

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## DORA MOORE;

OR

## THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

### CHAPTER XXIII. THE PROPHECY FULFILLED. "Who shall tell this tale?"

Harry O'Neil slept that night long and soundly, and it was late, even for a man of fashion, when his valet brought him his cup of coffee which he invariably took before rising. Not so with Margaret. She did not seek sleep, but busied herself awhile in writing; when this task was completed, she opened an exquisite little escritoire, one of Harry's early gifts, and filled with little bijous, all associated with some pleasant memory of the early years of their love; Margaret tossed them over carelessly as things of little value now, and selecting a small yataghan, with a richly wrought handle, she unsheathed the glittering blade, and held it up in the sunlight which now gleamed in at the tall window, and cautiously passed her finger from the hilt across to the sharp, well-tempered blade. It was one of Harry's gifts, brought from the East, but she didn't think of that now. Is it sharp? will it prove true to me? were her questions. Satisfied on this point, she concealed it in her bosom, and was about to close the escritoire when her eye fell on a small antique silver goblet. A sudden resolution seized her; she took the goblet, examined it carefully, reading again and again the antique inscription which Harry had translated for her when he placed it among the curiosities which she had taken pleasure in collecting.

"When an O'Neil shall faithless prove  
To marriage bed or feudal strife,  
Short be the shrift the priest shall say,  
And sharp the pang that ends his life."

There was a gleam in Margaret's eye as she read this, that spoke of vengeance, deep and deadly. Calling a female attendant, she bade her polish the goblet. As soon as the girl disappeared, Margaret, trapped in a large shawl, and putting on the hat of her *ferme de chambre*, slipped out unseen by any one, and after traversing one or two streets, entered the shop of an apothecary and purchased some small vials filled with a colorless liquid, and hastened back to her own room.

It was still early, lacking two hours to breakfast, this time she employed at the bath and her toilet, and never did she look more beautiful than in her toilet, but apparently negligee morning costume, as she sat watching Harry's appearance to breakfast. She did not wait long, for his impatience was greater than her own; during this last visit to Paris, he had felt, more strongly than ever, the power of her charms, and half regretted that he had bound himself by promises of marriage to Maud. But he was now at an age when ambition was strong, and he could see clearly that the road to wealth and preferment lay through an alliance with his uncle. "After all," he said to himself, "what matters it? Maud is too gentle for reproaches, and she need never know. Margaret will remain here, and her love for me will soon reconcile her to my marriage, when she learns my unchanging attachment to her." This admiration was not lessened when he met her at breakfast; there was a heightened color on her cheek, and a brightness in her eyes which harmonized well with the rich morning robe she wore. Besides, she was full of ready repartee, and so animated in conversation that Harry, as he gazed admiringly upon her, pronounced her, in his heart, the most superb woman in all the circle of his acquaintance. He could not help telling his thoughts in delicate compliments, which compliments she received with a smile of the lip, but a curse in the heart.

It was marvelous, even to herself, the change which had taken place in her heart in the short space of twenty-four hours; there seemed to be not the remnant of her former love for this man; she seemed turned to stone, with no emotion, save that of pitiless vengeance. All her actions were perfectly under the control of her will, for she could counterfeited tenderness and love, while feeling only hatred and contempt. It was a bright, sunny day, the streets were filled with liveried carriages, and apparently gay occupants. Harry proposed riding. She consented; the fresh air would give her strength and courage. They were to dine together, and spend the evening. Harry's last evening in Paris, in the interrupted enjoyment of each other's society; such had been the arrangement proposed some days before.

Harry was in buoyant spirits when he returned; he was sure that Margaret would pardon the marriage, when she saw it was the stepping-stone to his advancement, and resting on the strength of her attachment, he sat down to a dinner prepared by Margaret's directions, with unusual elegance and

taste. They talked of his plans for the future; the next summer he will travel in Egypt; Margaret shall see the Pyramids and the Sphinx; she should sail with him down the Nile, and they would enjoy, side by side, the luxury of that climate which steeped the soul in dreams of Elysium.

The daylight had long since waned, and still they sat at table, the conversation passing gradually from the future to the present, from the present to the past, to the days of their first acquaintance, to Margaret's feats in horsemanship, and to the wild, rollicking Irish song which she used to sing for the amusement of her father's rough hunting companions. At the mention of her father's name, Margaret's cheek for the first time that day paled, and her heart for a moment almost ceased beating. He had loved her, in his own rough way to be sure, but loved her truly and constantly; he had never thwarted her wishes, never reproached her, and even now was waiting to avenge her wrong. No one else but Maud loved her as he did. Her mother was long since dead, and now that Harry had proved false, there was nothing on earth she cared to live for, save this poor, fox-hunting, gowdy old man, whom all the world despised, and with whom Margaret could have little sympathy, save the love which he, and he alone of all the world, bore to her. It was the thought of this, and this alone, which made her hand tremble slightly, as she poured some wine into the bright silver goblet at her side.

The servants had left the room; there was nothing on the table save wine and fruit; the lights had been ordered, and so carefully arranged by Margaret as to throw herself into the shade.

The evening sped on; in a few hours more Harry must leave her, leave her as she well knew forever, for his marriage would be to her an insuperable barrier to all further intercourse, an end to her long dream of love. She compared her own constancy to his fickleness and deception, and her heart grew strong and her hand firm.

"Harry, you will be in our own dear Ireland on the holidays, let me drink a merry Christmas to you," and passing him the goblet which she had just filled, she poured another for herself. This time it was his hand that trembled, and his voice that faltered as he said,

"And a merry one to you, dear Maggie, here in gay Paris. I wish I could spend it here instead of in the castle of my gloomy old uncle."

"Is it indeed so gloomy to you, Harry, while your beautiful cousin, Maud, blooms like a rare flower in the desert, in those old halls?"

Harry looked earnestly at Margaret; he had drained the goblet, and pushing it from him, came round to Margaret's side and seated himself by her. Now he would tell all.

"Maud can bear no comparison with my Margaret. She is lovely, but it is the quiet beauty one fancies a nun should have—she cannot inspire the 'grande passion' in such an impulsive nature as my own. Upon my soul, Margaret, my heart is true to you, whatever." He paused—how could he make the confession, now, even now at the last hour?

He shrunk from the encounter with such a woman as Margaret, his lips faltered, and he drew forth the letter which he had written.

"To-morrow, Margaret, when I am gone, read this, and blame not me, but the ambition which cannot mount without this ladder."

He became pale and faint; the excitement of the moment, he thought.

"This paper will save me the trouble of reading yours," said Margaret, handing him Maud's note. With a trembling hand and a dizzy head, Harry essayed to read; with great difficulty he deciphered its contents.

He could make no reply. Alas! the poison was sure and deadly, and already it was coursing through his veins.

"Margaret, some water, I am faint."

She pushed the fatal goblet towards him.

"Read that, Harry, if you can, and learn what this faintness means."

He could not read, but looking eagerly at the fatal goblet, he recognized it, and understood at once her meaning. At the same moment she drank herself, saying,

"Harry, I die with you."

With a strong effort he rose and staggered to the door to call for help; it was locked, and his voice was too feeble to be heard in the ante-room beyond. He sank upon a fauteuil near him, bitterly reproaching Margaret, and calling in vain for help. Faint and sick herself, she came near and sat by his side, laid his head upon her bosom and whispered,

"Harry, you promised to be mine until death—that vow is now fulfilled—we die together."

The Christmas fires were burning brightly in O'Neil castle, and the mistletoe and ivy garland hall and kitchen. The house was full of guests, and the hospitable master had not been so cheerful and light-hearted for many years. Maud was quietly happy. Had not her lover fulfilled his vow of constancy? The two years of probation had passed, and now he was coming to claim the reward of his constancy; he had been highly successful in his political embassy; parliament had noticed him with approbation, and "The Times" had made honorable mention of his skill as a diplomatist. For this Maud cared little, save that it pleased her father. The latter began to feel pride in his intended son-in-law, and was anticipating for him an honorable career. No wonder, then, that there were happy hearts and merry faces around those Christmas fires. Father McSweeney was there in all his corporeal and priestly dignity, and was amusing himself in the library with those blue Quarterlies which never failed to arouse his combative nature, for he always found something upon "Ireland and the Irish" to give free play to his argumentative powers.

Maud was in her chamber, looking out upon the distant hills, around which the road wound, to Harry's home. His last letter was in her hand, and she turned from the window, only to read it again. "To-morrow, dear Maud, I leave Paris, and haste to meet you. One day of detention in Dublin, and then I shall give myself no rest till I can call you mine for life."

"I thought he would have been here two days since," she said to her female attendant, a pretty young Irish girl.

"The roads are bad, my leddy; but take heart, if he don't overturn in the bog way, he'll be here in time, yet."

Maud did not heed the cold comfort of these words, for her eyes at this moment seemed a traveler on the distant highway.

"Look, Katy, look!" she said eagerly, "who is that yonder?"

"Why, my leddy, ye don't conceive how it can be. Handsome Harry, afot and alone, coming to his wedding! Ye must look for the big yellow coach, with four horses."

"But who is it, Katy?" almost impatiently asked Maud.

Katy stretched her pretty neck, and strained her bright blue eyes, for a minute.

"Shure, and yeess must know ould Uncle Mick and his green bag! We shall learn now where Handsome Harry has streaked himself, for Uncle Mick is better than a Limerick newspaper to tell the news."

The young girls watched the piper, as he came slowly along; the skirts of his plaid jockey flying in the wind, and the broad brim of his hat flapping like wings against each side of his face. His step was slow and heavy, and now and then he stopped by the side of the hedge, and laying his green bag upon a stone, leaned upon his staff and looked toward the castle.

"Uncle Mick has taken a dhrap too much, or he's growing old."

"He is an old man," said Maud, gently, "Father McSweeney says he's past ninety, and yet how hale he is. I can almost see the color in his cheeks now, and look, how his white hair glistens in the sun. My father says he is the last of a race that is passing away—the wandering fiddlers. We have had a sketch of him taken, to be painted by a London artist."

"Go down, Katy, and give him a glass of wine, and see if he knows anything of my cousin; but stop, ye needn't ask him before the guests, but if you can find a chance when they will not hear you."

"I'll contrive, my leddy," and the girl skipped away, as eager as her mistress, to hear the news.

She was disappointed. The fiddler, who knew every door and loophole of the castle, had turned aside into an angle, formed by a projecting stone wall, in the side of which was an old fashioned mullion window, leading into an entrance by which he could gain access to the library, without seeing or being seen by the guests. On the broad stone window sill he sat down to rest.

"Och, and its too bad that I should be the one to bring such tidings to the castle, but it must out, and the sooner my heart is relieved of the burden, the better I'll feel. I've carried double, to-day, for a sad heart, is a weary burden. Holy Mary, bless the mes, it will go hard with her!"

He opened the window, and stepped cautiously along the narrow passage—the library door was ajar—and he was glad to find Father McSweeney in the great bog-wood chair, with his feet upon the fender, alone, reading. The old man stepped quickly in, and bolted the door after him.

"Holloo! my old Trojan; you come like Death itself, as a thief in the night; no conspiracy, I hope." His voice was loud and his laugh sonorous.

"Hish!" said Uncle Mick, "sorrow always treads silently, and mirth comes with noise."

"What now? what now? my old friend," said the priest, laying down his book, "have you lost your green bag, been robbed on the road, or has some one stolen that old copy of Homer?"

"It isn't often, Father McSweeney, that I trouble the world with my own sorrows, I bear my own burdens, and will lay them down in my grave, hoping for a better world and a new harp beyond, but give me a dhrap, for I've walked many a weary mile since yesterday. I supped with old Squire Trevor."

liquor, for Uncle Mick, and drawn a chair nearer the fire for him, when the mention of his name caused him to stop and look earnestly at the fiddler.

"Drink, my good friend, and refresh yourself," pushing towards him a salver, containing eatables, which had been brought in by a servant, a few moments before; "I begin to understand Harry's absence. I have had a foreboding of trouble from the first."

Uncle Mick did as he was directed, for he was really faint and weary.

"Harry O'Neil lies a stiff corpse in his own castle—this very morning they brought him home," he said, as he drained the glass and pushed it from him, refusing to have it refilled. "Margaret Trevor lies stark and stiff at her father's, and the impious old man is muttering imprecations upon all the nobility, and upon heaven itself. I went there a few days ago, to carry him a message from Margaret. Och, my father, and surely, never sun shone on a fairer woman than that same Margaret Trevor, the day before she died. She was calm as a mountain of snow, but bedad, if there wasn't a volcano bubbling, and seething beneath! The very next day, according to the letter of her female attendant, she prepared the poison for herself and her lover. In her bosom was found a small dagger, and by its side another tiny bottle of poison, like the empty one on her table."

The priest listened to the recital, and waited a moment after the old man had finished, turning his eyes from the face of the speaker to the glowing coals upon the hearth, then rising suddenly, he exclaimed, "I'm glad that Heaven has interfered and snatched our gentle Maud from the sad fate of being Harry O'Neil's wife; there are few mourners to follow his bier."

"But, Father, you must break it gently to her; she's not common clay—our Maud is more than half an angel—ye'll make her all one by too rough handling."

"But when she finds he was false as hell itself, won't her indignation give her strength to bear his death?"

"Ay! and its ye's don't understand womankind as well as Mick Nogher, who hain't been among 'em all his days without keeping his eyes open. I tell ye, Father McSweeney, that Maud aint like other women—there's no vengeance to spring up, when ye root the love out. The little spring that kept love a blooming, will be a fountain of sorrow now, and will keep flowing, until it drowns the little heart itself. Be very gentle with the child, tell her a bit at a time, for she isn't strong, to bear the trouble."

"But her father must know it speedily. Stay here, my friend, while I break the news to him." Lord O'Neil was summoned to the library, and here, to do McSweeney justice, he told the sad news as gently as possible. But O'Neil was inquisitive, and did not rest until he had gleaned all the particulars from Mick Nogher, even to the description of the antique goblet, found upon the dining table. At the mention of this, a deep groan escaped him, he bowed his head upon the table, while his whole frame shook with emotion.

As these three old men sat in the library, there came from other rooms in the castle the sounds of merriment, for gay guests filled the house, and a wedding in Ireland is a scene of festive joy. The sun had gone down, and the shades of evening gathered round the old castle, and still Maud sat at the window, weary with watching, and feeling strange vague fears creep into her heart.

It was not long before a stillness as if Death were indeed there, settled upon all the house. In hall, and guest-chamber, and in the servants' apartments, groups gathered hurriedly, but with blanched cheeks and terror-stricken countenances.

Other messengers than Uncle Mick had come with the sad tidings, and "Where is Maud?" "Poor child," "Poor child," was whispered with white lips. Katy, the gay Katy, who had a few minutes before tripped so lightly down stairs, was cowering with fear on the stone stair-way, afraid to go back, her hands concealing her face, but not hiding the tears that trickled through the little white fingers.

With a pale face, and compressed lips, Lord O'Neil passed through the whispering groups, who fell back respectfully, as he approached and took his way to his daughter's chamber.

Upon him must devolve the sad task of breaking the fearful news to the loving, motherless child. Upon his breast, must the poor, broken heart, rest in its first hour of agony.

### CHAPTER XXIV. PASSING AWAY.

It was mid-day, but there is a darkened room and a deep hush in O'Neil castle. The curtains are closely drawn around the antique, curiously carved bedstead; within, Maud lies, pale and weak, but sleeping now, a long, deep, grateful sleep. For many weary days and nights no sleep had visited her, and now her father, whose hair has whitened, and whose form has bowed very rapidly of late, sits in a large easy chair, watching with an anxious heart, in which fear and hope are struggling with each other. The physician has said that Maud's reason, perhaps her life, hung upon this sleep. The household all understand it, and there is deep silence, the servants moving with a light tread, even in the most distant apartments, and many an honest, faithful old veteran stops in his work, crosses himself devoutly, and lifts a prayer for Maud.

She sleeps on. Oh, for the blessed healing that comes on wings of sleep! for the quiet and peace of her former life! But no, that cannot be! Uncle

Mick understands Maud better than any one else. There is no revenge to buoy up the spirit, nothing but disappointment and sorrow there; a struggle with the long cherished love of years to the creature, and the higher love and trust of the humble, pious heart. Lord O'Neil has prayed day and night for the life of his child, and for the resignation of a Christian for himself—but he struggled in vain to keep back bitter thoughts towards his dead kinsman, when he joined the funeral cortege that bore the body to its last resting place, where the dead ashes of their ancestors lay. It was a pompous funeral, many an emblazoned carriage followed in the train; men in high political stations came, from far to honor the dead; delicate and high-born ladies were there, and shed tears over the noble corpse, as it lay in state, its manly beauty scarcely marred by the cold touch of death. Yes, there were all the trappings of woe, but the only real mourner lay like a stricken flower in yonder darkened room.

Very unlike was Margaret's funeral to that of her victim. It was at dusk when she was borne to the village churchyard—one carriage only followed the bier, and in that sat the poor, bloated wreck of humanity, her father, linked to manhood by only one tie, the love of his child. No noble ladies did honor to the corpse, around whose form a beauty, too rare for the dark earth, still lingered, but a few old servants and humble dependants, sincere mourners for the loss of one who had been kind and generous to them, followed silently their mistress to her long home.

Such is life! Such, oh poor deceived, trusting woman, thy destiny if thou errest, such the verdict of the world upon thyself, such their judgment upon thy seducer!

We leave them both in the hands of Him who knoweth all hearts, and who alone "decidedly can try them."

We have said Maud slept, a long and quiet sleep. The twilight came before she awoke from that slumber, and called, in a sweet, childish voice, "Father." He was quickly at her side, and, as she laid her small white hand in his, a thanksgiving ascended from his heart as he met her smile, the same sweet smile of her childhood.

"You are better, my child."

"Yes, father, draw aside the curtains, that I may see the crucifix and the blessed Virgin."

Devoutly crossing herself, she lay for a moment contemplating the symbol of her religion, and then, with clasped hands and closed eyes, seemed for a short time engaged in silent prayer.

Lord O'Neil looked upon the face so wan, and pale, and thin, and a sudden tremor seized him lest his child was about to be borne from him, to dwell with angels. But no, God was merciful, and spared her a little longer to earth; but she never recovered from the shock which the death of her cousin gave to mind and body. She rose from that sick bed, but seemed like a moving shadow about the house, seldom smiling, save when she met her father's eyes fixed upon her, and then she tried, for his sake, to be like her former self. She liked best to be alone, and would sit for hours in her own room, looking from the window, where she could see the broad Shannon and the hills beyond, watching, with an expectant eye, that winding road.

At Father McSweeney's suggestion, she was very gradually and gently informed of her cousin's treachery, and the cause of his death; after this she sat at the window no more, but there were hours when she seemed abstracted, and regardless of everything around her. A change of scene was proposed by her physician, and her father took her to Italy, where, amid the old familiar scenes of her infancy and childhood, it was hoped mind and body would regain their former healthful tone.

"It's no use, it's no use," said Uncle Mick, when he heard of it, "the birdie's wings are plumed for heaven, and ye cannot keep her away."

The old man was late that winter seeking his winter quarters, but wandered about, going often to the Post Office at Killaloe. To his great joy he at last found what he sought, a letter from Dora. It was written in a fair, lady-like hand, and was full of the little details of her pleasant life at Beechwood, how she was studying Latin with Dr. Kenney, and by and by she would study Greek, to please her old friend, and then Jenny's wonderful restoration to sight occupied a whole page. She did not forget "Jack," how he had gone to India, but would be back in a few months, and had promised to take her to Ireland when he should be Captain. The letter contained some money, which she said Jack had given her to spend, and she wished Uncle Mick to buy with it some warm stockings and brogues to keep the rheumatism away. Uncle Mick read the letter over and over again in his little rocky house, and, by dint of two days' hard labor, with his stubbed pen and inkhorn, completed an answer. It was written in a stiff hand, and had many long, pompous, semi-Greek words, smacking strongly of the old pedagogue, but the old man read it aloud to himself with much satisfaction, and knew, he said, it would be welcome, coming from the old country. After this, he made one circuit more, to mail the letter, and show Dora's to Father McSweeney.

The priest had almost forgotten the children, and the old fiddler had some labor to recall them to his mind.

"Ay! I remember," he said at last, "the beautiful little girl and her blind brother, that I met in the hospital. I inquired into the pedigree of the family, the great grandmother was an O'Neil. It's the same little girl that Maud took such a fancy to; pity she hadn't staid as a companion for the young lady."



The old fiddler did not assent to this, but, changing the subject, was soon absorbed in his music, filling up the interludes with his favorite whiskey and water. The next day he returned to his own glen, and was soon ensconced in his curious house, where he hung up his green bag awhile, and hibernated, as many of the inferior animals do during the cold season.

## CHAPTER XXV.

DORA AND JEMMY AT BEECHWOOD.

"She's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie."

Five years have passed away, years that have brought some changes to our dramatic persons.

Maud, the gentle, loving Maud, returned to Ireland more fragile and delicate than when she left. A quiet melancholy seized upon her, and her father's quick eye soon discovered the symptoms of that fatal malady which hurried her mother to an early grave. Day by day she wasted gradually, and when the summer flowers faded, she died with them, and was laid in the family vault beside her mother. Lord O'Neil turned from her grave to his only other; henceforth his life was devoted to the happiness and improvement of his dependents. Benevolent activity and the hope of a reunion with his loved ones in another world, alone made life tolerable. Father McSweeney was still his constant friend. Old Father Time, as if in mere sport, had powdered the priest's hair a little, and mounted a pair of spectacles upon his capacious nose, but the broad fat cheeks were ruddy still, and the teeth, molars, incisors, grinders and all in good, sound, working condition. Nearly every day before dinner, the big, round, burly form of the priest might be seen in the castle library filling the large bogwood chair, and a good, sound old chair it was to sustain for hours daily, for so many years, that two hundred pounds weight of laudable matter. Yes, a good chair it was, as sound in constitution as its occupant, for not one groan or creak, or disordered joint gave premonitory signs of that rheumatic temperament to which some old chairs are subject. The shelves of the library at the right hand had accumulated a large store of blue Quarterlies since we first listened to the priest's diatribe on the "tory view of Ireland," but notwithstanding all the old gentleman's fuming and criticism, the said Quarterlies had never changed its attitude, but went straight on, affirming that Ireland was unfit to govern herself, and ungrateful to those who governed her wisely. The priest had seen O'Connell laid in his grave without accomplishing that for which life was dear—the patriots who followed in his steps had been exiled from the land—famine and pestilence had stricken the country till she lay prostrate and helpless, with hardly strength to ask bread of those whom she deemed her oppressors. No wonder that so many asked in sorrow, "What will become of our poor country?"

And not a few, like Father McSweeney, were turning their eyes away from the only true source of help for Ireland. While he is anathematizing the Quarterlies and belaboring parliament, Lord O'Neil is quietly working out the difficult problem. Waste lands are reclaimed, a new system of agriculture is introduced, the schools are improved, the women are encouraged to improve their cabins and surround themselves with those little comforts which make the cottage of the English peasant so much more inviting than the Irish cabin. All this requires time, patience, forbearance, and a large share of benevolence, and few, save those who, like Lord O'Neil, have been chastened by affliction, could labor and suffer for their fellow men as he did. For years he suffered pecuniary loss; but now, to his own surprise, he began to reap the reward of his labors, in the increased fruitfulness of the soil, and greater faithfulness of his labors. Alas! I am sorry to say, that his estate was but one of the ones that the traveler finds few and far between, in that stricken country.

Uncle Mike still wandered from village to village, welcomed in almost every cabin, and never begrudged the bit and the sup, the warm seat by the turf fire, or the bundle of hay for his bed. He is almost to the boundary line of a second century, but save the rheumatism he makes no complaint of the infirmities of the body; he has always carried with him the best life elixir in the world, a merry heart and a clear conscience. He does not sing or play much now, and he lingers longer by the hearth, and tells his stories over and over again. He was at the castle when Maud was buried, and asked permission to come into the library the next day and sing a ballad. It was then for the first time that he saw his own portrait, a beautiful painting by one of England's best artists.

"Och, my lord, it's all correct but the big, gold frame, it don't seem natural for the like of me to be set in that."

"That's only emblematical, Uncle Mick, of the bright world beyond, and the golden harp you'll have there."

"And I'll soon be there, my lord, and I'll tell her that ye'll not be long behind me."

"God grant it, my good friend; and now give me the ballad you spoke of."

The old man's voice was feeble, and his hand trembled, but none that heard him were tearless, as he sang the following beautiful Scotch ballad:

"She's gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,

She's gone to dwell in heaven;

Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,

For dwelling out o' heaven!"

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?

O what'll she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thoughts w' angels' songs;

An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,

She was beloved by a';

But an angel left in love w' her,

An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,

Lowly there thou lies;

A bonnier form ge'er went to the yird

Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,

Fu' soon I'll follow thee;

Thou left me naught to covet ahin',

But took goodness sel' w' thee.

I look'd in thy death-cold face, my lassie,

I look'd in thy death-cold face;

Thou seem'd a lily new cut'st the bud—

An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,

I look'd on thy death-shut eye;

And a lovelier light, in the brow of heaven,

Full Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,

Thy lips were ruddy and calm;

But gang was the holy breath o' heaven

That sang the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,

There's naught but dust now mine;

Thy soul's w' thee, i' the cauld grave,

An' why should I stay bein'?"

Though the old fiddler lived some years after this, he never sung again in the castle.

The five years that have passed had wrought fewer changes in the family at Beechwood. Edward Kennedy was still called the young doctor, and was likely to be, so long as he remained in his native village; but an increasing practice and an attachment to his own home, and the six acres that surrounded it, and on which he liked to exercise his taste and skill as an amateur farmer, proved strong ties to bind him to the spot.

He has grown more manly and mature, and his fine figure, agreeable manners and increasing reputation make him quite a prize for the intriguing mamma and the aspiring village maidens.

"Indeed, he ought to be married, a doctor needs a wife more than most men," was the remark of the matrons.

"If he don't marry soon," said one mother, with three marriageable daughters, "I shall certainly employ old Dr. Carver at the 'Four Corners'—but notwithstanding these threats, Edward's practice did not diminish at all, not even in the family of the three daughters, for if Matilda had a headache, or Sophia a cold, he was invariably sent for; when he would find the patient reclining on a sofa in the prettiest of morning dresses, with the lace frilled pocket handkerchief most daintily held in the little white hand, and perfumed with essence *a la mode*. "Parties" and "Quilting Bees" and "Sewing Societies" were never complete unless Dr. Edward was there, to chat with the farmers about their crops, the old ladies about the croup and the measles, and to buy collars and pin-cushions and embroidered slippers of the girls. He had various accomplishments, which well fitted him for a village doctor; he could handle a needle at Sewing Society as well as any of them, if he chose, and understood the mystery of pearls and bouds and seam needles, and moreover, was a fine singer, and always ready for the song or psalm. Other accomplishments he had, which were not so well understood by his more rustic neighbors. He was a close, patient student, loving science for her own sake, and spending hours daily in the retirement of his library, which was fast filling up with such learned works as could assist him in becoming thoroughly learned in his profession.

It was in this character chiefly, that Dora knew him. She never saw him at the village parties or even the "Ladies' Benevolent (?) Sewing Societies," for there was an aping of aristocracy even in Beechwood, and the daughter of the rich washerwoman could hardly be expected to associate with the trader's or the village lawyer's family, or the daughters of the owner of the cotton factory. With the factory girls she might gain admittance, they decided, but their noses went upward quite an arc of a circle at Irish girls. So Dora was left to the society of the household, and was perfectly happy there, not having any comprehension of neglect at all. Edward had nobly fulfilled his promise of teaching her, and under his tuition she had become a proficient in elementary mathematics, a good scholar in Latin and French, and an enthusiast in Botany. This last was a favorite study with Edward, and their huge herbariums bore testimony to the industry of the two students, for not a species, or genus, that grew in the hills and valleys about Beechwood, but was preserved and analyzed. When Dora was but a child, Edward had heard her singing about the house, and detected fine natural taste, so as a mere matter of experiment, and as much for his own amusement as the child's gratification, he had his mother's old piano repaired and re-tuned, and gave the little girl a few lessons. Her delight was unbounded and her progress really wonderful, but no one in the house thought much about it, and Edward, bachelor as he was, not having a sister in childhood, it did not even once enter his head that Dora was at all remarkable. He heard young ladies talk about philosophy and astronomy, monochromatic, polychromatic and Grecian painting, of opera music and Italian airs, and he saw that they fingered and practised with many flourishes of hand and hands, and many peculiar intonations of voice, which he supposed all learned from fashionable masters. True, he enjoyed Dora's simple playing and her sweet ballad singing, and would often ask her to come in of a summer twilight as he sat in the grape-covered porch that opened out of the sitting-room, and while he smoked his cigar she would play, he criticising her performance and suggesting improvements, as became his right as teacher. Meanwhile he merely looked upon her and Jenny as poor little Irish children that he had befriended, and in his abstraction with his practice and studies forgot that they were any older than when he first met them. Jenny's eyesight was now strong, and Edward often exhibited him as an example of what medical skill can accomplish. But the boy was, as Aunt Ruthie expressed it, "Irish all over"; he had the Hibernian features, and the quick, impetuous temper, always giving blow for blow, and never absent when there was a quarrel among the boys. No one but Dora had much influence over him. Peggy governed him according to the fashion of her class generally, and often she would be heard saying to him, "I'll bate ye, ye spalpeen, till ye can't stand," or, "Ye're no better for the bating I gave ye." But a railroad was now in progress of construction in Beechwood, and Jenny, delighted to be with those of his own race, obtained a small shovel, and seemed to be perfectly happy digging and picking up stones. He had found his sphere.

"Oh dear," said Aunt Ruthie to Dora, one morning, "What's to be done—here we're to have our new minister, and Squire Wilson, and two gentlemen from Boston, here to dinner, and I've got the rheumatism in my hand so bad that for the life of me I couldn't pour out a cup of coffee. I wouldn't care so much, if it weren't for the minister's mother—she's a coming, I believe, and Edward says; that he always wishes to see me at the head of the table. Ye see, I was always a sort of sister to his mother, and it seems more 'home-like,' he says; but what in nater I'm to do to-day, I don't know. Dinah has got lots of good things baked up, and she's going to cook the meats. She's a master hand at getting up a dinner. But I can't preside at table, as Edward calls it, no how I can fix it."

"I wish I could help you, Aunt Ruthie," said Dora; I think I could do it, if you would tell me just how."

"You, child!" said the old lady, taking a pinch of snuff, and looking very earnestly at Dora over her spectacles, "why, I never thought of that; how old are you?"

"I'm sixteen, Aunt!" said Dora, smiling, for she knew Aunt Ruthie still regarded her as a child.

"Well, there, it does beat all nater, to see how time passes! Who'd a thought it? Why, old Madame Kennedy, Edward's grandmother, and a great beauty she was, married at seventeen. Why, sure, child, I

don't see any harm in your doing this for me, just once. I can sit near you, and give you a nudge when you don't do right; mind, you must put two teaspoonsful of sugar into Edward's coffee; he's a master big sweet tooth—his mother used to say it was my fault, because I made such a pet of him when he was a little fellow—as for the others, I can inquire myself how they would like their tea and coffee; and if it is agreeable, you know, cause I suppose you don't understand exactly what is good manners, but it will be quite a lesson, if you should ever become a housekeeper—so you may come in at three o'clock, and if Edward has no objections, you may help me."

Dora smiled within herself, at being allowed to do that as a favor, which she had offered in kindness; but she had early learned to accommodate herself to Aunt Ruthie's peculiarities. Edward's "no objections" were, "manage things as you like, Aunt Ruthie." But in the course of the forenoon, the old lady came running into Peggy's room. "I never thought to ask," she said, "what dress you have to wear, Dora; ye see I wish to have you look respectable like."

"I thought of wearing my blue cashmere, that Jack brought from Havre, Aunt Ruthie—see how nice and soft it is. It's like what Lady Maud used to wear;" and she held up the delicate fabric which Jack, with a sailor's liberality and taste, had selected for Dora, its color harmonizing well with the fair complexion and brown curls of the young girl.

"That will do, nicely," said Aunt Ruthie, as she passed her hands across the dress, "you may wear my gold beads if you want to."

"No, I thank you, Aunt Ruthie, I don't like jewelry, at all. I'll just wear the dress and a white muslin apron, in case I'm careless, and drop the coffee."

Thus it came to pass, through Aunt Ruthie's rheumatism, that Dora was seated at the head of Dr. Edward's table, and when he saw her position, treated her accordingly; introducing her as Miss Moore to the minister's mother, to the young minister himself, to Squire Wilson, to the Hon. Mr. Follansbee, of Boston, and to Mr. Hall, a traveler, just returned from a foreign tour. Dora received their salutations in a quiet, unobtrusive manner; she seemed perfectly at ease, herself, answering with great propriety, any questions addressed to her, but volunteering no remark herself. The gentlemen were silently admiring her beauty, and wondering how the bachelor doctor found such a fairy.

The dinner was long, and as most of the gentlemen present stockholders in the new railroad, the conversation naturally turned to that.

"It brings one curse with it," said Squire Wilson, "a horde of Irish laborers to our quiet village; they're a nuisance, wherever they go."

"That is true," said the Hon. Mr. Follansbee, of Boston, "our city is overrun with them, and I venture to say that one half of the drunken brawls, and quarrels, and police court cases, are caused by them. They're a poor, miserable, priest-ridden people, and I could wish that every shipload of them sent from Ireland, would sink in the salt sea, before they reached Boston Harbor."

"I suppose you are in a measure dependent upon them for servants," said the minister.

"To our sorrow, we are," replied the "Honorable."

"Intelligence offices parade them by the hundred: seated on hard, wooden benches, like the sick around the pool of Bethesda, they await the ingress of those ladies who may come to release them from idleness, by giving them employment. One might naturally suppose that under these circumstances some degree of gratefulness would be manifested. Not a bit of it. An offer of employment is met by the question, 'how many children have yees?' 'Shure, ye'es don't expect a girrl to stay in doors on Sundays?' 'Do ye'es give the washing out?' The next question is the wages; and they will not unfrequently refuse a good home, and reasonable pay, for the doubtful contingency of securing half a dollar per month more, after waiting a long time unemployed. A Biddy is always a girl! Grey hairs and decrepitude never change her ineradicable title—girl. Nor is the Biddy, however advanced in servility, unaccompanied by at least two appendages—a batch of cousins and an offensive breath. When you engage them, never give them occasion to suppose you value their services, even though you do. Treat them kindly—never forget the laws of humanity, but give not an inch of remissness, or they will retaliate by an all of insolence. If you keep an Irish servant—if it cost less than three hundred dollars per annum—you will be very fortunate, for the Biddy runs as naturally to waste, as the swamps of Illinois do to agues and four horse shakes. If their consumption is large, their extravagance is really tremendous. Yet the Biddy has one redeeming trait. She is strict in her attendance upon mass. Though she may steal, pilfer and abstract her employer's property, yet she never manifests any remissness in her religious 'juties.' And as a general thing, the more intense her devotion, the more ingeniously she will defraud you. Happy, therefore, is the housekeeper, who is independent of the Biddy, whose handmaidens are Dutch, Scotch, Welch, Negro, anything but Milesian.

In the language of Mrs. Dobbs, a model housekeeper, 'servants is servants, but from such servants, good Lord deliver us.'

Squire Wilson, whose favorite newspaper was the New York Tribune, replied:—

"Ay, sir, the misery and ignorance of the Irish is all owing to the English government. They have governed her without the smallest regard to the great Christian obligation, nor has a single right ever been conceded to them, save at the point of the sword; their property was sequestered, the religion of the natives forbidden, and to this hour a pampered church stands and fattens on the soil, as a monument of misrule."

"But their religion, sir," broke in the Honorable, "is the mainspring of their ignorance—they are priest-ridden, and, in my opinion, unfit for republicanism. Am I not right, sir?" turning to the minister.

This latter was a young man, with a grave, intellectual face, and quiet, unobtrusive manners.

"You forget, perhaps," he said, "the efforts of Lord Baltimore to establish the fullest liberty of opinion in the new country. As a descendant of the Pilgrims, and a representative of their form of church government, I love Puritanism; it is a synonymous term with opposition to the arbitrary canons of church and state, wherever attempted. But, as a clergyman, I have no disposition to build up the church of New England, by pulling down that of old England, or old Rome, but I would seek to blend the Puritan theology and Quaker simplicity with the rich culture of a Calvert."

Dora, who had listened to the conversation with

deep, but silent interest, showed, in her flushed cheeks and bright eyes, and in the glowing, grateful expression of her face, her pleasure at the first kind words spoken of her faith. As pure emotions beautify even the plainest features, Dora, all unconscious to herself, had drawn the gaze of the speaker upon her, and, by a sort of magnetic influence, he understood in a moment that his words had scattered the slight cloud on that fair brow by the sunshine of his gentle words. But another eye was upon her. Dr. Edward marked the beautiful play of her features, the transition from sadness to pleasure, and the intelligent appreciation with which she had listened to the conversation. At once it flashed upon him that the little weeping Irish child that he had met on the quay of Dublin, had sprung up into a beautiful, intelligent woman. Like Prometheus, he watched the divine fire that had been imparted to the statue, but it had been given, not in answer to his prayers, but by the free will of Jove himself.

He watched her still, as Mr. Hall, who had traveled through Ireland, was appealed to for his opinion of the Irish character. "I can do no better," said he, "than give you an analysis of the Irish, taken from the same writer as quoted by Squire Wilson. 'Generous and treacherous, loving truth in the abstract, and passionately fond of lying in the concrete! Graceful in sentiment, awkward in action, indolent in temperament, quick in cunning, shrewd and lewd, proud in imagination, servile in soul, tender and passionate in feeling, the Irish character seems to be a singular mixture of all the different elements of the Eastern, Southern and Northern races, but wants principally that which is the great lever of success—strength. But when it shall acquire this element, as it undoubtedly will in this country, from a mixture with a sturdier and stendier race, there can hardly be a more beautiful character than the Irish. It is true, that in their own country there is a vast amount of wretchedness, beggary and filth, drunkenness and lying abroad, but they have heretofore had little encouragement to improve their condition, for the middle men who act for the absentees who own the soil, care little for the interest of the poor laborer. But, sir, in spite of the 'misrule of the English,' to which my friend here refers, I have found that where the lords of the soil live on their land, and take a personal interest in their tenants, even Irish laborers can be happy and contented. Let me give you a description of what we Yankees should call the 'big farm' of one whom I may speak of as a personal friend, Lord O'Neil."

Mr. Hall, who had visited Ireland only a few months before, gave his hearers a full description of what my hearers already know, of the death of Handsome Harry and of Maud, and the truly noble efforts of O'Neil to raise the condition of his peasantry. He did not forget Father McSweeney, whom he drew with a few strong touches, in bold relief, much to the amusement of the company, who all expressed a desire to see bodily the Jolly old priest.

It is not strange that Dora's face should have expressed interest in the narrative—now a silent tear was wiped away, and then smiles, like sunshine, lighted up in her countenance, and Dr. Edward, who had no idea of the real interest awakened in her heart, thought that her beauty was heightened tenfold by the ever-varying light and shade across that fair face. He prolonged the dinner as much as possible, feeling like one who had unexpectedly found himself in possession of a gold mine.

Aunt Ruthie hurried Dora out of the room as soon as the ceremony of dinner was over.

"There, child, you've done well, remarkably well, considering. But you shouldn't mind anything the men talk about—they never say much that we women can understand; so, always look at the cups and saucers, and see if they need filling. You know you blundered once, and gave Mr. Hall Edward's cup of coffee, but howsoever, it all happened well enough, for he said it was very delicious, and he liked it the better for your dressing it."

That evening, when Dora thought herself alone, and was practising at the piano, Dr. Edward threw aside his cigar, and hastened in. He didn't criticise the performance at all, but his rich voice seemed more musical than ever, as it mingled with the sweeter tones of Dora, in "Araby's Daughter," and, for hours after, these lines kept floating in his mind,

"No pearl ever lay under Oman's green waters,

More pure in its shell, than thy spirit in thee."

That night he was restless, and did not sleep well; "it must be the strong coffee," he said to himself.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

ONLY AN IRISH BOY.

When Dr. Edward awoke from a troubled sleep the next morning, his first thoughts, or rather I should say his waking thoughts were of the continuation of his dream-vision, for the fair image of Dora was still in his mind's eye, and he was continually wondering at himself for not before perceiving her loveliness. He drew aside the curtain of his window, which opened on his garden, and his eyes fell at once on Peggy, in a little side yard, busy over her wash tub. Her dress was pinned up after the fashion of her country women, displaying a grey woolen petticoat. On her head was a broad bordered cap, and on her feet neither shoes or stockings, leaving the large feet and stout red ankles in bold relief; Jenny was bringing water for her, and she, impulsive, as most of her race, was alternately scolding and petting him, in her broad Irish brogue.

"There, now, ye little spalpeen, ye may eat yer breakfast, and then go with Michael Lynch, he wants ye on the road to-day."

"And Dora is Irish, after all, and the daughter of the washerwoman there," whispered some evil spirit in the Doctor's ear. "It never will do for Dr. Kennedy, descended from one of the oldest families in New England, and whose grandmother was a Lincoln, which family claimed relationship with certain titled lords in England, to marry an 'Irish peasant girl. And then, too, what will Dr. Reynolds and Dr. W. and Dr. H. say, if he should carry his bride to Boston—they respect him now, as the author of certain articles of great merit in the Medical Reviews, and they have urged him to remove to the city, where his talents will be more widely known, and where, no doubt, fame awaits him. What will they say? Why, if they didn't know she was a little, poor Irish child, they'd say she was one of the loveliest beings God ever made. But they will know, and one, at least, already knows her origin."

Again came Peggy's voice, rather loud and shrill, giving some last directions to Jenny:

The Doctor drew on his dressing gown and sighed, from a little shy corner of his heart came the suggestion, "Why not marry her and take her to some city, where her origin is not known, and forbid her ever disclosing it?"

"No, no, that won't do," was the reply. Dora loves

Ireland, and her own kindred, and she loves the old ballads, and the very superstitions of her country; she could no more at the hypocrite, or deny her origin, than he could cease to remember or honor his mother, whose grave was on yonder hill."

So the Doctor tried to dismiss the subject altogether, for the present, and took up a little medical treatise, which lay on the dressing table, and tried to read. It was on Heart diseases, and as he had a patient thus afflicted, he was examining some new works on the subject. But he could not understand what he read, his mind was wandering, and in truth, that organ in his own body needed a little attention. The breakfast-bell diverted his thoughts, and he descended to the dining room, where sat Aunt Ruthie, behind the steaming coffee urn, looking very comfortable and tidy in her morning gown and cap.

"How is your rheumatism this morning, Aunt Ruthie?"

"Not a bit better as I see, and—guess you'll have to wait on yourself, this morning, Edward, I've half a mind to keep Dora, a few days."

"A very good idea, Aunt, only she mustn't be interrupted in her studies. I suppose Dinah is sufficient help in the kitchen."

"La, yes, she's a whole team; but, Edward, what in the world do you suppose that little Irish girl is going to do with so much learning? She's Irish, after all, and she's got to earn her living."

Edward twirled his spoon in his cup, and seemed puzzled for an answer.

Aunt Ruthie continued, "I declare, I'm afraid we're spilling her, with her music, and French, and Philosophy—they won't be no manner of use to her, as I see."

"Perhaps, Aunt Ruthie, she can teach; Squire Wilson was telling me yesterday they needed a lady teacher in the Academy."

"Why, Edward, you're crazy to think on't, if Squire Wilson's darters won't even speak to the girl, do you suppose they'll let her teach 'em?"

"I think they might, and they might be the better for it, Aunt Ruthie."

"That's true, Edward, there aint a better scholar, nor a more politer, well behaved girl in the town of Beechwood, than Dora Moore, but then she's Irish, and she's poor."

Edward's cheek flushed, and his heart beat a loud tattoo, under his vest, and he was about to say what would have half betrayed him, even to the obtuse housekeeper; but a light step that he well knew, was in the hall, and in a moment more, Dora herself came in, fresh and blooming from a morning walk, her hand full of flowers.

"Excuse me," she said, as she saw they were at breakfast, "but these flowers are the first of the season, and I wanted you to see them, sir, while they were fresh; here is the Blood Root, the Anemone, Solomon's Seal, and here, one precious little specimen of the White Violet. You remember, perhaps, that we have never been able to find it around Beechwood."

Edward took the flower from the little dimpled hand extended towards him, and rising, invited her to take a seat at the table, his heart beating its tattoo none the less violently than it had five minutes before.

"Yes, child, do come," said Aunt Ruthie, "we're just been talking about your staying in our part of the house for a few days, till my rheumatism is better."

Dora took the offered seat, and refilled the cups, then turning to the housekeeper, said, "I would love to stay with you Aunt Ruthie, but Jack is coming to-day; the ship Arago, came into Boston, yesterday."

"The deuce take the ship and its mate," said the Doctor, to himself, as he remembered the sailor's devotion to Dora, and the regard, amounting almost to adoration, which he paid to her.

"Edward," said Aunt Ruthie, "have you forgotten the Excursion party, to-day? You know you are engaged to gallant Miss Violet Wilson. Her mother said she shouldn't dare have the girls ride in the cars unless you went. If anything should happen, she said, you'd be there to set the broken bones."

"Did she think I was charmed against having any myself?" he asked, in the least bit of a petulant tone.

"Why, lawful sake! yes; what would the town do, if you should be laid up. Nobody dreams of your being sick; I venture to say you never took a pill in your life."

"Not many," said the Doctor, smiling, "I believe doctors generally prefer dosing others, to taking medicines themselves. But you are correct, I did promise to accompany Miss Violet, to-day, and but for you, I should have proved a recreant beast; for I had forgotten it entirely. We shall have an hour for recitation first, Dora, and I will attend to you, for I suppose if Mr. Warren comes, you will claim a vacation."

"Oh, no, sir, I am so anxious to finish Corinne, that I will find time if you can read with me."

Now the Doctor had nearly come to the decision, before he left his chamber that morning, to crush the incipient passion in his bosom, and forget it in his ambition. The strength of his purpose is shown in his readiness to read an hour in Corinne, with Dora, before visiting a patient! The result was, that when he called for Miss Violet, he drove her to the house of an old rheumatic patient, a mile the other way from the depot, and was about to fasten his horse and go in, unmindful that he had a lady with him, when the question, "Doctor, what time is it?" reminded him of his mistake.

Looking at his watch, he found it five minutes to ten, the hour for the train to start. There was little time, even for apologies, and driving with all speed back to the village, he was just in time to get on board the cars, before they were in motion.

It was a bright day, and a merry party, and the Doctor, to make amends for his negligence, endeavored to play the agreeable, and surely there was no cause to be otherwise, for Miss Violet was a cherry-cheeked, black-eyed lass, evidently pleased with herself, and delighted with her attendant.

The prominent men of the village, with their wives, some of the stockholders, from Boston, and young gentlemen, each with a fair companion, composed the party.

To describe an excursion train in America, without an accident, would be pleasant fiction, indeed; but it is a fact that there was but one detention that day, and that attracted so little attention from the public, as to occupy but a paragraph of three lines in the Boston Post.

The train was near to Bolton, the place where the party were to dine, when they came to a sudden halt, with so much force as to startle the passengers into great disorder, but admitting no one seriously hurt. The train was near to Bolton, the place where the party were to dine, when they came to a sudden halt, with so much force as to startle the passengers into great disorder, but admitting no one seriously hurt.



"What's the matter?" was the question from most of the passengers, when order was a little restored.

"We run against a gravel train, and its a narrow escape for us all; it would have been certain death to many, if our speed had been greater."

"Anybody hurt?" inquires another.

"Only two workmen, one has broken his leg, and the other, Irish Jimmy, a little fellow, is taking on bitterly, and seems to be seriously hurt. They have taken him into one of the shanties by the road-side, and sent for a doctor."

Doctor Edward sprang to his feet. "Excuse me, Miss Violet, I must see this boy," said another, placing her under the care of a friend, in case he should not return, he sprang from the cars.

"Nothing but an Irishman hurt," said one gentleman, "too bad to lose the Doctor's company for that."

"There's enough to take care of him, without Dr. Kenney's spending the day in that hotel," said another, while poor Miss Violet, who had been left to the protection of a newly married gentleman, who had eyes and ears only for his bride, pouted her pretty lips, and dropped her eyes, as if she was not at all pleased with the Doctor's interest in an Irish boy.

Meantime Dr. Edward had found Jimmy on a bundle of straw, upon the floor of the shanty, more seriously hurt than was at first supposed. He was weak and faint from loss of blood, and on examination, the doctor felt that he had but a few hours to live; the child's loud cries were changed to feeble moans, and calls for Dora and mother.

Edward sent a message by the next train, and before night, Peggy and Dora were by Jimmy's side, but only in time to see him breathe his last.

When they came, Peggy's cries were loud, and her grief displayed itself in the violent gesticulations common to her countrywomen, but Dora's tearful, appealing look, as she turned to Edward, made him feel his own helplessness, to turn aside the shaft of death. He understood it—"You, who can do so much, who gave him sight; surely you can save him now."

And when the last sigh was drawn, and the poor, quivering body, that had for hours been racked with agony, lay motionless and silent; Dora turned away and bowed her head in such utter despair, that Edward felt powerless to comfort.

Peggy sat, as was her custom, in trouble, with her apron thrown over her head, rocking herself to and fro, and weeping aloud. The kind Irish women of the shanties came in to render what service they could; and while they were preparing the body for removal, Dora sat in a low arm chair, her head bowed in her hands—not one sigh or moan escaped her, but her attitude was one of hopeless despair. Just then, a carriage was driven hastily to the door, and our friend, Jack Warren, sprang out. He saw at a glance, how it was, and taking Dora in his arms, as if she were but the same little girl, he first met on shipboard, he lifted her gently into the carriage, and saying to Edward that there was room for himself and Peggy, he proposed they should drive home directly, as arrangements were already made for the body to be brought home the next morning.

Even in that hour of death and sorrow, Edward felt that the rough, unpolished, good common sense of the sailor were of more avail, than his own more sensitive disposition.

Peggy's trouble was, that Jimmy had died without a priest—it seemed harder for her to bear, even, than his death.

She kept repeating it to Jack, who knowing no better way of comfort, asked her if it wouldn't do just as well to have a priest at the funeral.

"You shall have one, if it costs fifty dollars to get him here, from Boston."

"Oh, but ye don't understand, at all, at all, Master Jack. Oh, but its so bad, my poor boy should die without the priest."

She repeated this so much, that her hearers found no way to comfort her.

Dora, who had not spoken since they entered the carriage, turned to her mother, and said,

"Don't you remember, mother, that father didn't want a priest, and died, confessing his sins to God? God was with Jimmy, mother, dear; and she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and laying her head on her breast, wept freely. They were the first tears she had shed that day, and they brought relief.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Poetry.

## GONE.

List to the midnight lone!  
The church clock speaketh with a solemn tone;  
Doth it no more than toll the time?  
Hark! from that bellfry gray.  
In each deep-bounding chime which, slow and clear,  
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,  
A stern voice seems to say:  
Gone—gone—  
The hour is gone—the day is gone:  
Pray!

The air is hushed again,  
But the mute darkness woe to sleep in vain.  
Oh soul! we have slept too long—  
Yes, dreamed the mortal away;  
In visions false and feverish unrest  
Wasting the work-time God hath given and blest,  
Conscience grows pale to see  
How, like a haunting face,  
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,  
With rayless eyes, blank as the darkness round,  
And waiting lips, which say:  
Gone—gone!

The morn is gone—the morn is gone:  
Pray!  
Woe for the wasted years!  
Born bright with smiles, but buried with sad tears!  
Their tombs have been prepared  
By Time, that graveman gray,  
Soul, we may weep to count each mournful stone,  
And read the epitaph engraved thereon  
By that stern carver's hand.  
Yet weep not long, for Hope,  
Steadiest and calm, beside each headstone stands,  
Gazing on time, with upward-pointing hands,  
Take ye this happy sign  
Up! let us work—and pray.

Thou, in whose sight the hoary ages fly  
Swift as a summer's noon, yet whose stern eye  
Doth note each moment lost,  
So let me live that not one hour mispent  
May rise in judgment on me, penitent!  
But all the sunset, Lord,  
So in thy vineyard toil,  
That every hour a priceless gem may be,  
To crown the blind brows of Eternity.

No man ruins his health without bringing the consequences down upon himself. The Sampson destroys the temple, and buries himself in the ruins.

## CARRIE ELMORE;

## THE SHADES OF THE PAST.

BY CHARLES M. SMITH.

Many are inclined to associate with the name of New England, the idea of a barren territory; but there are as wild and beautiful hills and vales, as fertile fields and placid lakes as any land affords. In the interior portions of Massachusetts, whose coast presents so rugged an outline, are many most lovely situations; indeed, were they by other names known they would be unsurpassed. Not many miles from the capital of the State, is located a quiet and pretty village, its inhabitants are of the middle class, that is to say, not the wealthy.

A street leads from the church to the west; and a sweet ride it is, the most attractive rural scenery the country affords is here presented to view, pleasant indeed in that loveliest of months—Flora's own. The air perfumed with the fragrance of spring flowers, the green grass wet with early dew and sparkling with all its wonted beauty; while the morning songster, inspired with adoration, chants a soft and sweet lay. On either side, the road is skirted with fine residences; some stand forth in bold relief, while others are partially concealed from view by the lofty trees that enshroud them. As we leave these in the rear, we come to a cottage that is situated alone, that is to say, so far as other houses are concerned; how lovely: it stands at the base of a hill, near is a small and placid lake, on whose bosom the light and tiny boat is often seen freighted with joyous hearts now as ever; but O! the shades of the past, they fit before me now. I am thinking of other days, those quiet, sweet days are indeed passed, but not forgotten. The inmates of the cottage are the same, with the exception of one, and that one, the light of the household, is gone.

Nest and well graveled walks lead to the entrance, a beautiful garden surrounds it, in which are cultivated the earliest and sweetest flowers; a rose is trained to climb the pillars of the verandah, while a vine darkens the windows that front the street.

Not only does the exterior but the interior present an inviting appearance. We will briefly glance at its history.

The family is that of a farmer, and consists of the father, mother and one daughter; and, at the time of which we write, all were together. It was a summer's eve, one of those delightful evenings that sometimes succeed a hot day. The balmy air that so gently swept along, seemed laden with a cooling and delicious draught from the fountains of heaven, imparting a soothing and pleasurable influence. Two years previous, a lovely sister had, on just such an eve as this, left the form, and entered upon her spiritual existence; and now they were sad in view of the event.

The mother seemed absorbed in deep thought, ever and anon that calm and serene countenance would betray a deep shadow flitting across her mind;—that face bespoke beauty in her youthful days, which now had merged into the sweetness of a fond mother. O! a mother's love, it is not the offspring of passion, but love, interest. The pure effulgence of a tender heart, entwining itself around the spirit, it never relinquishes its grasp, whether under the influence of a genial atmosphere or overspread with lowering clouds; it is all the same. It is a love that finds its response in heaven; an imperceptible link that connects God with the recipient on earth.

The daughter, Carrie Elmore, had seen scarce eighteen years. A round and rosy cheek, the lips flushed with the glow of health, and that sweet smile shown in the soft twilight of gentle but confiding hope. A beautiful caste was given her countenance by the masses of dark hair that shaded it; art had left no traces of its presence, or fashion its deforming impress. Nature alone was responsible for that form, which was the ultimatum of symmetry. But we will pass from her and listen, for the mother speaks: "Two years have rolled their weary circles into the oblivion of the past, since Anna was called from earth away; and oh! the scenes of that night are with me now, never can I forget, as she so sweetly passed away, those endearing words that came from her lips, 'Mother, I shall ever be near you'; they still linger, and it seems as though I hear them now."

"Mother," said Carrie, "do you not think Anna is here now; did not she say that she would come? Often do I realize her presence. O the shades of the past, when will you leave me? My sister, I love you now." Saying this she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

Time passed on; it was a fine morning in spring. Carrie was about leaving her youthful home, with all its endearing scenes, for other and more varied pursuits. The carriage was soon ready, and she bade her friends adieu.

The sun shone with its accustomed brightness, but it was dim to her; the birds of her native forest sang sweetly, but their melody was no longer harmony to her ears; the soft balmy breeze gently kissed her fair brow, yet its very sweetness embittered her departure.

"Oh!" she sighed, "to leave one's home, the sweet fields where often Anna and I have roamed, happy and free as the songsters over our heads, the wild forest that has so often echoed our gleesome laugh; the winding rivulet on whose mossy banks so oft we have sat and heard its murmuring sound and drank of its sweet waters; it will minister to others now. My cottage home I leave; never, as in days past, will it seem to me, for I can never be again the merry, laughing girl, Anna used to call me, for she is dead—and the shades of the past gather around me."

Carrie's was a nature of finer sensibilities than most possess. Her smile won all hearts; for it was bestowed on all without reserve; melting from lips of loving kindness, and shadowing forth a noble heart. As it was her heart to love, she was thus in this de-occluded world more liable to become the victim of misplaced affection.

Carrie was at school. Oh! what pleasing recollections are associated with those days; they bring to mind pleasures past, reminding us of those we early loved; how free, with not a care of mind, we roamed the fields, gathered flowers,—sat under the forest tree shade, and with the verdant plains around, the running stream near, in whose moan there seemed such a beautiful sadness, that it awakened strange thoughts; thoughts that welled from the inmost spirit; and seemed inspiring, though we comprehended them not. Then we dreamed of happiness; now, oh! how like a dream it seems. Still, we love to think of other days; how, in our school days we communed with Nature and Nature's God; but now

the cares of life call us away. They are gone among the shades of the past, though not forgotten.

A young and handsome man was Frank Leroy; his blue eyes spoke to the heart, the regularly defined features, shaded by dark hair, and tall, erect form, gave to him a fine appearance. Pleasing in his ways, and polite and affable in manner, he was ever loved in society. There was something about him that was irresistible, and many young hearts and lovely forms were drawn towards him. Unconscious he seemed to be of his attractions, and this very insensibility rendered him more attractive.

Was it strange that Carrie should feel an irresistible desire to draw him to her, though unaware of the real cause; yet still she felt kindled within an emotion that was new to her. She was revelling in the first love-dream of her youth; those dark eyes had burned their way into her heart. He, too, loved her, for her voice was as sweet to him as the music of his own native home; every look was a gleam of starlight, every smile a ray from heaven. Many were the happy evenings they passed together, roaming where soft footsteps pressed down the flowers, and words were said which only the angels might hear.

Time passed on; Carrie had returned to her home, and there she was happy, for she awaited the coming of Frank Leroy; passing her time at the seat of the gushing mountain stream, or the evenings of summer beauty on the lake. Long had she looked for him; the rosy summer, in all its loveliness, had passed, and now it was autumn, but he comes not; her heart already fails her, still she believes him true. Oh! woman, confiding woman, how little do you know the ways of man.

The blushing morn and fading twilight found her confident of his return. But she watched in vain. He who has gained her heart, already is far away in his own native land; caring not for her whose life is in his hands—but another's even now rests on his bosom, doomed, like Carrie, soon to suffer. The star of his glory early rose, radiated at morn with unsurpassed brilliancy, but it will soon set forever.

We love to treasure the memory of friends, call to mind pleasures past, and fondly hope that the misty future may reveal, perchance, a brighter and purer season; but the remembrance of such as Frank Leroy will sink into the oblivion of the past, as that of a dark and evil spirit.

'Tis evening; the enchanting twilight has merged into a deeper shade of night; the golden tints and purple hues of an evening sun have disappeared, and that soft, mellow light, so short-lived, yet so beautiful, is diffusing itself through the heavens. Listen, for 'tis the angel's hour.

"Mother, how beautiful is the sky, now; now it grows darker, dusky shadows creep over Nature's face. Lo, the moon is risen; how sweet. Mother, I am dying now; Oh, that I could see Frank,—but if ever you see him, tell him: Carrie loves him. Still I see a beautiful form now; Oh, mother, it is Anna, encircled by a halo of heavenly light, radiating with unsurpassed splendor. Dear sister Anna, how lovely. She bids me come. Kiss me, mother,—father, I leave you, but weep not, Carrie will be ever near; bury me by the water's edge, mother; let the waves of my sweet lake lull me to sleep; and oh, remember that you have two in heaven now, adieu." And she breathed her life out so sweetly, as resigned and calm as the forest leaves tremble to rest beneath the influence of the fading twilight, so did she pass away. The rays from the moon lay softly on the inanimate form of Carrie, as if to soothe and illumine in this, her "last of earth."

Near the water's edge are two graves, side by side; and the gentle breezes that are wafted across the lake, breathe a soft and sweet requiem over the mortal remains of two of earth's inhabitants; but the bright, immortal spirits of the sisters, Anna and Carrie, hover near their now aged parents, and impart sweet and consoling influences, such as they would not part with for all of earth.

Frank Leroy, name him not, for he is of earth still, though he serves the award of his evil spirit in an outcast and broken hearted man.

May his guardian angel yet raise him to a man in worth, as well as name.

As our minds revert to the pleasures of days gone by, we still feel the gathering around us of the shades of the past.

## UPPI.

Up again, brother! heed not the fall!  
Bough is the highway, slips chance to all!  
Rise to your feet, then I have a good heart,  
Now, looking forward, make a fresh start.

## The Avalanche.

In a long, narrow, bleak Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock, hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, an *etablissement des bains*; and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long, irregular street, which is called Bareges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that, not content with rushing from the snowy summits, and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, it rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very centre of Bareges. Of course the inhabitants of Bareges know this, expect it, and are prepared for it. In winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when its visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or barabes, in which the various merchants from neighboring towns display their wares.

In May, of last year, the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be at an end, and many of the merchants began to erect their barabes. Thirteen were completed, and others begun, when the weather changed, and a snow-storm came on. All that day it snowed, and, in the evening, the long sweep of the wind was heard at intervals through the valley.

"There is snow enough up there to bury the whole village!" said the old men who were standing in groups, consulting as to what was to be done.

"Well, well, the barabes must be left—for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbors in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated; each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen barabes, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche, were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger—one consisted of father and mother and three children; the other was an auberge, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions; and, on the night in question, there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind that precedes the avalanche. The snow is a minor inconvenience that no one troubles himself about.

The evening wore into night and nothing came of any one's expectations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody—for one man sat listening intently for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose, and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen, was sleeping.

"Jules, mon Ami, get up!"

Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bed-clothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbor Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I feel quite certain they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and, as his father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of the wind and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as 't was daylight, all Bareges was at work; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow: among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun to work, as near as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. At mid-day they had reached the roof; and, hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe. Henri and his wife and children waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Jules is not here, then! I sent him to warn you."

"Ah, mon Dieu," said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house—I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbors broke open the house-door and groped about in the snow. There, lying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberge, at which some few had already been occupied since daybreak. The snow beneath which it was buried, lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected—of course through the roof. The house was unharmed, and all within it were safe. Jean Cabasse, the aubergiste, told the neighbors that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But, in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up." So, he carried his watch to the window, intending to open the outer shutters. But he could not move them. He went down to the house-door; fast again, in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof; and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen; so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skein of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat round the fire telling tales of past dangers till the evening. Then Jean Cabasse said,

"I am sure the neighbors would begin to dig as soon as it was light—but, doubtless, the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was whilst they were at supper that the neighbors entered, and were greeted, of course, with much affection; tears, and kisses, and loud cries, and altogether in the manner of men who suddenly became aware that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules no lives were lost, and no further damage was done than some four or five stone houses levelled, and all the wooden barabes swept away.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## SUPPLICATION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Give me a flower, the sweet Forget-me-not,  
Tinged with remembrance of that heaven blest spot,  
My childhood's home; and bathed in plying dew  
That fell from angel eyes, as fair it grew  
In the lone vales, and by the river's side,  
A flower of Paradise, the Summer's pride!  
"Long since has vanished from beside the stream,  
The token flower of life's roscate dream."

Give me the gem, once sparkling on the hand  
Of one departed to the better land.  
The hopeful gleaming of the emerald's hue,  
Love-fraught with memories in my soul renew;  
Blind o'er my heart life's tallman serene—  
Bring visions of the forest's depths of green,  
"Long since the gem has paled, the sunlight fled,  
That earthly promise o'er thy life path shed."

Give me the lute, whose silver-gleaming strings,  
Have thrilled beneath the touch of angels' wings,  
The sweet lays of youth and hope and love,  
The gladning song, beneath the Summer moon,  
Release my soul from care's dread earth alloy—  
Once more renew the past of love and joy!  
"Long since has sorrow touched, life's hopes have flown  
The lute responds to Spirit calls alone."

"Yon light! In the realms of light above,  
Unfading blooms the blue-eyed flower of love;  
Hope-gleaming theeth thy valued gem appears,  
Undimmed by doubt, unchanged by drolling years.  
The heart strings of the lute are quivering there,  
'Neath inspiration's touch, and angels' care.  
Long since thy treasures, with a deepening spell,  
In yonder star-world's beauty regions dwell."

## THE OCEAN DREAM.

BY CORA WILBURN.

'Tis a calm moonlight night, and a sweet spell of awakened memories stirs amid the low whisperings of the breeze, telling of long ago, of childhood's light-heartedness, of youths love-gilded dreams, of life's purest and loftiest aspirations, when heavenly promise crowned the heart's fairest hopes with the undying roses of affection. Many dreams have fled, many heart-songs have grown silent; but amid the pleasant recollections of the past comes one—a soothing memory, revealing a Heavenly Father's guiding love; the guardianship and imperishable affection of the beloved, living in a brighter clime.

I shall relate a fact that occurred within my own experience.

We were far out upon the calm, blue ocean, the rippling waves scarce stirred by the soft wind's breath; the starry heavens lovingly reflected upon the azure bosom of the tranquil waters; the moon's subduing lustre casting a line of silver o'er the trackless path, and the white sails flapping musically. Well, I remember the beauty spell that seemed cast around, the poetic reveries that lulled my heart in dreams of heaven. Oh, earth! so fair and green!

I dreamt but of thy flowery vales and guarding mountains, thy cottage homes, and earnest, loving hearts; I knew not then that the serpent forms of treachery and falsehood invaded thy Eden bowers, or that the wand of disenchantment often waved above thy fairy scenes. And then I would dream of the beautiful star worlds; of the "one particular star," with its love spell of attractive power; and people its distant, flowery vales with the forms of the beloved and unknown on earth. A gentle, dark-eyed woman sat beside me, perhaps silently sharing my unspoken thoughts. She was not my mother, yet I gave to her my all of demonstrated affection, reserving for the sainted dweller of the holier spheres my uncommunicated fancies, my heart-formed belief, my unuttered hopes, my spirit's whispered promises.

My father shared not in the calm enjoyment of Ocean's beauty; he, too, dreamt, sitting upon the moon-illumined deck; but it was of earthly grandeur, of wealth's ambition, and of golden power. My gentle stepmother was thinking of a beloved, long absent brother, who, many years ago, had left his quiet home, to seek his fortune in another hemisphere; silence, long and drear, had followed his departure, and though Hope often whispered of a joyful meeting, the circling years brought no tidings of the wept-for wanderer. Often would the dark eyes of the loving woman fill with tears, as busy memory recalled his features, and his dear, familiar voice. She had dreamt of him the past night. She had seen the green, welcoming shores of that fair tropical island, and the first human form that greeted her, was the long-absent brother; his face unchanged; in all the beauty of his early manhood, radiant with the love-light of a welcoming joy, and approaching her with extended hands. So told her dream with a simple, trustful earnestness, and her smile was bright and hopeful, as she expressed her conviction of soon beholding the beloved unforgotten one, or, at least, gaining some tidings of him.

My father smiled at her superstition, as he termed it. "You think so much of your brother, no wonder that you dream about him; but, as for faith in dreams, pooh! that is all nonsense," said he, and turned again to look upon the sea.

That same night, the same vivid and pleasing dream was repeated, with all its details. The tropical scenery beamed gorgeously inviting, and bathed in sunshine. The landing place was there, and on it, standing with extended hands, and brightly welcoming smile, her early playmate, her beloved brother Antony!

The soothing vision thrilled her breast with inexpressible joy; a shade of seriousness dwelt upon her face that day; and deeper grew the conviction that soon would she gain glad tidings, perhaps soon behold him. My father said "it was all nonsense, but, to please her, he would make inquiry for her brother on our arrival."

For the third time she dreamt of the happy meeting on the tropic shores; again she beheld his radiant countenance, illumined as by some inward joy. The welcoming hands were extended; yet she clasped them not; there was light, and beauty, and fragrance in the scene around; all was vividly distinct; she could hear the very murmur of the ocean waves, and feel the balmy breeze that waved amid his chestnut hair; but she could not approach and take that proffered hand; why, she could not tell. He stood there, smiling familiar as of old; yet, mingling with her yearning love, was a sentiment of awe; there was an influence around him, which, while it attracted, seemed to place an unseen barrier between their souls.

We arrived safely; and, as the harbor met her eye, she smiled, as if in recognition, and the tear-drops filled her eyes. There was the landing-place of her dream, the waving coos, and the nodding palm; but no advancing, well-known form was there to greet her. Curiously she scanned the faces there assembled, his was not among them.

My father made the promised inquiry; the cherished brother had truly lived there, but it was many years since his mortal form reposed beneath the luxuriant green-sward; many years since his spirit departed to a still fairer land. And was it not that glorified and happy spirit, revisiting the last earthly dwelling place, and welcoming the mourning sister? Was it not an evidence of the spirit's immortal continuance, a revelation of the beautiful life beyond? She firmly believed it so, and, in my childish heart, I accepted the beautiful faith in the ministry of the departed.

Since then, how many changes have left their impress on my heart and brow. The earth's sod covers the loving heart of my childhood's guardian; my father sleeps on a far distant shore. But the glorious watchword intuition whispered, and the spirit voices gave in first reflection's hour, still guides me onward, upward! Amid my deepest grief, comes soothingly a spirit whisper; in my highest joy comes mingling a thrilling strain of more than earthly rapture. In the gayest crowds, in the busy mart, in the silent hour of heart-expanding prayer, comes o'er my soul that watchword of angelic legions, and tears of thanksgiving fill my uplifted eyes, and sweet fore-shadows enwrap my soul, as spirit influences surround, and earth, and sky, and sun-kissed waters repeat the holy watchword, "Immortality!"

SERIOUS QUESTION.—A popular writer, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.







to society than the determination of the course of some vagrant comet, or the nature of the rings of Saturn, or even of the difference between one species of turtle and another.

While we are fully aware of the evils and abuses which attend upon certain phases of Spiritualism, we cannot but recognize the fact that to vast multitudes of worthy and intelligent people, it is a source of the highest and tenderest emotions—of feelings and opinions which should be sacred from violation, and which no decent or right-minded person would wantonly shock. The press of the country, with few exceptions, have regarded with respect this aspect of the case. In this city the Boston Courier alone has seen fit to treat with scorn and derision, and foul-mouthed abuse, the persons and the religious convictions of the Spiritualists. This may be for a time what is called a smart business transaction, but it cannot fail in the end to be condemned as it deserves.

#### THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

The Kings and Princes of Mind have waved their hands over the uplifting surges and cried, *Be still!* But as an ancient King who was flattered and cajoled into the belief that the waters would back at his will, found that the tide was still advancing and that retreat was all that was left to him, so they retreat from the fair field of conflict, and retiring behind their bulwarks of sophistry and superstition, issue their once powerful but now meaningless edict against all who dare think through any other channel than they dictate. Hear them! Note this particularly.

"It is the opinion of the Committee, derived from observation, that any connection with Spiritualistic Circles, so called, corrupts the morals and degrades the intellect."

Now let us ask them one question. What has the so-called Christianity done towards making men realize their duty towards one another? If they answer it rightly it will be with one word. Without further comment than that these grave dignified Professors entered upon the investigation of Phenomena, which puzzles wiser brains than theirs with the thoughtlessness of children and the stupidity of an unnameable animal, we submit their final proclamation, and wait in patience for the result of another and quite as able an investigation. Harvard College and Old Foggy (foggy?) ism against Reason and unbiased Thought. Which shall win?

The Committee award that Dr. Gardner, having failed to produce before them an agent or medium who "communicated a word imparted to the spirits in an adjoining room," "who read a word in English written inside a book, or folded sheet of paper," who answered any question "which the superior intelligences must be able to answer," who "tilted a piano without touching it, or caused a chair to move a foot," and having failed to exhibit to the Committee any phenomenon which under the widest latitude of interpretation could be regarded as equivalent to either of these proposed tests, or any phenomenon which required for its production, or in any manner indicated a force which could technically be denominated Spiritual, or which was hitherto unknown to science, or a phenomenon of which the cause was not palpable to the Committee, is, therefore, not entitled to claim from the Boston Courier the proposed premium of five hundred dollars.

It is the opinion of the Committee, derived from observation, that any connection with Spiritualistic Circles, so called, corrupts the morals and degrades the intellect. They, therefore, deem it their solemn duty to warn the community against this contaminating influence, which surely tends to lessen the truth of man and the purity of woman.

The Committee will publish a report of their proceedings, together with the results of additional investigations and other evidence independent of the special case submitted to them, but bearing upon the subject of this stupendous delusion.

BENJAMIN PRICE, Chairman,  
L. A. AGASSIZ,  
B. A. GOULD, Jr.,  
E. N. HORSFORD.  
Cambridge, June 29, 1887.

The accompanying documents, consisting of the preliminary papers, through which the case was presented to the Committee, are arranged in chronological order, as follows:—

1. An extract from an editorial article in the Boston Courier of May 25, 1887:—

We will pay five hundred dollars to Mr. Gardner, to Mrs. Henderson, to Mrs. Hatch, to Mr. or Mrs. Anybody else, to any *medium*, *medium*, or *medium*, who will do one or all of the things we have mentioned; who will communicate a single word, imparted to the spirits by us in an adjoining room; who will read a single word in English, written inside a book or sheet of paper folded in such a manner as we may choose; who will answer, with the aid of all the higher intelligences he or she can invoke from the other world, three questions, which the superior intelligences must be able to answer, if what they said in the Melodeon was true; who will tilt a piano, without touching it, or cause a chair to move a foot, placed as we will place it, and with a committee of scientific gentlemen to arrange the experiment. And we will not require of Mr. Gardner or his mediums or trance-speakers to risk a single cent on the experiment. If one, or all of them, can do one or all of these things, the five hundred dollars shall be paid on the spot; if they fail, they shall pay nothing—not even the expenses incident to trying the experiment. We will not limit the time. We think it, however, but reasonable that the experiment should be decided before we depart from the earth life to the spirit sphere. We only stipulate that we shall have the right to choose the place, and to select the committee of three or four, who shall superintend the trial. Mr. Gardner may bring all the higher intelligences and the mediums he pleases, whether in the body or out of the body, as witnesses or actors. The Committee shall consist of gentlemen whose characters, moral, social and scientific, are above question in this community; and we will now mention the four who first occurred to us: Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Peirce, Dr. B. A. Gould, Jr., the editor of Astronomical Journal, and Prof. Horsford, of the Lawrence Scientific School.

2. The conditional letter of acceptance from Dr. Gardner:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER:—In your paper of the 23rd, I notice your reply to a challenge published by me in the Traveller of the 23d, in which you decline its acceptance, and make a proposition to pay \$500 to myself, or to Mr. or Mrs. Anybody else, to any *medium*, *medium*, or *medium*, who will do one or all of the things we have mentioned; who will communicate a single word, imparted to the spirits by us in an adjoining room; who will read a single word in English, written inside a book or sheet of paper, folded in such a manner as we may choose; who will answer, with the aid of all the higher intelligences he or she can invoke from the other world, three questions; who will tilt a piano, without touching it, or cause a chair to move a foot, placed as we will place it, and with a committee of scientific gentlemen to arrange the experiment. Now, Mr. Editor, I accept the offer, as I do, the distinguished gentlemen named as the committee, provided the person or persons making the offer will agree to let all the conditions of the arrangement be within the scope of those natural laws within which we believe spirits are confined in producing the manifestations above referred to, and I will meet the person or persons making the offer, at any time and place, after next Sabbath, which he or they may name, to make such arrangements as are necessary to a thorough and scientific test of this great subject.

Fountain House, Boston, May 27th, 1887.

3. The editorial article in the Boston Courier of May 30, which accompanied the publication of the preceding letter of Dr. Gardner:—

We publish above Mr. Gardner's letter, in reply to the offer made to him to make upon the manner in which the offer is apparently accepted, with some qualifications. It is only necessary to say that the person making the offer leaves it wholly in the hands of the Committee. The Committee will meet Monday night at 8 o'clock at the Fountain House.

Gardner at any place he may designate, by a private note to the Courier, at any hour after three next Monday afternoon. But as the writer is strongly committed against the claims of Spiritualism, and may be considered an interested party, he thinks it will be fairer to Mr. Gardner, and all those on the other side, not to take any part in the arrangement of the investigation. He is entirely in earnest in asking for the investigation; and if the result should show that the claims of Spiritualism are well-founded—that a new science is to be evolved, capable of producing the alleged phenomena, upon hitherto undiscovered principles, or that the mediums have any access to the spiritual world, which other people have not, or any means of gaining knowledge from sources not open to the rest of the world—or that they have any means of obtaining trustworthy information from spirits, of events, facts, truths, or mysteries—then he will readily admit the new truth or truths, and at once become as warm an advocate of the claims of Spiritualism, as he has been heretofore a thorough disbeliever and strenuous opponent.

It is his wish to get at the truth, whatever direction it may take. If the marvellous things alleged of and by the Spiritualists are real, and can be shown to be real, he will consider the result to be cheaply purchased with five hundred dollars; if they are not real, it is important the public should know it.

The gentlemen of the Committee will make the investigation in the spirit of true science, with candor and with thoroughness. Their only motive will be the discovery of the truth; if that is on the side of the Spiritualists, they will welcome it as heartily, and rejoice as sincerely in its acquisition, as if it came from the retort and crucible, from the telescope, from mathematical analysis, or from the palaeozoic strata of the ancient earth.

4. A report of the preliminary proceedings of the Committee, a copy of which was sent to each of the parties:—

The undersigned held a meeting this day, at 3 P. M., to hear the parties interested in a controversy upon the claims of Spiritualism. There appeared, on the part of the Courier, George Lunt, Esq., and on the other side Mr. H. F. Gardner, accompanied by his friend, the Alienist, Dr. B. A. Gould, Jr. As the persons referred to in the Courier as a Committee for the decision of this question had not been previously consulted, they deemed it of the utmost importance that, before proceeding to the investigation, they should ascertain the conditions under which they were expected to serve, and the duties and responsibilities which they were to perform. They were unanimous in declaring that they would not lend themselves to be the mere witnesses of performances which might be accomplished under circumstances which would deprive them of the power of fully ascertaining what was actually performed, as well as the nature of the performance; and that, in any case, they would not be bound to accept of Dr. Gardner's claims, some agency thus far unrecognized by science was manifesting itself—this agency being denied by the Courier; and not whether certain things could be done in a manner which might escape the notice of the referees, and thence be interpreted as evidence of the reality of the manifestations.

After a protracted discussion upon the conditions under which the mediums would undertake and should be permitted to proceed, there being an apparent incompatibility between the conditions demanded by Mr. Gardner, and those under which the Committee would deem it judicious to proceed, it was proposed by Mr. Gardner that he should be permitted to have his own way in every thing, even to the selection of the room and the time, the determination of all the necessary circumstances, and even to the admission that his experiments might be performed in as great darkness as he might find expedient; but that the Committee would not award him the premium, unless, under these circumstances, or others which the Committee might present, in conformity with the usual methods of scientific investigation, they were satisfied that the phenomena were attributable to causes not previously known to science.

The parties were also informed that the conditions of the agreement must be submitted to the Committee in writing, in regard to which some of the subjects of the agreement were suggested by the Committee.

These propositions were taken into consideration by the parties, and the meeting adjourned until the Committee should be informed by the parties that they were ready to proceed.

(Signed) BENJAMIN PRICE,  
L. A. AGASSIZ,  
B. A. GOULD, Jr.,  
E. N. HORSFORD.

Cambridge, June 1, 1887.

At a subsequent meeting of the Committee, it was resolved that a copy of this report of the proceedings, and of the signatures, should be sent to each of the parties, and that the Committee should be permitted to have its own way in every thing, even to the selection of the room and the time, the determination of all the necessary circumstances, and even to the admission that his experiments might be performed in as great darkness as he might find expedient; but that the Committee would not award him the premium, unless, under these circumstances, or others which the Committee might present, in conformity with the usual methods of scientific investigation, they were satisfied that the phenomena were attributable to causes not previously known to science.

BENJAMIN PRICE, Chairman,  
For the Committee.

5. A letter of acknowledgment from the Boston Courier:—

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 6, 1887.

To Messrs. Agassiz, Peirce, Gould and Horsford:—The object of requesting you to act as a Committee on the subject of Spiritualism, was to determine whether there is anything in the alleged phenomena exhibited by mediums, produced by causes hitherto unknown to science.

Nothing being agreed as to the mode of conducting the investigation, I submit the whole matter in the broadest manner, to the gentlemen whose names were mentioned in the Courier, and accepted by Mr. Gardner. If they decide that all or any of the things suggested by the Courier have been performed by the mediums, under conditions which satisfy them that the performance was accomplished, either by the aid of the spirits, or by a force, or by any other power, as they allege, then I shall be ready to fulfill the engagement proposed in the columns of the Courier.

THE WRITER IN THE COURIER.

6. A letter of acknowledgment from Dr. Gardner to the Courier:—

FOUNTAIN HOUSE, BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1887.

On my return from Portland on Saturday, I received a statement of the doings at the meeting at the house of Prof. Agassiz, on Monday of last week. I am now prepared to submit for the consideration of the Committee a series of propositions which I have fully considered, and which I believe will be satisfactory to all the parties concerned in a thoroughly scientific investigation of the whole subject of the Spiritual Manifestations (so called). For this purpose I shall be happy to meet the committee to-morrow, at 3 o'clock P. M., at such place as they may appoint.

Respectfully yours, &c., H. F. GARDNER.

7. The Agreement between the parties:—

We, the undersigned, hereby agree to submit the question in controversy between us, in regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism so called, to the investigation and award of the Committee, consisting of Professors Agassiz, Peirce and Horsford, and Dr. Gould, according to the terms of the paper annexed.

BOSTON COURIER,  
By GEORGE LUNT.

H. F. GARDNER.

Cambridge, June 9, 1887.

DR. GARDNER'S CONDITIONS.

Meeting to be held in a suitable room in the city of Boston, to continue six days, or a longer time if desirable, and two hours each day to be devoted to the investigation, commencing at 4 and closing at 6 o'clock P. M.

All the arrangements and details for the forming the committee to be entirely under the control of the Committee, which the Committee may remain out of the circle so formed if they choose to do so. If the phenomena are produced under the arrangements as ordered by Dr. Gardner, and they are not satisfactory to the Committee, they shall have the right to require them to be produced under such conditions as in their judgment may be deemed best.

As harmony is an essential condition for the production of the manifestations, it is agreed that no loud talking or exciting debate or other unnecessary noise shall be allowed in the rooms during the sessions, and that each person present shall be treated with that respect and courtesy which is due from each person to every other in the society of outsiders.

There may be present at each session the writer in the Boston Courier, and a friend, and the four gentlemen composing the Committee of Investigation. Dr. Gardner and any number of persons, not exceeding six at any one time, at his option, such being selected and invited by Dr. Gardner.

The writer in the Courier and the gentlemen composing the Committee agree that while they are at liberty to exercise all the shrewdness and powers of observation which they are capable during the investigation, they will not exercise their will power to endeavor to prevent the manifestations, but allow them to be produced under the most favorable conditions which a thorough scientific investigation will permit.

The words "to be provided by Dr. Gardner" first being struck out, and the words "and a friend" inserted, it is further understood that the proceedings are not to be published until the investigation is closed.

BOSTON COURIER,  
By GEORGE LUNT.

H. F. GARDNER.

PROTECTION TO FIREMEN.—Some curious experiments have taken place at Paris to test a new contrivance for protecting firemen against strong heat. It consists of gloves made of animal skin, a kind of filamentous mineral, a helmet of the same fitting into another of wire gauze, and a shield, besides other garments of the above mentioned materials.

Three firemen having put on the gloves, were enabled to carry iron bars at white heat for three minutes without being obliged to let go their hold.

A New Cotton Locomotive is about to be constructed, covering 108 acres of land.

## Correspondence.

Boston, July 6th, 1887.

Mr. Editor—I have informed Prof. Felton of my intention to publish the following letter, though a private one, and his only objection being this: "I do not consent to the publication, but I prohibit you, on your own account. I have still a hope, fainter than it was, that you will wake from the delusion, if delusion it be, and abandon the deception, if it be deception. I will not consent that you should place more difficulty in your own way back to the paths of right and common sense, by so ill-advised a proceeding." Having no back paths to tread in this matter and fearing nothing, as truth I trust is infallible, I feel it my duty to submit the matter to other opinions than our own, and for the purpose of showing how far previously formed opinions may cause a man to forget what is due to his fellow, and to make changes in such a wholesale manner with so many "ifs" in mind as are embodied in the above, quoted from a second letter.

PROFESSOR FELTON'S LETTER TO MR. SQUIRE.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 9, 1887.

Dear Sir—I have reflected much upon what I saw and heard at Mr. —'s last Friday evening. In common with the rest of the company, I was interested in your personal appearance, and the evidences of ability above the common average, which it indicated. I could not help feeling that Nature intended you for a better destiny than that of a so-called medium; and I entirely approve of the course — has taken in writing to you. You spoke of having been out of your head at the time when the supposed medium powers manifested itself in your person. This may explain the delusion under which you commenced your course. But that delusion must, by this time, have passed away. You are studying a profession which has taught you how to weigh evidence and to apply your reason; and you must have seen how futile are all the arguments, and how unsubstantial the alleged facts, on which the pretences of Spiritualism are founded. Surely you could not have believed Friday evening, that the spirit of your friend George was engaged in pulling off the cap of an old watch—a trick of a very low order of jugglery, which has been performed by persons wholly without training in the art. If you had supposed your friend's spirit to be present, most certainly you would not have addressed him in the jesting, frivolous manner which you employed while holding the watch under the table. You could not believe that my father's spirit directed the sentences which your hand wrote, under the pretext that they were intended for me. My father did not leave me young, nor was I an orphan. He died at the age of sixty-six, when I was forty-one years old; and the whole communication was a mistake. The performances with the table were too obviously your own work to deceive the slightest vigilance. In short, nothing was done that was not completely seen through. You knew how everything was done, and so did we. There was not the slightest deception; nor the slightest doubt in the mind of any one present as to the manner of doing everything that was done. I also received the impression that you would be glad to relieve yourself of the embarrassment of your present position; that you are really trying to abandon the practices of mediumship. If so, for heaven's sake do not hesitate a moment longer to do what is right. You are still young and have before you a long life career. You can redeem the errors of the past by an honorable and manly resolution to abandon at once and forever all that has been evil in it. I am sure your own conscience tells you how wrong your course has been; let not the voice of conscience be uttered in vain. Be honorable and take your place among honorable men in an honorable profession. I assure you it will give me the sincerest pleasure to see you take such a course; and in the hope that you will do so, I venture to subscribe myself,

Your friend, C. C. FELTON.

And now, through the columns of the Courier, the Professors have spoken, and relying undoubtedly upon their reputation, have brought before the public an unfair statement, profuse with falacies and misrepresentations. In alluding to my statement in the Traveller, they say it is not "literally true." I repeat that it is true, to the letter; not a single word in it but what will bear the closest scrutiny. The statement in the Courier consists of a number of representations, some true, some partially false, others absolutely so. There are certain rules regulating intercourse between man and man, from which even Greek Professors, despite their intellectual and social position, are not exempt. It is equally incumbent upon all, from the Professor down to the medium, to maintain the strictest accuracy of statements, when, upon the facts stated, are founded charges of the gravest and basest humbuggery and imposition against their fellow men. Ordinary men do not make wholesale charges against their fellows without some color of truth, and when those from whose standing and profession we expect fair and gentlemanly treatment, so far forget themselves as to accuse others as humbugs and impostors, without proof to sustain their accusations, they degrade themselves below even their own estimate of mediums.

I shall now simply state wherein falsehood has taken the place of truth in the Professor's statement, and acknowledge what is true. The first experiment attempted, was, as the Professors say, entirely unsuccessful; "not a word was written, not a mark was made." The watch was then attached to my finger, as stated, my hand bound by two handkerchiefs, and the opening where the chain came through was pinned up by Prof. Eustis. "My hand, after being awhile under the table, was withdrawn, and the outer case found open. So far their statement in regard to this experiment is correct, but that, "the watch instead of hanging by the chain as before, was now caught up, so as to bring the ring of the watch itself nearly, if not quite in contact with his hand," is a barefaced falsehood, with not one scintilla of truth in it. For the irreverent expression in which I couched my request for the performance of the experiment, which I am well aware will weigh much to prejudice me in the minds of those who may read it, while I fail to see how it can weigh as evidence of guilt, I humbly apologize, and acknowledge it deserving of severe censure. The statement relative to the Latin and Greek is correct, as far as I can judge, not knowing whether it was good or bad, the rewriting of the words being apparently necessary, on account of their not being plainly written at first. A communication from Prof. Felton's father was an entire mistake, he says, and I believe his word, although he questions my oath. The statement of the next experiment is opened with truth, but it closes in falacy and misrepresentation. My hand did tremble (the effect of an electrical influence upon me at the time), but it should be a matter of no consideration that my hand should tremble when the hand of a man disciplined and trained in the army trembled also. "His (Prof. Eustis) own hand also trembled in consequence of holding out his arm so long without support." The table was thrown over my head, but I really was not aware that it manifested a "defiant air" at any time during the evening, and I suppose it is just to say I know little

about such "airs," having never been in the army. They go on to say, that Prof. Eustis accomplished the same feat, but purposely forget to state "how," in order to leave the reader to suppose that he really raised with his left hand a weighty table and threw it, free from other contact, over his head. I have before stated, and also truly, how he performed the feat, although they have chosen to impugn my statement in the Traveller of the 13th June. The efforts and various movements of the Professor were such as I could not have made without incurring undeniable detection. The next experiment the writer had most probably forgotten, and therefore is not to blame for the bungling manner in which he has treated upon it. It consisted in the raising of the table upon our heads, not in the manner it should rest after it had got there. As they state, they next endeavored to hold the table to the floor; they occupied positions as stated by them, myself between Dr. Johnson and Prof. Felton, the thumb of my right hand under Dr. J.'s left, and that of my left under Prof. F.'s right; the table was not taken entirely away, but was not to be kept still, although a knowledge of the "applications of forces" was so abundant, and after Prof. Eustis, in a voice indicating considerable exertion, said: "I guess we've tried long enough to test their strength," we ceased our endeavors. But the remark, "when the light was admitted, the medium bore all the appearances of a person who had just gone through a violent physical exercise," as also that "Mr. Squire walked about the room panting and perspiring with the unusual and unsuccessful efforts he had made," alluded to in another portion of that tissue of falacies, are both unsupported by even the most remote expression of truth, and are foolish and inconsistent falsehoods. Were I an impostor, how little wit they accord me. Is it probable that after having measured my strength against "not only a scientific man, but one who had received a military drilling," one who understood the "application of forces," and finding it insufficient that I should persist in an effort which my "ability," of which I had given such "evidences," could but tell me would manifest itself to my detection? Prof. Eustis, I most heartily believe, has had a most thorough military drilling. The statement in regard to "going up to the ceiling" is most incorrect where it attempts to explain the manner in which it is accomplished; the injunction to the circle are correctly laid down, but the forming of a circle around the table is not necessary, as I have risen both with and without it, attended by equal success. In noting the conclusion arrived at in regard to the person, one of the eight from whom the table was taken, it is most easy to see that any man, no matter who he be, differing from the Professors in their opinions, becomes a "defective observer," an imbecile, or worse. The writer has clothed the end of his most unfair statement in hyperbole and fustian; but that is no affair of mine, as most probably desiring a style to suit the state of feeling under which he was writing before he indited the few last lines, he resorted to the advice of the immortal Horace,—

Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,  
What suits your genius, what your strength will bear."

I labor under no disadvantage—as far as proof goes. I had not an equal number present at the circle with the Professors, and have only the lady and gentleman of the house and myself to testify to the truthfulness of my assertions, against their party of six. I was not warned in time; or else I had had as many and as reliable persons present as there were Professors. I know too well how "little my word would be against that of a Professor, yet I feel it my right to state what I know to be truth, trusting that any word may stand as beside another's, not beside a professorship, or a reputation publicly established. I suggest to the Professor the propriety of seeing the "model pastor," and getting a few of the six or eight witnesses he says he can subpoena, and delay no longer, for if this can be done, and myself proved a cheat, it is for the public good.

A word or two about the Professor's letter, and I conclude. He has, at the commencement, well sugar-coated the pill, that I might swallow it the more easily, or may be the complimentary part is an inducement for me to own up. If so, the Professor has his labor for his pains. Although I do not for a moment imagine the Professor will believe anything that a Spiritualist may affirm, still I must take this opportunity to disclaim all jugglery and imposture. I am neither juggler nor impostor. And, in the name of heaven, I claim to be honest as a medium, and in all and everything that relates to Spiritualism. One mistake I must correct, into which the Professor, with even his accuracy, has fallen. I did not say I was insane at the time when the medium power first manifested itself in my person. I said simply this,—that I had been insane previous to the first manifestation, and in my ignorance, attempted to account for what then occurred, by referring it to my previous insanity.

My insanity was not caused by Spiritualism. I knew comparatively nothing about it; having witnessed the manifestations but once or twice before my own development; and in my case there was no connection, direct or indirect between them. I do not hesitate to do what is right. There is no "embarrassment in my present position," and I will not abandon what I believe, and have reason to believe is truth, even though a Professor of Harvard College, who knows nothing for or against the integrity and veracity of him of whom he speaks, may rank me among dishonorable men. Denunciations are easily made; but until something more satisfactory to me, something that addresses itself to, and convinces my reason, I shall continue in a course, which I hold to be both true and honorable. Will the Professor inform me, if possible, how "the performances with the table were too obviously my own work, to deceive the slightest vigilance?" Will he explain how communications in Greek and Latin were produced by a person knowing absolutely nothing of those languages, and next to nothing of the other; whether their rendering be good or bad? Will he give an instance of the "slightest deception," on my part? The only reason for branding the whole as a deception, is because, in his opinion, it can be nothing else. No certainty to prompt him! No proof of imposture; but then, what need of proof. Has not Prof. Felton said that it was all deception? And is this not sufficient? The evidences of all our senses are not to weigh a feather against his opinion.

A long time ago, a new religion was started, and its first adherents came from the unknown and illiterate. The sages and learned Professors were conspicuous in attempting to crush the new religion. Then truth prevailed—so will it now.

Your servant, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

20 Court street.

## Dramatic.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—The current of success still bears the talented company onward. Nightly the house is filled by an appreciative audience, composed of the most intelligent theatre-goers of the city. The plays have been the same as those performed during the past two weeks, with the exception of CHARITY'S LOVE, a production of more than ordinary effect. The characters of Captain Algernon and Charity, are most admirably adapted to the peculiar talents of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport. Rarely have we been so pleased with the portrayal of any character as that of Charity. Mrs. Davenport wins upon the audience, constantly, by her truthful and exquisitely natural personations. Lacking the vivacity of Mrs. Barrow, there is a charm in her manner, nevertheless, which is perfectly irresistible. A friend, standing at our elbow during one of the performances, expressed his admiration of her, in an eloquent word, he was pleased, because there was such a "good" look about her. We accept the word as literal.

Mrs. Barrow loses none of her popularity, and deserves all the praises she receives. Mrs. Rainsforth has been added to the company, and is a very agreeable acquisition. John Gilbert is playing with more than ordinary spirit, and there are very few things to quibble at in the entire performances.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, revived on Monday evening, with Mr. J. S. Browne, Mrs. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Williams, in their original characters, met with a most triumphant reception.

## The Busy World.

CROP PROSPECTS.—The Cincinnati Gazette says:—"We examined carefully, yesterday, a large number of papers from the west, published within the last few days, and found, from every section, flattering accounts of crop prospects. The weather continues clear and warm. Wheat is maturing finely, and corn is growing rapidly. The indications could hardly be more encouraging."

IN ALBANY, grocers have been compelled to lower the price of common descriptions of sugar from 12c to 11c. This is a recession that none will make a sour face at.

POTATOES AND APPLES.—About 2000 barrels of new potatoes were shipped on Thursday, from Norfolk to New York, and other markets. The price in Norfolk is \$3 per barrel. Apples are very plentiful but small lots are being shipped—price \$3 per barrel for rather inferior quality.

THE GRASSHOPPERS that have threatened to destroy the crops in certain parts of Minnesota have been killed by the recent cold and wet weather. It is said that bushels of dead grasshoppers, in masses, may be seen on the prairies.

THE NEW YORK MINNION says "those little, delicate rosettes, traditionally called bonnets, worn as ornaments to the ladies' 'back hair,' are blooming just now in exquisite beauty and perfection."

PHILANDER DOESTICKS and Mr. WILBUR, lately reporters of the New York Tribune, have bought the New York Picayune, which will brighten up under their efforts.

OBSERVATORY.—The merchants of New York contemplate the erection of a time and weather observatory in that city. They estimate the cost at \$20,000, and have asked permission to place the structure upon the Battery.

TELEGRAPH WIRE.—A piece of the submarine cable, which was lost off Newfoundland, a mile in length, is to be laid across Detroit river, at Belle Isle, a mile and a half above Detroit. It contains three wires—two of which are for the use of the Union Telegraph Company, and one for the use of the Michigan Central Railroad Company.

A CURIOUS QUESTION.—The Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society, at Cincinnati, has offered a premium of \$100 for the best essay, of not less than 120 pages, on the question, "Should Christians wear Jewelry?"

THE BARQUE ADRIATIC, Captain Durham, of Belfast, is still in France, awaiting the final decision of the highest French Court, in relation to her liability in the case of collision with the steamer Lyonnais. If the decision in the inferior court is affirmed, she will recover \$100 per day for detention, from the time the appeal was taken.

Mr. C. C. Tracy left New York Wednesday afternoon, with between 30 and 40 children, mostly boys, and aged from 6 to 14 years, from the Children's Aid Society. They were neatly dressed, the clothing for the occasion having been generously contributed by the Sabbath schools of the city. They are to settle at the West, and form the seventh company that has gone within seven months.

A NEW PAPER, to be specially devoted to industry and commerce, is about to be established in Havana, Cuba, with a capital of \$80,000.

## 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 upon 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 to their respective localities to increase its circulation. Will 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.

Mrs. H. F. HUNTLEY will lecture in the trance state, at the Melodeon, on Sunday, July 12th, at 3 and 8 o'clock P. M.

A Conference Meeting of all persons interested in the subject of Spiritualism, is held as above, at 10-12 o'clock A. M., each Sabbath.

There will be Trance speaking and interpretations by W. H. Porter, at the Music Hall, on Sunday, the 12th inst., at 3 and 8 o'clock.

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

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

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Meetings also at Wail's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

SALEM.—Meetings in South street Church, for Trance speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening. At Lyceum Hall, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOWNY.

## ZHOOTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. K. COOMBS, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.



It is indeed sad to see how little man understands of the laws of his being, and how little he appreciates the end and object of his earthly existence. How few there are (comparatively) who have any other motive in life than this same self-gratification—though the earth was to be their only dwelling place and the "mansions in the skies" merely imaginary.

Now it is obvious to every reflecting mind, that a grievous wrong somewhere, and it is ours to privilege, when divested of all earthly restrictions, that human society, in its disorganized state, imposed upon its view from the spirit-plane, every thing in its life



## The Messenger.

these things, but those restrictions which they are under prevent them from declaring their convictions. In the first place, among the greatest hindrances that society has to contend against, we would class erroneous teachings.

We do not mean to say that all of your religious teachers preach errors, that is, intentionally. They teach much truth, but just where they leave off they should begin. They teach man that every thing is possible with God, even a philosophical impossibility, so to speak. That he can, at the eleventh hour, transform an undeveloped spirit in all its hideous deformity, instantaneously into a spirit of light—and never was a greater error promulgated to the world, or one which has such an evil tendency. As well might you expect to plant the acorn at night and go forth in the morning with the expectation of seeing the full grown oak.

We say such a thing is an impossibility, because it is contrary to the laws of Nature, and Nature's laws are God's laws. We hold it to be a philosophical impossibility for Deity to alter or change any law which he has formed—as the simple fact of its being in existence, is proof positive that it is good—and if good, why alter or change its operation.

Now let us look for a moment at the effect of such teachings. The man of business, supposing him to be a professional Christian, pursues his daily avocations as steadily, and apparently worships his God no more than the man of the world. Why is this? He sits regularly under the preaching of the gospel; he has been taught to believe that the merits of the Savior atoned for the sins of the world, and of course flatters himself that any short comings of his will be winked at. So, instead of living out the true Christianity that our Divine Master taught and lived—showing that he was but the way and means of salvation, he still worships the god of Mammon and puts the day afar off when the true and only judgment must come to his own soul.

The man of the world naturally enough, looks to the professing Christian to see the effect that religion has upon him, and sees no difference, or at least but little. He turns away saying to himself, where is he worthy of heaven more than others? Is he not engrossed alike in the cares of the world with us? Does he not seek to lay up his treasure upon earth, and has he secured his treasure in heaven? Does he clothe the naked or feed the hungry? Does he withstand persecution, or does he rather court the favor of the world so as to avoid it—does he leave all and follow in the footsteps of his Divine Master? Alas! too often we see mere profession, where there should be practice.

Christ says, those that love him must take up their cross and follow him, and the things that he did they should also do, and even greater. But what does the organized church of the nineteenth century say? Those things are passed. They were intended for that age. If so, then the truth that those mighty works proclaimed is not applicable at the present time. Where would have been the cause of Christ to-day, had it not been for those mighty works which he and his apostles performed as "signs," that what he taught was indeed really true? And are there not unbelieving Jews at the present time? Look at the fashionable, unmeaning religion of to-day, and say if there is not wanted something to impress upon the minds of the world at large, the truth, as the Divine One taught it. This is not the fault of profession, but the want of practice. The church has become so cold and lifeless that were it not for the name, we could scarcely recognize it. Christ's mission upon earth was not only to prove to man that he would exist after death, but also to show that this was but a probationary state. That if they would only live as he did, and seek to harmonize the two natures innate in man, they could do the things that he had done—and thus by not only professing, but putting into daily practice the principles that he lived out, they might be fitted and advanced to that state of development so as to enter the high and pure mansions of his Father's house.

In this way, and no other, was this to be attained. Thus we see, that it is entirely dependent upon ourselves to work out our own happiness and destiny. It cannot be bought with the dross of the world. It cannot be obtained by high sounding titles or by another's merits—but only by the "way" which Christ declared himself to be. How just is this. For if salvation could be bought by the world's influence, or gold, and indeed would be the fate of the larger portion of it. But, on the contrary, the crowned heads, the influential dignitaries of the world, must be satisfied with the lowest seats in the celestial spheres, until they have purged their souls of all that pertains to their gross and sensual natures. When the rays of Divine truth are brought to bear upon them, and pour a flood of light into their souls, then it is that shall come the "judgment," whether it be before or after the spirit leaves its mortal tenement of clay. In this light, how plain and easy is the duty of every individual. Recognizing ourselves only as such—and that every soul is the architect of its own destiny in the future, as well as the present life. Once establish this principle in the mind of man, and he acts from a different motive. There is no fear of an endless hell to intimidate him to his duty. He looks to no one to do his duty for him—the merits of another cannot benefit him, only so far as he imitates his example—consequently he perceives that all his good acts, kind feelings and benevolent practices, in the earth life, are so many stepping-stones to forward him in his progression to purity and perfection, he must of necessity be a Christian. He will not worship God with his lips, while his heart is afar off—he will not keep the Sabbath holy to the exclusion of the rest of the week—but every day will be ascribed to him. His prayers and thanks will ever be ascending to the Father of all good. In a word, his whole life will be a picture of beauty, to which even angelic beings from the heavenly spheres shall not wish to add one light or shade, blending together in harmony, like the beautiful tints of the rainbow. Such a life shall indeed be a "rainbow of promise" set in the spiritual horizon, bidding those living in the lower spheres to "go and do likewise."

## SPIRIT WRITING IN A DAGUERRETYPE.

The *Detroit Daily Advertiser* gives an account of a singular manifestation of spirit presence.

A lady called on a Daguerrian artist of that city for the purpose of having a likeness taken. Not satisfied with the first effort of the artist, on account of a few scratches appearing on the glass, she sat a second time. After she left the first picture was examined and on turning it upside down the name of *Jane* was distinctly seen, written quite prettily. This was not on the glass before it was used, and must have been written upon it during the process of taking the likeness. A large number of persons have examined the phenomenal appearance, and the general belief is that some spirit friend of the lady wrote the name.

## KEEP YOUR WINGS DRY.

If you will go to the banks of a stream, and watch the flies that come to bask in it, you will notice that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of water; and, after swimming about a little while, they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air. Now that is a lesson for us. Here are we immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul—our faith and our love—out of the world, that, with these unwetted, we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.

**REAPING MACHINE CHALLENGE.**—Baron Ward has given notice to the Imperial Agricultural Society of Vienna that he challenges all reaping machines—European and American—to compete with his (an improvement on Hussey's), patented in October, last, in Austria, for one thousand florins, in cutting eleven acres, next harvest. The trial is to take place in the Austrian dominions, and those who accept the challenge have the choice of cutting either wheat, barley, oats or clover, the price to be awarded to the one which does the work in the shortest time, and in the best manner.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mr. F. F. 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 communicated, without alteration by us.

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

## Answers to Correspondents.

To F. H. S., Baltimore.—Behold the stone which the builders refused is become the head of the corner. My dear friend, I draw nigh you this morning to commune with one who is very dear to me. He often wonders why he does not receive more communications from his friends in the spirit life. We say he does not need any more than he has given him. He must not think, because his friends do not manifest to him, that they are not with him, and would often like to speak with him. There is one present by the name of O'Neil, and he wishes me to say to you he does not wish to be considered a Catholic.

Dear earthly child, you must not weep in well doing, neither must you fancy you do not receive enough from the spirit life. Steadily move onward, and you will end well.

NATHANIEL SMITH.

Who died in the year 1821.

The reference in regard to O'Neil is made by this spirit, because in the letter which is answered, his name is mentioned, and mention is also made of the interest the Catholics of Maryland feel in reference to the subject of Spiritualism, many leading Catholics being firm believers, according to our correspondent's letter. O'Neil wished also to give a test, and takes the occasion to say that he was not of that persuasion.

To Geo. P., Haverhill, Mass.—Dear Mortal.—You have a large company of spirit friends with you, who are anxious to develop you for our use. You have medium power, and in time we will do much with you, but cannot say in how long a time. Be patient and you shall yet see what you have not even hoped for.

JOHN S. PETERSON.

**Seeing Spirits.**—Samuel Hopkinson; O'Neil; Henry Hubbard; Wm. Allston; Charles Johnson; Anna Wilder; Mary Cushman; Susan Cook.

I see five spirits here. One seems to be a child about four years old. He says he does not remember anything of earth. His name was Samuel Hopkinson. He has blue eyes, very light flaxen hair with long curls, and is beautiful in appearance. He says he wishes to communicate with his sisters; his mother is here with him, and I should think was about fifty years of age.

He says he has two sisters, Sarah and Elizabeth, and he is anxious to communicate with them, especially with Elizabeth, who, he says, is a medium, though she is not aware of it. She writes he says.

Next I see is a young man who appears to be about thirty years of age, very thin, happy, and intelligent looking. He wishes me to ask whether you have published his communication. He gives the name of O'Neil. Another way of spelling the same name is Neall, and there are many others, as Neale, Neal, Neill and Neil. Hardly two in correspondence with him ever spelled his name alike he says.

Another spirit here seems very anxious, and says (won't you stop thinking a moment and take hold of my hand?) there he says he died in Charlestown, N. H., and looks as if he was astonished at something. He gives the name of Henry Hubbard; was ex-governor of that State. He looks very honest, and this may be true. He says that he has been here a short time. The reason why he comes is that he is very anxious to manifest to his friends at home. He says he manifested at a circle at Washington, Vermont, two nights ago, (his our sitting was June 18th.) for the first time. He heard much of Spiritualism, but believed nothing of it. He was obliged to eat the whole apple before he knew whether the fruit was good. His unbelief is now swept away by knowledge.

Here is a spirit who gives the name of Mr. Allston. He is a young man, and says he has been here a short time. Thinks he will be able to communicate something in reference to himself soon.

I see one I know. Charles Johnson wishes to tell Isaac to be careful in his selection of friends, and learn to read the page of human minds, that he may not fall into temptation. He wishes him to know that he is with him more than he thinks, and will aid him as much as possible. Thanks him for drawing his image upon the mind's canvas so frequently.

There is a spirit here by the name of Anna Wilder, who has communicated to you before. She wishes to know if you remember her. She came here by accident two years ago, or about that. You have her communication in a small package of letters you have received from the spirit land. She is short, straight, about twenty-six or twenty-seven, dark, hair of a brown color, and eyes dark.

There is a spirit here by name of Mary Cushman. She may be about fifty years of age. She wishes to communicate to her children.

Another spirit gives the name of Susan Cook; she is quite young. I cannot hear her talk or get her ideas.

Here is a tall, oh, the most beautiful Indian. He has laid his hand upon my head. He is singing some wild melody, and the music is delightful, but I cannot understand one word of it.

## Rev. Mr. Burnap, of Lowell.

Eighteen hundred years ago there came a band of angels, proclaiming glad tidings of great joy. These angels declared that joy should extend through all time; that all nations should receive those tidings, and praise God for them. Why did the angels manifest to the shepherds? Why did they not enter the halls of wealth, and there make known these glad tidings?

They came in obedience to the commands of God; they approached those who would hear them, who they received them. "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy," says the angel; and what were these tidings? "Simply this,—Unto you this day is born a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord," or, in other words, For this day is God manifest in the flesh. Behold, he comes forth upon the sea of oblivion, and he rises higher and higher, until many of the people own him as their Saviour. But who received this King of the Jews, this God of the Gentiles, and the Saviour of the world? Go back, and, with us, see these words written.—"And the common people heard him gladly."

They who were buried in Superstition, Error, Bigotry and Pride, could not hear him in those days, neither can they in the Present. They who, from long ages past, have gathered about them a temple, are very loth to give up what they call a sacred abiding place. And, however loud their God may call, they shut themselves up, close their eyes, and hang about them mantles of darkness, and go about like white sepulchres, clean without, but very impure within.

"And the common people heard him gladly." And the wealthy looked upon him with scorn; they derided him; they spat upon him; they cursed him. Who did they curse? The living God; the principle that spoke them into existence. But as Love is with that principle, he cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." We would we could find Spiritualists uttering the same prayer, for surely they are in darkness, and they should pity them.

Thirty odd years Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth. He was subject to temptation, as are your mediums. He was hunted down like the wild beasts, and oftentimes he was obliged to flee to the Temple of Nature to save his earthly form from violence, that he might fulfil his mission.

And if he was thus persecuted, who was perfect, if they would not receive Truth from the lips of one without sin, can you expect they will receive it from less perfect channels readily?

It were more than folly for you to expect it. The great wheel of progress has been placed by the Most High in the garden of Materialism, and however slow it may turn, yet, in time, all mankind shall be restored to perfection. Yes, Purify shall again sit upon the countenances of all mankind. In the beginning they are pure, shall they not again attain purity? We tell you they shall. Therefore, be persevering, be patient, be pure, that men, by your works, see that you stand in the Light of Truth.

A few months ago, my spirit inhabited a mortal tenement. I could not see as I now see; false education, and a system of self-righteousness, closed me in from the beauties of Nature and Nature's God. Oh, were I again in an earthly temple, my soul should be free. I would not fetter that soul by creeds—no chain should bind me. I would gather Truth wherever I found it, and when I had gathered it, I would say to those who were in want, come eat, and be refreshed thereby.

I had often heard of spiritual manifestations, but never but once witnessed anything of the kind. I would to God I had.

In passing, from earth, I experienced great pain, great fear. The belief that had sustained me in my material life, did not well sustain me in death. However calm and self-possessed I might have appeared to my friends, there was an unquenchable fire within that could not be quenched by my belief. Where shall I go? said I. But while disease and spirit were warring together, my spirit took its flight, and I found myself an inhabitant of the spirit world.

Now, I praise God that I am able to return; and although I have imperfectly manifested to you, I have hope of doing better in the future.

One word to the dear friends who would fain know how I am situated. Oh, tell them my earthly religion is not my spirit's religion. For although many beautiful truths are in it, the errors there nearly cover them.

I ask of all my friends to seek, that they may find, for surely they cannot be harmed for seeking, nor refused if they knock at the door.

Oh, my family, my dear family! I wish them to know that no sun sinks beneath the Western hills, that I do not come and pray that the God of Wisdom will enlighten them. I pray that error may flee away from them; and will these prayers be answered? Yes, I know they will, for now I know to whom I pray. I see him more perfectly in his works, unbiassed by earth and its contaminations.

One word to the dear sister who has so kindly called my spirit from the eternal world; so kindly beckoned me here, saying, from her inmost soul, come and give us Light, come and hold to our parched lips the cooling water of belief. I would say, dear sister, I am with you; I am rejoiced that one link in the chain is broken, and that you are seeking Truth outside of the walls of Church Bigotry. Oh, this is joy to me; heaven is here, where else need I seek for it?

Almighty Father, thou who art from everlasting to everlasting, wilt thou, in wisdom, send drop after drop of cool water, that thy children may be refreshed thereby. Oh, Lord our God, imbue thy disciples with Faith, with Hope, with Charity, long suffering and meekness. Oh, grant them in this sphere knowledge of thy Truth, and in the sphere to come, joy everlasting. We praise thee, Almighty fountain of goodness; that thou hast opened up eyes, that we see, our ears, that we hear. We praise thee, Oh Father, that thou art filling the earth with thy love; that thou art scattering to the four corners thereof the seed of righteousness. And Oh, our God, wilt thou send a messenger of Love within the churches of the earth sphere? Wilt thou place a flame within those dark temples, which shall burn upon thy throne, making the wilderness here blossom like the rose, gathering around them angel bands, which shall draw the people to them.

Hear us, Oh Divine Source of Light,—we know that thou wilt if we ask. Therefore, we praise thee again and again, and until we shall be called to dwell more immediately beneath the smiles of thy love.

BURNAP, of Lowell.

## Capt. Earl Hodges, of Norton, Mass.

Good morning, friend. You are a Spiritualist; I suppose you believe that Spirits come and commune with you. Do you not think you are very foolish in thinking so?

I want you to understand me, and not misunderstand me; when on earth, I was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism. Why, I would just as soon have believed that by my wishing, the world would come to an end in five minutes, I could produce that effect, as that I would have believed that by my will, I could commune with Spirits; provided I obeyed certain laws.

But there is a time for everything, and my time for becoming a Spiritualist, it seems, was not to come until I was a spirit.

I have a great many friends who were Spiritualists, but they did not find me a very congenial companion, for I was determined not to believe. Now I come here changed entirely, although I still retain my own views upon the subject.

When I first entered the spirit world, I looked around with perfect astonishment. Can it be possible, said I, that I am here alive, and dead at the same time? I have often asked, will it be possible for me to know my friends if I meet them after death? I never had that question answered till my decease. And then they appeared just as I expected, though not as I expected when on earth.

I came to you to get aid to give. Doubtless you have a great many friends who are Spiritualists. Well, so had I, when on earth, but I stood the fire of Spiritualism, and never got so much as singed. I wish I had thought, for if I had, I might have been induced to investigate.

Well, I have seen much of the material sphere, and I hope to see much of the Spiritual. I have been in many places on earth, where things around me spoke of God; for I was always, when in such places, drawn to nature's God; but so indistinct were my ideas, that I never made up my mind fully as to who he was, or what.

Were you ever on the ocean, in a storm? Well, it seems to me, as though there God fully manifested his power; the God of nature, I mean. But I could not fully realize God on earth. I could not understand his many creeds, like mile-stones set up in the land, telling you to go this way and that, or the other, to find God. So I made up my mind, that if a man followed the dictates of his conscience, he was a safe in the road to God.

But I did not always follow those dictates, for they said to me, investigate Spiritualism, and I did not. Consequently, when I came here, I knew nothing of my spiritual life, and was obliged to depend upon what some kind spirit gave me.

Doubtless you will think strange of me for coming as I do, without any invitation. I am a novice in this affair, and if I make any blunders, you must set me right. I want to reach my friends, many of whom stand in the same position I once stood in. My Spiritual friends will be glad to hear of me; and my skeptical friends will, if they can believe it is me. God knows I am as near to them as ever; in fact, I love them better, for I now see them without the surrounding of earth.

My name is Earl Hodges—I lived in Norton, Mass. I knew an old Spiritual friend, in Boston. I thought he meant all right, when on earth; but I thought he was deluded. However, he was better when he was in that deluded state, than before. His name was Childs, and he used to be a hard boy once. A grand

mother by the name of Mary, has urged me many times to commune, and I am here.

Ask Childs if he remembers the time I told him I was sorry he was so foolish, and laughed at him for his belief. I was an acquaintance of his and a friend; we met often, and conversed upon the subject of Spiritualism. Ask him if he remembers the last time he talked with me on the subject, and I laughed at him and told him he was getting crazy; and he laughed, and said it was all right, I was coming along fast enough. Well, here I am, a Spiritualist. I have come to work at the eleventh hour, and God is going to give me my pay, and I shall have just as much as you will. So you must not when you see a man who can't believe as you do, think he is going to be damned. That is too much like old foggy Christianity.

Now you must not call me verdant, if what I give you is disconnected, but remember that which is good to you, is not to another, and what is as nothing to one, is of vast consequence to some other person.

Oh, how I wish I could have a medium to myself, about a year; I should unload a cargo of useful material as any one. I don't say it would be choice, but it would be true.

Tell Childs that when I shake hands with him again, I shall talk far differently from what I once did, and that if I did not pick up all the gems of truth he dropped at my feet, when on earth, they are not altogether lost, for now I can recall the words he uttered, and they are lamps to me.

## Benjamin Lindsey, a passenger on the Steamer Montreal.

True, true, true. Spirits do come back, and they do manifest, for I am a spirit. I promised certain friends that if it was true I would come back and manifest to them. You see I have been in the spirit land, as it seems to me, only a few days. My God, that was a hard time! My name was Benj. Lindsey. Derby, in Lower Canada, was my native place. I had been to California, and was just returning. I was on board the steamer Montreal, and she took fire. We poor mortals did the best we could, and the most of us landed on the other side of Jordan. I am here; this was but a few days ago, but that is no reason I cannot communicate. I was 35 years old last spring. I had investigated Spiritualism somewhat, but I had not made up my mind as to whether it was true or not, now I know. Seventeen days ago I was in Boston, had a form or a body, and passed through, stopping to take lunch. I got here in the morning from New York, and went away about 12 o'clock. I lunched near the Worcester depot—the first shop you see after leaving the depot. My God! I did not think of being here so soon. I have been trying to influence more than twenty mediums, but never found one I could influence before.

I want to tell George Brown that Spiritualism is true—that is a good deal of humbug mixed up with it—that's true, and so there is with every thing, but spirits do come back and communicate, and they can do as they purport to do. I promised him if I died first I would come back and manifest to him, and he promised the same to me, if he died first.

I got a little frightened, but it did not knock the sense out of me. The last thing I thought of was now I shall know whether Spiritualism is true or not, and if it is I'll come back at once. Received June 30th, 1857.

We have not read the account of the loss of this boat, having seen no other notice of it than one taken of the loss of Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem. Mrs. Conant did not even know that the steamer was lost, so that if there is any truth in this communication, here is positive proof to us that this spirit communicated to us through Mrs. C. And there is the same proof to the reader, if he will give us credit for honesty enough to deter us from trifling and abusing such a holy thing as communion with angels. We publish this without making any inquiry concerning it, as the spirit seemed to have full control of the medium, and did not appear at all embarrassed in his new position. He had Faith enough in Spiritualism to take away fear of death, and will enough, to bring him back in a short time, and such are generally to be depended on, even though what they give savors of the bluntness of their conversation in mortal life. We should judge that this spirit had proved his identity in the manner of his talk.

## Prudence Miller.

The following communication was handed us by a gentleman residing in Cambridgeport. We do not know whether it will stand the test of Truth, having no answer from a letter we wrote, inquiring about it. My name is Prudence Miller. I lived in an old brown house, one story and a half high, standing on the road leading to Haverhill, in Bradford. My husband is in the spirit land. I have one daughter living, by the name of Sarah Miller. Inquire of James Crafts, Cherry street, Bradford, Mass.

It may be that the party referred to has left the place where he resided at the time when the spirit knew of his being there, and she still supposes him there. Spirits are not always cognizant of changes that take place with their friends.

While the communication lay on file, among unanswered letters, which were before the medium, for answers, the following was written.

I return that I may do the people of earth good. My spirit is happy, and I wish to prove to mortals that I do live, but not in the little house I used to occupy, by the road side.

PRUDENCE.

If this should chance to meet the eye of any who knew the woman, and it proves true, we shall be happy to hear from it.

## Mary Bryant, to a Man in Lawrence, Mass.

I don't come back because I want to be avenged, but because I cannot be happy unless I come. I have manifested through four different mediums, in hope of reaching one who is deep sunk in sin,—so low that it is almost impossible for me to sink low enough to reach him.

"There," said he, "the dead tell no tales; as regards my ever being found out as the murderer I never shall, for it will naturally be supposed she fell in." The time has come for the dead to tell tales, and they who are in the habit of committing sin, or in the habit of committing murder to cover that sin must beware, for now the dead can talk, and I am determined to improve the opportunity.

When I was seventeen years of age I went to work in a soap manufactory. The map I worked for was vile at heart, and many a poor child has been ruined by him, and left to baffle with the cold earth winds, for none on earth look upon the injured as they should.

On one side of the basement of the building stood a large copper kettle, used for boiling soap. It would hold near one hoghead. On the other side were coolers so called, and when the soap was boiled it was drawn from the boiler to them, ready to be formed into cakes; and then four girls were employed to stamp them with whatever design we might wish.

I had been at work near three months, when one morning going in quite early, when there was no one in the establishment but myself and the employer, he took leave advantage of me. I knew nothing after, until I was a spirit, and I have always been determined to make that man's sin known to him, but not to the world, because justice and forgiveness demand that I do not divulge his name. My object in coming is to benefit, not the world at large, but one individual, and through him, others whom he leads astray. I wish to open his eyes to his wrong, and cause him to make restitution to certain persons he has wronged, for the vengeance of Heaven is already about to be wreaked upon him, unless he hears to this voice from the spirit land.

He will understand my epistle—you may not. Do I sin in coming? I think not. I come, as I said before, to other mediums, but have failed to do what I wish through them, and have been told to come here. Will you publish what I have given you? My name was Mary Bryant. I was murdered in Connecticut, and my murderer resides in a place called Lawrence, in Massachusetts. Dark spirits are constantly surrounding him as the ministers of God's vengeance, and woe to him if he does not hear this voice. I wish to save him, and through him others whom he tempts daily to sin. God and the angels smile upon me in my work of love.

I have now to return to three mediums to tell them I have done this. I have manifested in Salem, in Baltimore at two different circles, one Clarke and one Hardy family, where I gave my name as Mary; it was some months ago. I have also manifested at Philadelphia, and I have been to England even, that I might reach the one I wish. I am told that I am now on a strong bridge which will carry me safely to my journey's end.

## William Sprague, of Boston.

As communion seems to be the object of all spirits who come to earth, so it is mine in coming to you this morning. I left many friends when I left earth, some enemies I suppose. But I have stepped upon a platform where I can assist my friends if they will be assisted by me, and where I can manifest to my friends. God, in his boundless wisdom, has left a direct channel between the two worlds, Spiritual and Natural, and the Immortals can return through the channels by conforming to certain laws, and they can commune, provided they have good instruments to use.

Many years have elapsed since I surrendered my mortal, and became a spiritual being; invisible to mortals, but visible to God, and all portions of God that have cast off the mortal and become immortal.

I committed many errors in the earth-form, but I have outlived them. I have learned that it is the spirit that sues for pardon, not the body; and like the messenger Death, it claims all seasons as its own, and seeks and obtains forgiveness in all ages and conditions of Eternal Life.

My spirit wanders back through memory's halls to the time when I dwelt in Boston; when I moved in a form like your form, and I viewed darkness at that time. But now my soul revels in the loving kindness of the Father, and I have entered the boundless realms of Life.

A word to my friends, and I go. All those who knew me on earth I wish to have understand that I am just as capable of walking the earth, and attending to things which pertain to their Spiritual welfare as ever I was. I have passed beyond sorrow; I am not sensibly affected by any of the sorrows, cares or troubles of earth life, although at times a shadow comes across my spirit for an instant, when I know that my earth friends are unhappy. But like the mist of a summer morning it soon passes off, and leaves no trace behind to tell that it once rested upon the earth.

If any of my friends are desirous of communicating with me, I will meet them at any place where spirit power can be used, and manifest to them beyond the shadow of a doubt; but if they, by reason of unbelief, do not wish to communicate, I am satisfied; they will in time know that I have been with them, and I shall be doubly glad to teach them what I have been taught. My name is William Sprague; I once lived in Boston, and all that is mortal of me reposes on Boston Common.

## John Page, of Danvers.

Men say I was guilty; but God says Not Guilty. I, for one spirit, am glad that natural laws are not like those of Massachusetts. Natural law I call the law of God; Massachusetts law I call the law of evil. Now I was shot by cool-headed and cool-hearted men—murderers, if you please; but as truth will out some time or other, I have come to bring it to you in regard to my death. I am drawn to you this morning, because I know the earthly friends of the spirit who has been communicating; or, more properly, I did know of them once. Now the law of Massachusetts looked calmly upon my murderers, and considered them just men; but the law of God and nature looked right the other way. I do not return from the spirit life to justify the errors of my earth life. I know they are many, and pray to God to be forgiven—of God, for I do not care whether by man I am forgiven or not. But I do come to say I was innocent of the act for which I was murdered. People supposed I was a burglar—consequently they took my natural life. I was in bad company, to be sure, but I had no idea of committing the sin of robbery. I say this in justice to myself and all parties concerned. I had my punishment for what I did when I was on earth, and I had a good share of it as I went along. But how do you suppose God looks upon State murderers? He looks upon them as the sinning ones. Now I had dear friends on earth, whose hearts were almost torn asunder at the blow they experienced in my death. Who has got to suffer for their sorrow? don't you suppose my murderers have? I have got to bear a part, to be sure, but I am inclined to think they have also.

I was young and grieved away by evil influences; but I here affirm I was not guilty of burglary. I was there, to be sure, like poor Tray that got caught in bad company, and got the worst of it.

I pity and forgive my murderers, even as I have been forgiven by the Great Judge of all. I wish my friends to know I am not in hell, neither am I in the highest state of happiness. I shall soon give them many new ideas in regard to the whys and wherefores of what took place on earth.

My name was John Page. I lived in Danvers.

## William Harrington.

All spirits that are made acquainted with the fact that they can commune with mortals are very anxious so to do. Many come to your medium and go away sadly disappointed, because they cannot manifest at that time. Now I have many near and dear friends on earth, but I am not well accustomed to the mode of manifesting to them, for I have never found but few mediums that I could well control.

My friends, a few nights ago, were sitting in what they termed a circle, very small to be sure, and they requested I would come and communicate to you; therefore I have come. Others were requested to come and commune also, and they will when conditions are favorable.



## Pearls:

And quoted odes, and jewels five warbling,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,  
Sparkle forever.

Close beside the hymning sea,  
Chant thy sweet songs full and free  
For a wide humanity:  
And though none their power should tell,  
Yet we know above this sphere  
Bends an ever listening ear:  
Ood will bless thee, He will hear—  
Keep on singing, Flora Bell!

To mild towards those who are thy dependents; be not arrogant.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
As 'twere a living thing;  
The homage of its waves is given,  
In ceaseless worshipping.  
They kneel upon the sloping sand  
As bends the human knee;  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The priesthood of the sea.  
The sky is as a temple's arch,  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious with the spirit-march  
Of messengers at prayer.

If any work of the present age shall survive the tooth of Time, it will be neither palace nor temple. If the light of any name shall flash through the mists of the far future, it will not be that of the warrior—it will be that of him, who, in his days, sought the happiness of his fellow men, and linked his memory to some great work of utility and benevolence.

I pray the prayer of Plato old:  
God make thee beautiful within,  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin!

So shall that life the fruitage give,  
Which trees of healing only yield,  
And green-leaved in the Eternal field  
Of God forever live!

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consist in promoting the pleasure of others.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## NELLIE HARRIS.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"Will you go to church, dear, this morning?" inquired Mr. Harris, of his young wife, as he stood at the glass in their chamber, arranging with care, his Sunday suit.

"No," answered the wife, pettishly, "I am not going to church, and be the poorest dressed person there."

"I wish you would go, Nellie," answered the husband, mildly, with an effort to appear as though his feelings were not wounded by the remark just made.

"Well, your wish cannot be gratified, William," replied the wife, with a still stronger emphasis; "for I told you, the last time I went to church, that I should not go again, till I had a new silk, and a more fashionable hat; if I can't dress as well as other folks, why—I have one privilege left me, and that is, I can stay at home; so, if you want to go to church, go alone; no one will make any remarks about your clothes being old-fashioned," and Mrs. Harris threw herself heavily into a chair, and gave her husband a look of reproach, that pierced him to the soul.

For several moments he did not speak, but the rich tide that ebbed and flowed in his temples, bespoke deep emotion within; and several times his lips moved, before any sound was emitted. Mrs. Harris saw this, and, in her heart, she wished that the remarks she had just made had not escaped her lips; and, for a moment, she was inclined to say so, and then get ready and go to church with her husband. "If I do this," she thought, a moment later, "I shall not get the articles I have named so quickly, and if his feelings are a little hurt now, he will soon get over it, and then, perhaps, he will make a greater effort to dress me nicer in future than he does now."

Mr. Harris stood as motionless as a statue, and gazed into his wife's face, and then broke the silence, by saying: "Nellie, if I could afford to dress you better, you know I gladly would. But it will not do for me to take the money that is actually needed in my business, and spend it for articles that I can do better without. I am sure that neat straw bonnet you purchased so short a time back, looks very pretty on you, and is very becoming; and that green plaided silk you wore to the concert the other evening, is not in the least defaced; I wish that you would go to church with me this morning, and wear those two articles," and then he added, with an effort at a smile, "There will be one there, at least, who will think you look well—I shall think so."

"I am not going to wear one suit forever," returned the wife, abating none of her former pettish manner, and, rising abruptly, she left the chamber, closing the door as she went out.

This was the first really wretched hour that the young merchant had seen since he first brought the beautiful Nellie to her new home. True, she had sometimes importuned him for articles of dress or furniture that he did not feel able to purchase; but when he told her the reason why he could not indulge her in these things for the present, she had always yielded pleasantly, and harmony would be restored immediately. But during the whole morning of this Sabbath, Nellie had not worn her accustomed smile, although her unhappy mood had not shown itself in words, till the husband began to prepare for church, and seeing her making no preparation to accompany him, he made the remark with which our tale commences.

As the door closed, Mr. Harris stepped forward a few paces, and seated himself in the cushioned chair his wife just left. As we have said, he was very unhappy, and for several moments he felt undecided whether it were better for him to take a book, and remain at home, or finish his toilette, and go out, he cared not where, so that he passed his time away till Nellie should wear her accustomed smile again. "I guess I will stay at home and read," he said, mentally, as he reached his hand for a book that lay near, and he opened its pages and read line after line, but his mind grasped no new truth, for his thoughts were too intent on other subjects; so, closing the book hurriedly, he sprang to his feet, and, with rapid movements finished his toilette, and, taking his hat in his hand, he passed down to the hall, and was about to go out into the street, when Nellie looked into the hall, and said, with an air of indifference: "Are you going to church, William?"

"No," was the husband's reply; and, without further remark, he opened the door, and went out.

Mrs. Harris felt a chill creep over her as he closed

the door, and bitterly she reproached herself for the remarks she had made, and she resolved within herself she would never talk so to her husband again. But she did not believe that what he would go to church; for where else, she thought, could he go on the Sabbath? So, tripping up the stairs, she seated herself at the window to see if he entered the massive building where they were accustomed to go to worship, for it stood but a short way down the street, and from her chamber window Nellie could discern every one who entered its portals.

Mrs. Harris sat by her window and watched the noble form of her husband as he walked slowly down the street, with his eyes bent on the ground; and Oh, how she regretted that she had not dressed herself in his favorite silk, and accompanied him; and once she sprang from her seat to call him back; and then the thought came over her, "What will Mrs. Etwood say, to see me running out after my husband, and calling him back to go to church with me? No, I shall not go after him. I will let him know I can do without his society on the Sabbath, as well as he can do without mine."

By this time, the young husband reached the walk opposite the church door, and pausing, he looked toward his home. There was a hesitancy in his manner, as if he were undecided whether it were better to enter the portals before him, or return to the little white house, up the street, that was so cozily nestled beneath the shadow of an old elm. Nellie, through the slats of the closed blind, saw this movement of her husband, and a thrill of joy shot through her heart, as the thought came over her that he would come back, and mentally she resolved that she would say no more about the shabby appearance of her dress, but would robe herself to the best advantage, and if she did not go into the street with him, she would kindly persuade him to remain with her, and read and talk in their quiet, cool, little parlor.

Mr. Harris did not hesitate but a moment, for scarcely had these thoughts flashed through Nellie's mind, when he once more bent his eyes in the direction of the flags, at his feet, and passed on down the street. The young wife watched him till he disappeared, and then throwing herself back in her chair, she burst into tears, and bitterly reproached herself for the manner she had assumed that morning. A few moments later, there was a gentle rap at the chamber door, and Mrs. Harris, supposing her servant had given it, that she might receive some instruction pertaining to domestic affairs, quickly stammering her tears on her cheeks, without rising, she bade her enter. But when the door opened, Mrs. Harris discovered, not her domestic, but Mrs. Etwood, a near neighbor, who had seen the young husband leave the house alone, and now called to have a chat with Nellie. We will not describe the habits or peculiarities of the neighbor, but will leave the reader to draw his own inference as we proceed.

"Good morning, my dear, Mrs. Harris," said the caller, stepping into the room, in answer to Nellie's invitation, "I saw your husband go out alone, and as mine is gone too," she continued, "I thought I would run around through the garden and come up to your chamber, and see you a few moments."

As Mrs. Etwood spoke so pleasantly, Mrs. Harris thought that courtesy demanded that she should say that she was glad she had called, and yet, had she spoken her real sentiments, she would have informed her that she had rather she would have been hundreds of miles away, than where she was, for Nellie was not in a mood to entertain a visitor.

Although Mrs. Harris had dried her tears, there was an expression of sorrow on her features, which was soon detected by the keen glance of the neighbor, who, drawing her chair nearer, said with a manner expressing great sympathy,—

"You look ill this morning, Mrs. Harris; can't I be of some service to you?"

"O, I am not sick, Mrs. Etwood," replied Nellie, with an effort to appear cheerful.

The neighbor looked into her face as if she would read every thought of her soul, and continued,—

"Well, my dear Mrs. Harris, if you are not indisposed, there is surely some mental trouble that disturbs you, this morning?"

Nellie did not dare to trust herself to speak, for fear that a fresh burst of tears might betray how much she was suffering, from a trifling cause; so the neighbor continued, taking her hand—

"Some little word that your husband has said? La! if you take notice of all the expressions that your husband makes use of to annoy you, you will have enough to do. Why, I used to think once, that I must obey in everything, and never make a demand on my husband's purse, until after he had supplied his every wish. But now—ha, ha, ha! I have entirely recovered from those romantic notions. When I want money, I tell him so, and if he begins to plead his inability to supply me, I tell him to make no such excuses to me, for he ought to have thought of those things before, and now, since he didn't, why—he must pay the penalty; so I always conquer—I always get the sum I ask for."

"Do you not feel afraid that you may make your husband unhappy?" inquired Nellie, her countenance brightening, as she listened to the pleasant chat of her neighbor.

"Pshaw! Mrs. Harris, you're a novice in these matters, so I can forgive you for asking such questions; but believe me, before you have been a wife as many years as I have, you will think differently from what you do now, and will wish to have some mind of your own. Many a man," she continued, "has been made to a tyrant, just by his wife's over yielding disposition, when, if she had let him know she possessed a mind of her own, and had a right to call on him when she pleased and for what she pleased, he would have exerted himself more, to please her, and to maintain her as he ought to have done."

Although the young wife was not exactly pleased with the remarks her neighbor made, still she did not seem to realize that this counsel, though it might apply to some cases, was not appropriate to hers, as her husband loved her with his whole soul, and indulged her to the extent of his limited income, and nothing that she could say, would make his means larger.

But we will not detail the particulars of the conversation of the two friends, for by degrees Nellie's mind took a different turn, and she began to think that her unhappy manner toward her husband that morning was no more than just; for if he exerted himself more he might furnish her with a more expensive wardrobe, and keep her purse replenished; and now with a childlike confidence she told her guest why she had wept that morning, and that her husband had left her abruptly, and gone she knew not whither.

"Neither should I care," remarked Mrs. Etwood, happy to find some one who apparently did not care to be unhappy as herself. "There is no danger but what he will come back again," she continued, "and then the little lesson of spirit that you have shown him will do him good, and if you will only persist in it, you will find yourself a great deal happier by and by." But let us now follow the husband, and leave the wife and her guest to finish the interview when they please.

When the young husband looked back on his home, there was a feeling of unrest at his heart, and he sighed for the quiet and shade of the spot he had left, but still he had not the courage to return and meet the frown of her he loved, so he passed on listlessly with no particular object in view. "I would go into the church," he exclaimed mentally, "but there would be a void in the pew if Nellie were not beside me, for it is a long time since I entered the portals without her."

With thoughts like these the husband was walking slowly down the street, when a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder with a "Ah, good morning, Harris, I didn't expect to meet you here walking along so leisurely. What say you for taking a short trip down the harbor, it is such a pleasant morning?" Mr. Harris looked up and saw that an old college chum stood beside him; extending his hand, he replied,

"Well, Barton, I guess I won't go to-day; some other time. I—"

"Same old story, Harris! What a deuced change marriage has brought about in you! Why, you used to take a sail now and then of a Sunday morning, and come back to church in the afternoon. But since you married Nellie you have forgotten all old sports and all old friends. Shouldn't be a bit surprised if I should hear of a Deacon Harris one of these days, you are getting so rigid."

The young husband tried to smile, but it was a mere contortion of his lips; his heart was not engaged in it, and yet, there was no betrayal of the emotion within.

"Oh, come Harris, go this once if you never go again!" continued the graduate from old Harvard; and linking his arm in that of his friend, he passed down a narrow street that led toward the water. Here a small boat sat lightly on the rippling waves, while in her bow sat two young men apparently waiting for the coming of more.

"Oh come, Harris, join us!" spoke the trio in one voice as young Barton sprang into the boat and began to loosen the painter. The husband dropped his head on his hand for a moment. "I might as well go with them as to go to any other place," he murmured, "since I cannot be happy at home," and then springing over the side of the boat, he was soon gliding over the smooth surface of the water.

Scarcely had the boat left the shore when William Harris repented of what he had done, for the monitor within told him this was not the way the Sabbath should be spent, and once or twice he essayed to speak and request his companions to put back and land him, but the thoughts died away unuttered; for well he knew that if he requested this it would not be granted by the naturally reckless, but kind-hearted Barton. Neither would the others of the party agree that one should leave them who had not been with them for so long a time previous to this.

As the boat glided on toward the open sea, the wind seemed to breeze up till the small sail was filled to its utmost capacity. On they went! their speed increasing at every moment, till the city and all he loved was far behind him; and now as the tiny craft bent her bow and battled with the foam that the rising wind increased around them, Harris glanced seaward and there was a mist on the water, and low clouds scudding here and there, like sea gulls sporting on the waves. Calling the attention of his companions to this appearance of the elements, in an instant every cheek was blanched; for full well they knew how suddenly tempests come, and carry destruction with them, in our changeable climate. A few moments later the small sail was reefed, and they had put about, and were rowing for the shore of a small island in their vicinity, but their efforts proved vain, for ere they had gained thrice the length of their oars the tiny craft was struck by a squall that for a moment rocked her like a sea shell, and then crushed by the heavy sea that rolled over her, she tipped her freight into the boiling foam that surrounded her. Wild shrieks now went out from agonized beings, who but a few hours since were strong in health and early manhood. As we are following up the history of but one of him we will speak. When William Harris first saw the danger that surrounded him, his thoughts turned to his home and her he loved, and Oh, what would he not have sacrificed now to have been in his own quiet parlor! "If Nellie frowned and indulged in remarks that were not pleasant," he reasoned, "that is no cause why I should be here; I should not do wrong because another has."

The young husband argued no more with himself, for now the blinding spray closed in around him, the shell like boat careened, and the four young men were battling with death above an almost fathomless grave.

Mrs. Harris' guest remained till long after the morning worshippers had left the church in the vicinity of Nellie's home, and then rising, she added still a few more words of advice to what she had already given to the young wife, saying that she should always rule in her house, and when her husband returned, for her not to appear as if she had missed his society, but to treat him with all the coolness he or any other man deserved who would not exert his utmost energy to dress his wife well and place her in an exalted position in society.

This was not the first time that Mrs. Etwood had given the orphan, Nellie, gratuitous advice in regard to the manner she should assume toward her husband, and this will account for the young and confiding wife's remarks on that Sabbath morning.

When Mrs. Harris was once more alone, she tried to compose her mind to read, but her thoughts would not center on the pages of a book. Then going to the closet where her best suits were hung, she scanned each dress separately, and as she came to the green plaid that her husband purchased unknown to her, and placed on her dressing table to surprise her, a sickening feeling came over her and remorse was busy at her heart. Mrs. Etwood's advice all vanished, and now she mentally resolved, when her husband should come she would twine her arms around his neck and promise him that she would never ask him for unnecessary articles, again, but would leave all to his judgment; then, bathing her heated temples, she dressed herself as he had often bade her, and afterwards seated herself near the window to await his coming. Hour after hour did Nellie

wait, pacing the carpet and looking through the half-closed blind, and still her husband was absent.

"I must go and seek him!" she cried, snatching her hat and shawl, and in her phrenzied anxiety she rushed towards the outer door, but scarcely had she turned the knob when two men ascended the steps looking pale and excited.

"Does Mrs. Harris reside here?" inquired the elder of the two.

"She does," replied the wife, endeavoring to appear calm, while the thought that something serious might have happened to her husband caused her to cling to the open door for support. A few moments of silence ensued, and then gradually the strangers unfolded to her the cause of their visit. They had come to tell her that her husband had been seen to go off in a boat with three other young men, and that shortly after the severe tempest which had taken place that afternoon, two bodies were picked up floating in the water, and also several articles of wearing apparel, and a hat marked William Harris on the inside.

Oh, how every thing pertaining to show and monied wealth sank into insignificance now, when compared with the dreadful loss of her husband!

What agony and remorse of mind she now experienced, as she thought how easy it would have been, had she not listened to bad counsel, to have spent this Sabbath as she did the previous one; for well she knew that it had never needed but a smile and a kind word from her to ever retain him at her side, when business did not call him from her. The wife's agony of soul, her remorse and regret we will not attempt to portray, as days, weeks, months and years went by, and nothing but the wave soaked hat was found to recall aught of the fate of William Harris.

Mrs. Etwood's visits and counsel ceased in Nellie's home, when the young widow's necessities compelled her to retire into fewer rooms, and toil for a subsistence.

Three years went by, and brought but very little of life's sunshine to the youthful widow, who wept till it seemed as if the fount of tears was dry. Nellie, since that fatal Sabbath day, had always lived alone, faithful to the memory of him who loved her while living. Some murmured that one so young and beautiful should mourn thus for the dead, but when such remarks as these were made, she over turned from the speaker and sought her own quiet room, where she could be surrounded by objects inwoven with the history of happier days.

It was a calm June evening—it was a Sabbath evening, and Nellie sat in her room alone, and through the gathering twilight she was peering toward the portals of the church, observing one after another as he entered there. Presently there came one, whose features were not plain to her—he paused opposite the church for a few moments, and then, as if to make up for the moments he had lost, he walked hastily on. As he neared the house, Nellie gave a loud shriek, and tried to rise from her chair, but the power was wanting. She heard her name pronounced by an inquirer at the outer door, and she knew no more till she felt the warm breath of her husband on her cheek, and his manly voice assured her that he still lived. Space will not allow us to depict all the conversation that passed between the husband and wife, during that evening, but we will give to the reader the facts, clothing them in our own language.

Mr. Harris, in his college days, had always been very fond of the water, and had always embraced every opportunity to become expert in swimming and managing a boat, and now, on the day our tale commences, when he found that so great was the tempest that they should be thrown into the sea, he prepared himself to keep afloat, and by the aid of an oar, he swam and drifted far away from the spot where he was upset, and there was relieved from his perilous situation by a vessel that was outward bound; and soon after his arrival on her deck, ere he had recovered from exhaustion, a strong wind sprang up and she immediately put to sea, nor did he land till he found himself in a foreign port. Twice had he started for home since that time, but in both instances was shipwrecked, and the letters he had sent had never reached his wife.

"I return to you penniless," said the husband, folding his wife to his breast.

"Never name it, dear William," answered the wife through her tears, "for you are returned to me, and past experience has taught me to wish for nothing more. I shall listen to no bad counsel in future, neither will I ever murmur because we are poor."

"I would have indulged you more in the past," continued the husband, "but the sum my kind father left me was almost exhausted on my education; but, if Heaven gives me strength I will now turn that education to advantage, and endeavor to reap a fortune thereby."

Mr. Harris kept his word, and from this time prospered attended their efforts to do right. Barton was never heard of after that fatal sail. The other two bodies were recovered.

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