who had no sooner landed in Boston, and got on his shore clothes, than he hastened to Beechwood, bringing a beautiful parrot, with gold and purple plumage, that looked very bright and glossy in the sunlight.

Jenny was in ecstasies, but when, on giving him a piece of sugar, as Jack directed, the bird sung out, "Polly loves Dodo," the little boy ran to the further end of the room in great fear.

"He's like Auntie Bolt's parrot, he can talk, too," said Dora, "and I'm so glad he's got the same name. Did you name him, Jack, and did you teach him to say my name?"

"Yes," said Jack, "and he's a good scholar, too, and don't swear any now, though he learned to do so on board ship, but I've taught him better manners."

Jack's pockets were full of toys and curiosities for the children, and a happier man could not be found than our good friend, when he could take the children, one on each knee, and sing sea songs to them, or tell them stories. He made himself quite at home in the old office, and having a little carpenter's skill, he made some shelves and a table, and moveable cupboard for Peggy, and told her how his mother used to make puddings and pies; but when she tried her best to make them, the sailor would say, "It's very good, Peggy, but 'tain't just like hers, but may be you'll get it exactly the next time." Alas! what man ever ate pies and puddings like those his mother made when a boy?

The children had a great deal to say about Dr. Edward, but Jack never seemed to take to the young Doctor as the children did, but avoided him. The truth was, the sailor felt that he could never do as much for the children as the Doctor had done in aiding to restore Jimmy's sight, and he was a little jealous of the affection with which the family regarded him. He would gladly have parted with one of his own eyes, could that have given sight to the boy.

The time soon came for Jack to leave, much to the regret of Peggy and the children, and the rough sailor brushed away a tear as he bade them good bye. He was bound on a voyage to Calcutta, and from thence to the Cape of Good Hope, so that he would not see Beechwood again for two years. Since his meeting with these destitute children, he had become a sober man, and his good seamanship and correct habits had gained him promotion, and he was now first mate of the brig Dolphin, as fine a craft as ever sailed on the salt water. Jack borrowed the Doctor's newspaper, and showed Dora the name of the vessel, and how to find the arrivals and clearances, and when she got her school atlas and traced out the route. "And ye'll not go near Ireland, nor see Uncle Mick," she said, as her little finger glided slowly along to the coast of India.

"Not this time, Dora, but when I'm Captain, you remember, I'm going to take you to Dublin, and we'll find Mick Noger, and bring him back to America with us, if he'll come," said Jack.

"It's not him ye'll persuade to come to Ameriky," said Peggy; "he couldn't earn a hap'orth of salt here, with his fiddle, and that's all he can do; if, now, ye could, lave me there, I'd like to stay in old Ireland, where Martin, poor boy, laid his bones."

"And which country do ye like best, my little ones?" said Jack.

"I like this country best, because Doctor Edward lives here, and gave Jimmy's eyes the light again."

"And I, too," said Jimmy, "will stay with Doctor Edward!"

With the quick instinct of a woman's nature, Dora saw, and half understood the shadow on Jack's face, and putting her little red lips up to his rough cheek, she kissed him, and said, "And this is your coun-

try, Jack, and we love it because you live here, and are so good to us."

"I hain't done nothing for you, child, I aint learned, like Dr. Edward, and can't make blind folks see, but if I could, Jack Warren aint the fellow that would leave a blind one in the country."

"But if ye hadn't taken care of us, Jack, we should never have found mother and Doctor Edward. It's you, Jack, after all, that saved us from starving."

"It's you, Jack! it's you, Jack!" repeated Jimmy, who always thought as his sister did.

"Polly loves Dodo! Polly loves Dodo," chimed in the parrot, at which they all laughed, and, in the midst of their merriment, the coach came to take Jack to Boston.

The house seemed very lonely without him, the more so to the children, because it was vacation in the village school, and they had more time to think of their absent friend.

Aunt Ruth, who, at first, could hardly bear the idea of having the little "Irish things," as she called them, about the house, soon learned to tolerate Dora, and would often ask her to come in and hold her yarn, or run an errand, and on Sundays she always expected the little girl to read her a chapter in the Bible. In return for these services, she would show her the rooms that were usually shut up in the house, the big parlor, with its antique furniture, the Brussels carpet, which Aunt Ruth averred cost a hundred dollars, and the high back mahogany chairs, and the heavy gilt framed pictures of Dr. Edward's grandfather and grandmother, all looking rather grim in the shadow of the darkened room, the only light admitted being from a part of one of the windows from which Aunt Ruth cautiously drew aside the folds of the heavy crimson curtain. "Did you ever see anything so grand as this in your own country?" asked the housekeeper.

"Yes, ma'am, at Lady Maud's," said Dora, looking as if the present grandeur were not at all overwhelming.

"And pray who is Lady Maud, and what did she have that was nicer than you see here? Why, there are great big brass andirons, and shovels and tongs, all done up in brown paper, cost thirty dollars, and then card-tables were fifty dollars a pair, old Lady Kenney told me herself."

"I can't tell you, Aunt Ruth, I went to Lady Maud's once, and it was just like reading one of those wonderful tales you lent me the other day, 'Arabian Nights,' you called it. May I go into the library?"

"La, yes, child, but it's so strange you can't remember what folks has in their parlors; why, I can describe every parlor in Beechwood, but then I've a wonderful mem'ry naturally for such things."

"I can tell you about Lady Maud, Aunt Ruth—she was so beautiful, I thought she was an angel."

"Why, child, how you talk, angels look just like little chubby, naked boy babies with wings; there's lots on 'em pictured out in my old Pilgrim's Progress."

"Do they, Auntie?" Well, somehow or other I could only think of angels when Lady Maud came to see me when I was sick in the hospital, and stood there with her soft brown hair curling over her neck and shoulders, and her beautiful blue eyes looking so kindly on me."

"I guess folks look handsomer there than they do here, them that come over here aint no way remarkable for beauty."

"But there are very beautiful ladies, Auntie, but they don't come over here—it's only the peasantry that comes here to find work to do."

"Well, now, that's queer talk, Dora! Aint every body a lady that behaves herself, and is an honest woman?" said Aunt Ruth, bridling up—"It's only sham ladies that don't work."

"I can't explain it, Auntie, but father could if he was alive, because he came from the O'Neil's taht once ruled a part of Ireland."

They were now in the library, and Aunt Ruth, who found it was dinner time, hastened to the kitchen, muttering to herself as she went: "Them Irish beggars are the queerest set I ever did see; I can't make 'em out. One would have thought the child would have opened her eyes wide as saucers to have seen the big parlor, but she acted as if she was born with a gold spoon in her mouth, instead of not having bread enough to eat."

Meanwhile, Dora had ensconced herself in the library, and curled up on one of the broad window seats, was busy with a little pile of books she had gathered around her. A Greek grammar was in her hand, and she was puzzling her head over the first page, when, unbeknown to herself, Dr. Edward entered. Her feet were gathered under her dress, and her head bent down, her curls half concealing her face, while the drooping curtain fell down at her side. It was quite a little tableau, and the young gentleman stopped a moment to contemplate it, but a slight motion he made in moving forward, aroused the little girl, and she blushed, and seemed half afraid.

"Aunt Ruth told me I might come," she said, apologetically, "because I helped her get the dinner."

"She did, indeed!" said Edward, "and does she hire you often, and pay in this way?"

"Only once in a great while, sir!"

"Pray what do you find to amuse you here, Dora?"

"Oh, sir, a great many things, I've read 'Robinson Crusoe' through twice, and the 'Arabian Nights' three times."

"What are you so busy about now?"

"It's a Greek grammar, I was trying to see if I could learn it, because Uncle Mick said that if I went to school, I must learn Greek."

"Heigho! Greek for a little girl, and he an Irish fiddler! What kind of Greek could he read, I wonder?"

"It was good, sir, because he used to read with Father McSweeney. But he wasn't always a fiddler, sir, he used to be a schoolmaster."

"Well, that explains it; but, my child, you had better make puddings than learning Greek?"

"Couldn't I do both, sir?"

"I don't know about that," said the Doctor, shaking his head doubtfully. "Do you like to study?"

"Very much, sir."

"Come here, then, and I'll give you a lesson in the Latin grammar, and if you do well in that, perhaps some time, when you are older, you may follow Uncle Mick's advice. A small dose of Latin won't hurt any girl."

Dora came and stood by his side, while the Doctor, more for his own amusement, than anything else, gave her a lesson.

There, now, a half hour before dinner, to-morrow you may come again, and I'll hear you recite this."

Dora was punctual, but her teacher had forgotten the

appointment, and the little girl waited an hour or more before he made his appearance, and then he came to smoke his after dinner cigar.

"Holloo," he cried, "I had forgotten that I had turned pedagogue; learned your lesson, Dora?"

"Yes, sir," and she gave him the book, and stood in meek sedateness before him, reciting with great promptness.

"I've got myself into business," he said, as she finished, "but I won't back out till you do, which will be soon enough, I warrant, and he threw aside his cigar, and gave her another lesson."

Weeks passed; Dora never failed to be on the spot at lesson time, and the Doctor himself was becoming interested in the rapid progress of his pupil. She saw it pleased him, and needed no greater spur to her ambition.

Finding her apt to learn, he added other studies, and, almost unconsciously, found himself laying plans for the thorough education of the little Irish girl. Aunt Ruth, who kept her spectacles, as telescopes are arranged in an observatory, so that they could be turned to any part of her horizon, which, by the way, was Beechwood, would often mutter to herself, "It's queer enough that Edward should take to teaching that Irish beggar—but it's just like his mother; I can see her looks and actions in him more and more every day of his life. There's the bell again—well, I declare, old times are coming round; that's just the way they used to ring in old Doctor Kenney's time. I don't know but Edward will get to be as famous a Doctor as his father and grandfather afore him."

The old woman would have pressed Dora into her service as door keeper, but she could not yet deny herself the pleasure of learning first who had broken a bone, or who had the measles, or who wanted aid in bringing the next generation safely through the gate of life.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARGARET TREVOR'S REVENGE.

"Those words
Did chase the rich blood from the cheek."

We have taken our readers a long distance from the scene of the opening of our story, but we have not forgotten, now and then, to remind them, by slight allusions, of our friends in the "old country." Two years, the time of "Hansome Harry's" probation, has already passed. Maud, gentle and loving as ever, is content to wait so that she receive the letters which come so regularly from her betrothed, and which, if they are not so ardent in their expressions of attachment, as more impulsive natures than Maud might ask, seem warm and tender and true, in the soft light with which Maud's gentle eyes regard them.

Time passes very quietly and pleasantly in O'Neil castle, for the lord of the estate has devoted himself to the improvement of his lands, and the elevation of his tenants. He does not vex himself like Father McSweeney, with theological disquisitions on the mismanagement of Ireland by the British government, or pass idle hours in dreaming of the lost glory of Ireland, or a parliament in Dublin, but takes things as they are, submitting to what cannot be improved, and improving that which lies in his power. He devotes himself with great patience to the draining of lands, the increase of crops, and even to the homely details of the peasant's garden. Father McSweeney has no objection to these things, but dislikes the labor requisite, and is satisfied with dispensing the Lord's money in supplying the physical wants of his flock, for having a keen sense of stomach comforts, he would gladly see all the members of his church supplied with a good dinner and a "drap of whisky" every day. This duty done, he likes to spend his evenings in recalling the good old days when the Irish governed (?) themselves, and the brave chieftains gloried in their brave retainers.

Harry O'Neil has remained abroad, save one hasty visit to his hereditary domains, including a few days passed with Maud. Ambition has, in a measure, superseded his youthful love for Margaret Trevor, but that he has not forgotten her, his frequent visits to Paris prove, and when with her, her influence over him is great. Her beauty has not waned, for she is now in the full bloom of perfect womanhood. For his sake she has perfected herself in French and Italian music—that she might sympathize in his pursuits, she has read works on general literature, and cultivated her natural taste for the pencil, so that her portfolio is full of sketches which are but so many reminiscences of hours of mutual enjoyment passed in Rome, Naples, Florence, and even the Aegean Isles.

She has studied, too, all the minute details of the toilet; and few women could vie with her in that harmony of color, that choice of ornaments, and that *je ne sais quoi* in dress, which produces that rare result—a well dressed woman. Love has made her unwearied in her efforts to approach his ideal; to her love is life, for has she not sacrificed that honor which, to most of our sex, is dearer than life itself?

She knows no heaven but his love, and for her the scoffs and neglects of the world are nothing so that she is sure of that love; indeed if it brings suffering at all, she would rejoice in it so that she bore it for his sake.

"Tell her of the funeral pile of the Hindoo widow, and she does not wonder at it—she would feel not the agony of fire, were she passing through the burning ordeal to meet her lover in the Elysian fields."

Strong in her love, firm in her constancy, without one jealous pang, for her devotion scorns all suspicion, she sits now in her richly furnished boudoir waiting for her idol. He is returning to Ireland from an embassy to Naples, and has promised to spend a few days in Paris. Arrangements have already been made for his marriage at O'Neil castle, for the Christmas holidays are approaching, and Maud has promised that the event shall be celebrated at that time; it pleases her to have it so, for in the piety of her gentle heart she feels that He who so blessed the world as to give Himself for its redemption, will bless her and him for whose welfare she so earnestly prays, with a special blessing on this most glorious day in the calendar of Time.

Precious Maud! God will bless thee, but in a way thine eyes cannot now see. When thou passest through the waters, he will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee, for the Holy One of Israel is thy God, and the Mighty One shall be thy deliverer."

Harry O'Neil, in whom the passion of youth has become subdued, but who still retains his admiration for the beauty which first won his eye, means now, at this late hour, to avow his betrothal to Margaret, expecting, of course, a shower of tears, some bitter reproaches, and perhaps a lamentation of some weeks from her presence. He is prepared, he flatters, for

the storm, and has braved himself to meet it, for he sees the calm which will follow, a calm which he can bring about by his own sophistry. Did he not first teach Margaret that marriage bonds were but formal ties, for pecuniary profit, political advancement, or to satisfy the silly prejudices of a hypocritical church?

What if he should marry his cousin for a seat in Parliament, and a title to the broad lands of his uncle, might he not still retain his love for Margaret, a love which he was prepared to tell her should outlast life itself?

Harry O'Neil, thou art a self-deceiver, for thou judgest woman's love by the standard of thy own! Even now, in the first moments of meeting, thy heart fails thee, and thy courage vanishes—the victim seems already the judge, for there is that in the queenly woman, who has given thee all she holds dear on earth, that bids thee beware, how thou fling it back to her as worthless: Not that she meets him with reproaches. No, she never did that, nor does she ever use the womanly weapon of tears, which, like grape shot, annoy but never slay, he might dance all night and ride all day with some noted Parisian beauty, and Margaret would meet him when he came back to her with smiles, and perchance admit, without one pang of jealousy, the beauty and grace of his companions. In this quiet superiority, to most of her sex, lay her power over O'Neil. He heartily wished now that she were of softer mould. Day after day passed, and in the excitement of Parisian life, and the charms of her society, he almost forgot that but two weeks remained to Christmas. At morning he would say to himself, "this evening it must be done—poor Margaret! I now wish my marriage were deferred one year more—but no, that will not do, my political advancement requires the sacrifice."

Thus he deferred it, until but two days remained before he must leave Paris. That day he shut himself up and wrote what he wished her to know, fearing lest he should lose courage at last. That evening, unexpected business with some of his own countrymen called him to another part of the city. Margaret learned by a note, the cause of his absence, and remained in her room alone, thinking that even at a late hour, he might come, if only to bid her a hasty good night.

She was reading, when her dressing maid came in to inform her that a strange-looking old man had tried to gain admittance for two or three days past, but he was so oddly dressed, we thought him out of his wits and sent him away."

Margaret, to whom the time was passing heavily, laid down her book, and taking out her purse said, "Give him some money, Lisette, and send him away."

"He don't want money, he says, he can earn enough with his fiddle, but he would like to play some tunes for your amusement. He's so queer, you would laugh to see him; he wears a big white hat with red and yellow rosettes upon it, and over his shoulders is a plaid cloak, from under which you can see a red vest. His breeches are fastened at the knees with huge buckles, and his worsted stockings are darned all over with different colors, but his hair! oh! his hair, Mam'selle, is beautiful for an old man, so long and white and soft, falling down over his shoulders; if it hadn't been for his hair, I wouldn't have said a word about him, but he'd make a good picture, and as I've seen many sketching the beggars in the streets sometimes, I'd come and tell you. He asked me, with a very low bow, to take this bit of a paper to you."

Margaret recognized, before she read the name, in a large stiff hand, our old wanderer, Michael Noger, but for reasons best known to herself, she would not acknowledge her acquaintance with him before the servants.

"Show him up, Lisette, and leave him with me; perhaps he may amuse me awhile."

Mick Noger entered, bringing with him his constant companion, the green bag, and bowing low, to Margaret, and with no token of recognition on his side, for he saw by the glance of her eye, that such was her command.

But they were no sooner by themselves, than Margaret came forward and grasped the old man's hand cordially, and with a hearty "I'm glad to see you, Uncle Mick," bade him be seated. Like a true daughter of Erin, Margaret loved her country, and among the most pleasant memories of her childhood, were the songs of the old fiddler.

"Now we'll have some music," said she, "after you have taken this," passing out for him a glass of wine.

Uncle Mick pronounced the wine "real," such as they didn't often see across the channel, and then producing his fiddle, proceeded to tune it carefully, asking Margaret, meantime, what songs she would choose. She went to the piano, and begun playing "Molly Malone," a favorite old Irish ballad, that she used to sing in the wild days of her girlhood. This pleased the old piper, and he followed her, and one after another of those simple songs, endeared to Margaret by old associations, were sung, until she forgot the present, and was soaring in fancy, bareheaded and barefooted, over her native hills.

"Have you seen my father lately, Uncle Mick?" she asked, as they paused in the music, that the old man might take a "drap of the cordial."

"Yes, my lady, and it's for the seeing him, I'm here; he paid the money for my coming, and bade me find ye out, for he said he couldn't write, and he wanted to know how ye took the news."

"What news?" said Margaret, "if he is alive and well, I know of no bad news you can bring me from my old home."

"Och, my lady, yer father is well, barring a touch of the gout, and some thirty pounds superfluous flesh, which makes it hard for him to mount his horse."

"I'm sorry for that; when he gives up hunting, I'm afraid his life will not be long."

"It may be all the better for him that he frets for ye now, the fat won't grow on a fretting orather. He charged me to tell ye to come home. He said, 'Maggie, my girl, come home, and when I see the fire in your eyes, I'll light my old gun by it, and shoot him when he goes to church with the bride.'"

"What do you mean," said Margaret, her curiosity, but not her jealousy, excited.

"Shure now, and ye must know, my leddy, and ye won't lave it to my old tongue to tell the tale."

"Indeed, indeed, Uncle Mick, I would not trifle with you. By your looks you have something unpleasant to communicate. Speak at once and tell me all."

"The murdering villain!" muttered the old man, "and would ye deceive two of the most beautiful daughters of God's own making? Ye may be wrong, Miss

Maggie. I opine ye are, for though I aint forsticking so close to the church as some, yet it's better to have the priest's blessing, and a scrap of paper they call a license, not for the leddy's sake, begging your pardon, Miss Maggie—the blessed crathurs love too well, but jist to keep the men in order. You know the song runs, 'Men are deceivers, iyer.'"

There was something in the look of Uncle Mick and a hesitation in his manner, coupled with his allusion, which now aroused suspicion in Margaret, and then, swift as a flash of lightning, came to her mind, the strange, altered manner of Harry O'Neil, for the last few days. But she crushed back the suspicion as one would crush a viper beneath his tread. She had been sitting on the piano stool, half turned towards the old man, her right hand carelessly playing with the leaves of the loose music. She rose up, came one step forward, her right foot firmly planted on the carpet, and her hand resting for support on the piano; there was a flush on her cheek, and a brightness in her large dark eyes, that made the poor old piper recoil a little.

"Mick Noger, speak! and has you believe in God, tell the truth. You do not mean—"

She could not speak the name, she would not couple it with treachery and dishonor.

Uncle Mick trembled all over, for he knew the uncured temper of the child, and feared the outbreak of an injured woman's anger.

"I'm sorry, my leddy, to be the first to tell ye bad news, but if now you could just show me the scrap of paper, the license, ye know, jist the leas't bit in the world, to prove ye are lawfully married to Harry O'Neil, of O'Neil Castle, then I'll carry a light heart back to your father, and Miss Maud must 'en wait for another suitor."

"Maud! Maud O'Neil, do you mean, Uncle Mick? Oh, that's an old story. Harry will never marry his cousin."

"I'm afeard, Miss Maggie, ye're misinforming, and as I love ye, I speak only truth. See here, it's her own blessed little fingers writ it, and I'm more sorry for her than for you, because the dove cannot mate with the eagle, you know. Och, my leddy, I never was for it at all."

As he spoke, he produced from the depths of his capacious pocket, a scrap of newspaper, in which was folded a dainty little note.

"My good friend, Uncle Mick:—You must not fail to be at the castle on Christmas eve. I wish the whole household to be merry then, and cousin Harry and myself cannot be married, unless you are in the servant's hall, with your green bag."

Your friend,
MAUD O'NEIL.
Margaret took the note, read it, made no remarks, but did not offer to return it to Uncle Mick, who stood, paper in hand, ready to fold and return it from whence it came.

For a moment she stood silent, the note crushed tightly in her closed hand. She had never fainted in her life; the clear blood flowed healthily through every vein; a stranger to sickness, suffering or fear, she had never known before, the sensation of deadly coldness, which now seemed to paralyze her whole frame, the blood forsook her cheeks, her lips were white as the hue of death, and a mortal agony seized her. But she moved not, by no word or groan, or audible sound could one have detected the heart struggles within. It was but a moment. The old piper was gazing at her; she felt his presence and rallied.

"Give me this," she added, crushing the note more tightly in her hand, "give it me, here is gold," and she flung her purse into his hand and pointed to the door.

"Your father, Miss Maggie—what shall I say to him?"

"I will be with him in a week."

The door closed, and Margaret was left alone with her sorrows and her God. Did she turn to Him who alone can heal the bruised spirit and bind up the broken heart? Only at the foot of the Cross can the poor, deceived heart, find peace. An hour passed. We will not open the door of that room, where beauty, and taste, and art had gathered her treasures, for the pleasure of its occupant; we will not unclasp the beautiful robe, and expose the grieving bleeding heart. We will write no homily on virtue. No. Those, and those alone, who have trusted and been betrayed, can understand its sorrow; and to those whose hearts are hardened towards an erring sister's grief.

"'Tis an old tale and often told."

An hour passed. A step was on the stairs, a hand turns the latch of the door.

"Up yet, Margaret! I thought so, I knew you would wait for the good night! Three hours lost in tedious business. Well, to-morrow is my last day in Paris, and it shall all be yours. Your hand is cold—let me warm it in mine."

"And must you leave in one day after this, Harry?"

"To my sorrow, I must. Oh, Margaret, life would be too delightful, always at your side; you are different from all other women; no doubt, suspicion, or change mars your love."

"And yours, Harry?"

"Never wavers. Good night, we will have one whole day of bliss, to-morrow. Kiss me, Margaret—your lips would tempt an anchorite."

She does kiss him—while one hand is holding tightly Maud's note, but "not yet, not yet," her heart murmurs.

"He too, is about to deliver his written confession, 'Not yet, not yet,' he says to himself. 'To-morrow will do as well.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NATURE'S NIGHT SONG.

Night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the sea-side at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there? Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seemed sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that you stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that every star was singing God's glory, singing as it shone, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise? Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear—the praise of the almighty God, who bears upon the unpolished arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their courses.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the gentle breeze of kindliness.

Poetry.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACART.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend;
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown,
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drink a glass
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and flattery, and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toll, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown,
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaint, John Brown.
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the work around me, and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unenvied, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown.
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and be glad, John Brown.

THE FATAL SECRET.

It was late in the day in the month of September, when a young traveler on horseback, bound for Fontenay, missed his way on crossing through the forest of Moutvaut. The state of the roads in La Vendée at the time we allude to—namely, the Restoration—was more picturesque than convenient; nor was it altogether safe to be journeying in the dark, owing to the numerous quagmires which frequently engulfed both horse and rider, and that nothing short of an intimate knowledge of the locality could teach one to avoid. The muddy state of the noble animal our traveler mounted showed that he had gone through several such "hairbreadth escapes," when he stopped before a little hut, where three men sat warming themselves at the fire, to inquire the nearest way to his destination.

After the master of the cottage had invited the traveler to come in and warm himself, which the latter declined, saying he wished to reach Fontenay before dark, he proceeded to give him a series of directions to find the shortest way, which, as usual, in such cases, are not very clear to a stranger, when the second man, apparently a charcoal burner, observed that the roads were very bad, thereabouts. Upon this, the third man lifted his hat, saying, "I beg pardon, sir, but if you'll follow me you shall have a night's lodging, at about twenty minutes walk from hence, which would be better than going further to get lost in the dark."

"The veteran is right," said the first speaker: "that's far better than going to the inn at Fontenay."

"Won't you come?" resumed the man whom his comrades nicknamed the veteran, thinking he perceived a slight shade of distrust in the stranger's countenance. "You're not afraid of me, are you? One of Travot's comrades knows nothing of fear—eh?"

"March along, my good fellow," said the stranger—adding as soon as they had turned away from the hut, "But how do you know that I served under Travot?"

"Were not you in the Vendean Chasseurs?" asked the veteran.

"Sure enough," said the young man. "I thought I saw you at Nantes," continued the old man, "on the bridge, when your horse nearly ran away with you."

The young traveler was soon on a cordial footing with the old soldier, who regretted the downfall of Napoleon and heartily disliked the present dynasty; although as he informed the lieutenant, he now occupied the situation of Gardener at Madame de Rivaux's, a staunch royalist, to whom, nevertheless, he was much attached. It was to this lady's hospitable chateau that he was about to conduct the benighted stranger.

"Only you must attend to orders, if you please, lieutenant," said the veteran.

"Give me my cue, corporal," said the young man, "and I'll behave accordingly."

"Well, then, mum, as to politics, because you and my lady would never pull together on that subject. Now, this is the chateau; dismount, if you please, lieutenant, and I'll see after your horse the moment I've given the watchword to my sister, who is the cook, and no fonder of the white flag than myself."

They now crossed the courtyard, and the veteran knocked at a side door, that was presently opened by a good-looking woman, to whom he whispered a few words, when Juliette came forward to welcome the stranger with a pleasant smile. After showing him in the led him across a very large room, and having inquired his name, opened a door and announced, "Monsieur Leopold Montbert."

The room he now entered was furnished with a degree of elegance, though in a style wholly out of fashion. A number of family portraits gave it rather a formal aspect, which was, however, happily relieved by the cheerful radiance of a large fire, near which sat Madame de Rivaux, a lady still possessing some remains of beauty, though past sixty—wearing green and white ribbons in her cap as expressive of her political bias, and reading the most royalist of all newspapers. Opposite her sat a venerable ecclesiastic, and between the two a fair girl, who was working at her needle.

Madame de Rivaux received the stranger with a grave but kindly welcome; and Montbert hastened to inform her that he was the inspector of direct taxes, and going his rounds on government service.

The old lady then introduced him to the Abbe du Verrier, her cousin, and her daughter Clarisse.

Leopold now apologized for entering the baroness's chateau under her conduct of her gardener, and explained that he had lost his way in endeavoring to reach Fontenay.

"Our old warrior is an excellent servant," observed Madame de Rivaux, "although a former soldier of Bonaparte; and I am the more obliged to him for procuring us the honor of your company, as I hear a storm is raging without. This is, I think, the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you in our neighborhood?"

"Yes, madam; I am going on my rounds for the first time in this part of the country," said Montbert.

"You are, perhaps, a native of Poitou?"

"No, madam, I am from Brittany."

"All the better," said the lady. "Your country people are of the good old faithful sort, like ours; the two provinces share pretty nearly the same opinions."

Remembering his guide's injunctions, Leopold let the conversation drop, when the baroness turned to other topics with well-bred discretion, leaving all political matters entirely out of the question. The sight of a piano led Montbert to ask the young lady whether she was musical; when Clarisse informed him that she was but a poor performer compared to her sister-in-law.

"And here she comes to answer for herself," added the mother.

Just then a young and lovely woman, attired in half mourning, entered the room. Without being regularly beautiful, her splendid dark eyes, pale complexion, set off by jet black hair and finely pencilled eyebrows, formed so fascinating a *tout ensemble* that Leopold was struck with admiration, and could only make a profound bow, when the elderly lady said, by way of introduction, "This is Hermine de Rivaux, my daughter-in-law, or, I might say, my second daughter."

With a graceful bow to the stranger, the fair Hermine went and kissed the baroness, saying in a very sweet voice, "Just as you are a second mother to me."

Supper was served at the early hour of eight, and by the time they returned into the sitting-room Montbert felt quite at ease in this patriarchal family. While the baroness and the abbe had resumed their seats near the fire, he asked leave of the younger ladies to walk round and look at the pictures, being equally fond, he said, of the sister arts of painting and music. The ladies answered him with rather a constrained air, that he was welcome to do so, but exchanged a half-uneasy look as they glanced towards their mother, the purport of which the stranger could not of course penetrate. Leopold admired several of the family portraits, but his attention was chiefly arrested by that of a fine-looking young man, in a costume that might be intended for a poetical version of a Vendean officer, or for some ancestor of the time of Louis XIII. The freshness of the colors seemed, however, to preclude the possibility of the latter supposition.

"I could almost fancy there was a resemblance between the baroness and this portrait," observed Leopold to Hermine. "Yet, I suppose, I am committing a great anachronism in starting such a surmise?"

Hermine, to whom the question was addressed, turned pale, and made no answer; while Clarisse, after glancing towards the fireside, and perceiving that her mother was talking with the abbe said, in an under-tone, "Monsieur Montbert, have you admired that hunting-piece? It is said to be very fine by those who are good judges."

Leopold felt he had perpetrated a solecism; though of what nature it might be, he was at a loss even to guess; but of course he took the hint, and passing by the portrait that interested him, he devoted all his attention to the picture pointed out by the young lady, and passed some encomiums on its beautiful execution. It chanced that the baroness overheard his admiring comments, and inquired whether he was fond of hunting?

Simple as was this question, it struck Leopold as an indirect allusion to a certain phase in his life which he was particularly desirous of throwing into the shade, in the company of his new friend; namely, the period at which he had exercised the calling of a Vendean Chasseur. He felt confused; and the lady had twice repeated the question, before he answered. "Hunting? no, madam; I have been cured of hunting ever since I had the misfortune of nearly killing a valued friend of mine, by mistake, in the forest of Gavre. I shall never forget that day! It is now the tenth anniversary of that fatal date, being the third of September."

A reproachful look from Hermine, the meaning of which Montbert was at a loss to understand—except thus far, that he had trodden upon the forbidden ground a second time—suddenly froze up the words on his lips. Madame de Rivaux had abruptly raised her head towards the portrait that had excited his curiosity, exclaiming in a voice half choked by sobs, "My poor Charles!—my dear boy!"

Hermine and Clarisse flew towards the poor old lady, and endeavored to soothe her.

"Ah," cried she, "how could I forget that fatal date?"

An awkward pause ensued; during which the abbe endeavored by his kindly looks to allay their guest's distress at having been the involuntary cause of so painful a scene.

"You had promised me, good cousin—" began the old priest, addressing the elderly lady; when she interrupted him, saying, "Enough, Abbe, I am more composed now."

Hermine and Clarisse resumed their seats. Leopold stammered forth an apology for having involuntarily touched upon a painful subject. "Do not mention it," said the lady; "it was impossible you could be aware of this painful coincidence."

And the good lady endeavored to put Montbert at his ease by entering into conversation on different topics. On her part Clarisse tried to induce her sister-in-law to play, as their guest seemed to like music; but Hermine declared that the piano was so out of tune as to render playing quite impossible; still she listened with interest to Montbert's account of the opera at Nantes, in which town he had long resided; and seemed grateful to him for having succeeded in drawing off Madame de Rivaux from brooding over her sorrows.

At ten o'clock the baroness reminded her daughters that their guest must be desirous of resting after his long ride, and that it would be selfish to detain him any longer; at the same time expressing a hope that he would resume the subject next day. Montbert informed his kind hostess however, that he was under the necessity of taking leave of her

self and family that night, as he must start for Fontenay at early dawn. Thereupon the abbe volunteered to serve as his guide, as he, too, was returning to Fontenay—an offer which he gladly accepted; after which, he took leave of the ladies, and went to take possession of the room to which Juliette conducted him with hospitable alacrity.

Before retiring to rest, Montbert had the curiosity to open a door that stood ajar, and enter a dressing closet, where he found an easel, and all the materials for painting; besides several landscapes in oils, executed with great delicacy and finish, and signed by Hermine's fair hand. The varied accomplishments and the personal charms of the young widow threw Leopold into a train of delightful reflections, saddened only by the one unpleasant incident of the evening, that kept him awake till a late hour; nor had he slept long, before the veteran came to wake his superior officer, as he had agreed to do.

Montbert rose hastily, and went down stairs, where he was soon joined by the abbe; and after both had partaken of an excellent breakfast, prepared by Juliette with a degree of zeal sharpened by her Bonapartist principles, the travelers set off together. Half-an-hour's ride brought them to the bridge of Perrure, thrown across the rapid river of the Vendee, running through a dreary and desolate spot, which the abbe observed had been the scene of many a crime during the civil wars; and this theme having led to matters of more private interest, the abbe took occasion to explain to Montbert the cause of his hostess's emotion on the preceding evening at the mention of the fatal third of September.

The family had suffered during the revolution. The Baron de Rivaux had emigrated, leaving his wife and infant son, whom he would not allow to accompany him in exile, which he flattered himself was to be but of short duration. The baroness's sister was thrown into prison with the Count de Vermont, her husband, and her infant Hermine. The young couple suffered death, but the infant was saved by the devoted love of Juliette, aided by her brother; and after concealing the child as long as prudence required, they restored her to her aunt, who had mourned her as dead. At length, at the end of 1796, the baroness received the news that her husband was still living. He had been dangerously wounded, but having recovered, had frequently sent letters, which however never reached their destination. On his name being struck out of the fatal lists, he was allowed to return to his native country. Clarisse was born about a couple of years after he was restored to his wife and son.

On growing up to man's estate Charles de Rivaux had very naturally grown enamored of the lovely Hermine, and a match between these two young people was the cherished wish of the baron and his wife, and was about to be carried into effect, when Napoleon landed at Cannes, and the king made his escape from the Tuilleries. A couple of months after, all Vendee was up in arms, and in spite of his advanced age, M. de Rivaux prepared to join his party—a resolution in which Charles concurred most enthusiastically, promising to follow his father the moment a sprained ankle, which at that time confined him to the sofa, should be sufficiently well to allow him to walk.

It was but a short week after, that the good abbe was summoned to the chateau to witness a painful scene. Madame de Rivaux had just received news of her husband's death, and Charles was about to join the royalist army, in spite of the entreaties of the family. On finding nothing could avail to shake the young man's determination, Hermine insisted on the marriage with her cousin taking place before his departure, and the ceremony was performed that same night by the Abbe du Verrier, with no other witnesses than the members of the household, all of whom together with the family, were attired in deep mourning. The noble girl had no sooner become united to her lover, than she declared if she had thus overstepped the timidity of her sex in proposing their immediate union, it was to become entitled to follow her husband to the seat of war, from which resolution, no remonstrances could dissuade her.

Dressed in a suit of male attire, Hermine set out with her new-made husband that same night to join the royalist troops. Poor Charles's career proved a short one. He was mortally wounded a few days afterwards, and brought back to the chateau by his devoted wife, and after lingering for about three months, expired on the third of September, 1815.

After explaining these details to his young companion, who now understood but too well that the picture he had admired was the likeness of the baroness's lost son, the worthy abbe wiped away the tears that would arise in spite of his efforts to check them, and assuring Leopold he would always be a welcome guest at the chateau, took leave of him, as they had now reached Fontenay.

To render the relative position of the De Rivaux family to that of Montbert still clearer to our readers, we will now say a few words relative to Leopold's birth and education. He was the eldest son of a rich manufacturer of Nantes. The elder Montbert had been desirous that Leopold should enter the administration of the indirect taxes, while he destined Gustave, his younger son, to succeed him in his business. The brothers lost their father in 1813, when they inherited a very handsome fortune, in spite of which Leopold continued pursuing the same career. Two years afterwards, when the royalist party took up arms in Le Vendee, Napoleon sent Lieutenant-General Travot to put down the insurrection, and the legion of Vendean Chasseurs was formed, in which was enrolled a number of government functionaries by consent of the crown. Leopold who had always been devoted to revolutionary principles, both by position and inclination, lost no time in joining this regiment, together with his younger brother Gustave.

Although it is obvious that Leopold must have perceived at a glance that there lay a whole abyss of prejudices, and discrepancies of views and opinions, between himself and this family of royalists, his rising admiration for the beautiful Hermine was increased to enthusiasm on hearing this tale of her devoted heroism from the lips of the venerable abbe. On one point, at least, there was a sympathy between them, which would make both royalist and republican look back with saddened feelings on the consequences of this civil war. If they had lost a father and a husband, Leopold mourned a brother—the youthful Gustave having been killed one night in a narrow pathway, near Aizenay; in an encounter with two loyalists, who galloped up to them, and in reply to their challenge, had replied, "Long live the king!" Four shots had been fired simultaneously, and Gustave fell to the ground, while Leopold could just distinguish that his own ball

had taken effect, and that one of the horsemen, sank down on his saddle. The corps of the Vendean Chasseurs was soon after disbanded, on the emperor's cause becoming desperate, and at the restoration, Montbert expected to be dismissed. Owing however to some powerful patronage, the ex-chasseur was merely removed for a time to a central province to allow the new government to forget his Bonapartist tendencies; and at the time of our narrative, he had been promoted since a couple months to the rank of inspector in one of the Vendee branches.

After an interval of about three weeks, Leopold could not resist the wish of once more beholding the interesting widow, and accordingly found out that his service most imperiously required of him to go his rounds in the environs of Fontenay and Moutvaut. The ladies received him with cordial politeness; and even Hermine, though less expansive than Clarisse, seemed to look upon him as a welcome guest. Madame de Rivaux insisted on his sleeping at the chateau, which afforded him the opportunity of spending a long and delightful evening in their company. Hermine was induced to sing, and to play on the piano, and her musical talents charmed Leopold even more than her skill in painting had done, when he surprised her secret by entering the little studio adjoining his room, the first time he was at the chateau. Nor did he neglect on the present occasion, after retiring to his chamber for the night, to take a peep at her pictures, which had become doubly interesting to him.

The painting which was only sketched when he saw it before, was now nearly finished. It represented the wild-looking glen in which is situated the bridge of Perrure. In the background rode two horsemen, one of whom wore the dress of an ecclesiastic, while the other—who and what could he be meant for? Leopold asked of himself, while his heart beat tumultuously.

The following day passed so quickly and so delightfully, that it was not till evening that Montbert took leave of his hostess. Madame de Rivaux pressed him to return frequently, and Clarisse joined her mother's request; while Hermine said nothing, though a smile lit up her features on his replying that his duty would bring him back that way in about a fortnight.

From thenceforward the young republican became a frequent guest at the chateau, where he was received on a familiar footing. Being himself a good musician, he easily rendered himself agreeable to the accomplished Hermine, who soon began to value him for his solid qualities; and scarcely had a few weeks passed over their heads, than Leopold acknowledged to himself that he was deeply and irrevocably enamored, while the beautiful widow asked her own heart, with a degree of alarm, as she looked at Charles's picture, whether she could have suffered any living being to efface his image from its cherished resting-place in her memory?

It might have been long, perhaps, before these two beings, so formed for one another, had broken through the restraint that acted on both respectively, though from different causes, but for the circumstance of Hermine's falling ill, when Montbert displayed such a degree of anxiety and anguish as at once revealed his secret to Madame de Rivaux. It was during Hermine's convalescence that the hitherto silent lovers at length confessed their mutual passion.

Towards the month of December, the family left the chateau, to spend the winter in Fontenay, where Madame de Rivaux possessed a very fine house and garden. They now saw more company, and as the baroness expected Montbert would soon ask Hermine formally in marriage, she desired some friends of hers, living in Nantes and in Bourbon, to make inquiries about the young inspector's family and his private conduct, and also whether he stood high in the opinion of the authorities who employed him.

The results of these inquiries were all most favorable. We must, however, observe, that the persons applied to for references, being well acquainted with the good lady's peculiar views, had refrained from any allusion to Montbert's politics, and above all, had remained silent on the subject of the part he had taken during the civil war, as a Vendean Chasseur.

In spite of the baroness's native good sense, there was one thing that jarred with her antiquated prejudices, and that was that Montbert was not of noble birth. Still, when she found Hermine's affections were engaged, she consoled herself with the reflection that if she married beneath her in a point of rank, there was not a single objection to be raised against the character, the merit, or the amiable qualities of the man she thus honored, and therefore never hesitated giving her consent to the match.

Montbert now obtained a month's holiday, which would allow him to remain in Fontenay till the day of his marriage. The worthy Abbe du Verrier came to congratulate the lovers, nor were Juliette and the veteran behind hand in expressing their joy at the turn things had taken. Only up to the day before the one fixed for the wedding, Juliette kept expressing her fears to her brother, lest the Baroness should have discovered that the young lieutenant had served under *tother*, as she expressed it. That same evening several of Madame de Rivaux's relations came from Niort and St. Maixant to be present at the ceremony. They were all persons of gentle birth, and rather prejudiced against their future cousin, on account of his plebeian extraction; but no sooner was he introduced to them than his elegant manners and handsome person at once interested them in his favor. As to Montbert, having no relations, he had invited the director of his administration, together with his father's former partner, so serve as his witnesses on this solemn occasion.

The party was now complete, all but for M. de Croissy, a knight of St. Louis, who lived in the environs of Machecoul, and had not seen Madame de Rivaux for the last twenty years. Montbert had heard he was noted for his intolerable pride of birth, and the violence of his royalist opinions.

The next day Madame de Rivaux was up at an early hour, superintending all the preparations with a happier countenance than she had worn for a long while. The wedding party were to start from the house at ten o'clock for the mayor's residence, where the civil marriage was to be performed, and from thence to repair to the church, where the Abbe du Verrier was to unite the young couple. The relations and friends had assembled in the drawing-room—the bridegroom had arrived in company with the Abbe—the bride was the admired of all beholders in her simple but tasteful attire; the faithful Juliette, in a handsome peasant's costume, was sitting behind her, while the veteran mounted guard at the door—in short, they now only waited for M. de Croissy, much to the annoyance of Madame de Rivaux, who was a rigid observer of etiquette, and who wished the knight to come, being her only relation left on her mother's side.

Presently, however, the rolling of a carriage was heard, and the veteran ushered in the Chevalier, Robert de Croissy. He was a little shrivelled old man, dressed after the fashion of a fop in the first year of the present century. His sallow complexion and angular features gave token of a bilious temperament, while his eyes, as restless as those of a fox, were expressive of arrogance and malice.

The Baroness introduced him to all, successively, by order of rank, age, and relationship. When Leopold's turn came, the Chevalier scarcely bowed; but after staring at him through a spy-glass for the space of a minute, he said, "I know the gentleman already."

"Then you have the advantage of me, sir," said Montbert, annoyed by his impertinence.

"That is to say," continued de Croissy, in the same sneering tone, "I know him by hearsay; yet, some three years ago, we might have met on a less pacific occasion than the present one."

"What!" exclaimed the Baroness, agreeably surprised; "is it possible, Leopold, that you never informed us you served in the ranks of the royalist army?"

"Stop, stop, cousin," interrupted the knight, ironically; "here is a slight misunderstanding. The gentleman served, it is true, but it was in the ranks of the Imperialists."

"The Imperialists!" echoed the old lady, whose countenance underwent a sudden change. "Is it possible?"

"So possible," answered the irascible old man, "that he was a lieutenant in the Vendean Chasseurs, as they called themselves."

Hermine had listened in alarm, with eyes fixed on her lover, in whose countenance she was shocked and surprised to read no denial of this startling assertion.

"Cursed Chouan," muttered the veteran, between his teeth, "wouldn't I throttle you with all the pleasure in life!"

A murmur ran through the company on hearing the Chevalier's last words, and the tide now set in against Leopold, who appeared much put out.

"Why don't you answer, Monsieur Montbert?" cried the Baroness. "Can you really have practised upon us a deceit unworthy of a man of honor?"

"The gentleman has spoken the truth," said Leopold.

"Indeed!" exclaimed de Croissy, with a sardonic smile, and still eyeing Montbert through his glass. "But Monsieur Montbert's modesty is such that he is silent about his military exploits. Now, I happened to have heard recently, that he distinguished himself especially in a skirmish, in which our friends and relatives were piteously massacred, at Aizenay."

"Aizenay!" exclaimed Hermine, starting to her feet.

"Aizenay!" echoed the Baroness, sinking into a chair.

"Yes, at Aizenay," said the Chevalier, whose pallid countenance was lit up with the malice of a fiend: "but God punished him, for his brother was killed on the spot."

Hermine shuddered, and fixing her flashing eyes on Montbert, addressed him in the tone of an insulted queen, saying, "Were you at Aizenay, or not, sir, and was your brother killed there?"

"He was," said Leopold: "he died in my arms."

"At what precise spot?" continued Hermine, as if anxious to find the clue to some important circumstance.

"On coming out of the borough, near the road to the Sables."

"Was it at the entry of a bridge?"

"It was."

"Who shot him?"

"A Vendean horseman."

"Was he alone?"

"No; there were two, who charged us."

"Did they speak?"

"They cried, 'Long live the King!'"

There was a breathless silence. The bystanders listened to this sinister interrogatory with the awe inspired by the anticipation of some dreadful discovery. Hermine now pressed her hands to her brow, as if to recall the recollections of the past, and presently exclaimed, in a still more imperious tone, "And what did you do?"

"I fired."

"What next?"

"I saw my adversary fall."

Hermine turned as pale as death, and flames seemed to flash from her eyes, as she cried out in a startling voice, "Then it was you who murdered my husband!"

"Good heavens! how can you tell what happened in the dark?"

"You murdered him, I tell you, for I was fighting by his side."

Montbert shuddered. "Then it was you who killed my brother!" exclaimed he.

Who can describe the agonizing scene that followed, as these two beings, but recently bound by the fondest affection, and now separated by the blood that flowed between them, stood glaring at each other with looks of horror? Their once handsome countenances were now terrific to behold.

Suddenly, Hermine's eyes assumed the wild expression of a maniac, and, uttering a heartrending shriek, she tore off her veil, plucked off her necklace, to which hung a miniature of Leopold, and, flinging them on the floor, trampled upon them, and then rushed out of the room, crying, in an unearthly tone, "Mother! Juliette! help! Save me from Charles's murderer!"

The bystanders were petrified with horror and pity, and even the malicious knight seemed alarmed at his own work, and stole out of the room like a culprit fleeing public vengeance. As to Leopold, he was like one bereft of his senses, and the two witnesses and the veteran were obliged to lead him away like a child. The Baroness was led back to her room by Juliette, and the guests, who had come to partake of a joyous *fete*, now left the house thus suddenly converted into the abode of madness and despair.

Three months after these events, a vessel, bound for America, was lying in the roadstead, at St. Maixant. In the cabin sat a young man, whose pale countenance showed him to be either just recovered from some serious illness, or else a prey to moral sufferings beyond the reach of medical science. This was Leopold Montbert, whom his most intimate friends could scarcely have recognized in the haggard invalid, who had but recently left a bed of sickness, to which he had been confined for weeks by a brain fever. The veteran had nursed him through his illness, with the tenderness of a mother; but

when, on his recovery, he had declared his intention of sending in his resignation to the ministers; and expatriating himself forever, the old soldier endeavored to remonstrate against what he called a wild goose scheme. On finding, however, that Montbr's resolution was not to be shaken, he announced his intention of sharing his exile.

Touched by his devoted kindness, Leopold nevertheless refused to allow him to sacrifice his country, and quit his sister; requesting him, as a last service, to go and learn what had become of the Rivaux family, and return to bring what intelligence he could gather before he sailed.

The veteran was absent a whole week. Meantime the vessel was about to sail sooner than expected, and Leopold went on board, fearing the faithful corporal would not be in time to bid him a last adieu. But at the eleventh hour, just as the Agatha was about to sail, the long expected veteran rushed into the cabin.

"What news?" cried Leopold, breathless with excitement.

"Can you bear it like a man, asked the veteran, with a stern sadness.

"I will," replied Leopold, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Well, then, she was taken to a madhouse."

"Good heavens!" cried Leopold. "Mad—is she mad?"

"She is no longer so now," said the veteran, while two big tears rolled over his weather-beaten cheeks.

Leopold sank down upon a seat, as if overwhelmed.

Presently he started up again: "Go," cried he fiercely; "go—this is enough—I want to be alone."

"And I want to see America," replied the veteran.

"No, no," replied Leopold; "I want no one to share my wretched fate. Besides, you ought not to leave your sister."

"Juliette approves me. She'll stay with her mistresses as long as they live. They want her, and you want me."

"My dear fellow," cried Leopold, ashamed of having spoken roughly to his kind friend, "you shall not go—indeed you shall not. There's still time for a boat to convey you ashore."

"My lieutenant, we are out at sea now," replied the veteran.

Leopold hastened to look out at the cabin window, and perceived that the noble old soldier had purposely tarried to cut off his own means of retreat. He pressed his hand in silent gratitude.

"And now hurrah for America!" cried the soldier; "and in that land of Liberty we'll share and share alike in all the griefs and troubles of life—that two will, lieutenant!"

CLASS DAY AT HARVARD.

The following beautiful ode, written by John Davis Long, of Buckfield, Maine, was sung by the graduating class:—

How bright were the hopes that incited the throng,
When, wandering in search of the truth,
We came to the fountain, whose waters so long
Have nourished the bloom of our youth;
How glad are we now, that this time-hallowed spot
Shall echo our voices no more;
Behind us, the past will sweep memories fraught;
The future, uncertain, before.
How dearer than ever become to the heart
Each tree and each consecrated hall,
That now from their shelter we turn to depart,
And are bidding adieu to them all!
And the memory of lost ones shall serve to unite
More closely the hearts that remain,
When we judge to each other, dispersing to-night,
An affection that never shall wane.
The world with its hazards, its turmoil, and strife
Calls us now from these scenes of repose,
And sterner and stormier phases of life
The future begins to unfold.
And we boldly press forward with aims that are high,
And honor enshrined in each breast,
Though at parting a tear is lodgmenting the eye,
And a sigh of regret half suppressed.
As now, in our turn, to the battle we rush,
And youth's careless moments are gone,
May the cheek of our mother ne'er burn with a blush
For the shame of one dastardly son.
Thus acting our part, be our fate what it may,
Whether sunshine or darkness betide,
A tribute, befitting, to thee shall we pay,
Dear Harvard—our boast and our pride.

CALIFORNIA PERFORMERS.

The critic of the *Placer Press* has seen the Chinese troop, now parading the State of California. It seems he "met with a good reception." Hear what he says:—

Probably our distinguished position as editor of a local press may account for the high honors and courtesies which were extended to us by the lessee of the theatre, and boss Chinaman. Our reception reminded us of Macaulay's account of theatrical customs in ancient days, when Billy Shakespeare played before the Virgin Queen. We were conducted to a chair upon the stage, where we dignifiedly smoked our pipe, and comfortably observed the arrangements.

The theatre building is large and airy, consisting of three or four ordinary sized houses converted into one. It is fitted up with seats capable of accommodating four hundred or five hundred persons. The troop consists of about fifty persons, nearly all of whom appear to possess considerable talent in their various roles. Their wardrobe is of the most gorgeous description; no pasteboard and tinsel, but the real Simon Pure Chinese crape embroidered with gold, and "nothing shorter."

We were in barbarian ignorance as to the precise plot of the plays we saw, but there were certain scenes which led us to apprehend that they were not of a rigid school of morality. The Chinese degenerate rapidly when they mix with the outsiders. They have witnessed *Camille*, *The Duke's Wager*, and other plays of a like character, and in order, we suppose, to show they could do "a thing or two," have rather run the thing into the ground. The common run of the morality is, on the whole, about equal to the fashionable plays about referred to. Most of their plays, however, appear to relate to scenes of war and famous feats of arms of doughty warriors of the flowery kingdom. Their performances are interspersed with exhibitions of gymnastics and ground and lofty tumbling, fully equal, if not superior to anything we have ever seen elsewhere—Lillian Franklin not excepted. The whole troop appear to be proficient in this art and they go it apparently without regard to time, or the circumstances of the play. It is rather comical to witness the Emperor of China throwing back somersets, dressed in his flowing robes, and with a crown on his head two feet high, surmounted with plumage.

With regard to the orchestra, the least said is the soonest mended. We advise those who attend the institution regularly, to get their ears bushed with sheet-iron.

Well, brother, we have some plays and players in this region that would knock your Chinese chaps higher nor a kite. "Barbarian ignorance of the plot," say you, the greater portion of the things they call plays here, haven't got any plot, but are as shadowy—though not so pure—as moonshine.

Yes—the ship *Don Quixote*, sailing from Hong Kong, 25th April, for New York, had on board 784,300 lbs. tea.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1857.

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PRESENTMENT.

The members of that august body, the Suffolk County Grand Jury, have made their final report, and, in the old stereotyped manner, have commenced it with a general whitewashing of the Police, the Jail, the State Prison, and the Courts, and have ended it with a grand flourish of trumpets against the pauper establishments on Deer Island.

That they should recommend a reform in anything is matter of congratulation, but that their wisdom should pronounce everything perfect, with the single exception of the pauper establishment, where the great bulk of the inmates are newly arrived emigrants, looks very like an electioneering dodge. And as such undoubtedly it was meant.

We would not, of course, hint that the civilities shown them by the city dignitaries in the "steam-boat excursion to the islands in the harbor," had ought to do with the "first rate notice" they give to those dignitaries, yet much less courtesies have in times past, blinded men's better judgment—we had almost said, the judgment of better men.

It may be that some one of the party, is a builder, or has an intimate friend, who keeps a sharp look out for the public goose, whenever his feathers promise a harvest. Or it may be, that the steam yacht belonging to the "Fathers," the liberally paid for "Henry Morrison" was affected by the pop of the champagne corks, and its erratic motions concealed from the sight of these "wise men of the east," that an ostentatious building, erected at an expense attendant only upon public buildings, was nearly empty, and going to ruin. It may be, that the wharf was unsteady, or may be that the comet struck somebody. Who can tell?

The "City Fathers" keep a steam yacht. Yes, and why shouldn't they? Queen Victoria has one, and so has the Emperor of Japan. An excursion in the harbor covereth a multitude of sins.

Enough of badinage. To pronounce the police department of this city perfect, or even excellent, is simply absurd—no, not absurd, it is a wicked lie.

Look at the vile dens, where children are corrupted and poisoned; open in the full blaze of noon-day; open through all the long hours of the night; witness the unblushing crimes hourly committed under their very eyes. Look at these so-called guardians of the public morals, lounging in knots of three or four, before the doors of these pest houses, chatting familiarly with the most hardened vultures of civilization, or standing upon corners, using profane and vulgar language, and bullying and insulting peaceable citizens, under protection of their office.

We do not intend this as a sweeping denunciation of the public force. There are men among them, awake to the sense of their duty. Men who would willingly aid to their utmost power, in the purification of the pestilential atmosphere. But they can only walk upon the beaten track. Occasionally an officer starts up and makes a sortie upon some gambling den, and a flourish is made in the papers. What does it amount to? "Sound and fury, signifying nothing."

In no department of city government, (not only here but everywhere,) is such a searching scrutiny and reform needed, as in that of the police. Its head should be a man of large, comprehensive mind, of clear, calm reason, who looks beyond the simple act, and traces it back to the cause. A man who will weigh and balance in his mind all evidence with the clear, impartial judgment of a righteous judge. Around such a man, would gather men fit to perform the duties incumbent upon them. The axe would be laid at the root of the evil, instead of lopping off the superfluous branches that the trunk may grow more vigorous, in its poisonous strength.

Oh, Messrs. Grand Jury of Suffolk County, are you ignorant of the numberless dram shops, the five hundred brothels, the hundreds of dens, which no city in the world can equal, for infamy and degradation? Have you visited the fountains where the children take their first draft of sin and ruin? If so, have you not seen, that if not under the special protection and encouragement of these perfect men—they can at least, plead no ignorance of their existence?

You recommend a higher wall about the State Prison, to keep men in. Did you ever dream of a higher wall to keep men out? Have you thought of a wall, built of Charity, and Love, and Patience, that should draw them away from that gloomy, revengeful granite, and say to them, I too, have a duty to perform; I too can stretch forth my hand and feel that I am not an Ishmaelite, against every man, and every man against me. In this glorious creation of God, through every element of which extends the harmonious chord of Love, there breathes no living thing which kindness will not tame, and bring back to the place its Creator designed it to occupy.

The jury extol the management of the city, and County Jail, and the excellent discipline and management of the State Prison, though they suggest that there might be more variety in the food. Is this forced admission any confirmation of the remarks of that singular young man, now under sentence of death, for a crime committed in the institution so admirably managed?

Might not that young man, so powerful in his undeveloped talent, as to produce a feeling of wonder and astonishment in a court room, filled with those seeking for his blood, glorying in his conviction; might not his talents have been tended, cultivated and ripened by the hand of a true gardener of the soul? The jagged knots removed, and the stately tree would have risen up to bless and benefit mankind. Yes! believe it! When you, jurymen, perform your whole duty, when you refuse the morsel of pottage, with which they buy your birthright—when the sparkle of the champagne foam does not dazzle your eyes, nor the pop of the corks deafen your ears, you will sit down and reason with your own hearts, and weigh your own circumstances in the balance with those you condemn, and compare them with their accusers; not content with accepting the

"It is," but searching through all the avenues open to you, to know and understand "why it is"—then will your judgments be more righteous, and your eulogiums more true.

THE PATHFINDER AND SPIRITUALISM.

After three years investigation, we became satisfied that the powers which controlled these manifestations were evil, and their whole tendency was to debase, degrade, deceive, and prove destructive to the happiness and the moral elevation of those who meddled in any way with the phenomenon—that its whole tendency was evil, resulting in infidelity, misfortune and misery to those who embrace it, proving the words of Scripture that God's condemnation should follow those who deal with familiar spirits.

We would give more for the simple teaching of Christ, in his sermon on the mount, than for all the justified twaddle and incoherent communications which the spirits, uttering through their mediums, have given to the world during the last ten years. Swedenborg comprehended, over a hundred years ago, the correct idea of these spirits, and warned the world of their danger in having dealings with them. Swedenborg declares that he was intimately and openly associated with them for twenty-seven years; that he saw them, felt them, walked with them, talked with them, and observed and studied them in every possible way. All who are conversant with his writings know that he represents a large proportion of the spirits of those who have recently died on this earth, as trying to do in his day just what they are supposed to have succeeded in doing in ours; that is, to meddle with the affairs of men, to guide them in their conduct and opinions, to astonish them by moving furniture and other articles—and, above all, to gratify their own vanity and love of consideration and influence by pretending to be great personages. He describes them as active, artful, deceitful and lying, in the highest degree. Whenever they approached him or any other man with whom they had intercourse, they would see in a moment what that man had in his thoughts; what friends or kindred he loved, and what great personage among the dead he most admired, or would like most to commune with; and they would instantly assume the air and the language of the person they wished to be taken for—sometimes with considerable skill, at other times less perfectly—some of the spirits being so adroit that only a close and prolonged investigation would strip them of their disguises; while others could be detected with comparative ease. Universally, according to his account, they are cheats and liars, and so malignant that, however friendly they may seem, and however well they may talk for a while, they will invariably do man an injury if they can, either by corrupting his principles or by driving him into insanity.

Though Swedenborg in his writings continually draws the broadest distinction between the spiritual and material worlds, he says in his Diary that the coarser kind of spirits have a certain power of acting on matter by making use of what he calls the interior constituents of our atmosphere, by which it is supposed he means the electrical or magnetic fluids or something still more subtle and refined which our naturalists have not yet detected.

Of the above we can only say it is not impossible, if even improbable, that the writer's three years' experience justifies his remark that the whole tendency of the manifestations he has witnessed was evil, resulting in misfortune and misery. Five years' experience and investigation, with every variety of manifestations, has invariably given us results of just the opposite character. All our observation gives us abundant delight and gratitude in the conviction that men have been saved from misery and misfortune—debasement and degradation—deception, doubt and infidelity—and morally elevated and blest by spirit intercourse. We have seen and known nothing of these unfavorable results, but very much the most friendly, beneficent and purifying to both body and soul. Our admiration and gratitude has been continually aroused and exercised by the rapidity and thoroughness with which Spiritualism has dissipated doubt, unbelief and all the ordinary motives to a sordid and selfish life, and supplied the strongest incentives to purity and holiness. The sublimity and truly imposing grandeur of its transcendently delicate and miraculously impressive operations has constantly subdued and melted us into the profoundest humility, lowliness and adoration. It has inspired and led us by the holiest motives and impulses, vigorously stimulated us to the highest planes of benevolent activity and exertion, and amply rewarded the most arduous efforts with visions and hopes full of peace and ecstasy.

Is this marked difference in the experience of individuals to be explained, in any degree, by the well-known and universally admitted law, that *evil associates by ties of affinity*? Is it true that the vile attract the vile, and the pure the pure? Are all men under this law by an inevitable necessity? Whenever and wherever we have existence are the loyal and true drawn to each other by a strong embracing force, and does vice repulse and repel virtue? Perhaps birds of a feather do flock together.

Does any one need the information that "the simple teachings of the sermon on the Mount are infinitely better than all the justified twaddle and incoherent communications of the spirits during the last ten years?" Very few in number, and still lighter in form and substance have been such communications with us, while, on the other hand, all the sublime and vital sentiments of that greatly inspired sermon have been perpetually reaffirmed, solemnly and affectionately illustrated, and earnestly enforced by the clear sagacity and penetration of the wise and good, who have passed to higher degrees of spiritual development in the superior spheres.

Doubtless, in this sphere and the next, there are dark and malignant spirits, such as Swedenborg describes, disposed to do injury if they can. But these very admissions of our desponding admirer of Swedenborg afford some satisfaction, as strong proof that communication between the spheres is possible, if not certain. Evil men can and do communicate. Then why not the good? What curious suggestions spring from this notion. How evil must one be to enjoy this great and most desirable prerogative? How holy before they must suffer the severe penalty of losing it? Perhaps some friend of mine may consent to a little less holiness in the next sphere, and so secure the privilege of instructing and elevating me. I earnestly wish they may keep themselves within reach of this high prerogative of the less elevated, and so enable me to go along with them. Will our unfortunate deprecator of spirit intercourse suggest some reason why the bad should enjoy so great a privilege, and not the good, the better, and the best? Are coarse, vulgar, ignorant and malignant persons better qualified to control the electrical and magnetic fluids, or something still more subtle and refined, which our naturalists—with so much purity and goodness—have not been able to detect? Or is it true that refinement loves refinement—that fineness can detect and appreciate fineness? Will our unsuccessful naturalists take the writer's hint and allow themselves to become, sufficiently vile and wicked to enable them to detect and control these refined and subtle fluids? My own thought is that they can be more accurately ascertained and governed by the more profoundly one is purified and devel-

oped. The higher and holier the individual of this sphere the wiser and purer the persons of the spheres above who will, by affinity, associate with him, and the more perfect and powerful the communications between them. It is my habit to say to friends daily—live to the truth—be loyal to conscience—make culture—spiritual development the main business of life, live to God, love as he loves, think as the reason He gave you and the facts of the universe bid you, if you would be thrilled, transported and blest by messages from spheres above.

A truth implied in all the writer's remarks is the one great consideration, pregnant with the very highest benefits for all. It should be cherished with devotion, advocated with zeal and power, and made the rule of criticism in every case. Unspeakingly important always to every man, it is too seldom seen and felt, too rarely brought clearly, religiously and logically into the central light of reason and conscience.

All parties, all sects, all individuals, should feel far more deeply than now, that the character of every agent should be determined by its effects—the nature of every tree by its fruit—the quality of each person by what he does—what one is by what he pursues. Do men gather grapes of thistles? If we get a vigorous, healthy, ripe, delicious harvest of figs, shall we not admit the existence, vigor and fine quality of the fig tree that bears it? To this only just, only satisfactory test let all questions be forcibly pressed and firmly holden. With courage, candor, patience, let Spiritualism be examined by every mind, if possible, in a light clarified of all prejudice, intolerance and narrowness, free from sectarian pride and rancor, and far above the fatal policy of ambitious occupants of, and competitors for, position and power. If the fruits shall be found not only beautiful and sweet, but nourishing, life-giving and sanctifying, health to the sick, strength to the failing, comfort to the distressed, solace and peace to grief and anguish, faith and hope for despair, moral emancipation to the sinful, then cultivate the growing and abounding tree, till its protecting and fragrant branches shall be an asylum and seminary of spiritual redemption and development for all. In every case the quantity and quality of the fruit shall measure the quantity and quality of the tree that bears it. By the authority of this decisive test every man is a Christian who has the spirit of Christ, be his affirmation to the contrary with his tongue never so sincere and positive; and every one who has not the spirit of Christ, is anti-Christ, however stoutly and genuinely his lips may profess that he is a true disciple. Professing to be Christian without the spirit, he is, at best, mistaken. Professing to be anti-Christ, while in possession of the spirit, he is equally deceived. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." By the absence of this love all shall as surely know that ye are not my disciples. If Spiritualism bears the fruits of godliness, it is of God. If not, not. From our profoundest experiences, our most untiring investigations, from all sources of information that do not shock common sense, and insult the understanding by outrages upon logic, blasphemies against God, blight upon the fairest fruits of the affections, violence of prejudice, and rancor of bigotry, we gratefully affirm that Spiritualism is of God—scientifically a part of the globe and its environments—a genuine, solid, immovable constituent portion of the Universe—like the revolution of the planets, the flow of tides, the growth of vegetation. Prove all things. Hold fast the good. Cast the bad aside. J. J. LOCKE.

WRITERS AND READERS.

How few, among those who attempt to instruct others, realize the equality of mind. We see transcendental sentences, and brain-puzzling words to understand and interpret which, a huge pile of dictionaries and elementary treatises would be required, in the simplest articles in newspapers and periodicals. Whenever we read the effusions of such minds, we cannot help but think of the little boys who call out to their companions, "See my new boots!" "Have n't I got the smartest top in the whole school!"

We will pause and say to our readers—they know that we always write plainly and candidly, because we are not smart enough to do otherwise—those huge folios which adorn the shelves of the college library, never had an enticing look to us. No, the grand old forests with their waving branches and their whispering leaves, were always more eloquent to us than the dusty tomes and folios which contained the teachings of a darker age—we will tell our readers why, as quick as thought the word "writers and readers" were written above—we will do it simply—being simple, we cannot help it. A daily paper is published in the good city of Boston, the American Athens, the city over which Harvard College spreads its wings, shutting out the view of the great world around and above it. In this literary-lawgiving city a newspaper is published called the Boston Daily Courier. It is a handsome sheet, the compositors are smart, the pressmen are smart, but the editors! What shall we say of them? smart isn't the word. Oh, no! they are sublime—stop, let's look at the dictionary—yes, sublime is the word. They don't write for any one who has not passed through the portals of Harvard. They have a sovereign contempt for all plebeianism. Their aristocratic noses smell afar off the approach of the rabble, and with a wave of the hand, more stately than the American Ambassador bestowed upon the "colored individual" who represents his serene highness of Hayti, they brush them aside.

"Look upon this picture."

"To reconcile, if possible, the gentle reader with the pristine circumstantiality of our course, we would beg to declare that it appears to us high time that the science of politics should be reclaimed from the regions of abstract metaphysics, or raw empiricism, and be placed on the same ground, on which the natural sciences were placed nearly two centuries and a half ago, by the *instauratio magna* of A. D. 1620."

Now, on this.

"We wish the editor would not say that the Custom House is 'located' at the foot of State Street; 'located' is a vile phrase which should be kicked out of decent English society. We wish, too, he would not call the Frog Pond a 'delicious' pond, because it is not 'delicious,' either to drink or to bathe in."

"Pristine circumstantiality" is good, it has the ring of the professor, but "located" is vile—very—it means simply, according to Webster, placed—but "kicked out" is polished, is elegant, is refined—very.

Well, well, we are wandering from our subject; we only meant to express a wish, that writers for the press would study Carlyle and Emerson less and Addison more.

THE BOSTON POST.

This sterling paper makes its appearance this week in a greatly improved form. Its clear, new type, excellent press work, and last, not least, the excellence of its editorial department, combine to render it one of the first papers in the country. In its enlarged form it looks like a dashing new clipper, with studding sails aloft and aloft. May favoring breezes continue to waft it onward.

THE CHICAGO MAGAZINE.

This new Magazine is one of the most acceptable on our list of exchanges. It is profusely illustrated, with views of Western scenery and buildings, and portraits of public men. Its literary merits are of a high order, and its typographical appearance unexceptionable. In few words, the Chicago Magazine is an evidence of the truth of the prophetic words, "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

THE INVESTIGATION.

According to the *Courier* the investigation of the Spiritual phenomena between the Committee of Professors, and Dr. Gardner, has come to an end. We await patiently the official report, and when it appears we shall have a few remarks to offer in relation to the subject.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

The following letter is so clear and concise, so devoid of the pomp and arrogance of the would-be dictators and rulers over the aspiring minds of those who seek to escape from their selfish bigotry and intolerance, that words of ours are superfluous. In every line, the clear, calm-judging mind is portrayed, and the lofty spirit which refuses to lower itself to personalities and vulgar abuse.

New York, June 25, 1857.

DEAR SIRS—When, about a fortnight ago, I wrote you that I would notice the article in the Boston *Courier*, of the 9th instant, as soon as my professional engagements would permit, I did so, with the single purpose of strengthening Willis, as far as it might lie in my power, not dreaming that it could be made of less importance what was said, than who said it. But now, when about availing myself of my first leisure moment, I take up the papers which have been sent me from your city, I find that an element has been thrust into the discussion, which must drive me from it.

Thus, I find that the writers in the *Courier*, instead of confining themselves to an investigation of the truths of Spiritualism, are discussing the questions of my mental soundness, and my intellectual capacity.

I find they have revived the oft refuted slander of my avowing my "intention of resorting to spiritual counsel to guide my judgment in the decision of an important case."

So I find that they make it a personal charge against me that I did not publish what was revealed to me in respect to the loss of the *Arotic*, when the fact is, that I did so, and at once, and that my account of the revelation was read publicly in our lecture room, and published in our papers in this city.

Now, I cannot consent to continue in a discussion which will involve me in a controversy so personal in its character. All my tastes and inclinations are against it, and I cannot persuade myself that I am of consequence enough to warrant the belief that my surroundings can be of any interest to the public.

I believe that I have never had but one object in view in all I have said and done on this subject, and that was to elicit the truth; and as the truth of Spiritualism does not depend on my testimony, so any controversy as to me cannot be of interest to any one.

I am not aware that I have ever been influenced by a proselyting spirit, and it is to me, at this moment, a matter of utter indifference whether the writers for the *Courier* do or do not become believers. I can do my duty to the cause without accepting from them a challenge to a personal controversy.

Pardon me for saying even this much of myself. But as I have awakened in you and in your readers the expectation that I would again let you hear from me, it is due to you and to them that I should give my reasons for the disappointment.

Truly yours, J. W. EDMONDS.

MANCHESTER, MASS., JUNE 15, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Thinking it might be interesting to your many readers to hear occasionally from your country friends, and to learn of their advancement in the right path, despite the persecution of the blind and bigoted, I avail myself of an opportunity to "drop you a line."

When Spiritualism made its advent here it met with the usual amount of rebuke from the go-to-meeting people, and some who considered themselves "religious" called those who believed in Spirit communion, dupes and fools, and it was soberly proposed that the selectmen put a stop to the sittings. One of our ministers preached a sermon for their special edification, in which he stated that God made some men expressly to be damned, that progression after death is wholly unscriptural, and concluded by warning his hearers against the delusion of the "Rappers." Poor fellow, you battle against the wind, and your opposition, meets a strong adversary in the Truth.

I like the boldness of the Spiritualists of this place. No slander or falsehood can put a stop to their social gatherings; they continue to hold them as usual once a week, and in doing so show that they love mental liberty more than the favor of public opinion. Truth is all they seek, and Justice all they favor they ask.

A week ago at a sitting a spirit desired to communicate to me, and gave the name as "Mary," saying that she was my sister. I asked questions in my native tongue, which is other than English, and received correct answers. The responses could not have come from the mind of the medium, for the reason that the medium knew not a single word of the language I used. They came not from my mind, because, at that time, I did not know that my sister was what is called "dead." I think these two points are, for these good reasons, established in favor of the spiritual theory.

Should anything of interest occur in this locality I will inform you. I am aware that what you readers want most are facts, plain statements of recent events going to prove the great truth of the reality of Spiritualism, and furnishing conclusive evidence to every mind that we can hold converse with the inhabitants of the Spirit world. All such that reach me, I will forward to you for publication in your valuable paper.

ATTENTION!
The visit of the Seventh Regiment, National Guards of New York to this city, has set the so-called Military of Massachusetts to thinking. The First Regiment calls meetings. The Second Regiment calls meetings. What is the result? Let us see. They agree on one point, that grey is a better uniform than blue—yes, we admit it—what else do they do?

Halt!
They forget that in the ranks of the Seventh Regiment, are men worth their hundreds of thousands, and men worth what they earn from day to day. They forget that these same men meet on intimate terms of equality, that because one happens to have been blessed with more of the glittering tinsel than another, it is no reason why he should be elbowed from the enjoyment of God's free gifts. They forget that the members of the Seventh Regiment stand up shoulder to shoulder, as men, and not as shadowy bank notes. They forget that in the ranks of that glorious Regiment are men of all countries, all creeds, all religions, bound together by a solemn sense of their duty to their one country, and to themselves.

The noble Colonel of the Seventh is not so lavish of his champagne corks, for the mere pleasure of hearing them pop his health, as some others we have read of; but he is a true soldier, a frank, open-hearted, straightforward man, an honor to his regiment, as his regiment is to him.

When the First Regiment of Massachusetts, and the Second Regiment of Massachusetts, throw aside their sectionalities and their prejudices, forget the names of "Tigers" and "Bull-dogs," then, and then only, will they have taken the initiatory step towards a military organization. Petty prejudices, little jealousies, and contemptible "snobbery," do not belong to the soldier.

THE OPPOSITION TO SPIRITUALISM.

A cause without opposition would be like a picture without a shade, a day without night. We are apt at times to complain of hardships, and to think that never a mortal suffered as we do. But the world is getting wiser as years pass over it, and those events our fathers looked upon as evils and as the chastenings of God, we begin to think are indeed blessings, not in disguise, but really blessings honest and open-faced.

As Spiritualists, we feel deeply the worth of our faith; we would not exchange it for crowns and diamonds; and though, influenced by our deep convictions of its truth, we may evince a shade of bitterness against those who blindly oppose its teachings, and call it a delusion, yet in our deepest heart we pity rather than blame, and deplore their condition, lashed, as they are, to old dogmas and antiquated errors, and choosing to float about in the cold and stormy waters, rather than to cut loose from their hobbies and make for the land which is within sight, and on whose shores millions stand to welcome them, and lead them amid new scenes and to the enjoyment of new pleasures.

The church opposes Spiritualism because its teachings do not conform to her views of truth, as though she were infallible, a very God on earth who could not err, and whose word it were sacrilege to doubt.

Professors in our colleges, and teachers in our schools, oppose it because its advent was not heralded with the trumpets of scholastic lore, and because it was born in a manger. They are jealous of their honor. It's a very good faith, say they,—or if they do not say so they think it,—a very good faith that brings back to our sides those whom some of us thought "departed," and others thought "lost," but ah, it cannot be that God would condescend to usher in so great a blessing in a little two story wooden building in an obscure town, far away from our temples of learning, and far away from all these "Houses of God," built for his special entertainment.

And so they cast it out,—yet, may we not hope, with a sad heart hid beneath their proud vestments, and a secret faith that the time will yet come when they may have the courage to bid the outcast a welcome back.

The public do not much oppose Spiritualism. Those who do, do so more because those in high places think it policy to reject it, than from any actual knowledge of its merits. "There's our minister, he don't believe it," say they; and because he goes into the ditch, they follow like a flock of sheep its shepherd. The opposition that comes from this quarter is, therefore, a mere echo of that which comes from the pulpit and the forum.

This opposition is just what is needed to keep in check the too zealous and enthusiastic, and to serve as a sort of encouragement to believers. For it is a well-known fact, attested by thousands of cases, that the effort of every opponent, whether it be a very choice clerical discourse, a two column leader in a "respectable" journal, a great book with a great name, or, what else, invariably exhibits such gross ignorance of every-day occurrences, and such unpardonable perversions of well-known principles of philosophy and common sense, that those who do believe in Spiritualism are more firmly grounded in their belief, and those who do not, are induced to investigate its claims, and, eventually, admit their truth.

There never has been a subject presented to the human mind, that has been met with such weak and puerile arguments against it, as that now under consideration. Not a single one of those who are looked upon as the greatest intellects of the age, has attempted to disprove its claims. We have had plenty of expositions from dislocated Doctors, and gassy speakers and editors, who follow public opinion like a dog at the heels of its master—but not a word from a true, sound, dispassionate, unprejudiced mind.

This is certainly very singular, to say the least. We say, then, welcome opposition. Let us welcome it, and all things that seem to be "evils," as the flowers welcome the clouds and the rain, not mourn over them as "afflictive dispensations of Providence," as though we were the slaves of a tyrannical governor. No! all these clouds, all these obstacles in our path, all these mountains for us to climb, these dark valleys, are as much blessings, because as necessary for our good, as the sunshine and the flowery plain, the open path and the music of the spheres.

And Truth, too, is safe. Right is supreme. We need not fear its success, nor tremble for its safety; neither should we sit apathetically down beside it.

THE MUSIC TRADE.

Few persons are aware of the rapid growth of the Music Trade in this country, during the past few years. A short time since, but a small number of music books were published, and in sheet music the issues were quite limited. At present, one house, that of Oliver Ditson & Co., of this city, publish upwards of four hundred books, and twenty-five thousand pieces of sheet music. The same firm

have nearly eight hundred Piano Fortes and Melodeons rented to as many parties, from one end of the Union to the other, and their yearly trade in the various branches of their business, may, with a due regard to truth, be called "immense."

This publishing house was first established under the name of Parker & Ditson, about a quarter of a century since. At the close of a few years, Mr. Parker retired, leaving the business in the hands of Mr. Ditson, to whose enterprise and excellent business tact, its present popularity and success may be justly attributed. In January last Mr. Ditson admitted into partnership with himself, Mr. John C. Haynes, a young man of sterling integrity, and ripe business accomplishments, who has grown up with the trade of the house, and is consequently perfectly familiar with the wants of the music public, and the facilities at hand to meet them. Messrs. D. & Co. have just completed a substantial building on Washington street, a large, granite front edifice, ninety feet deep, having six floors, all of which are requisite for the transaction of their business. The building is an ornament to our city, and the business it is to accommodate an honor to our people. May success crown the two.

Chat.

—Bela Marsh, at 16 Franklin street, has for sale A. J. Davis' late work, "THE MAGIC STAFF." It is a volume of intense interest, and as a "rational and readable history of a clairvoyant's experience, is the first book that has appeared in our language." It has many peculiarities, and, written in a very easy and familiar style, cannot fail to interest all classes. The life of Mr. Davis is replete with wonderful experiences, and, in this particular, is second to no one who has lived on earth. "Many events connected with his psychological development, are published for the first time in this work; and the secret of his extraordinary gift is explained and established in a new and satisfactory manner." We can sincerely recommend this book to all our readers, as one that will prove of exceeding interest. Mr. Marsh keeps a good stock of all reformatory, progressive and spiritual publications, and will supply those wishing single copies, and is prepared to furnish dealers with quantities at liberal rates of discount.

—Anti-Spiritualism in Salem, has had the good (may be the bad) fortune of the Rev. Mr. Dwinell's services within the past week, which has caused some discussion in private, and is likely to call forth a public review from our friend J. H. W. Tooley.

We are glad to know of these indications of life in Salem, as they give large promise of successful progress, where progress is much needed.

—A lady recently passed to the spirit land from Dayton, Ohio. During her illness she was repeatedly called upon by a member of the Presbyterian Church. On one occasion, as we learn from the Vanguard, she casually mentioned that she saw the spirits of her sister and two children, whereupon the sister of the Presbyterian faith declared that the sick lady "ought to be burned for entertaining such a belief, as well as all other Spiritualists!" What are we coming to? Put in jail in New York; threatened with annihilation in Boston; burnt in Ohio, and called dupes, and impostors everywhere!

—Our friend of the "Spiritual Universe," having sinned against editorial courtesy, yet unintentionally, and having duly repented of the same in accordance with the law for such cases made and provided, is hereby forgiven, and commended to the eternal fellowship of all good souls.

—The opponents of Spiritualism appear to have any amount of money to dispose of. A Dr. Hammett has offered three thousand dollars to any medium who will state, without seeing them, words placed in another room in his house. One would judge that a medium's business was similar to that of a horse jockey, and that they passed their time on a race course ready to bet at any time. Dr. Hammett and those of his class are recommended to put their cash back into their pockets, and not stand shaking it in the face of Truth.

—There is a friend of ours, a quaint fellow, once a sea captain, but has now retired from the deck of a merchant ship to the desk of a marine broker, who once startled a party of pious people from their quiet, by calling them "Devilish Christians." But he made it all plain to their understanding, finally; and what they thought at first to be blasphemy, they were convinced was a matter of fact: "You profess to be Christians," said he, half inquiringly.

A very serious-visaged man nodded assent. "You believe in a personal devil—a being with horns, hoof, and a dreadful bad heart, do you not?"

"Certainly—certainly, Oh, yes, yes," responded an elderly female, "going about like a rousing lion, seeking whom he may eat up."

"Well, then," replied the Captain, "as there are some who do not believe in such a secondary God, I think, in order to distinguish them from you, or you from them, I am right in calling your party the devilish Christians."

The appellation bestowed by our friend, sounded very harsh; but we remember once attending worship in an old church, and hearing a man called "a divine," say that we were all "sinners," and before the discourse was finished, declare that "all sinners" should have their part in eternal torments, a lake burning with fire and brimstone, and that sounded very "harsh" in our ears.

—There is no subject so prolific of incident and thought for the pen of the author, as that of Spiritualism. Its history, its revelations, and its daily experience, is replete with deep meaning and thrilling facts, and startling events, and we are pleased to find that they are being used. Good, sound stories, embracing the practicalities of life, and inculcating high moral sentiments, at the same time helping on the great reform of the day, are more effectual than all the sermons of all the preachers. The one reaches the ear and appeals to stern duty, the other reaches the heart, and addresses the loveliest and purest aspirations of the soul. We have many of these glorious productions in store for our readers,—thanks to the host of talented contributors who have enrolled themselves beneath our "Banner,"—and we shall give them forth in due order.

—"The Young Men's Christian Union," of New York, are somewhat in advance of societies in this city, bearing a similar name. The New York society is engaged in a discussion at Clinton Hall, on the subject of Spiritualism. The facts were admitted, but the philosophy which was applied to them, was the Old Force theory. That word, "Old," always appeared to us as only two-thirds of a word. If the "Giant" Mahan, and disciples would only add the missing G, their conclusions would be nearer the truth, and more honorable to their heads and hearts.

Dramatic.

THE STAR COMPANY still continues its success at the HOWARD. The actors and the audience are on the most intimate terms, and never has more cordiality of feeling been manifested, or more earnest applause greeted the efforts of a theatrical company. And the company have well deserved it. No better acting has been witnessed in any theatre in the United States. With one or two exceptions, and the same amount of additions, this company would be the most perfect that could be gathered together from the whole dramatic profession. THE SENSITIVE FAMILY has taken a new lease of life, and the dashing, off-hand natural style of "Captain Murphy," the domineering "Mrs. Torrens," and the sparkling "Widow Delmaine," have found representatives cast for them as a sculptor would mold an image after a model.

The feature of the week has been the production of Oliver S. Leland's comedy, entitled, the ROBERTS OF MAN. Possessing no brilliant points, no striking originalities; it is, nevertheless, a most agreeable addition to the list of "American comedies, and was most emphatically a success. The author and the actors can agree between themselves as to whom belongs the larger share of credit. It was played with a will, which would have made far worse pieces successful.

The Howard Athenaeum, with its present company, with Messrs. Davenport and Barrow as managers, would be the most popular theatre in the country, during the coming season. We regret to learn that such a desirable consummation is impossible, the theatre being leased to Mr. Marsh, and the performers engaged in other cities.

We shall hear of their last performance with regret, and would advise all lovers of good acting to embrace the brief opportunity offered them.

European Items.

The House of Commons is engaged on the Ogh and Jews' disabilities bill.

The Roman Catholic amendment was defeated by 273 to 83, and on a test question the bill was sustained by 341 to 201.

The great Handel festival took place at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on the 16th, the band and chorus numbering twenty-five hundred persons. There was a very large attendance.

The American ship Robena arrived at the Woolwich Arsenal, on the 13th, having on board six breech-loading cannon, manufactured at New York by order of the British government.

The funeral of Douglas Jerrold took place on the 16th, and was attended by a large number of the most eminent men of literature and art.

Arrangements have been perfected for running the Canadian line of steamers between Liverpool and Quebec weekly, instead of fortnightly. A contract is to be immediately entered into for a number of new and more powerful steamers.

Rumors were current that Napoleon contemplated visiting Germany, and that he would probably have an interview with the Emperor of Russia, at Wilbad, in July.

The Swiss National Council have unanimously ratified the Neuchâtel treaty.

Austria is making further concessions to the Hungarians.

Rumors are afloat that a Conference of the Potentates of the Italian States is to be held, including the Pope, Emperor of Austria, King of Naples, and others.

The treaty of commerce between France and Russia has been signed.

The Emperor of Russia officially sanctions the modified Customs tariff.

The whole kingdom of Saxony, and most of the Saxon principalities were visited on the 7th of June by an earthquake, which caused houses to tremble and created great consternation, but no serious consequences are reported.

The King of Portugal has communicated to the Cortez his intention shortly to contract a matrimonial alliance. It is believed the second daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria is to be the bride.

MANIFESTATIONS IN 1212.

Of the spirit manifestations of ancient times, none more nearly resembles those of our own time than that spoken of by Richer. The occurrences took place in the town of Epinal, about the year 1212. A spirit appeared in the house of a bourgeois named Hugh de la Cour, and did a variety of things in presence of every one who chose to witness them. They could hear him speak, and see all that he performed, but could not see him. "One day Hugh, having ordered his domestic to saddle his horse, and the valet being busy, deferred doing it, when the spirit did the work, to the great astonishment of all the household." "Another time, Hugh desired to be bled, and told his daughter to get ready some bandages. Immediately the spirit went into another room, and fetched a new shirt, which he tore up into several bandages, presented them to the master of the house, and told him to choose the best. Another day, the servant having spread out some linen in the garden to dry, the spirit carried it all up stairs, and folded it more neatly than the cleverest handmaid could have done."

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.—Mr. Calvin Whiting, a well known citizen, and a useful man, died at his residence in this city yesterday morning. He was the Secretary of the Howard Benevolent Society, the Provident Association, and various other benevolent institutions, and his death is in reality a public loss. His kind and generous qualities peculiarly fitted him for the offices he held, and many will have occasion to remember him with the deepest feelings of gratitude. He was a prominent member of the Masonic Order, and occupied the position of Secretary of the St. John's and other Lodges.—Herald.

Mr. Whiting early espoused the cause of Spiritualism, and publicly made known his belief at a time when it was far less popular to do so than it now is. He always maintained a firm position in regard to its teachings, and by the exhibition of a strong faith, and a consistent course, influenced a large number to examine the subject, who eventually rejoined in a like faith, and walked with him beneath its canopy of guardian angels.

REAPERS AND MOWERS.

We learn that the time for the great trial of reapers and mowers, under the auspices of the U. S. Agricultural Society, has been fixed by the President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, for the 18th of July. The trial is to take place at Syracuse. Over seventy mowers and reapers have been entered for this trial, which will be the most interesting and important ever held in this country. Over 800 acres of land have been sowed to test the machines.

The Pacific Coast.

Among the principal consignees of the treasure by the Illinois are Wells, Fargo & Co., \$320,000; Drexel & Co., \$330,000; Robb & Co., \$180,000; Dumont & Sherman, \$158,000; Howland & Aspinwall, \$130,000; American Exchange Bank, \$110,000; Freeman & Co., \$80,000.

According to the State Register, California contains 507,067 inhabitants.

The shipments of gold Atlantward, so far from falling off, are increasing.

The weather throughout the interior of California has been exorbitantly warm. In some localities the mercury rose to 100 degrees in the shade.

Agricultural interests have been benefited by the late spring rains, and a fair, though not an average, crop was anticipated.

More reliable intelligence of the fate of the Sonora expeditionists had been received, and the main facts of the total annihilation of the party under command of H. A. Crabbe, are fully confirmed. The outrages committed by the Mexicans on other American citizens, have been, in certain instances, exaggerated; but there is no doubt that many innocent persons have suffered severely.

Upon the receipt of the news of the massacre at Catorca, there was great excitement, which spread to the interior, and in some localities efforts were being made to drive the Mexicans out of such communities. Such a proceeding, however, would scarcely be upheld by the great mass of the people of California.

Great indignation is felt throughout the State against the Mormons of Salt Lake since the developments of Judge Drummond concerning them, and the prompt and energetic action of the Administration in the premises, is universally endorsed.

Advices from Aspinwall state that a proposition had been presented to the New Granadian Congress giving the President power to settle the difficulties between the United States and New Granada. It had not been acted on at last accounts.

The news from the South Pacific is unimportant.

Peru is quiet. The insurgent General, Vivanco, was still at Arequipa. He still held possession of the steamers Apurimac and Peytona, but remained inactive, and the government of Castilla was considered as firmly re-established.

The English and French protectorate of the Chin-chas is confirmed.

A French steamer had left Callao for the Islands with the French Minister, to put the protectorate in force. It is said the United States Minister had protested against the proceedings.

The United States ship St. Mary's sailed from Panama on the 13th for the newly discovered guano islands and San Francisco. The John Adams sailed on the 10th for Central America.

Latest advices from Costa Rica are to May 16th. Gen. Canas still held Rivas.

The river San Juan was in possession of the Costa Ricans, to whom the import dues were paid.

Flashes of Fun.

A LADY OF HIGH RANK and exquisite taste having read an advertisement of a London silversmith, in which it was stated that by the electrolyte process, waiters and other articles might be plated so that by no possible test they could be distinguished from real silver, sent her three footmen and page to be electrolyzed by the advertiser.

BUTTED AND KICKED BOTH.—In Zanesville, at the "Eagle," a goat was kept about the stables. One day the host and "usual crowd" in the bar-room were startled by the Dutch hostler rushing in, almost breathless, and exclaiming, at the top of his voice, "Meester Borter! Meester Borter! Billy he leaves or I leave. I go up in de stable, and dere vas Billy. I say Billy, go down! He says, bah-bah-wa! and ebust gets upon his hind feet. I say again, Billy, you go down, and strikes at him mit de bitch fork, when he stinkum sheep pitch into me, and butts me down stairs 'mong de mule jocks, who all kijek me more hard den de goat. So, Meester Borter, Bill he leaves, or I leaves."

SHARP.—"Why, Charley," said a Yankee to a negro preacher, "you can't even tell who made the monkey."

"Oh, yes I can, massa."

"Well, then, who made the monkey?"

"Why, massa, the same one made the monkey that made you!"

THE GOLDEN RULE.—"Would you like me to give you a sovereign?" asked a little boy of a gentleman he met in the street.

"To be sure I would," was the reply.

"Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

TOO SMART FOR THE PROFESSOR.—"Don't stand there loafing," said a Professor at Union College to three students, standing where they shouldn't.

"We're not loafing," said one of them, "there are only three of us, and it takes heaven to make a loaf."

The Professor sloped.

QUICK.—"I say, Mr. Druggest, mother wants a bottle of flea powder, quicker nor lightning!"

"There it is, my lad."

"Now, tell me, old hoss—how much for a load, and what size shot does it take." So long!

A DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman in the spring-time of life, and somewhat green, when walking out with a young, intelligent lady one day, stumbled and fell. On his resuming his perpendicular, the lady remarked that she was sorry for his unfortunate *sauz pas* (fo pa). "I didn't hurt my fore paws," said he, "I only barbed my knees."

NOT FOR CATS.—Footie, when told by a friend that his new house did not contain a single room in which you could swing a cat, replied that he did not build his house to swing cats in.

LECTURE AT THE MELDEON.—Owing to the crowded state of our columns, the report of the last lecture by Mrs. Henderson, is unavoidably postponed until next week.

A full report of the meeting at MUSIC HALL will appear at the same time.

—The Editor of the Vanguard, being asked to give his views in regard to "Creation," invites any one who was present on that interesting occasion to stand up and state his experience. We hope when our friend G. has an application for the stamp on that subject from that individual, we may be timely informed. What a very old fellow he must be.

SEVENTEEN SISTERS OF MERCY sailed from Southampton in the Brazilian steamer Avon, to attend the yellow fever hospital in Rio de Janeiro.

The Busy World.

CANADA.—The new Parliament House in Canada (the site of which has not yet been determined upon) is to cost \$1,800,000.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, Vice President Brockinridge, Gen. Cass, and Howell Cobb, of the Cabinet, are Freemasons.

THE RECENT CENSUS shows that there are 21,638 inhabitants in New Bedford. This is an increase of 1274 over 1855.

DR. BELLOWES, who has made himself famous as a defender of theatrical amusements, has been done up in a plaster bust for the million.

OZRO C. WRIGHT at West Farms, Northampton, Mass., has caught this spring in his net one hundred dozen pigeons, which he has sold for \$100.

THE TACON THEATRE, with the grounds and appurtenances, was recently sold at Havana for \$690,000.

U. S. SHIP PORTSMOUTH arrived at Singapore May 17, from China.

MRS. EMILY TURDMAN, of Augusta, Ga., has donated \$10,000 to Bethney College, Va.

CONNECTICUT.—The total valuation of the State of Connecticut, as shown by the recent returns of the assessors, is \$214,000,000.

WASHINGTON.—It is estimated that not less than sixty thousand panes of glass were broken by the recent hail storm at Washington.

FRESHET.—The loss by the late freshet in Chemung county, N. Y., will reach \$250,000. The Chemung Canal will not be repaired in less than a month.

DOGS.—During the week ending June 20th, 838 dogs, of all conditions, were killed in New York City, under the dog law.

PEARLS.—The pearl excitement is spreading. Rich discoveries are said to have been made in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

ALWIVES.—One hundred barrels of alewives were caught at Machias in one day during the present season.

W. C. BRYANT, has commenced a series of letters from Paris, in the New York Evening Post.

OHIO FARMERS are planting the Chinese sugar cane as an experiment.

PEARLS.—Discoveries of pearls have been made in Cincinnati.

ANY SCHEFFER, the distinguished painter, is now in England.

NAVAL.—The Saranac, which has been ordered to the Pacific, will take the place of the John Adams.

LARGE BASS.—At the West Island House, near Fall River, an employee of the Fall River Fishing Association recently caught a bass weighing over fifty pounds.

CINCINNATI.—The value of personal property in Cincinnati, for the present year, amounts to over \$20,000,000.

POWERS' "GREEK SLAVE" was sold at auction in New York, Tuesday, for \$6000, the Cosmopolitan Art Association being the purchaser.

NEW RAILROAD.—A project has been started, and is progressing favorably, for the building of a railroad from Fall River to Warren.

THE OCEAN STEAMERS now running between the United States and Europe, engaged in trade, number fourteen different lines, and make 686 trips a year.

SAVINGS BANKS.—The whole number of Savings Banks in Great Britain is 533, the number of depositors 1,301,423.

ALTERED BANK BILLS.—Worthless ten dollar bills upon the Scituate bank, of Scituate, Rhode Island, altered to tens upon the Railroad Bank, of Lowell, are in circulation.

THE NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL have voted to pay the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of that city a salary of \$5000 a year.

THE SELINA, ALA., SENTINEL says that the grain crops in that State were never more abundant, nor of a better quality.

A RAILROAD BRIDGE is to be built across the Rhine near the confluence of the Main, at a cost of three million gliders—about one and a quarter million dollars.

UTAH RECRUITS. A few days ago 100 recruits left New York for Utah. 200 men will leave early this week.

A NEW METHODIST CHURCH has been erected in Portland, at a cost of \$33,000.

THE SUGAR MERCHANTS of New York, having on hand a large stock, have commenced shipments to foreign ports, and chiefly to London.

THE POPULATION OF ST. LOUIS is 126,276. Of these 2824 are colored, 1532 being slaves.

TOBACCO was sold last week in Richmond, Va., at \$100 per hundred pounds. This is the highest price yet obtained in Virginia for tobacco in the leaf.

SNOW IN JUNE.—The Oswego Times states that snow fell in that city Monday night, June 22d.

MORE.—It snowed at Fountain City, Wisconsin, on the 16th of June, sufficient to whiten the tops of the steamboats.

SNOW IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The snow is reported to be very deep in the valleys of the White Mountains for the last week in June.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

Our friends will confer a favor on us and upon our readers by sending us each week short reports of meetings held up on the Sabbath, or at any other time, with announcements of future gatherings. We shall also publish a list of public lecturers and mediums who are disposed to act as agents for this paper and use some exertion in their respective localities to increase its circulation. With such please address us? Our object is not only to make the "Banner" useful to Spiritualists as a class, and the public at large, but to every individual; and for this purpose we solicit the personal co-operation of each in the work we are carrying on.

Write to us, and talk to us as freely as you would face to face. Let us form a conversational circle that shall extend from one extreme of our country, (and of the world if you say so), to the other.

There will be Trance speaking by L. K. Conoley of Portland and interpretations by W. H. Porter, at the Music Hall, on Sunday, the 5th inst., at 8 and 9 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings are held regularly at Washington Hall, Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced mediums.

CHILMARK.—On Sundays, morning and evening, at FARMER HALL, Whitestreet street. D. F. Goddard regular speaker.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings

do; because I go to the Father, and whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Such language is perfectly plain to every mind, and easy to be understood; the leading facts here set forth are the fundamental characteristics of the Christian theory. But oh! our faith—that slips away from us a frightened thing. We have but the theory—from these principles I draw my facts to sustain the Spiritualist.

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth."

This has forever been by all races of men in some form, an admitted fact.

Therefore, without argument, we are bound to admit that man can think in such a manner that God shall know of that thought; thus we establish the most important fact asked, viz.: that the thought of man ascends a real, living thing to the celestial spheres.

In the entire Jewish history we find the strongest evidence that information was received by mortals from spirits, and the most thorough evidence in the new dispensation that one of the great features of existence is an intercommunication between the spirit, or real life, and this which we call the earthly or material. Surely to the Christian believer there should be nothing strange or marvelous in the theory of the Spiritualist, or any hesitancy in him when asked to accept it as a truth, and enter into an enjoyment of its blessings.

The Messenger.

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

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

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

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but finite beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will induce people to "try the spirits" and not do anything against their reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

Answers to Correspondents.

To H. H. O.—Dear Earthly Friends,—You again call upon us to explain ourselves in regard to certain matters. We will comply with your request, according as we shall have power and knowledge. I had my natural birth in Scotland; I came to this country in early youth, and married a lady whose maiden name was O—. The relation she sustained to E—O— I have already given you. I passed many years of happiness in the Land of Liberty, and was suddenly called on high when my youngest child was two years of age. I had two children, male and female; the male is with me, the female still in the earth life. My companion never married again. I was fully conversant with all the facts of a circumstance which took place many years after my death, but had learned to say, "go and sin no more," as all mortals and immortals should say. In regard to J—O—, we believe he sustained a much nearer relation than cousin or double-cousin. The question, how did J. O. know of the whereabouts of E—O—, we will answer in this way. Sometimes spirits are well acquainted with what is being done by their friends who remain on earth; but sometimes they cannot come in near contact with them, and in this case they cannot be expected to know of their doings. This question is here asked, "will the spirit tell where he resided, or in what part of New Hampshire?" Our answer is, we lived in the town of Derry. J—O— will commune further as soon as he can well control your medium, or as soon as conditions are favorable for him. Here another question is propounded: "Will the Rev. Mr. Burnap commune?" Answer. He is present, and desires to commune with the estimable lady who calls on him, and also all others dear to him, and will do so at his earliest opportunity. In regard to J—O—, the dweller on earth, we will say, he is well, and often visited by us. The remark made by us in regard to E—O—'s soon coming to us, was given to be understood as a general expression, nothing more. He has a daughter who has good medium powers, but is undeveloped. We shall give you her name as Ellen. And now may the God of Spirits and Mortals bless our dear earth friends, and permit us to still commune with them while they dwell on earth, and to receive them when their earthly mission is ended, and they are called to dwell with us.

DANIEL MCKEEN.

To S. M. B.—Dear Mr. B.—Weary one, dry your tears; these shadows will turn to sunshine ere long, and the furnace you have passed through will only fit you for high and holy enjoyments in the future. You say you are desolate and alone. We think you would not utter such thoughts, if you could see the many who attend you, and who will fit you to meet that dear one who oftentimes hovers near with peace-offering for the sorrowing one he left under painful circumstances. "Again, you say you would your Divine Parent had averted the second blow; consider—will not the Judge of all the earth do right? He who calls you companion cannot understand you, but you must forgive and submissively bow beneath the chastening rod of the Father. We regret that he you wish cannot draw nigh this medium to convey a token of love to you. He will do so in time; till then be patient, be happy, knowing that the angels will come for you, and the head of the angels will reward you according to your good deeds, and give you full pardon for all error. We will give you more and explain further soon. From the spirit of JOHN BLODGETT.

To O. W. P.—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they who seek for Truth in purity of purpose, for they shall find, and not go away empty.

Dear child of earth, you have called, and the God of Israel has heard your prayer, and will give you an answer by the power of his angels. I was one of your earthly kindred, but not what the world may suppose by my communication, a mother. The dear one you ask for is happy, and often visits that loved sister in her chamber when the material world is at rest, and seeks to communicate with your spirit, and invigorate it with the healing balm of belief. She will commune directly with you as soon as conditions will admit. Many angels will assist.

BETSEY GORDON.

To W. P.—Dear William,—You ask about the grave stones. I have no wish for such, only that you may appear better in the eyes of my friends. Therefore obtain a plain white stone, and let the following be the inscription, if it pleases you: "A wife and mother has left the earthly abode to moult beneath the common mother of all; but her spirit is ever near those she held dear on earth; to guide them in ways of Truth, and gently lead them from Temptation."

To D. F. S.—The writer of this letter has two guardian spirits. The one is a child, the other a grandfather. The writer will please be as honest as those unseen ones who so often visit him; then he will find Truth, and that only.

E. L. D.

Wm. R. J.—I shall be most happy to assist your friends in answering. Should not only be happy to do so, but will as soon as they may dictate, for the writer of this is well known to me.

GREEN GEMMON.

W. P. N.—I will answer this with great pleasure as soon as I am able to well control the medium.

BOTH PENDEXTER.

To J. M. L.—Already answered. MARY.

Josias Franklin.

I come that I may impart Light, Warmth and Strength to many of the children dwelling on earth. I see before me a vast wilderness of human souls, emanations from the Delty, drops from the great Eternal Fountain. Upon the altar of each soul I find these words inscribed: LIFE AND DEATH. Death belongs to that part of the soul that clings to earth; Life to that which holds on to God, and grasps at high and holy ideas.

For a long time this wilderness of souls has been in darkness; the covering of error has overshadowed them. But now the Sun of Righteousness beams upon them, and like the valley of dry bones, they shall rejoice—rejoice, and like the Morning Stars, sing for joy; for mortals shall know their God, and love him as their superior.

From early life, mankind has been taught to fear the God of Love; the parent fills the spirit of the child with fear towards that loving Father. Can you teach the material part of man to love that object he fears? We think not. Can you teach the spiritual part to love God, while he stands in fear of him? We think not. Christ came to redeem the world, and from what? From the bondage of fear. "Have I been so long time with you," says Jesus, "and yet have I not known you, Philip?" He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. Again he saith, "I and my Father are One." Where in all the teachings of Jesus can you find he taught mankind to fear God? Nowhere. He commands you to love him, and if you love him certainly you will not fear him. God our Father, through Christ, looked down in love, and when the hearts of mourners were bowed down with grief, Jesus wept. He forgave them their sins; he instituted no hard plan of redemption. He said, follow me, and the works I do ye may do also. Again he says, "Where I go ye cannot come;" not now, while in your material form, but "I go," says Jesus, "to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

Christ often sent his disciples hither and thither, and for what they could not tell, until the power of God was manifested by their going. The angel spake to Peter, and bade him rise and eat. Peter, like many of the present day, said, "not so Lord." This does not agree with my preconceived notions. "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou unclean," replied the angel, rise and do thy master's bidding. We find many Peters at the present day.

Spiritualism comes to revive the teachings of Christ; to do away with the old theology, to revive the Christian religion, which is nothing less than the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. And we would have you discard as worthless, all that will not acknowledge Christ as your example. If, you would win the prize, fight, faint not, neither get weary, for the Lord your God loveth whom he chasteneth.

Remember your earthly pilgrimage is, and ever will be freighted with sorrow; but the more you overcome here, the less you will have to overcome hereafter. Let love in all your actions shine; under whatever circumstances you may be placed, let love for mankind be uppermost in your soul, for he that would become a true disciple of Christ, must be kind even to those who injure him, for he prayed, Father forgive them. If you are the possessor of light, remember that they are seated in darkness, and pray that they may be illumined with love, and that error may be driven from their souls.

The time has now arrived when the spirits of the departed, so called, have power to tear down old kingdoms, and build up new. They who have reared these Theological fabrics, may cling to them ever so close, but they must fall. Spiritualism has been ushered in like the Morning Star. You may hurl ten thousand arrows at it, but it will never go out, for God has set it in the firmament, and who is greater than He.

You Spiritualists know but little about Spiritualism in its purity; you see the manifestations that come through material organisms, but could you be permitted to gaze upon the interior which is hidden but by a thin partition wall, you would fall down and praise God that you had been chosen as instruments to carry forward the work. And if they could see, they would bewail how they trifled with it; but we know that they are ignorant of the great importance of the subject, and we forgive them, ever seeking to open their eyes to its magnitude and solemnity.

The great mass of Spiritualist disciples are slowly winding their way towards Wisdom; they are gaining one truth after another, and we earnestly pray that light may be showered upon them, that when they come to us the words MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN, may not be found inscribed upon their brows, but that they may be adorned with celestial gems, which shall shine in splendor in the Heaven, to which they go.

Enoch Davis, Colored Barber, of N. Y.

I hardly know whether it will be well for me to communicate. I have a good desire to do so, but I am fully aware that earth's people are much prejudiced in regard to what they receive from spirits.

I have sinned, and I have been sinned against; I pity those who live on earth, and continue in sin; I pity all the unfortunate ones who are beneath the white man. Beneath? Yes, beneath him.

The white man feels himself superior to those of darker color. It is well, I do not feel disposed to murmur, because God made me black and you white, but I do believe it is wrong for black and white to live together. I believe colored people ought to live apart from white people, and then they will have no one to look down upon them.

I did not know as I should be welcome, and it took me a long while to control; but I am happy to manifest imperfectly, even.

The colored child of God, and the white child, will all ascend when they pass from earth, according to their several merits, not according to color. If I try to do the best I can, now I have cast off my black temple, I shall ascend as high as you will; they do not stop here to ask if you are white.

There is one very remarkable thing here to me; I was present at what was termed, I believe, a Convention—for they have such things here, as well as on earth—and there was nothing like this here, "Colored people admitted only to the galleries." I assure you, my friend, it is a source of pleasure to me to know that if I do well here, I am as good as the white man; as it ever was a regret to me on earth that I was born with a skin so dark. I knew, as far as mental attainments went, I was far above many of my white brethren; I was recognized by God as such, but the people, my brethren, chose to put me beneath them, and as they were in the majority, I was obliged to yield.

I always revered the name of Washington, and now I am, oftentimes permitted to enjoy his society. Could they who dwell upon earth, and consider themselves so far above the Negro, could they, I say, be permitted to gaze into heaven, they would find, that although the Negro bears his own identity, he was created by God, and is destined to see the smiles of his face. Although the white man shuts out the sunlight of Love from the cabin of the black man, here the full rays fall upon him in common with the white man, and there is no dividing line, save those of wisdom and merit.

I assure you, my friend, I felt a good degree of delicacy in coming this morning. I did not wish to approach your medium without asking permission, and after I had controlled, I felt delicate in speaking, because I did not know but I might be rejected. But I see you are situated on a happy plane, for you are situated where you wish to do unto others as you wish them to do by you.

And now permit me to say one word to those who are a little darker colored than yourself. I wish them to bear patiently the cross that is laid upon them; ever remembering that they who originated under warmer skies than the white man, will find the love of God just as warm towards them as towards their white brethren.

I wish them so to elevate and purify their spirits here, that they may be qualified to enter the mansions of the Redeemer hereafter, that they may be fitted to dwell with those who know no sin. I earnestly desire this, not on account of myself, but on

account of those who are degraded on earth, that they may be elevated in heaven.

I wish them to fully understand that a vast multitude of anxious ones are watching their progress here, and if they are travelling fast towards right here, their journey will be rapid towards happiness hereafter. Peace be with my colored brethren.

Enoch Davis was my name; ten years ago I was a barber in New York.

We have no means of ascertaining the truth of this last assertion, but the communication is of so marked a character, showing such a keen sensibility in regard to the treatment experienced by the colored race at the North, from their white brethren, and there is such a noble spirit running through it, that we give it without reference to names or other tests.

It will be seen that it was only on coming to earth that the spirit felt the sting of caste.

Tom Long, the New York Newsboy.

Oh, here I am. My name was Tom Long. I used to tie up in New York. I was 14 years old, that's what the old woman told me. I don't know any other way. I was a newsboy. I have seen you before. I have communicated a good many times. Do you know who first learned me to come? Well, it was the old judge and his daughter. I saw many coming to him, and he learned me. He has a very nice medium, and I communicate to her very often. I can whistle through her, but I don't know as I can through this medium.

I want to send a word to the judge. Tell him I came to him a long while ago, and he talked to me. I do not go there so much, because I cannot. But if he should ask for me, I could. There are a great many he helps, and I have got much help from him.

The old nabobs down town think that we poor newsboys are nothing; but when we get here, if we are honest, and have pure thoughts, we are dressed as well as any body. They tell me it is the thoughts and emotions of the spirit that clothes the spirit body.

About the last time I sold papers, the judge had a speech in one, and it sold well. When I came here I went directly to him, and got help from him. Tell him how much I thank him for letting me come to him one forenoon. There were many others with me, and they heard what the judge said, and that did them as much good as though they had come to the medium.

I should like to halloo once, I am so happy, but I guess I won't. I know I should get here sometime.

The spirit refers to J. W. Edmonds and his daughter. We publish this, with others, to show the variety there is in spirit communion. Bye-and-bye the foolish notions that people entertain relative to spirit life, will be broken up, and they learn to know that there is as great diversity of wisdom, character and goodness there as here. When that time is fully established, many of the evils of spirit communion will be dispelled. Spirits have too long been defied.

James Emerson.

The object of this spirit in returning, is not so much to give a ray of light to friends, as to learn how to control mediums, and to receive instruction from those on earth, who are near his own sphere. If we realized how many spirits hover around us, raised in happiness by our goodness, or debased by our evil doing, we would live far more pure than we now do.

When this city could boast of but little, I dwelt here in the flesh. My name was James Emerson. I was drowned—left my home, and never returned to it again, with my mortal body. I am not well able to communicate, being an undeveloped, unprogressed spirit. Rum was the cause of my death. I lived in what was Pond street, but a few houses from the water. I suppose I walked overboard in consequence of the effects of liquor. All my people have since come to me, but I do not dwell with them. As my sin first commenced on earth, I must return to earth and commence my journey anew, else I cannot find happiness. I have no friends here to communicate to. I only come to receive light, not to give it. But as you have a goodly company of spirits who are anxious to communicate, I will not tarry any longer at this time, but return again, when I find a more favorable opportunity.

To Rev. Samuel Adams, from his Son.

Jesus said, suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And Jesus also saith, suffer little children to return and manifest to the dear ones they have on earth, and therefore we do come.

I have beloved parents on earth, and although the angels bore me away from them, yet am I often with them by will, and hope soon to commune closely with them, that they may know the dear ones they have laid in the ground, are often with them.

I wish to unfold to my beloved parents the beauties of my home. I wish to have my beloved father fully aware how much depends upon him, for angels are watching him, and they would have him look up to God, and be guided by love to man.

Dear father, shut not your ears to the voices of those who have entered the new life; for we come that you may catch glimpses of that promised land you so often talked about.

Publish these few lines, and send them to my father; his name is Samuel Adams, pastor of the Methodist Church. When last I met him, he was located in Great Falls, N. H. From his child, Samuel.

We have been unable to ascertain whether this was true or not, but publish it, thinking it may be so. We never knew any party mentioned in it, nor do we now.

Elizur Williams.

Many come from the spirit life to seek out their friends in the earth life.

Many long years ago I lived in Boston, and was connected with the old Granary. I have friends, or descendants here, and I want to unclothe their eyes, unstop their ears, that they may hear the sweet sounds that are coming from the spirit life. My body or my bones lie in the church yard, called after the old Granary. Give me your pencil, and I will give you the inscription which is on the stone over the place of my burial. It is much obliterated, and part of it is beneath the earth.

Here lies ye body of ELIZUR WILLIAMS, who died June 4th, 1791, aged 57.

That is the precise inscription you will find on my tombstone, near the W. corner, I think. It is sunken beneath the sod some ways, but I think you will be able to make it out.

Mary E. Dewingson.

Nearly eighty years ago, I lived in Boston, in a small, one story house, in Marsh lane. I had two sisters and one brother. I had a mother, also, but our father had been lost at sea, some years previous. Each night, as I lay down to sleep, my father would come to me, and give me things of great importance to all the family; and I was regarded as something uncommon and unusual, and have often been kept confined in a dark room, for many days at a time, in order, as they said, to drive from my mind those unearthly visions, or connections with the spirits of demons. But in spite of all the precautions of my friends, my invisible guide, or parent, would continue to visit me, and very often was attended by many others. I called them the children of the sun; while in reality they were only a higher order of spirits. When those spirits first manifested to me, and communed with me, I was only thirteen years of age, and the communion continued, broken only by intervals when I received harsh treatment from the hands

of my friends, until I left earth at the age of twenty years. After I was no more on earth they said I had been crazy but they could not understand the light that had shone among them. In the space of two months after my change, I was permitted to manifest to my friends, through the light that had been transferred to my sister. But a consequence of these manifestations was a removal of the family, and the house, which was said to be haunted, was soon torn down, and a large one erected, where goods and earthly conveniences were to be sold. All the family have since come to me, where they have learned the just cause of those manifestations of spirits, as you all will learn, as you pass from the old and enter the new.

Stephen Winchester gives a Test to his Friends.

My friend, do you ever expect to die? Well, I only asked you the question. Now I fully expected to die, but where I was going I could not tell. I was a Universalist in my belief, and was therefore more liberal than the mass of people. I believed my God would bring me into a happy state, but when or where that was to be, was more than I could tell.

Now, I am happy. I have been in the spirit land some few years, a little short of ten. All spirits are anxious to make a trial through some medium to mortals, and where one has been made they are never satisfied. I have communed through several mediums, to many dear friends in Boston, but never through this one before. It is a source of pleasure too great to be described, to the spirit, to be able to commune with his earthly friends. If any one had said to me when on earth, when you are a spirit you can commune with your friends, I should have said you are at fault.

No doubt my friends supposed, when they looked at my cold body, that was all they should hear or see of me, until they had passed beyond the grave. Well, it was not surprising, for they were educated in that false idea.

I often wish I could have seen into futurity before I left earth, but perhaps if I had set my house in order before I left I should not have been so anxious to return. By the way, I should have told you I was requested to come here and commune, to prove to my friends that I could do so, when no action of human mind could be laid down as the foundation of all spiritual communications.

I am not capable of dividing time as I was on earth, for time and distance seem to be out of the programme here, and it is only when I return to earth and take upon myself certain materials, enough to manifest, that I can imperfectly measure time. If you were to ask me the time of day I should not know, but can ascertain by the aid of certain spiritual advantages we have.

I want you to understand one thing—the friends who asked me to come here, were in a distant part of your city when they requested me to come, and the request was made some weeks since. I have been here several times, but have not been able to comply till now, with the wish that was heard by me when made.

The skeptic cannot say that this was the action of mind upon mind in the form. I do not know you, nor you me; neither do I know your medium; therefore this will be a strong test to them. My name was Stephen Winchester.

Hilliard to his Wife.

My name is Hilliard. I have been in the spirit land a little over three years. I was killed by two Indians in California, on Feather River. I went out to explore, with them for my guides; they, for what gold I had in my possession, murdered me and sank my body. I had been married but a short time. I left my wife in Boston. Poor Lizzie! it was hard news for her; she is a woman who rarely meet with in these days, though perhaps I think more of her than others would. She is young, with a faultless form, a face fair to look upon, a mind well stored with love, and capable of soaring to the highest heaven. Such was my wife, and such she is still. I have frequently attempted to commune with her, and have, imperfectly, a few times. My only desire to return is that I may make her happy if possible. I left her quite a little sum of money, which I presume she never got. I told friends there if anything happened to me, they must send to her; but as I cannot find any trace of its reception upon her mind, I presume she did not get it. My first thought was of her when I found myself in the spirit land, and my thoughts still centre upon her, not forgetting my many relatives; but she is nearer and dearer to me.

I want her to know I am often with her, and that I shall do all in my power to make her happy. She is living with her mother, and to her I send many thanks for favors bestowed upon my wife, her child. I would say more, but I am not well used to control to speak. Think I shall come again if I can. The last time I manifested to her at home, she lived at the West End, in Boston.

Elizabeth Jenkins.

I wish to commune with you. Few will be my words, but they will have their meaning, and their mission to perform. Oh how wonderfully the Lord our God has dealt with you, his children; and I daily praise him that mine remains upon earth during this halo of glory. You are a stranger, but you will serve as a medium, for me, as you do for many. I wish to commune with my child. I wish to tell him it is well with the little frail flower; I wish also to tell him that angels are still guiding that bud of angel purity. Oh, may he have no fear, but may he repose in the arms of faith. That which is a part of his nature, that which is a part also of the nature of angels, we will still guide. Oh, tell him to rejoice in the God of his salvation that it is as it is with the child. Tell him to heed the impressions that are daily given him. And although we cannot speak audibly to him, yet he can receive teachings from us; he will find them written within.

A mother's prayers will continue to shape his future; and oh may he live under the tree of knowledge and fill that future with gems of living wisdom. From Elizabeth to Charles Jenkins, of Dorchester.

To Norman Knox, Alabama.

Dear companion, I am not dead—I only slept to wake again in the morning of the resurrection. That morning broke forth in splendor as soon as I was free from my mortal body; and now I often hover near you, hoping to make my presence known. I pray for power so to do, and may that not be lengthened into years, but may I soon be able to commune with you. I would not return to earth to inhabit a gross body again, for I am too well pleased with my present condition. Dear one, I know you cannot realize this; you will not understand it when you receive it, but soon you shall know the full import of every word I have given you. You have earthly companions who are not your friends; you may know who they are by your own reason. Cast them from you ere they pollute your whole moral system. I write to prove my identity to you beyond a doubt, but what I should give to prove that, would not do for the public eye to rest upon; therefore I must wait until I can speak to you, praying only as the angels can pray, for blessings to descend upon one still dear to me.

To John Henry Wayland, from his Father.

I understand strangers do often come to you. I used to live in Boston. I died near twenty-four years ago; it may be more or less, but it is near that. I have friends on earth, and is it not my duty to commune with those friends? I am often on earth, and often so much that it is transpiring here; but it is not always that every spirit can commune, who most desires to do so.

I have a son on earth. It is to him I come. I wish to make him a believer, for now he is not. He is a stranger to you, as you are to me, and I can send through you but the echo of what I would give

him. I wish him to know that we are happy; that we, his parents, understand him as he is, and that we are often with him, and when the door is open between him and the spiritual world, I beg of him not to shut it.

Stranger, I have given you enough at this time. I have knocked at the door; when my dear ones open the door I shall surely come in to dwell with them. My name is Wayland. My son's name is John Henry, and he lives in Boston.

Amos Cotting.

I can't talk to you well. I should like to communicate, but oh, I can't manage the instrument so easily as I wish. I saw many years on earth, and saw many happy days there, and some unhappy, but I came to say I am glad that I am here. I want to say glory to God in the highest, for the change is very agreeable to me, though it was totally different from what I anticipated. My name was Amos Cotting. I came suddenly without expecting it, and had quite an agreeable surprise, I assure you.

Oh, I should like to say something, but as regards myself I can say nothing; I have been here so short a time I can only say it looks like earth refined, to me; a new kingdom, a new creation. It's a strange thing to die and then come back again. I saw something of this, and was inclined to think well of it, and I am glad I did, for had it not been for that, I should not have been able to return and manifest so quick.

I pray God to forgive me for all my wrong doing on earth—and no doubt I did much—as I freely forgive all who wronged me. I will call again as soon as I perfectly understand the laws which we must obey in coming.

Tim Bricket.

We publish this without inquiry, as we have communicated with a spirit giving this name before. If the information he imparts is of benefit to any person, it's well.

I was born in Bangor, and lived a little way out of the city, and died there. I was a chair maker, by trade. I was a believer in what was called Millerism, one of the religions of the day, and thinking I was not as good as I ought to be, and not wishing to be burned to death, I hung myself. But I did not come here to talk about myself, but I came by special request. You must know I have friends in New York. Those friends are in a little difficulty, and I was requested, if there was any way in which I could inform them of certain things, to do it.

My particular purpose in coming, is to tell where something is, that is lost. My friend, George, had better go to No. 13 Greenwich street, and look up those papers he thinks are lost. I want to tell him that I can give him as much information as he wants, through himself and William. As regards Stewart and Maria, all is right.

Lucy S. Fisher Haynes.

There is no spot on earth so fair, so free from real sorrow, as the home of the true Spiritualist. For the holy chain is all unbroken. Although many dear ones have been consigned to the tomb, yet, to the true believer they are not dead, but constantly one of their number. Oh ye who are in doubt, go with the angels to the home of the genuine Spiritualist, bow with them at the altar of full belief, and cast doubt behind you, for it springs from Evil.

Oh, let us find your soul's sacred Temple all unstained by doubt, all bright by Faith. I was the wife of Edward Haynes, and my name is Lucy Steadman Fisher Haynes.

Received by a Friend engaged in the Cause.

A holy charge you have to keep. Ten thousands never dying souls to fit for immortality. Oh stand unshaken upon the Battle Ground, for lo! it is made holy by the coming of many redeemed men.

Salvation cometh from the East and extendeth to the West. Yea, the four corners of the Earth shall rejoice beneath the waving Banner of Salvation. The Spiritualist shall be illumined by many brilliant stars, and man shall rejoice at the Death of Error and the Birth of Wisdom. Mono.

PERSECUTION.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily breaching themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of a beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle. It would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the persons of those who have these. It resembles the pranks of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spirit against the wrong-doers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen and the martyrs are justified. —R. W. Emerson.

SKEPTICISM DRUMMED OUT.

Pearls.

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

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lost future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart, that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old impassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,
And airy gems, thy words.

Judge of yourself by that respect you have voluntarily paid
you by token of undoubted integrity and discernment, and who
have no interest to flatter you.

Sit down, and one, and count
The moments flying:
Come, let the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing:
How many smiles? a score?
Thou laugh, and count no more,
For day is dying.

Nothing makes one so indifferent to the fire and mosquito
thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

Stern teacher: should'st thou come, and sit by me,
And fix upon me thy dread, stony eyes,
Calmly may I behold and welcome thee,
As one that hath a message from the skies,
Fraught with intelligence to make me wise:
God grant me strength to view thee steadfastly,
And listen to thy voice, though agonies
Should rack my soul or frame. Adversity!
Full of heat thou a friend to mortals been,
A blessing in disguise, though stern thy look;
Hard is thy hand, but still thy palms between
Thou hold'st outpoured the pages of God's Book;
Wherein who reads with humble, prayerful mind,
Will hope, and ease, and consolation find.

Knowledge, unemployed, may preserve us from vice; but
knowledge beneficially employed is virtue.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect and true,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within;
That never makes a league with sin;
That snuffs the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at his throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban;
This is the soul that makes a man.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Light of Other Days.

BY CORA WILBURN.

It came welling up from the depths of a loving,
sorrowing heart, that old plaintive melody. With a
lingering tenderness the rich, full voice dwelt on
the closing words,—

"But the heart alone sees no renewing, the light of other
days."

A silvery flood of summer moonlight illumined the
richly furnished chamber, that also was dark; that
spiritual light alone revealed its home-like aspect,
fell with a softening splendor upon the face of the
enrapt singer, on the small white hands, drawing
plaintive music from the ivory keys.

Augusta Sheldon was proudly beautiful, though
long since past life's beautiful season of youth. Sor-
row, perhaps remorse, had left its impress upon the
quently brow; the haughty smile was tempered by
the spirit's chastening; the dark and brilliant eyes
were a mournful expression, and amid the rich black
hair gleamed silvery threads. Upon a footstool be-
side her sat a young and lovely girl, of a gentle,
flower-like beauty, whose bright grey eyes were up-
raised, as if in reverential invocation. Her dark
brown hair fell in glossy ringlets around a neck so
white, it gleamed in the moonlight like sculptured
marble. A sweet, dreamy smile parted the rose-bud
lips; a fainter tinge, as of a sea-shell's coloring,
dwelt on her rounded cheek; the small hands were
clasped, as she listened intently to the plaintive
melody; its last notes lingering sweetly upon the
night air, while the quick tears fell from the sing-
er's mournful eyes.

"Will you not tell me, dear mother, what mem-
ories attach themselves to that song you love so well?
You have often promised me."

"I will fulfil my promise, Eveline. This night
you shall know all my history. Do not ring for
lights, we will sit beneath heaven's lamp of silver.
I will tell you of my past life, and of your own
mother."

Augusta raised her eyes with a tender earnest-
ness to a picture suspended above the piano, which,
illumined by the silver glory, bathing the apart-
ment, rendered life-like the spiritual countenance,
the golden gleaming hair, there portrayed.

The young Eveline's eyes rested upon the pictured
face with an adoring glance. She pressed close to
her adopted mother, and silently kissed her hand.

"It is many years ago," began Augusta, in a low,
but firm voice, "that my parents removed from this
city, to the little village of Brimsford. My first re-
ollections are of city life; of a large and luxuriously
furnished house, of balls and parties, gay dresses,
and an ever continuous round of company. I re-
member my delicately beautiful mother, pale and
wearied with the excitements of fashionable life, and
I see my tall, stately father, ever urging her on to
renewed efforts of extravagant expenditure and costly
display. Her soul longed for the peace of domestic
enjoyment, for the sweet retirement of the country;
my ambitious father for worldly honors and fashion-
able distinction. At length, misfortune came; the
frivolous pursuits were to be laid aside at the man-
dates of necessity. His great wealth dissolved, my
father was obliged to seek the retirement he dreaded.
With the remnants of our once colossal fortune, we
removed to Brimsford, rented a small cottage, which
soon, under the beautifying touch of my father's hand,
presented a picture of poetic, though most humble
beauty. The little garden thrived beneath her watch-
ful eye, and, in the fulness of her contented spirit,
she named the place 'Eden.' It was truly a Para-
dise to her, for she enjoyed her husband's society,
and was freed from the constraints of that hollow
existence, mislabeled life, by the pleasure-seeking
world. She shared the household duties with Peggy,
our only servant, and took lessons in gardening from
the old man who came to trim our vines, and train

our flowers. My father was often moody and dis-
contented, but he loved my gentle mother, and finally
became almost resigned to the monotonous life we
led.

There was some good society in the neighborhood;
by good society, I mean that there could be found
even in the retired and humble Brimsford, intellec-
tual minds, and hearts untrammelled by worldly
rule that enshrined the love of the beautiful, the
grand, the free! Of this stamp was Farmer
I will, for the present, use a fictitious name, and call
him Barton. He was one of nature's noblemen; his
language, always correct, often borrowed a poetic
eloquence when describing the scenes around him,
in their summer beauty, or in their waning glory.
He and my father became fast friends; my mother's
pale face was suffused with the joy of welcome when
he appeared. His cheerful conversation, his calm
and beautiful philosophy, his religious spirit, that
illumined even the greatest earthly trial with a heav-
enly significance, all strongly impressed my father,
who, although vain of the world's distinctions, could
not but admit the sterling qualities of heart and
mind. Farmer Barton had one son; Augusta's
rich voice trembled, and in the clear moonlight,
Eveline beheld the tear-drops gathering in her large,
dark eyes: "he was my playmate, as I grew up, my
guide and friend; he was a pretty boy, not at all
unrefined, and always lovingly deferential towards
me. He had never known his mother; and the name
of the departed wife was never spoken by
Farmer Barton, without a trembling of the voice,
without a tear-filled eye. Watched with maternal
tenderness, the solitary boy grew up beneath his
father's care. I owing my all of learning and cul-
ture to my mother's loving tuition.

When I was fourteen, my mother died. She had
been always delicate in health, and the excitement
of fashionable life had sapped her early strength,
and left her with shattered nerves and a diseased
frame. She died one glorious evening in Autumn,
Farmer Barton sitting by her bedside, and John, gaz-
ing with tearful eyes and quivering lips upon her
face. My father's grief, for a time, was uncontroll-
able; his tried friend's influence alone shielded him
from madness. John's brotherly sympathy upheld
my breaking heart. Day by day he led me to my
mother's grave, there spoke so touchingly of her, my
childhood's guardian, that I have often gazed upon
him with a throbbing heart and glowing cheek, as,
with a fervid eloquence, he spoke of her as among
the star-crowned hosts of heaven! Oh, how soon did
my heart forget its debt of gratitude, forget the de-
parted, desert the living, love-breathing hearts that
worshipped me!"

Augusta Sheldon wept unrestrainedly for some
time. Deeply moved, her adopted child wept with
her, but could not speak the sympathy she felt.

"Let me continue, my beloved daughter; I must
tell you all, painful, humiliating as the recital is.
My father's grief settled into a quiet, unobtrusive
melancholy; he was, more than ever, tenderly soli-
citous of my health; I resembled the departed in
eye and feature, would that I had resembled her in
heart! My every whim and fancy were indulged;
nay, looking back, as I now do, I am convinced that
my kind father often deprived himself of the neces-
sary comforts his little income allowed him, to pro-
cure me articles of dress, and books and music. It
was in the deepening twilight that I would, at his
gentle request, sing for him her favorite song, 'The
Light of other Days.' He would sit still and patiently
till I had finished, then steal out of the room, and
pace the garden, resting awhile in the vine-covered
arbor, that had been her favorite reading place.

As I grew up to womanhood, it was currently re-
ported by the good people of Brimsford, that I would
marry John; and when, one moonlight night, he led
me to the vine-covered arbor, and, with unstudied,
heart-warm language, avowed his love, and entreat-
ed for the bestowal of mine, I felt the overwhelm-
ing, blissful conviction, that long since had that love
been his. I looked upon his manly face, truth, and
nobleness of soul impressed on its every lineament,
and I knew that mine was no weakly-based, girlish
fancy, no high-wrought infatuation, but a love as
true and pure as the lustre of the enduring stars!

When my father was applied to for his consent, I
saw a joyful gleam break over his care-worn face,
his eyes filled with tears, as he tenderly embraced
us, and said: "God bless you my children! Augusta,
it was your mother's wish that you two should be
united; God bless you, my darling! you gladden
your old father's heart!"

That night Farmer Barton called me his little
daughter, and blessed me and John. Our honest vil-
lage friends came and congratulated me, for I was
then the beloved of all. In three months I was to
become John's wife.

"It was the week following our engagement, that a
stranger came to Brimsford, a wealthy man of fash-
ion, eminently handsome, and thoroughly skilled in
all the arts of flattery and persuasion. Oh, that I
had never met Ormond Sheldon! he lured me from
love and duty, darkened my life! destroyed my
faith!" Augusta clasped her hands, and lifted to
the clear moon's light her anguished face, pale, and
wet with heart-wrung tears.

"Mother!" whispered Eveline, softly, "dear, dear
mother, do not grieve so, tell your child all, that
makes you sorrowful, what can I do to console you,
mother?"

"You only of all on earth, can win me from my
grief, from my remorse! You, his child, my saving
angel!"

Augusta bent her pallid face and kissed the
young girl's upraised hand. Eveline wound her soft
arms around the beautiful neck; and for a moment,
their heart-throbs mingled, their lips met in a sweet
kiss of love and peace. Between these two there was
all the deep affection of mother and child; a spiri-
tual bond united them, that oft is stronger than
earth's formed ties of kindred. Eveline had known
no other mother; Augusta owned no living child
on earth. With a gentle movement, the pale and
beautiful woman removed the young girl's clasp;
and smiling sweetly and mournfully, resumed her
narrative:

"Eveline, dear! the seeds of vanity and pride,
sown deep in my nature, by the tender and example
of my childhood's life, expanded into poisonous lux-
uriance beneath the breath of flattery. Ormond
Sheldon, having obtained access to our quiet home,
praised my beauty in exaggerated terms. John had
never done so; his worshipping glance alone ren-
dered homage to my charms; his noble soul would
have deemed it insult to flatter and compliment me
on the possession of heaven's best gift: to woman.
With powerful and studied language, the aristocratic
Sheldon portrayed the pleasures of fashionable life,
the fascinations of refined society. I would shun
there, the proudest star in that brilliant horizon.

Here, but the flowers and a few rustic clowns bent
in homage to my beauty; there countless admiring
hearts would yield their tribute. I would be cele-
brated by the first painters of the age; enthroned in
undying measure in the poet's song. And he would
not become the jealous, exacting guardian of so rare
a treasure, but the proud, yet humble possessor of so
much loveliness and talent, which it would be his
delight to exhibit to the world's admiring gaze. I
yielded to the infatuation of pride; I felt no love for
him, handsome, eloquent as he was. My heart
throbbed not as at the approach of John, my cheek
blushed not with love's pleasing consciousness. Oh,
no! But the fatal desire of worldly distinction
glowed in my breast, its unholy flame destroying
there the altar-fire enkindled by pure and holy love.
I forgot my mother's wish, my true-hearted lover's
word and constancy; I thought not of my grey-
headed father's anguish, of the grief of the honora-
ble man, that was his friend. I saw, beckoning in
the distance, the world's illusive show; its festal
scenes, of which I was to be the queen. I eloped
with Ormond Sheldon! A deep sigh escaped the
remorseful spirit, she bowed low her proudly beau-
tiful head, and hurriedly continued: "We were mar-
ried at the first stopping place; and on our arrival
in this very city, the city I was born in, I was in-
stalled the mistress of his aristocratic mansion. I
wrote to my father imploring his forgiveness; I said
not a word about John, how could I? The heart-
broken old man replied (as had ever been his man-
ner towards me) in a most indulgent, but sorrowful
strain. He spoke not of himself, only to remark,
that it was lonely since I had left; but he said
John's heart was broken, although he never com-
plained; and with the same watchful care watered
the flowers around my mother's grave. How long
and bitterly I wept on perusal of that letter, God
only knows! I sent my father money, gold in re-
turn for a daughter's love and obedience! He meek-
ly accepted it, as he wrote, not for himself, but to do
charity with in my name. No reproach, no word of
anger was breathed against me by a parent's lips!

"My dream of power was realized; was I happy?
Balls and pleasure parties palled upon my spirit;
my heart thirsted for home joys, for love and peace.
Just, though terrible, retribution! it thirsted and
longed in vain. Ormond Sheldon, the courtly flat-
terer, the accomplished gentleman, was a gambler
and a drunkard! Too soon the appalling truth
forced itself upon me; the refinements of his speech
gave place to coarseness and profanity in the retire-
ment of his home. Early morning has often found
me watching his return from some drunken revel;
the silken hangings of my regally furnished apart-
ments, often witnessed scenes of terrible alteration;
the perfumed light fell on features distorted by
the maddening bowl. Eveline, dearest and innocent
child! this face you reverence has been struck by
his brutal hand; this form, once praised for its im-
perial grace, has writhed beneath a ruffian's blows!
Oh misery, most justly incurred! bitter, yet mental
return for pride and insane folly!"

Eveline gazed upon the countenance of her adopted
mother, with feelings of reverential pity, too deep for
words. Augusta wiped her streaming eyes and re-
sumed.

"My child was born, and I called her Grace, in
memory of my gentle mother. She twined around
my desolate heart with her infantile beauty and ten-
derness, and her features were all my own. Mean-
while, my dear old father died; died while I was
making my bitter agony beneath the semblance of
conventional gaiety. Long since the world's false
attractions had faded, and my heart awoke to life's
nobler aims. I did good wherever I could; I had
wealth at my disposal, but I fulfilled the dictates of
charity without energy or purpose. I sought to ex-
piate my errors, yet found not peace or joy.

"The stray sunbeam that had warmed my love-
less, solitary life returned to its heavenly birth-
place. My little Grace sickened and died, and as the
coffin was borne from the house, the father entered,
singing a bacchanalian song in drunken glee!

"I was forced to re-enter the world, heart-broken
mourner that I was! But I would then have found
the courage to resist the commands of my tyrant,
had not a secret purpose spurred me on.

"I heard that John was married; he had entered
into business in a neighboring city; and on the de-
cease of his partner had married that partner's only
daughter. Rumor reported her beautiful and weal-
thy, and said that he had entered upon that union
at her dying father's request. My soul yearned to
look once more upon his face, to gaze upon her, who
had made life bloom for him in the home-light of
affection. There was no jealousy, no envy in my
heart; only despairing love, and soul-wrung resigna-
tion. I met him at a festal scene; I gazed once more
upon his noble face; I saw the pale but most beau-
tiful woman beside him; and, amid my own deep
wretchedness, a prayer of thankfulness went up to
heaven for his happiness! I was asked to sing; my
voice was considered sweet and powerful. Asked to
sing! though but a year had elapsed since the face
of my little child had been forever taken from my
sight! I placed myself at the instrument and sang
'The Light of other Days.' I lifted up my tearful
eyes to behold John's commiserating glance fixed
upon my face; I saw the flash of recollection steal-
ing over his brow; then he bent down, and whis-
pered something to the loving woman, beside him.
She glanced timidly towards me, then both advanced,
and John introduced to me, his gentle wife. There
was perfect confidence between them, and I blessed
Heaven for it.

"We soon became acquainted, Amy and I, nay,
strange as it may seem, we became friends; and
when I bent over the dead face of my little Harry,
she wept and mourned with me. John came to my
house but seldom, never alone; for he would not
have me incur the world's censure, or my tyrant's
jealous anger. They had one child, a daughter, who
became dear to my heart, as my own.

"Amy confessed to me that John had not been her
first love; she had loved one long since departed to
the better world; but it had been her father's dying
request to wed with John, and she had learned to
love him for his disinterested nobleness, for his
manly worth; preferring nature's noblesman to fash-
ion's gaudy hero. John's father dwelt with them,
but he purposely avoided me. I never met him when
I went there. Oh, Eveline! that I should remain
to weep for him! Gone before, in the pride of his
manhood and usefulness! That noble life was given
in exchange for that of a drowning infant, which he
rescued from the swelling river. Amy and I, we
watched beside the corpse, mingling our tears, and
when in despairing wretchedness, I avowed my love
for the departed, that angel woman smiled amid her
tears, and said, 'I know it long,' and kissed me as a
sister."

Three months after John's death, my husband was
brought home, a mangled corpse; he had fallen from
the steps of a gambling house, in a state of intoxica-
tion. When taken up, life was already extinct. I
paid all his debts, closed the dark old mansion, and
devoted myself to the care of Amy, who had become
a confirmed invalid. I shared her home, and at her
death, remained in the house, as was her request.
It is the house we now live in. A lingering disease
had long since laid its hand upon her; she departed
this life serenely, with the hope and faith of an an-
gel. She revealed to me her knowledge of John's
love for me; he had avowed it before claiming her
hand; she had told him of her early love, of her
hopes enthroned in Heaven, and so they pledged each
other constant faith and an undying friendship.
Nobly they fulfilled that promise. John's father,
too, has joined them in the star-worlds beyond; and
to my maternal guardianship, Amy confided her dar-
ling child."

"And my mother? You promised to tell me of
her," said Eveline, who had listened with a strange
and thrilling interest.

"That as you know is her portrait," said Augusta,
pointing to the moon illumined picture, "and it is
also the portrait of Amy. John was your father,
and my hearts only beloved! His name was Snow-
don. I would not startle you at the commencement
of my history, and therefore used fictitious names.
You are his child, and my own best angel."

With a burst of tearful emotion, Eveline threw
herself into the outstretched arms of her adopted
mother.

"I have sought to expiate my sin; to win repose
to my spirit, and I have partially succeeded," said
Augusta, fondly smoothing Eveline's glossy ring-
lets.

"Ormond Sheldon's father has bequeathed to me a
sum sufficient for my necessities; he was good man,
and doubtless pitied me. This house, and your
mother's fortune, I hold in trust, for you, dear girl.
My soul is growing strong in the light of a glorious
truth! I know that my beloved ones live; often, as
you know, I receive messages from the departed.

Your father, your angel mother, will soon commu-
nicate with you, my child. Oh, that this blessed light
had been revealed to me before. I might have re-
claimed the tyrant husband. But it is not too late;
loving and repentant his spirit has revealed itself
before me; the darkness of materialism is dispersing
from around him, a nobler ambition stirs his soul;
it will be many years, as we count time, but he, too,
shall unfold the inherent powers of the immortal
soul, and exchange the gloomy covering, for the
robes of purity and peace! My little seraph,
Grace! My angelboy! they live and love me still."

"And oh! most heavenly joy! I know, that puri-
fied by trial and suffering here, in the eternal worlds
I shall become his Spirit bride, the love, the hope, the
bright and beautiful imaginings of my youth shall
all be realized. There I shall regain the lost of earth,
and no worldly allurements have power to estrange
the kindred souls!"

The face of Augusta beamed with love-light, of a
holy rapture. Eveline silently kissed her hands;
then their sweet voices mingled in the spirit-
hymn:—

"Angels are ever near,
Breathing of love,
Whispering in every ear,
News from above."

Agriculture.

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