

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. I

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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 XXVII.

AUNT RUTHY'S PLANS.

Aunt Ruthy was bustling round the house, duster and broom in hand, and on her head a handkerchief to protect her cap from the dust, while her tongue, that as yet felt no touch of rheumatism, moved more glibly than her hands and feet.

"I declare, Dinah, I can hardly believe that I am alive and in my senses! Who would have thought that I'd see the day when a Catholic priest should be admitted into this house to solemnize a funeral? It's an awful idea, and I'm afraid of the judgments of Heaven. What would old Parson Williams have said if he'd thought she'd be baptized, and that I carried to meet him myself in his long white gown and beautiful worked cap, with lots of red thread lace on it, looking like a little angel right from heaven; what would he have said if he could have looked forward to this day, and seen Edward open this house to a man who worships pictures, and pretends to forgive sins?"

"Why, he used to preach agin papacy with all his might, and s'enamost thumped the cushion to pieces, when he told about Babylon and the beast."

"I wouldn't have cared so much if he'd only let him into the office, but he's gin orders to have the best parlor open and the whole house set to rights. It went agin the grain with me dreadfully, and I would have talked him out of it, but there was a look in his eyes that meant he'd have his own way. I wonder he dare look at them portraits; and that reminds me what I thought on in the night—I'll kiver 'em up. You go strait over to Wilson's store and buy me four yards of yellow gauze; it will be a comfort to me to know that they won't be obliged to look right at the priest all the time."

"Why, Miss Ruthy, don't ye mean to come to the funeral yourself?"

"Not I! I've too much religion for that. I shall go to my own room and read the book of Revelations; there, hurry off, and if anybody asks you about the funeral, mind you tell 'em it was Mr. Warren sent for the priest. I am dreadful afraid it will hurt Edward's practice; the minister and deacons will turn agin him, any how."

"There comes the parson, Miss Ruthy; shall I ask him into the middle room?"

"Yes, girl; now quick, don't keep him waiting," and Aunt Ruthy pulled the handkerchief from her head, laid aside her apron, drew down her sleeves and putting on her "company manners," went in to see the minister.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, this morning, sir," she said. "I've really had a sore struggle in my mind whether I ought to raise my finger to help along this funeral; it's awful, sir, to think of a Catholic priest coming here to take your place," and Aunt Ruthy took a pinch of snuff, as was her custom in trouble.

"I do not consider that he takes my place, Miss Ruthy. I believe the mother of the deceased was a Catholic, and I would be sorry to deny her the consolations of her own form of worship at this time."

"Why, sir, don't you believe Papacy is the Beast spoken of in the Bible, and don't you think they're a persecuting sect, and that the blood of the martyrs rests on them?"

"Yes, I do, Miss Ruthy, most sincerely I do believe Popery is the man of sin, and where the Roman Catholics have had power they have persecuted those who would not yield assent to their doctrine. (Alas! would I could say that Protestants had not done the like.) But my religion teaches me toleration and forbearance. I would not deny to them the privileges which I ask for myself; but I would, by a holy life and gentle precepts, show them, if possible, a better way."

"But, sir, don't you think we'd be better off if the Irish were out of the country?"

"That question would be useless for us to discuss, Miss Ruthy; they are here, and we cannot make it otherwise—they have their national peculiarities, and are not, perhaps, well fitted to appreciate our free institutions. Their ignorance and poverty must be their excuse for the present; but I trust the second generation will prove good and trustworthy citizens. Let us be patient and forbearing, and thank God that our broad land is a home for the oppressed, and an asylum where all can worship God as their own consciences dictate."

"Then you don't think the whole village will be agin Edward for letting the priest come here. It's worried me most to death; but there's no use in my saying one word—when he's set on a thing, you can't turn him any more than you can move Mount

Holyoke. He's just like his grandfather Kenney."

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the Doctor, Miss Ruthy, I can assure you his popularity will not suffer. How is Miss Dora this morning?"

"Oh, sir, she's gentle as a lamb, it makes my heart ache to see her. She aint set upon having a priest at all, but she reads an old Bible that her mother kept, because her husband owned it; it's a Roman Catholic Bible, but I don't see much difference arter all. She's got some queer notions from an old man that was kind to her in Ireland; she says there are good people among all sects. Wouldn't you like to see her, sir? I think it would be a comfort to her. Poor thing! she's just like a flower I've seen struck down by a hail storm. She couldn't be made to believe but Edward could bring the boy round right; and when he was really dead and the Doctor said he could do no more, she sank down in a sort of stupor, and you'll see she aint the same gal she was a week ago."

"Dora was glad to see the minister; his kind words, and more than all, his prayer, gave her consolation, for her spirit seemed borne, as on wings, to that world where weeping and sorrow are unknown. Without referring to difference of sects, he took her own worn Bible and read to her from the Gospel of St. John. "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Gradually he drew her out to speak of herself, and was agreeably surprised to find that she had learned to trust in Christ as her Redeemer, that taught alone by the word of God, she knew where to find the fountain of peace. But alas! she said, "I sorrow now, because though I know my heavenly Father has sent this affliction, I cannot yet say, 'Thy will be done.' I feel like a child left alone in storm and darkness, and can see no way open before me."

The minister took from his pocket a small volume. It was the "Imitation of Christ," by that great and good man, Thomas a Kempis, the Holy sub prior of St. Agnes Monastery, written many, many hundred years ago, but dear to every spiritual Christian.

"Hear, Miss Dora, what the disciple in sorrow says to Jesus."

"I am in deep distress, and my heart faints and sinks under the burden of its sorrows. Poor and helpless as I am, what can I do, and whither can I go? Be thou my strength and my support; and whatever be its weight, whatever its continuance, I will not fear."

Thus Christ answers—

"I am the Lord, a strong help in the day of trouble; when, therefore, trouble rises within thee, take sanctuary with me. When I have calmed the violence of the tempest and restored thy fainting spirit, then thou shalt rise with new strength and confidence in the light of my mercy. Wait for me; and if I come not—wait; for I will at length come, and heal thee."

If thou art wise, instead of grieving and murmuring at the adversities which befall thee, thou wouldst rejoice and give thanks; nay, thou wouldst count it all joy that I visit thee with affliction, and spare thee not."

"As the Father hath loved, so have I loved you. When, therefore, I visit thee with adversity, murmur not, neither let thy heart be troubled, for I can restore thee to light and peace, and change thy heaviness to joy."

Like manna to the wanderer in the desert, was this visit of the minister to poor Dora. Her soul had thirsted for these drops of spiritual comfort. Her mother, in her rude, noisy grief was unapproachable. Jack would gladly have given all he possessed, or gone on a pilgrimage, to have brought back the smiles to the face of the young girl, but he could manage a ship in a storm with more ease than administer spiritual consolation to the mourner.

"I aint much of a scholar, he would say, Dora, and I can't repeat scripser, but I jest now recalled to mind the verse I learned when I was a little bit of a shaver, playing at my mother's knee. 'Jesus wept,' and if he had so much sympathy for those who had lost a brother when he was on earth, I reckon he's just as good now."

Aunt Ruthy hadn't much to say—"If they were only Congregationalists, or Methodists, or Baptists," said she, "I could talk, but dear me! I'm quite shut up, and aint nothing to do or say with folks as persecute the martyrs."

the music of a singing brook, with its fringe of wild flowers. He said no word of consolation, but every action betrayed a brotherly tenderness and care—he could go no further, without unloosing the tide of deeper feeling, which became stronger each hour.

The priest came, and Aunt Ruthy, encouraged by what the minister had said, ventured to indulge her curiosity by being present; and though it did make her ache "from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, to see them low Irish in the best parlor," yet she survived it; especially, when she found that Edward's popularity increased instead of waned.

"It is astonishing," she said, some six weeks afterwards, when she got up in the night to bolt the door after Edward, who had been called away in haste, "how many Irish babies are born into the world! The whole country will be overrun with them if we don't do something to stop their emigrating."

Jack Warren had now arrived at the height of his ambition. He was to take command of the ship on his next voyage, and no little incident had given more pleasure to Dora, since Jemmy's death, than the reading of the letter which conferred this distinction upon him.

She looked at the well knit, stout figure, at the manly face, bronzed by many a storm, at the hair, curling with the least moisture, in little short curls, making a sort of crown around the head, and said, laughingly, "Captain Warren, I give you joy, your title has been nobly won."

How pleasant to the sailor sounded those words from that dainty little mouth.

It was a mild spring evening, and he proposed a walk. It was, of course, to Jemmy's grave, for Captain Warren must leave in the morning, and this would be his only opportunity to visit the last home of his protegee.

It was late when they returned, and as the sailor left before light in the morning, and had his rooms at the village hotel, Dora did not meet him again, before his departure.

The afternoon of the next day, when Aunt Ruthy was seated in her little room, with her head of buttoned shirts and holy stockings, there was a light tap at her door, and in a moment the fair face of Dora appeared, in answer to the summons "Come in."

Her eyes were swollen from weeping, and though she smiled when the old lady welcomed her, and invited her to a seat, it was a constrained smile, a sudden ray of sunlight on a cloud, and then all dark again. Aunt Ruthy, attributing it naturally, to her late trouble, and in part, perhaps, to the departure of Jack, tried her own homely way of consolation.

"Why, dear child, you must try not to cry so; it's very bad for your eyes—there's old Mrs. Hilton, cried so much when her son was drowned, that she's been almost stone blind ever since; she aint doing no sowin, to speak on, and spends her time a knitting. You must try to feel that God sends trouble upon us for our good, and not repine at his will."

"I think I am learning to do so, Aunt Ruthy. The minister opened a little door of peace to me, and he gave me this book, taking the little volume of Kempis from her pocket, that is a great comfort to me. I do try, Aunt Ruthy, all the time, to say 'Thy will, O God, be done.'"

"That's right, my child, I'm glad I sent the minister in to see you. What time did Mr. Warren go?"

"He left before light, this morning, I suppose. He is Captain, now, Aunt Ruthy."

"Well, I'm amazing glad on't, he's a real nice man, and has improved astonishingly since I first knew him; he's as spruce and slick now as a parson, though he don't look much like a minister neither, with his jaunty cap and brass buttons. I don't think I shall want for snuff, if he don't come back these two years. I never saw nicer than that last jar he bought me," and Aunt Ruthy could not avoid testing the quality, on the spot. "By the way, Dora, how old is he? I never could guess at a sailor's age."

"Aunt Bolt told me, when I lived with her, that he was twenty-eight, that would make him about thirty-six now."

"You don't say now! it don't seem possible that he can be six years older than Edward. I shouldn't have thought it. I most wonder he hasn't married and had a home of his own, though sailors are apt to be sort of reckless bodies; but he's so steady, I should s'enamost have thought he'd have been a family man. Now, there's Eunice Keyes, she'd be jest the one for him; let me see, she's turned of thirty, and has a snug little house of her own, that her father left her; she aint mighty handsome, to be sure, but then, she's cute and sayin', and neat as wax-work. I declare, I wish I'd introduced 'em."

"You can, when he comes again, Aunt Ruthy."

"I sartainly will, but what in the world are you doing with that shirt, Dora?"

"Only making a button-hole, Aunt. I see there is one needed."

"Thank you, child, it's quite a help, for my eyes are getting most too old to make button-holes, and you do them well. I wonder how it came about, for I never saw an Irish girl before that could sew a plain seam decently."

Dora smiled—she had become too much accustomed to these flings upon her countrymen; to heed it much.

"I am some indebted to you, Aunt; do you remember when I used to sit in a little chair, at your side, and sew patch-work? There are not many poor, little Irish girls, that find such kind friends to teach them."

"That is true, Dora. Doctor Edward said, I have

taken a great deal of pains with you, and you have lived with us so long, that folks hardly take you for Irish. It may be you'll earn your living by your needle, yet."

"Couldn't I do something now, Aunt?" said Dora, eagerly; "it's earning money that I came in to talk with you about. I want to do something to help mother, and if possible earn a support for myself; can't you tell me any way that I can do it?"

Aunt Ruthy looked at the beautiful girl before her, fair as a lily, with delicate little hands that seemed unused to toil, and wondered how she should answer the question.

"Your mother aint never let you wash any, has she?"

"Not any; she says I am more hindrance than help, and that I am not strong enough."

"And then, Edward never would let you work in the kitchen, on this side of the house; he always said 'better let her have time for study.' So I don't see as you know much about housework, any way. Now girls allers get good wages here, to go out, but you don't look strong enough any how, to take the heat of the work, and it don't seem just as if you were born to it, after all. I suppose you could teach, as well as 'Squire Wilson's girls, but I guess you couldn't get a school here, there's so many of our Yankee girls have turned teachers. There, now! I have it," said Aunt Ruthy, brightening up—"if you could learn millinery and dress making, you'd earn money fast enough. There's Miss Osgood, that lined and trimmed my bonnet, last week, who said she wanted a young girl, and I guess you'd suit her. I'll ask the Doctor about it, and if he approves I'll run right over, after tea."

Dora would have preferred teaching, but just now, anything that would give her a bare support, was gladly seized upon. She went to her own room, and sat down to wonder how she would like to spend her time making caps and bonnets, but her thoughts would wander away, and sadder subjects brought the tears again. Poor Dora! the walk with Jack had destroyed a beautiful illusion for herself, and shattered the cherished hopes of years for the poor sailor.

When he saw how lonely and sad she was at the grave of Jemmy, and how she wept that he must go away, the poor fellow, encouraged, perhaps, by his new title, ventured to pour into her ear the hope that had lain hidden in his big, warm heart so long. He did it in so much humility, he who had picked up the little wanderer on the wharf, and saved her from wretchedness, and perhaps death, plead his suit now, as one kneeling at the feet of a princess, and Dora, when she remembered all he had done for her, felt how cruel would seem the answer her heart must give.

There was no bitterness in Jack's heart, when Dora, weeping, begged him not to be offended with her, she loved him as a brother, she always had, might she not yet?

He took her offered hand, he ventured even to press a kiss upon her cheek at parting, and then hurried away, ready to fling his captainship to the winds, and forget his sorrow in some of the old haunts, so long since deserted. But now those last words rung in his ear, and helped him to retain his manliness.

"Please, dear Jack, don't be angry with me, call me sister still, and let me give you a sister's love."

Hitherto Dora had been in a great measure dependent upon him for clothes, books, &c., and freely received what had been so freely given. She now suddenly became possessed with a sense of the delicacy of her position, and wished, if possible, to depend upon her own exertions, as she saw many of the bright, active Yankee girls doing. How she sped in this matter, we will reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CONVERSATION INTERRUPTED.

"There is often a slip between the cup and the lip."

Dr. Edward sat in his library, smoking a cigar, as was his custom after dinner, and meditating upon the request which Aunt Ruthy had made at their mid-day meal, to aid her in finding some employment for Dora.

"I like her spirit," said Ruthy, "it's too bad for young girls to sit poring over books, while their mothers work at the wash-tub. I'm afraid you've turned her head upside down, Edward, and that she'll never take to work as an Irish girl ought, who has her living to earn—there's her little fingers as dainty and white as 'Squire Wilson's gals, and move over the keys of the piano as prettily as theirs, and she has as much learning, I venture to say; but her father is worth a hundred thousand, and she, poor gal, aint got no father, nor a friend in the world, outside this house, but Jack Warren."

Edward's nerves were strong, but the words of the housekeeper were as harsh as the grating of a file, but he drank his coffee, and swallowed his ill humor with it as well as he could.

"One such friend as that is worth a host of common friends, as the world goes, Aunty."

"I know that, Edward, and the good sailor will never see them starve, but, like as not, he'll get married one of these days, and then how will Dora fare? I've thought sometimes he loved her so well that he never could marry any one else, but then he's thirty-six years old, and she's only sixteen, and he's got to be so spruce and smart, and called Captain, now, that he'll be for looking higher than a little slip of an Irish gal. There's Violet Wilson would have him and thank ye, too, I know, for she said he was the handsomest man in the meeting, save one—that was the minister, I suppose."

Edward glanced at the mirror, which reflected back his own head and face, and full, broad chest, and wondered whether Miss Violet did mean the pale, delicate looking minister, or some one else. (Men have a little vanity sometimes.) Aunt Ruthy talked on.

"Well, then, if Captain Warren knew that he could have Violet, with all her money, and she's a more suitable age too, why he won't be likely to take little Dora."

"You don't think much of love, Aunt, without golden charms."

"La, child, you know I don't believe much in what folks call love—such matches are almost always unfortunate, and you, who are over thirty, know it as well as I do."

"Then, Aunt, when I bring a bride home, she must have some other dowry than beauty and goodness."

"Well, there, Edward, I'm so glad you've introduced the subject, for I've been longing to talk with you about it. You must remember that your mother and I set our hearts on your having Dr. Reynolds's niece, the beautiful Miss Winslow."

"And heiress to a rich old grandfather!" said Edward.

"She's none the worse for that, I'm sure."

"But, supposing she is not of your opinion, Aunt?"

"That's jest the pint I'm coming to," said the old lady, "ye see, I've almost sartin evidence that she thinks very much of you. Don't you know what beautiful presents she used to send your mother, and didn't she work you a pair of slippers and a smoking cap—and when she spent the summer here, I heard you speaking poetry one day, and telling her how much you admired a book—seems to me it was Bryant, or Bryant, or some such name, and you said something about some lines to a—goose, was it, or water-fowl, or something of that sort, and another piece called 'Them toppers,' or some such word. Well, the next day, when you were gone away, she went down to the bookstore and bought an elegant book, with them same pieces in, and kept it sort of hid away in her room. And Mrs. Wilson says," continued the old lady, most out of breath, in her eagerness to make the most of the opportunity, "that when she was down to Boston this winter, and called to see Miss Winslow, she found a medical review on the table, and a beautiful book-mark right in the place where your piece was printed, and she asked after me so kindly, and talked so beautifully about your mother, with the tears in her eyes; and then she had heard of your kindness, to the poor Irish woman and her children, and she said how noble it was, and just like your mother. And when Mrs. Wilson told her how you were getting all the practice in the place, and had to ride all day and night too, sometime, she said she was very sorry, on her Uncle's account, for he had set his heart on your coming to Boston. Now, Edward, I wish you'd take an old woman's advice, and strike while the iron is hot—'tain't likely a pretty girl, with a big fortune, will wait many years for an old bachelor."

"An old bachelor, Aunt?" said Edward, rising from the table, and standing erect, in all the full proportion of his fine figure, "I didn't know I had attained that dignity yet."

"Well, they call ladies old maids when they pass that boundary, and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. But aren't you going to Boston soon, Edward?"

"Can't leave my patients, Aunt, they'll suffer. I'm afraid," and laughing merrily, he made his escape into the library, where he found an opiate for his nerves in his friendly cigar.

Still, as he mused, two fair faces seemed to peer at him from the fragrant cloud, one a polished graceful woman of twenty-five, the beloved friend of his mother, and the favorite niece of one whom he loved as a father. She was the idol of a large circle and had many worshippers, some perhaps for the golden halo that surrounded her, and some no doubt who did homage to her real worth. Aunt Ruthy was not so much more acute than others, for certain friends of the Doctor had given him hints upon the subject, and even Dr. R. himself had written him to come to Boston and try his luck in more ways than one.

But while the Doctor was trying to define the boundary between respect and admiration, and that warmer feeling which Aunt Ruthy had ignored, but poets believe in, another face peeped over the shoulder of the first, a round, fair girlish face with dimpled cheeks, and gentle blue eyes and sunny curls, and it seemed to say,

"God bless you, sir, may you never know darkness nor sorrow."

"And I never should," he thought, "with the sunlight of that face in my home," and he threw aside his cigar and strode across the room with the decision of a man determined to have his own way. "I won't marry a rich wife—I always said I wouldn't—almost always turn out bad. I'll work my own way through the world and toil for a wife, and not receive from her, if this brain don't work me independence, this strong arm shall have a path for myself, and her for whom I will brave sneers, and disdain, to call wife! Wife! my sweet, gentle Dora, how well the word sounds coupled with thy name!"

"Edward," said Aunt Ruthy putting her head into the door, her becaped and shrivelled face, quite different from the picture in his mind's eye, "come quick, Patrick Murphy's baby has poked its nose up, and they're afraid 'twill die afore you get there; it does beat all nether how careless these Irish folks are, they don't take no more care

of their babies than if they were so many pigs! Do hurry, Peggy has gone already."

"I'll be there soon," said Edward, taking his instrument case.

That evening at tea Aunt Ruthy informed Edward that she had been down to see Miss Smith, the milliner, about taking Dora as an apprentice in her shop, but she said that she had more offers of girls than she could accept, and that she had always heard that Irish girls were poor sewers. "But when I told her that I had taught the child myself, and that she could stitch and hem very neatly, Miss Smith concluded to take her when the busy season came on in the fall."

"She would do it," she said, "to oblige our family, though she must disappoint some others who were waiting."

"Is it, indeed, such a privilege for a young girl to be permitted to earn her living by the needle, that she must have the patronage of some family, and are we under obligations to Miss Smith for this great favor?"

"La! Edward how queer you talk!—it's a nice place for the girl, and she can make a deal of money when she has learned to cut dresses and make bonnets."

"What wages will Miss Smith give?"

"Wages! why of course she don't give any wages till Dora has learned the trade,—that will be in three months, but after that, she will give her two dollars a week to begin with."

"And board?"

"No, of course not."

"How many hours must she work?"

"The girls go at seven in the morning and stay till eight in the evening, but when they are very much hurried they stay till nine or ten, and she pays them higher wages."

"So many hours of sewing will spoil Dora's complexion, and make a little old woman of her before she is twenty."

"Lawful sake! Edward you don't know nothing about gals; there's a dozen now that would jump at Dora's chance. Girls that have to earn their living can't be very nice about their complexion."

"Dora has a very fine one though," said Edward, as he passed his cup for more coffee.

"That's true. Dinah says she looks as if the lily was a blushing."

"Dinah is very poetical."

"I don't know anything about that, but she thinks a heap of Dora; she says she's an uncommon Irish gal, not a bit like the rest on 'em she has seen, and if she didn't know that Jack picked her up in the street, she should think she was a born lady."

"There are no better judges of good birth and breeding than the blacks," said Edward, "they seem to know by instinct a true gentleman."

"Of course Dinah knows that Dora has learned almost all she knows since she came here. You did the handsome thing by the family, Edward; 'taint many folks that would have let an Irish family into the house so, not that I've any complaint to make, for we haven't needed the office part at all, but in case you should make any changes here, you know—" and the old lady fidgeted about and fixed her cap a little, as if she would like to speak plainer. Edward observed it, and helped her on a little.

"Bring a wife home, you mean," he said, smiling.

"Yes," said Aunt Ruthy, quite relieved, "if you should bring a wife home, you'd want the office just as it was in your father's day. Now, if Dora can learn a good trade, she'll be a great help to her mother, and they might hire some rooms in the village, because, you know, she couldn't do anything so far from the street as this house."

"Of course not," said Edward, rather abstractedly, the figure of Dora, spending years of ill requited toil in a little room in the rather close village street, appearing in his mind's eye as no very pleasing tableaux.

He rose from table and stepped out into the broad, ample yard before the door. The house which Edward loved so well, and which he delighted to call his home, was built by his great grandfather before the Revolutionary war. It was a fine house in its day, and its stout oaken frame still bid defiance to summer suns, and winter storms; while the wainscoted rooms, with the heavy beams and curiously carved woodwork, told the story of its antiquity. It was two stories high with a gable roof, in which was a large, spacious garret, where the children of three generations had gambled, and where now reposed in dusty obscurity the relics of a past century—there was the cradle in which Edward's grandfather was rocked, close to the old-fashioned flag bottom chair, in which his grandmother sat when she sung her lullabies to the young doctor's father. There was an old spinnet brought from England in the reign of George III. from which some fair dame, in high heeled shoes, and brocade dress and ample train, with hair powdered and cushioned, had daintily drawn sweet music. But alas! the music had followed the spirit of the ancient lady to some unknown region, for none could be wooed now from its shattered keys. The playthings of past generations too were there, from the old-fashioned straw rattle to the rocking-horse of the present owner's boyhood, which it seemed but yesterday to Aunt Ruthy when she carried it up and placed it beside the rusty old sword worn by some ancestor in Queen Anne's war. But we are lingering long in the garret; on the second story are two large square chambers in front, one of them always sacred to hospitality, from the time to which the memory of no living man ran contrary. Its high posted and carved mahogany bedstead, with its heavy drapery, the round, high backed chairs, the small patterned Brussels carpet, the old fashioned set of drawers, the massive, antique china toilet set, were all more than twice as old as the present owner of the mansion. His mother, who was the pattern housekeeper of the neighborhood, had guarded them from dust and sunlight, and Aunt Ruthy was as vigilant as if the lady herself were there to make her weekly inspection. Indeed, one would have supposed the good woman firmly believed in the periodical return of the departed to the scenes dear to them on earth, for everything about the house was kept in the same order, and even her favorite dishes prepared as when she superintended kitchen and parlor. The latter, Aunt Ruthy has described to Dora, and we have frequently taken the reader to the sitting-room into which opened a small porch, shaded with a grape vine, more luxuriant in foliage than fruit. The heavy double front door opened upon an avenue of large, shadowy elms, and smooth-barked beeches, set out before Washington fought at Du Quenois, or George III. thundered his anathemas upon the devoted colonies.

The avenue was nearly three rods in length, extending to the gate, opening upon the high road which led to the village, about half a mile distant. It (the road) was little frequented since the railway was completed, save by farmers going to the village, and by the few pedestrians who loved a quiet path and pleasant scenery.

As Edward stood in the doorway enjoying the mild air and the spring verdure of the fresh grass, and the emerald garments of the old trees, Dora came out of the little office door on the right equipped for a walk.

"I'll seal my fate," was the thought that sprang up in Edward's heart, as he looked at her neat, trim figure and fair face peeping from the cottage, and seizing his hat, he was at her side in a moment.

"Where now, Dora, this fine evening?"

"I am going down to the Factory village, sir, to Pat Ryan's. He told me yesterday that the people there would like to have me teach their children this summer, and I was going to see how many scholars I could have, and procure a room."

"But it is not very pleasant there; Dora, some eight or ten Irish families, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. Aunt Ruthy has other plans for me in the fall, but I thought this would give me employment for the summer. I am glad they are Irish, sir, I have so long wished to do something for my own countrywomen. Oh, Dr. Edward, Ireland would be a different country if all her poor children could find such good friends as God has given me since I came to America. I sometimes wish I had a great deal of money and could go back to Ireland and spend it in feeding and clothing and teaching the poor little suffering children there."

"Would you rather live in Ireland than in America, Dora?"

"I think, sir, if I could only go back and see Ireland once more, and Uncle Mick, if he's living, and my father's grave, and the old ivy-covered church, and the little house where I was born, and the green spring, and the old sun-dial, and O'Neil castle, that seems more beautiful to me than anything I have seen in America, that I would come back here and be very happy."

"Don't you think Beechwood is very pleasant," said Edward, as they arrived at the gate, and he stood a moment leaning over the fence, and gazing at the house, now partly hidden by the foliage of the trees.

"Yes, indeed, sir, and it will be a great trial to leave it; I think no other place will seem like home to me in Beechwood."

"Leave it?" said the Doctor, "pray, what is the trouble, haven't you room enough? You can have the room back of the parlor, if you'd like, it is easy of access to the office."

The look of bewilderment in the young girl's face was quite amusing, but her usual frankness explained.

"I don't understand, sir," Aunt Ruthy said "you would want the rooms this fall, and it would be better for us to leave before, as she thought it likely you would wish to make some repairs."

"Well, really, Aunt Ruthy has been allowed to have her own way so long, that she forgets that she hasn't the title deeds of the estate. Your mother is my tenant, and at liberty to stay here as long as she chooses, and, Dora," he added, in a low voice, coming nearer to her, as she stood under the shadow of a branching elm, "if you like Beechwood."

Just then a carriage stopped at the gate, and a familiar voice exclaimed,—"Holloa, Doctor! glad to find you at home!"

Edward turned and met the pleasant face of Dr. Reynolds, who was seated in a chaise, with his niece, the beautiful heiress, Miss Winslow, by his side.

He received them cordially, and, opening the large gate of the carriage-way, invited them to enter.

"We are on our way to the Springs, and I thought I would stop over one night at Beechwood, and take a peep at your bachelor establishment."

"You will find it a sort of Ravenswood, I fear," said Edward to the lady, "but it will be honored by the presence of such guests."

"If Aunt Ruthy is within, I have no fears for the entertainment," said Miss Winslow. "Ah! there she is," as the good housekeeper, hearing the carriage, showed her face at the door, and the cordial greeting she gave the guests augured well for the coming cheer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VISITORS AT BEECHWOOD.

"Our name and line are not forgot."

"It never rains but it pours," is a homely saying, which the good housekeeper at Beechwood repeated that evening to Dinah, in the kitchen, as she was superintending the sending in of a third supper to some guests that had arrived in the last train of cars.

Mr. Hall, the traveler, whom we met at the opening of our story, and who had visited Edward but a few weeks before, called with a friend, on special business, he said, but as Aunt Ruthy's hot cakes, and fragrant tea would suffer more by the waiting than the information which they had to communicate, Mr. Hall said he would discuss these first.

Meanwhile, Edward, whom his visitors would not permit to leave the garden, where he was walking with Miss Winslow, to play host at the table, was indulging in pleasant reminiscences of his mother with his companion.

"Ah! see," said the lady, "your mother's favorite plants and flowers in the same spots, and tended by some careful hand; how fresh, and green, and free from weeds that camomile. I remember her saying to me once, 'I love the plant, not only for the beauty of its graceful foliage, but for its emblem of courage in adversity, and she repeated the lines,—

"Like the sweet camomile it grew,
Luxuriant from the bruise anew,"

Then there are her favorite pansies. But what is this?" and the lady stooped to pluck a white violet from its nest of green leaves—"how beautiful! Did you transplant this from the woods, Doctor?"

"No, I have had little time for gardening this summer." And the gentleman hesitated a moment, somehow the name that lay so close to his heart refused to pass the lips.

"But somebody has had time," said the lady, for I see, at a glance, that a person with a keen sense of the beautiful, and a knowledge of grouping, has been at work here; you say you have no gardener, and, bless me! Aunt Ruthy understands patchwork better than the arrangement of those verbena's, or the graceful trimming of those cypress vines; how beautifully they have clustered around that trellis, and in their wealth of drapery, sing their drooping treasures from the circle above. Then the tulip bed! It has all been reset since I was here, the old-fashioned double red discarded, and the colors grouped in a brilliant mosaic."

"I think, Miss Winslow, that you have explained

to me why I have taken pleasure in the garden this summer. As I have sat in the porch, cigar in hand, tired of my round of duties, I have felt soothed and refreshed, as if reading a poem. I understand it now; there is harmony of color, and a pretty grouping of plants."

"Yes, that is it; some fairy has been presiding genius."

At this moment, Dinah appeared with a shawl in her hand, her white ivories glistening between her red lips.

"Miss Ruthy sent the shawl, for she is afraid you'll catch cold, now the dew is falling," and seeing how interested the guest seemed in the flowers, she asked, "Have you seen Miss Dora's plants in the arbor. They're a heap nicer than these."

"And who is Miss Dora?"

"Oh, she's the little Irish gal what lives in the office there—she works a heap in the garden, and I believe the flowers love to grow for her to look at 'em. She makes me laugh 'till I ache, telling about the little fairies that live in blue bells, and ride in lily carriages, with butterflies for horses. She says she learned all about 'em when she lived in a little cabin in Ireland."

"Miss Winslow," said Edward, "let me throw the shawl over your shoulders, I am thankful to Aunt Ruthy for her thoughtful care of you. She knows I am too reckless of clouds and sunshine to be very gallant."

"And so I have found out your fairy," said the lady, as she moved towards the arbor; "Is it one of those Irish children that I have heard Uncle Reynolds speak of, one a little blind boy?"

"Yes, the same," said Edward.

"Well, she's a prodigy for a Paddy child, I wish I might pick up a match to her, but I should as soon think of hunting for pearls in a potato patch, as for such a child among the mass of filthy, disgusting Irish that crowd the narrow streets of Boston."

"Are you prejudiced against the race?"

"Prejudiced—no, I don't call it prejudice, but you know the Celtic race is, and probably always will be, inferior to the Anglo Saxons, and I have little faith in their ever uniting, for the Irish are proverbially clanish. If, Doctor, you had your patience tried as my own has been with them, you would not wonder at the warmth with which I speak. Only last month, our servant girl, Bridget, who had lived with us a year, and who had been so faithful, that we had placed great confidence in her, went to the priest and got married privately to a poor, worthless creature. A friend informed us of the fact, and I took occasion to say to the girl, 'Bridget, I hope you wouldn't marry without informing us of it.'

"Faix ma'am ye don't think Bridget Early is the one that would do such a mane trick? Sorra a bit do I want to bring trouble upon meself in that way."

And when, the next day, after abundant proof of the fact, we accused her of it, she stoutly denied it.

Indeed, ma'am, would ye ruin the character of a poor girl that's nothing else to depend on?

But when an hour afterwards her lawful husband came to claim her and the wages due, she said,

"I'm sorry to lave you, ma'am, you've been kind to me, but I'll set up for meself now."

There was, at the least particle of shame or sense of degradation at the falsehood, and there she is, poor girl, living with a brute of a husband, who gets drunk and abuses her. This is only one instance out of many, so that we think ourselves fortunate now, if we can procure any other servants than Irish."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I believe it is so, generally, for it is common to see advertisements for servants printed with the closing sentence, 'No Irish person need apply,' or 'No Catholic Irish are desired.' I fear they are becoming a proscribed race, but it seems to me that, with all their faults, they have redeeming traits. The educated Irish of the higher classes will compare favorably with any others of the same class in any nation. In the eighth and ninth centuries the scholars of Ireland were among the most distinguished at the courts of the Saxon kings and of Charlemagne, and in our own age Curran, Grattan, Emmet, O'Connell and others have given evidence of what Ireland might produce, if she had not been kept down by a mistaken policy, or crushed by starvation. I have great hope for the future of Ireland at home, and the Irish here."

The present generation here are dying by thousands in our cities and on our public works. Our railways are laid above their graves, and the low, muddy, plague-stricken districts of our Western towns and cities, where for cheapness they build their miserable shanties, are so many hot-beds of disease and vice. The average age to which Irish emigrants live, in this country, is but ten years, but another generation is springing up, abundantly supplied with food for body and mind; and if we can forbear with them and subdue our own prejudice to their religion and their race, it will be good for them and happier for ourselves. They are clanish, I acknowledge; let us not increase this spirit by drawing too closely the lines between our own more favored selves, and these poor, ignorant exiles who have sought our shores for the mere privilege of existence. But excuse my homily.—I am keeping you in the evening air too long. Shall we seek our friends? I see they have assembled in the library."

"Yes; but, Doctor, if you lived in Boston or Buffalo, I am not certain but your philanthropy would cool to zero. Blessed with such household help as Aunt Ruthy and Dinah, you know little of an Irish brigade in the kitchen."

"I am highly favored, to be sure, and often wish that Aunt Ruthy could bathe in the fabled fountain that restores youth."

TO BE CONTINUED.

F U N .

"Julius, what's a coroner?" "A coroner, Mr. Snow, is a man what sets on people to see wedder dey killed themselves or committed suicide." "And what does he do when he finds out?" "Brings in a verdict!" "And what's a wardlot, Julius?"

"What's a wardlot? Why, a long black pole, painted white on de end—now hold yer hush, and don't bodder any more."

"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No I won't." "Then I'll give you another—pounding!" "Pound away, Me," said Dr. Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

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

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SUMMER'S INVITATION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"Come away!

From the dally toll and care,
From the city's dust and strife;
To the fragrant mountain air,
To a beautiful dream-life.
Come away!"

From the forest's depths to me,
Is a loving greeting sent;
And a memory of the breeze,
With the evening breezes blent.
Come away!"

Whisper softly, "Come away
From the artificial glare,
From the intercepted ray
Of God's sunshine falling there,
Come away!"

"Come where Nature smiling sits
On her green and sunny throne;
Where the happy songster sits
With a freedom song its own.
Come away!"

"Come where untried roses bloom;
Where the hand of beauty twines,
With a sweet and wild perfume,
Starry flowers 'mid leafy shrines."
Come away!"

"Come away!

With a joyous burst of song,
Flow the sun-kissed wavelets fair;
And a bright ideal throng.
Of sweet fancies cluster there.
Come away!"

"Angel-forms amid the flowers
Of that heaven-blessed retreat;
Fold their silver wings in bowers,
Where the loved and seeking meet.
Come away!"

"Come away!

From the bustle and the glare,
From the weariness and strife;
From the visions of despair,
The sad spectacle of life.
Come away!"

"That so darkly thrills thy heart,
With a sorrow deep and vain,
For the tollers in the mart,
Woful slaves in Mammon's chain!
Come away!"

"Come away!

Tears alone, and prayers are thine—
Power dwells in sorrow's hands,
But a prophetic divine
Has been broadcast o'er the lands.
That the iron rule shall cease,
And oppression be no more;
Songs of liberty and peace
Tell of earth's blest store.
Come away!"

"Come away!

In the forest's densest shade,
By the sparkling river's side—
By sweet Contemplation's aid,
We will wait thee o'er the tide
Of the darkened present; past
All its gloomy scenes, and strife,
To a glowing future, vast,
To a coming higher life.
Come away!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

STAR WORSHIP.

BY S. LEAVITT.

The musical ripple of the ever-moving waters gave but a faint pleasure to Alfred Anderson, as he stood on the beautiful shore of Lake Champlain, near a large village. He was one of that innumerable company of unfortunate mortals, who have come pretty near being geniuses, and yet only near enough to tantalize them. He, for instance, had all the sensitiveness and love of the beautiful which invariably belongs to great poets, and yet, because of one or two loose screws in his mental machinery, he was destined, as he by this time very well knew, never to accomplish anything great. The afternoon on which we find him by the lake, however, is a peculiarly sad one, to him. Hitherto he had entertained a glimmering hope that he might yet accomplish much for the cheering of humanity, but this afternoon he felt that his fate was decided.

"At last," he mutters, "I will take that situation in the book-store, for I know that I never shall recover from this blow—there will I sit, 'like patience on a monument,' and drag out my weary existence."

But we must explain. This very day, "The Wonderful," whom he had heard of with trembling, even Clara, the young poetess, had come to take up her abode in the village; and her coming had been of the Veni, Vidi, Vici sort, so far as Alfred was concerned. Behold him, then, the Monday following, quietly seated behind the counter of the small, but select book-store, looking as if "life's fever o'er," he had settled himself for the rest of his days. Faithfully he went through the performance of his duties, day after day, month after month, apparently as content with his lot as was the old shoemaker over the way, who whistled and fretted with his wife and children, as through the sunlit hours he hammered and carved and sewed.

And Alfred was indeed content with his lot. He had looked with searching and heaven-cleared eyes into the arcanes of the Universe, and knew that no man, whatever be his condition, has cause for despair, so long as he can so plainly see, if he will, that the Creation is prospering around him. That the state called by a certain wise man, "Chaos come again," is contrary to that wise man's fears, still infinitely far off. Thirst for knowledge, too, came to his assistance; and it was, indeed, because he knew that it would enable him to bury himself "to the hilt in venerable tomes," that he had chosen the book-store clerkship. So there he sat, through both day and evening, with his good natured bachelor employer—who was himself an antiquary and book-worm—poring over the literature of all times; for idle he could not be, and could only keep within bounds his soul's unconquerable restlessness, by suffering it to stray unceasingly over the richest fields of literature, and by maintaining constant communion with the Father of Spirits. Meantime, the favorite of the Muses, who had so speedily enchanted our so susceptible villager, dwelt amid a ceaseless round of joys. The pride of her family, and of the village—conscious of her power as a writer—with a soul so thoroughly tuned, as not to be easily rendered discordant—she scarcely knew of sorrow, as far as personal experience of it was concerned. Most people have to go through a sort of fire-baptism, otherwise called the furnace of affliction, before they can attain to the highest condition they are capable of. Not so with Clara. If we may believe that there are unfallen worlds, whose inhabitants never know of sin, except through hearsay; then may we say of our young poetess, that she had apparently as little "original sin" in her composition, as have the denizens of those happy earths. In fact, she was one of that rare class

geni, who are so ethereal, so lifted above earth, seemingly so much better fitted for an abode in the spiritual world—that they are seldom suffered by the higher powers to spend more than their childhood in this gross sphere.

Bitterly, bitterly, did Alfred contrast his lot with hers. And yet, although he knew that he never could accomplish anything of much importance; although he felt that he must ever remain the plain, unnoticeable country clerk, while she went on unto perfection of distinction and usefulness—sometimes his soul rose in defiance of circumstances, and claimed a place by her side, as his rightful position among mortals. And he was right; there was that in him—little he himself was able to realize it, and little hope as there was that the world ever would—which made him equal. Ah, God and his angels see not as we see; if the doctrine of the eternity of the marriage relation be a true one, there will be matings in the other world that will astonish those who had credit for wisdom while here.

Of course, the literary taste of the young book-stocking would lead her to call occasionally at the book-store, especially since the assortment of books displayed there, had been chosen with more taste, than even small city book-stores often give evidence of.

Clara had not, at first, taken particular notice of the clerk; indeed, she dwelt in such a lofty ideal world, that such sublimary things as young men had never yet, especially, occupied her mind, if we except those unsubstantial Apollos and Adonises, which inevitably haunt the imagination of even the most spiritual damsels. But, in after times, she recollected that from the first, there was a something stirred within her, on meeting him, different from all her usual feelings, on meeting comparative strangers.

From time to time, however, as her tastes led her to the store, she more and more noticed uncommon traits in him. Still this notice was, after all, very much like that we give to things of ordinary interest, when—walking the streets of a city—we allow them, as it were, to occupy the outer court of our mind's sanctuary, while dearer things engross our "inmosts." Behold her on one of these occasions. She stands looking over a lot of new works which have just arrived. With cool dignity she points out to her the most noticeable books, and descants briefly upon their merits.

At length he says, "Your own book seems to sell well; I congratulate you." There was no fawning; on his part—no "Miss"—ing; the mode of address; rather pleased her.

"You have a great reputation for learning in the village."

"Mr. Anderson," she answered, "I am surprised that you have never favored us with any of your lucubrations."

"I read some to pass time," he quietly returned—"I make no pretence to literary talent; it is pleasant, is it not, to be a writer?"

"Well, yes, rather," said she, smiling. "Are you never weary of your quiet life?" she then continued, naturally desirous of changing the subject; "the people say you don't stir about much."

"In common with the race, I have my hours of weariness. But my case is not, so very pitiable," he added, a little piqued, supposing, as he did, that she was merely looking down from her lofty position upon him, with a passing emotion of compassion. In fact, the false idea so commonly entertained, that ladies of literary celebrity cannot be satisfied to wed men not equally celebrated with themselves, was fast becoming a sun-obscuring cloud to him—threatening to leave him in darkness through all his days. This idea it was that had caused him to cease all manly effort, for worldly advancement; for, as before said, knowing as he did that his affections were irreversibly fixed upon the young poetess; and supposing that no one but an equally popular literateur could ever win her, he had busied himself in the book-store. And his being possessed of this same idea was the cause of not seeing, when so kindly addressed by Clara, that it was the heartfelt interest she took in him—as a lover of books, and at the same time a rather melancholy man—that made her so friendly.

He knew not then, that every true woman devoted to literature, needs not so much a business partner, fitted to perform an equal share of literary labor—as a strong and manly mate, that she can love and respect, confide in and lean upon.

But let us look into his soul and behind the curtains of his privacy more scrutinizingly.

It has been often, and with some reason, said, that theatre-goers and newspaper readers are too fond of highly-wrought scenes, and that this is a morbid taste, since every-day life—which actors and writers generally claim that they depict—does not abound in such scenes. But are not the objectors somewhat misled by reason of their looking at men's outside life, instead of at their soul's life? If we would see into the latter, we would be led to confess every-day real life is about as full of tragedies as "the yellow-covered literature of the day." For instance, Alfred Anderson's soul led a very different life from what one would suppose from appearances.

Look upon him in his own little room in his good aunt's house, and you see, often, a very different man from the thoughtful, studious clerk. There, often, you might see him writhing in anguish upon the floor. Religion, to be sure, had come to his aid, so that his state was not so much one of despair, as of Christian sadness. Thus, sometimes he would spend whole hours striving to lighten his burden by giving vent to his sorrows in the piteously lamenting utterances of Job, David and Jeremiah. It would, for instance, "just about set him on his feet" to dash through Job, reading sometimes in a low, smothered whisper, which, from its vehemence sounded like the spasmodic hissing of a snake, and again in a low monotone that seemed like one continuous groan.

The only thing in the way of amusement which he went into was sailing. Not long after he had turned clerk, he had purchased, at a considerable, though as he felt justifiable expense, one of the best sail boats that had ever been seen on the lake. It did not at all interfere with his plans in this respect, that he had to attend at the store until eight in the evening. He had become "a bird of the night," and lived but to flit around over the bosom of the waters when darkness was brooding over them. Again he liked but stormy-weather for his excursions. "He was," in fact, a sort of stormy petrel; so that the navigators of these waters, fishermen and others, began to look upon him somewhat in that light. Indeed what with his invariably sailing in the night and his frequently in stormy weather, when other amateur sailors were afraid to venture out; and what with the exceeding swiftness of his little vessel, and his phenomenal appearance, (he was painted white) the crews of

those vessels which piled up and down that part of the lake—with the proverbial superstition of sailors—began to regard this strange turn-out as a miniature edition of the "Flying Dutchman," especially when they saw, on approaching her, that there was but one person on board.

Nothing in the external world seemed to calm his mind more than "dangerous" sailing. Some of his quietest moments were those which he passed on the lake during summer evening thunder-storms. When the thunder made the earth quake, the lightning almost blinded him, the furious blast threatened every moment to overset his boat, and the rain descended as a water-spout; at such a time he seemed "to breathe free." The excitement of the scene made him for a moment forget his woes, and he would sit as far up on the windward side of his boat, as far as he could without letting go of the tiller, to which side he had also dragged all his ballast; and a faint smile would be the only evidence of emotion visible in his face, as the docile little craft leaped like an antelope from wave to wave, with her gunwale continually kissing them and threatening to plunge under them; while "water, water, (was) everywhere" in the form of rain, spray and hissing billows.

But while Alfred Anderson was leading this strange life, Clara was not an unmoved spectator of his course. She never dreamed that she had any influence upon his mode of life; indeed it had from the beginning of their acquaintance been quite an affliction to her, that he always treated her, on occasion of their casual meeting, with rather more indifference and hauteur than any one of the villagers. Her literary success had not in any way marred her sweet disposition, and her only ambition now, as ever, was, to be beloved. Of too guileless a nature to suppose that this coolness on the part of so estimable an acquaintance was a cloak to warmth, it really grieved her to be so treated by him. He became a sort of Mordred to her—the only person in the neighborhood who refused to do her the only honor she asked, that of esteeming her.

So light was her estimation of her own productions, that she would have been perfectly amazed, to be told that he looked upon those productions as the intervening link which was forever to keep them in different regions. On the contrary she regarded him, with his learning, his melancholy and his dignified thoughtful demeanor, as a being of quite a superior order to that to which "such foolish, giddy rattlebrains," as herself belonged.

Now it fell upon an Indian Summer day, that a picnic upon a neighboring island was proposed in the village, and of course Alfred's boat was in demand. With no great hope of an affirmative response, some of the young men asked him if he would make one of the party,—trusting that at least he would offer them his boat, for although he had arrived in the village but a short time before, Alfred, and had held himself aloof from them, they all—especially the children, who would flock around him as he sat of any evening on the bluff that overhung the lake—had found out how kind and obliging he was.

He replied, however, to their interrogatory, that he would like to visit the island with them, although he would not promise to stay by the rest of the party when he got there.

Miss Clara, also, had been induced to make one of the party; although on account of her superior station among them as a literary lady, and the daughter of the richest man in town, it was not expected of her to take a very active part in the exercise.

The leaders of the party, several of whom had previously manifested a mischievous desire to try the effect upon the imperturbable bookseller of the bright eyes and intellect of their village queen,—placed her in his boat and alongside of him. So now he was in the very jaws of—he knew not what. But seeing that it was useless for him to resist the fate, he began to converse with her on ordinary topics. Her presence, however, acting as an inspiration on him, he could not long dwell amid commonplaces.

"The hazy, mysterious Indian Summer is upon us again, Miss Clara," he began, after a short pause in the conversation; "no doubt it keeps you much in dream-land?"

"It does indeed: I ever stand in awe, then, as though more immediately in God's presence, than at any other season. We read in the history Moses gives us of our first parents, that 'God walked in the garden in the cool of the evening;' and so would it seem that he came ever now to walk the earth in this pleasant eventide of the year,—bringing a genial, heavenly air with him,—to see that his children here are well prepared for the cold dark night of winter. 'From earth and her waters and the depths of air,' seems to come a voice saying, 'be still and know that I am God, commune with your own heart and be still.' Do you take the same view of it, Mr. Anderson? or is your view a more sombre one?"

Just here they reached their destination, and the colloquy was broken off. With great glee the company disembarked from the boats as they came up, and engaged in the various amusements that belong to such occasions. After a while Alfred finding himself alone with the "destroying angel"—the rest of the party having wandered off, leaving her sketching the view,—resumed, thus, the conversation:—

"You spoke doubtfully with regard to the effect of the Indian Summer upon me, Miss Clara."

"Yes, excuse my frankness, but the people tell strange stories about your midnight excursions and various other odd ways: I feared you were not happy. I would not attempt to advise; but would it not be better for you to mingle more in society?" and here a dewy glistening was in her eyes. Let it not be supposed, however, that there was, as yet, anything more than a sisterly feeling in her heart toward him. She spoke thus because she was at once exceedingly kind-hearted and exceedingly frank.

It was pretty hard for Alfred to subdue his rising emotion: these words and that tearful look of sympathy almost unmanned him.

"Perhaps you are right," he replied. But then turning nervously he continued, "I hardly think it would be worth while, though."

"For," said he to himself, "even if she does mean that for an invitation, what but misery will it bring to me to call there. I shall but have to stand by and see aristocrats and men of genius from town and city, producing effects that I can never produce."

But the good-hearted one before him would not be thus put off. With the beautiful simplicity and modesty of true genius, she supposed that he disdained her company. Viewing his conduct in this light, she thus continued: "I am afraid you are

proud, Mr. Anderson. This soul-subduing season ought to drive all pride from our hearts. Are we not very little, insignificant creatures, all we mortals?" and here the tear drops fell again. "How foolish it is for us to raise imaginary barriers around ourselves, to set ourselves in any way apart from our kind, when there is so much inevitable misery in the earth, without that which this unnecessarily causes."

A grosser mind would have misunderstood this language, but Alfred did not. He knew that this was not the language of one enamored; but he gathered such good omens from it, that he answered more cheerily, when she continued: "Come, Mr. Anderson, it won't do for you to seclude yourself so; visit more; visit us. I have often heard my father speak of you; and I know he often longs for more intellectual company than that he usually obtains."

"Well," he returned, "if it will prove to any one that I am not proud, I will gladly avail myself of your invitation."

So the next week found our furious navigator dropping in upon several of his *compagnons du voyage*, greatly to their surprise; though, when the following week they learned that he had called also on their queen, some of the deeper ones saw through the ruse.

The call upon Clara not being so memorable as some later ones, we skip it, and come to one that fell upon another Indian summer day, a year from that time.

He sat with her now in a spacious vine-clad portion, that looked from an eminence toward the lake and the setting sun. A Claude Lorraine could not have talked of love in view of such a sunset; but Alfred, being no painter, found it necessary only to look that way occasionally—other orbs attracted him still more. A small table was between them, on which they had been playing chess; but the chessmen were in confusion. Their owner was a little; for an unwonted loving pressure was on her hand, holding it captive on the table. She was checked-mated.

"So I am really to allow myself to believe, Clara, that we may go the rest of this pilgrimage hand in hand," said Alfred, turning his great serious eyes upon hers.

"Yes, Alfred," was the low response.

"And you are content to mate with a man in whom the fire of ambition is burnt out, who sits like the old man in Cole's 'Voyage of Life' picture—'life's fever o'er'—quietly drifting in his weather-beaten boat out toward the silent shore of that boundless ocean—Evermore?"

"I am, Alfred."

"And the love-light of that seraph's eye,"

was a goodly sight to see.

"And you will not weary of your prosy husband, when the fiery, dazzling lights of the age, comet-like, go by?"

"No, Alfred," and, unconsciously, she drew nearer to him on the settee; so that a corresponding movement on his part very naturally pillowed her head on his breast.

But both were now looking at the enchanting scene before them.

"The earth looks very peaceful, Clara; it smiles like a sleeping infant. The water is like a sea of glass, mingled with fire, under this glorious shining."

"Is there any more peace within, Alfred, than when at night you used so madly to plough those waters, while I looked on so sadly?"

"Even so, Clara. But when I think what an old sort of a man I'm getting to be," (he was just twenty), "and how, since I am to have no business to do but to take care of your father's property, I shall sit here so much, as some people would say, moping—I sometimes fear your younger heart will not find itself fully met."

"Oh, but I am very old, too; then what is this bustle and uproar that men call activity, but a morbid excitement. I often think," she went on, with kindling eyes, "that in less corrupt worlds there is much less of it. Men say, 'Oh, we must have some excitement—life would be tame without these sharp contrasts of quietness and uproar, disease and health, cold and heat, hunger and satiety.' But, to my thinking, this need not be. Good God! this is so sublime a world, with tremendous God-facts of life, death and eternity, it is excitement enough for me, and would be, methinks, through the eternities, to sit in rapt contemplation of these facts. Think you not, love, that in many worlds the inhabitants find all imaginable happiness in a quiet routine of simple life, while angels minister unto them, and talk with them day by day, as Milton's Raphael talked with the first father, concerning all the deeper and diviner mysteries?"

"I think not any otherwise than thou," came from Alfred's lips, as, bending down, he, with them, caused her to cease her eloquence.

THE MAGICAL ISLE IN THE RIVER OF TIME.

BY MARY E. BATHURER.

There's a magic isle in the river of time,
Where softest of echoes are straying,
And the air is as sweet as a musical chime—
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime.
When June, with its roses, is smiling!

'Tis there memory dwells with her pale golden hue,
And music forever is flowing;
While the low-murmured tones that come tremblingly through,
Sadly trouble the heart—and yet sweeten it too—
As south winds o'er waters when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in this fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes and their sweet sunny smile
Only flash round the heart with a "wondering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of the isle is the Beautiful Past,
And we bury our treasures all there;
There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last,
There are bosoms of snow, with dust o'er them cast,
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings,
And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unwept, and a lute without strings;
There are flowers all withered, and letters, and rings,
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

Even the dead, the bright, beautiful dead, there arise,
With their soft-flowing ringlets of gold;
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes
The unbroken slumber of hues now lies,
They are with us again as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning us there,
And with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there—
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair—
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista unendingly bright;
And the river of time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.

Godliness before greatness; virtue before wealth.

MERCY'S MISSION.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

Haat thou stood spell-bound beneath the glowing
skies of Italy, and felt thy spirit's inmost depths re-
sponding to its enchanting scenes? Haat thou be-
held the vine-clad hills that guard the blue Rhine's
beauty, where the forget-me-nots cluster, loving and
timidly at the water's edge? Or, has thy beauty-
seeking spirit dwelt enraptured beneath the evening
glory of the tropic sky, when the sudden and glori-
ous night drew her starry mantle o'er the yet
gleaming heavens? where crested cocoas bowed their
kindest heads, and the commingling odors of the
sweetest flowers were wafted far across the slumber-
ing waters; where the moon is dazzlingly bright, the
stars gleam with a tenfold lustre, the heavens en-
fold the tranquil ocean, so musically answering the
voices of the night? And there, enrapt in beauty,
entranced by delicious dreams, has thy soul respon-
ded to nature's whispered utterances, filling thy being
with a tide of heavenly rapture, uplifting thee far
beyond all clouds of earthly sense and care, unto an
ideal world of love and light and fragrance?

Then, if thy soul admits the harmonizing influ-
ences of Nature, the beauty spell of night, of flowers,
and moonlight and serial music—then can thy soul
portray unto the seeking vision, the fulfilled glories
of that unfading realm, where earth-tried spirits be-
come angels in love and wisdom. Mortal pen may
not describe the glories of the spirit worlds; human
language fails, and expression is powerless from ex-
ceeding joy and glad surprise.

The flowery gates leading into a fairy region, the
mellow skies, the heavenly light illumining the ce-
lestial landscape with a mingled roseate and golden
hue; the far off silver gleaming temples, the paradisa-
ean vales, studded with innumerable gem-like
flowers; the eternally verdant mountains, the wood-
encircled homes, the spirit bowers; the messenger
roses, the emblem buds, the music-whispering vines—
what earthly language can portray the supernal
loveliness of that spirit realm; what earth-framed
words describe its glories; so far transcending the
artist's power, and the poet's loftiest dream!

It is the spirit land; one of the many worlds on
which the progressed human spirit finds love and
happiness; and there, seated upon the emerald green
sward, appears a radiant group, their silver and
azure vestments enrobing them with majesty and
grace. They are pure, and they are happy; heart-
smiles dwell upon their lips, truth beams in their
sub-bright eyes; faith is in their love-warm clasp,
and immortal joy crowns radiantly their noble brows
with wreaths of jeweled flowers, that change their
forms and shift their rainbow gleams; with the vary-
ing emotions of the celestial weaver; brightening
and expanding as their pure affections unfold, their
knowledge widens, their inspirations deepen, or their
holy efforts bloom. They are no longer called by
earth-worn names. Some attribute of their nature,
some loving trait, some angelic affection has been
bestowed upon them their "naming name." The violet-
eyed, golden-haired Lyra is so called for her love of
harmony; her white hands rest upon her golden
harp, her starry wreath flashes brilliantly beneath
the music inspirations that deepen the rose-tint
upon her cheek, that swell her joyful heart with a
perpetual hymn of glorying praise! Gazing upon
her with looks of holiest love, stands her spirit mate,
the dark-browed, gloriously beautiful gold-star; a
spirit renowned for deep research and untiring ef-
fort for the good of all. The sweet-voiced Eolia is
answering the poetic messages of the whispering
flowers. With approving smile, her beloved one
watches her. All are lovingly employed, happy, un-
selfish and loving. But, apart somewhat from the
group sits one, a dark-haired maiden, upon whose
heavenly countenance is cast a softening shade;
whose clear cheek flushes and pales with thought;
whose dark eyes fill with tears of the tenderest pity
for the darkened, misdirected souls of earth. Lov-
ingly attracted towards that world, once her dwelling
place, her life is devoted to the alleviation of its suf-
ferings; to the softening of its harshness, to the
leading unto the realms of light the erring souls of
earth's children. Whith cheek leaning upon a small,
white hand, she gazes far across the intervening
space, and to her pitying eyes, penetrating the
earthly gloom, is revealed one of its sorrowing
scenes.

She beholds a little child, a fragile, light-haired
girl, whose blue eyes are dimmed with tears, sitting
alone in a darkened chamber. There is gloom and
care and fear within that childish heart; she has
never beheld her mother, and cruelty, and neglect,
and hardship have cast their darkening influence
upon the fair, solitary child. Thrown among cold
and uncongenial hearts, no fond maternal accents
greet her ear; no gentle caresses, no words of en-
couragement are given to the little orphan drudge;
and hatred and bitterness, and envy, rank weeds of
most luxuriant growth, spring up within the un-
cared for breast. Childish, indefinite plans of ven-
geance, find their concealment; her earthly keepers
feel not the responsibility, the retribution awarded
for the broken trust; the terror and the darkness
enveloping the unfeeling soul, that coldly planned
another's misdirection. Oh, no! who cares for the
neglected pauper child? But a pitying spirit has
seen the need, and hastens with the balm of consolation.

There is a vacant place on the emerald green
sward; the spirit's wreath is lying there, its gemmed
flowers reflecting the sunset gleams. Powerfully at-
tracted by the sorrow of that neglected child, the
spirit, Mercy, has descended to earth, even to the
darkened chamber, where the orphan weeps alone.
A softening influence falls upon the spirit of the re-
belling child; the gloom clouds of bitterness are dis-
persed; the plans of vengeance forgotten. A holy
calm pervades her troubled soul; she kneels down
in prayer, and amid the silence and the darkness, a
music voice utters her name. She stretches out her
arms with yearning love, and fearlessly responds to
the heavenly visitant. Cruelty and neglect have
darkened the child's pure vision; she cannot see her
angel guide, but she feels a soft hand laid upon her
brow, and drinks in holy draughts of love and faith,
that leave a lasting impression upon her grateful
soul.

Beneath the twilight glory of the spirit sky, a new
soul-blossom of choicest fragrance is added to fair
Mercy's wreath; and with a tenfold lustre gleam
the jeweled flowers. Sweet strains of music greet
her return, and the smile of approving love adds
glory to her happiness.

Self-constituted guardian of the lonely child, Mercy

fulfilled her holy mission; often leaving the spirit
bowers for the darkened atmosphere of earth, strength-
ening the solitary heart with visions of the future,
telling her of hope and faith's reward, and of the
songs of joy in heaven, over the victory achieved on
earth by a pure heart's efforts against temptation
and wrong.

Mercy sought the poor child's mother, and found
her, a darkened dweller of a lower sphere. Lov-
ingly, untringly, she labored to bring light, and truth,
and hope unto that misdirected soul. Years, as we
count time, passed on, and the heavenly power of
benevolence was manifest. The once despairing,
dweller of the lower sphere became a radiant spirit;
the lonely child a blooming woman; oft communing
with the spirit mother, still lovingly guided by Mer-
cy's hallowing influence. From the allurements of
vice, from the debasing influence and the artificial-
ities of the world, the spirit's influence guarded
the lone and oft weary wanderer. Often was Allica
poor and destitute, yet never tempted to barter her
soul's serenity for earthly glitter. A few true hearts
were near her, smoothing, with friendship's hand,
life's thorny pathway; but within her soul dwelt
peace, untroubled, undoubting faith. Over the fer-
tile, blooming valleys of the spirit land; over its
even, tranquil seas, over its mountain heights, passed
Mercy's feet, love and happiness her ever-attending
angels. Her starry wreath is thickly clustered with
the soul-gems of thought and feeling; her robes
gleam sun-bright; new flames uprising where'er
her footsteps fall, and music voices greet her with a
burst of welcoming joy. And hand in hand, the re-
united meet and follow her beckoning hand, the
mother and the child, now also rescued from the cold
earth's toils; they follow where she leads; imitating
her glorious example; seeking to rescue from wrong
and ignorance the culpably neglected, uncared-for
children of the poor.

THE EASTERN SLAVE, OR THE DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH.

A cloud of gorgeous light flushed over the sky,
spread upward and abroad, for a moment, the
rich colors of an Eastern sunrise pictured themselves
upon the horizon like an arch of fretted gold and
powdered gems, broken and irregular—now standing
out in abutments of fiery light, or sinking back to
the depths of the sky in caves of crimson, purple and
pale violet, then flinging up the turrets of amber,
and soft rose color, to the zenith, and last, melting
away in a sea of sheet gold, as the sun rose from be-
hind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour
of worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the
Ganges, when the snowy temples and picturesque
mosques which stood bedded in the foliage, and
crowned the rocks which shot over the stream, with
their drapery of creeping vines were flung open.
From every casement, and fairy lattice were lavished
forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green
leaves, and buds full of odor, the Brahmins' tribute
to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore,
seemed bursting into blossoms beneath the warm
sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping
forward like crowds of bright winged spirits sport-
ing and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus
lavished upon them, a budger, or state barge, fol-
lowed by a train of baggage boats, shot out from the
shadow of a grove of banian trees, and with its silken
penonants streaming to the morning air, made its
way up the stream.

It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat—
as it flashed out into the broad sunshine—its gilded
prow curving gracefully up from the water in the
form of a peacock with burnished wings, jeweled
crest and neck of scaly gold, the sides swelling gen-
tly out at the bows and sloping away to the stern,
till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite work-
manship, the smaller ends twisted together and
forming the extreme point of the boat. The rose
colored mouths curved gently outward, from which a
hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect sim-
blance of nature, seemed bursting away over the
foaming waters as she cut her path gracefully
through them, leaving a long wreath of foam, curl-
ing and flashing in her track. In the broadest part
of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved
with mother of pearl and studded with precious
stones; its pillars of fluted ivory, half hidden by a
rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and
festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of
heavy silk, twisted and tasseled with silver.

Within a pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the
rich dyes of Persia, half sat, half reclined, an elderly
nave, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince,
with his eyes half closed, and apparently drooping
into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hook
lay idly between his thin lips, its jeweled lengths
glittered against his silken vest, and then burst
away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed
of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal
stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole
languidly upward, and floated among the azure drap-
ery like clouds moving in the depths of a summer
sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored
cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as an
houri. Her robe of India muslin, starred and spotted
with gold, was open in front, betraying a neck
of perfect beauty, and but half concealing the grace-
ful outline of her person; her bright hair was band-
ed back from her forehead with a string of oriental
pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multi-
tude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach
her feet while she retained her reclining position.
She had the full large eyes of her fiery clime, long cut,
and full of brightness, but shaded with heavy, silken
lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost
sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting
over her face, and the whole expression of
her full was one of mingled softness and energy.
Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active
form, with a high, finely moulded forehead, and eyes
kindling with the fire of a proud but restrained spir-
it. Yet, though his port was almost regal, and his
bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a
Hindoo slave. The hand which should have been
familiar with the sabre hilt, was occupied in waving
a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining prin-
cess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close
her eyes, as if lulled to sleep by the musical dipping
of the oars, he would fix those expressive eyes upon
her, as the devotee dwells upon the form of his idol.
The bold mental had dared to look upon the loveliest
maiden, and the loftiest princess in all Hindostan,
with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her
father's court, the affianced bride of a prince as
proud and as wealthy as her own haughty sire—had
she forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on
the person of a slave? Those who had looked upon

the expression of those soft eyes, unobscured beneath
his passionate gaze, as the starry blossoms open to
the sunbeams, might have read an answer which
spoke much for the warm-hearted woman, but little
for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half
asleep, marked the mingled glances of the youthful
pair; and a wicked, crafty expression stole over his
face; a light gleamed out from his half open eyes,
which told how dark and subtle were his secret
thoughts—he lay like a serpent nursing its venom
for a sudden spring.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of
boats made its way slowly up the shadowy side of the
stream. The oarsmen bent wearily over their oars,
for the atmosphere, which slumbered about them,
had become oppressive with the perfume which rose
in clouds from the oleander thickets, and the thou-
sand budding vines that flung their garlands over the
water, and chained the tree-tops into one sea of bloom-
ing vegetation. A short distance up, the high
bank curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering
in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill, which
was covered with rich herbage, and crowned by a
thick grove, heavy with ripe bananas, and other
Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two
lofty palm trees shot up into the air, branching out at
the top in a cloud of thick green foliage, impervious
almost to the hot sunshine, which fell broadly on that
side of the river.

The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the stately palms,
as the boat gradually neared them; while he gazed,
the glittering branches which had hitherto remained
motionless, began to tremble, and wave to and fro.
The leaves shivered; a low rustling sound was
heard, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst
over them; and then the head and half the body of
a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves,
swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a
moment, and then darted back with the same rust-
ling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old
Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he
commanded his attendants to enter a baggage boat,
and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of
fresh fruit. "Moore the boat in the inlet beneath the
two palms, and let Taje remain with her," he com-
manded, pointing to the handsome slave who stood
behind his daughter. The slave made his salaam,
and was about to step into the boat, when the prin-
cess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain
idle," she said, with a smile; "let thy task be to
gather some of those lilies which spring up from that
bed of white sand, just within the cove, and
scatter them over my cushions; should I sleep
when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me
pleasant dreams."

The slave bent his turbaned head, and sprang into
the boat. The princess half rose from her cushions
and watched the party as they drew towards the
shore. The slave, Taje, "moored the boat," and
brought an armful of the beautiful white lilies she
had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow,
where he seated himself to wait for his companions.
Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstract-
edness on the cove, when she saw the tops of the
palm trees in commotion; the heavy leaves began to
shiver again, and the slender branches crashed, as
with the force of a hurricane. As she looked, that
huge serpent began to coil itself like the stem of a
great vine, downward toward the palm; his neck
glistening, his head thrust out a little from the
trunk, and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who
had dropped asleep in the boat. The princess sprang
to her feet with a cry of horror, and then stood mo-
tionless, and white as death; her fingers locked, and
her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striv-
ing to cry out, but her voice was choked in her
throat. She saw the monster thrust his head far
out from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid
glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and
lung half his length into the boat, gleamed before
her distended eyes. With a cry that rang over the
waters like the shriek of a maniac, she fell upon the
deck, and, with her face buried in her hands, lay
quivering in every limb, like a dying creature.

"Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting her
form from the deck and flinging it on the cushions,
"Peace, ingrate! What is the dog of a slave to
thee? Look up and witness his just punishment!"

As if nothing could appease his thirst for ven-
geance, he tore the hands from the shuddering crea-
ture's face, and again half lifting her from the pile
of cushions, forced her to look upon the appalling
scene. The serpent had coiled itself around its vic-
tim, while yet one part of its huge length was twist-
ed about the palms. She gazed with a dizzy brain
on the mottled folds as they writhed glistening and
swelling eagerly around their struggling victim. She
saw the glossy neck, flung upward with a curve that
brought the head, with its fierce glowing eyes, and
its forked tongue quivering like a fiery arrow from
the open jaws, over the crouching slave. A low,
smothered cry of mortal agony arose from the boat—
then a shout and a rush of men from the grove. She
saw the gleam of their hatchets and pikes as they
fell upon the monster. She saw the horrid folds
that begirt her lover relax, and then with a faint
gasping she fell back in her father's arms sick and en-
tirely senseless.

"Dog!" cried the fierce old man, seizing the re-
scued slave as he ascended the side of the barge,
pale and haggard as a corpse, yet bearing the lilies
which his mistress had ordered, in his arms—
"Dog! crocodile! Thou hast escaped the serpent,
but who shall save thee from the vengeance of a dis-
graced father?"

The old man's scimitar flashed upward as he
spoke. The slave drew his fine form proudly to its
height, and fixed his stern, calm eyes, full on the
old Rajah's.

"Rajah old man," he said, "what would you of
me? True, I have won the love of your daughter, but
if you seek vengeance for the wrong, claim it not of
Taje, the slave, but of the Prince Arungzebe, her
affianced husband, for, by the holy stream which
hears us, I am that man!"

The Rajah's eye quailed beneath that stern glance,
and the scimitar fell to the deck with a ringing
sound. The youth calmly put away the hand which
the fierce old man had fixed on his arm, and taking
a sealed parchment from the folds of his turban, gave
it to him. The Rajah took it with a shaking hand—
glanced at the signature, and then opened his arms
to receive his son-in-law. The youth leaned for a
moment on his bosom, and then they went into the
pavilion together. When the princess awoke from
her swoon, her father was sitting on his carpet
smoking his hook, as quietly as if nothing had
happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung
about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bend-
ing over her.

"Oh! I have had a terrible dream," she said,

Communication.

NUMBER ONE.

Sentiment, feeling, opinion, desire is one thing—the utterance or statement of it a distinct and different matter. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed. Prayer is "*sincere*" desire, i. e., benevolent, friendly, kindly, humane desire. It may exist unexpressed, or while unuttered by words may publish itself by other methods. A philanthropic wish may pervade the soul and not move the lips. Pure, humane emotions and the truest desires of love may excite and sanctify the heart without moving the tongue to words. The strongest and holiest yearnings of a generous spirit do not necessarily and inevitably avail themselves of the organs of speech. They may, and generally do, but not of necessity. Prayer is one thing—its vocal utterance is a different thing. One is substance—the other form. One is the vehicle or medium—the other the feeling or desire conveyed and delivered. This distinction prevents confusion and injustice. What profanation to call the words—mere lip expression—the oral utterance—prayer, when not prompted by kind desire! What loathsomeness, hypocrisy, the most chaste and beautiful form of words uninspired by emotions of benevolence! The "*sincere*" desire of the dumb, who have no words, no vocal utterance, is genuine, as if it had words. Without the possibility of lip expression they cherish the kind wish and enjoy the benevolent emotions, and often find more effectual expression than any form of words is capable of. Expressions of the lips may be hollow and counterfeit, employed for a sinister purpose when the kind desire is not present to prompt them. Prayer is possible without lip expression, and lip expression without prayer. Three things are apparent: prayer, or desire—the vehicle of utterance of it—and when the lips are employed, the possible counterfeit prayer has innumerable forms of words.

Banner of Light.

TERMS.

NOTICE.

THE ORACLE AND OPPOSITION.

We have published probably 300 messages, many of them, yes, most of them, containing strong tests.

CAN IMPUDENCE GO FURTHER?

in the forlorn hope of rendering his arguments absurd by making his person odious.

passage home, that he may have no fears for her
leaves behind, for will not their kind care keep

Spirit of the Press.

pers, had so many lives as this Spiritualism. It
 been 'discovered,' 'exposed,' 'blown up,' 'exploded'

membrane, and what is a little curious, each man that explores the "humbly" also explores all other theories that have been put forth against it. So it has been from the commencement. We hardly know which is humbug, the zealous opponents or the zealous Spiritualists.

We attach no importance at all to this report from Cambridge; not the least. Only a day or two ago, we were looking over an old report on Mesmerism, made by certain learned professors of France, with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, from this country. They decided it to be a delusion amounting to nothing in fact. A few years after, the same body of men pronounced it an important remedial agent, and recommended its use, especially in Surgical operations.

It has been so in all ages of the world, and on almost all important subjects. It was so when Galileo first declared the earth to move on its axis. It was the learned men and theologians that laughed at his theories, condemned them as delusions and required him to renounce them. So Columbus met the opposition of the learned professors of his time. These culled of learned men in favor of their own prejudices are not entitled to much weight, as the experience of the world abundantly shows.

We have never seen anything to convince us of spiritual influences in all the "manifestations" we have witnessed; but nothing in the world, unless it be something that every man and woman sees for themselves, is better proved than that the alleged facts have taken place. It is much more demonstrable than that the earth turns on its axis, to the great mass of people. What produces the strange occurrences is the only question to be settled. Strange to say, some learned professors who formerly condemned mesmerism now account for these things by saying it is mesmeric phenomena. What then, is mesmerism? On these questions the Cambridge savans give us no light. We see no way to solve the problem but to keep investigating, trying and learning, without depending on the report of professors who think more of maintaining their reputation than discovering new truths. They don't want to report to the world that "common people" have been wiser than they, on any subject.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Prof. Felton has condescended (?) to notice my communication to the Banner in an article published in that frank (?) and liberal (?) paper, the Courier. The Professor, with characteristic obstinacy, adheres to the imposition and jugglery theory, modestly asserting that all who do not agree with him must be either deluding or deluded. Others, scientific men, trained to habits of strict and accurate observation, although rejecting the supernatural theory, have confessed that in the manifestations of modern spiritualism there is something more than imposture—something which baffles their most patient investigations. But what of that? Prof. Felton has decided otherwise, and his *ipse dixit* must override and crush down every opposing theory and opinion. But to the letter. I state positively and solemnly that on the night when I met Prof. Felton and his friends, there was no deception on my part. Whether or not there was any on theirs, they know best. The first experiment I acknowledged to be a failure; but the failure was not at all caused by "Mr. Eustis' eyes being fixed on the medium's arm." Could Mr. Eustis, think you, Professor, on that night keep his eyes STEADILY fixed on any object? Some may be uncharitable enough to doubt it. The second experiment did succeed. The cap was removed from the watch, and as you well know, under circumstances which made it utterly impossible for me to remove it. The following sentence, of Prof. Felton's, is so peculiarly worded that, had a cheating spiritualist, or a deluded ignorant skeptic written it, had it been written by any other man than the frank and charitable and truth-loving Professor, I should have supposed it was intended to convey an erroneous impression. "The table which was somehow carried over Mr. Squire's head in the dark, after rooking to and fro for several minutes, was carried over Mr. Eustis' head in the light, and placed in the same position in the same spot on the bed, in about one minute." Here the "somehow" makes all the difference. How was the table thrown on the bed by my instrumentality in the dark? How was it thrown on the bed by Mr. Eustis in the light? Could I, situated as I was and surrounded as I was, by my unassisted strength and agility throw a table weighing one hundred pounds over my head on the bed?—my feet tied to the chair, my hand held by the trained and quick-detecting (?) Mr. Eustis? Under those circumstances, I could not, unassisted, have thrown the table over my head on the bed. No man of common sense will for a moment believe I could. How did Mr. Eustis perform the feat? He placed the table on his knees; and then leaning entirely back upon the bed slid it over his chest and face. This difference, which is so material to a right understanding of the feat as performed by my instrumentality and as performed by Mr. Eustis, the Professor studiously keeps out of sight. Any man of ordinary strength could have thrown the table over his head in the manner in which it was done, by Mr. Eustis, and I challenge any man unassisted by other power, be he scientific, military-trained or juggler, to perform it in the manner in which it was performed through me. True; the table was not taken away from three men, but three men with the "application of forces," man to direct them could not hold the table still, could not hold the table still against a boy, who was never submitted to military drill, and who knows nothing of the application of forces. The catching of the watch nearer my hand was, it seems, "only an incident, not an essential point." It was something else than an incident; it was a FAKEHOOD. Why was this stated? It was to convey to others the impression that I was endeavoring to get the watch nearer to my fingers to enable me to operate upon it, and thus deceive the wise (?) savans of Harvard University! And is not this an essential point? Oh! Professor, this was a dodge unworthy even of you. Your distinction looks very much like an equivocation. I do most distinctly deny "the panning and perspiring." But further, a gentleman and lady of unimpeachable veracity, who were present during all the manifestations, state through me, and are willing to stake their character for the truth of my former statement in the Banner for the week ending July 16th, that I did not pant and perspire, and did not exhibit those many other symptoms of severe physical effort, and that the watch chain was not, and furthermore, could not have been caught up. I do deny most positively that the performances with the table were results of my own muscular strength, and I deny further that Prof. F. perceived and felt any violent efforts made by me. Here is denial against denial.

Now for proof. The table was thrown over my head; this is indisputable. It was done in a manner far different from that in which Mr. Eustis did it. This I have already shown. So far, so good. Now the next step is that I made violent muscular

effort. Now on whom does the onus probandi lie clearly? the Professor. The statement is his, and he must prove it. Let him explain, if he can, how those violent efforts manifested themselves to him. The Professor has decided that the performances of the evening were "mere tricks." That, of course, ends the matter (?). None can have the hardihood to question his statements. There are, however, in the community, some men of over-weening presumption, who will persist that God has given them also eyes, and minds; and who will not, as no doubt they might, surrender themselves wholly to the Professors of Harvard College, and sit humbly as babes at their feet, and drink in, unquestioning, all that flows from their infallible (?) lips. They will use their own eyes, and exercise their own judgments, and adhere to their own conclusions, despite Prof. Felton and his umpires. The community must be "cleansed of that perilous stuff." Off with them to the prison, the pillory, and the stake. But pause a moment. This cannot be done. The presumptuous fools are largely in a majority, and therefore must be let alone. Here I must state again, and once for all, I will not relinquish what I believe to be the truth. I am not a deceiver, whatever Prof. Felton may say to the contrary. Statements unsupported by proof injurious to the character of others are easily made, and these statements may be backed by the weight of social and intellectual position; but let those casting such statements abroad in the community beware. We have heard of instances where they have rebounded with a thundering crash upon the heads of those who made them, high as they were in the social scale, and prostrating them in the very dust. Professors may plume their arrogance and self-conceit, and amuse the public with their antics; but time will try all things, and the truth must ultimately prevail. The Professor intimates that I was conversant, or at least thought I was, with his antecedents; but I knew nothing about him before I met him on the evening referred to in his letter, and was of course ignorant of any reports concerning him, adroit in the public.

But since then, having mentioned that I had passed an evening with him, it was remarked that his father, being unable to support him, put him to live with a farmer, who set him to work at the invigorating employment of raising asparagus and tending celery roots; but noticing an aptitude to learn, soon after sent him to college; where he has deserted the celery, for Greek and Hebrew roots, and found true the line—that

"Hebrew roots thrive best in barren ground."

Whether or not it is fact I cannot vouch; if it is, I suppose this is what was meant in the communication, if I rightly recollect, "I left you early," &c., &c. One expression I must notice in the Professor's letter, not that it is worthy of it. He speaks of "the spirit which is handsomely lodged in Mr. Squire's body." This is fulsome and disgusting and offensive to good taste. I hate such wretched twaddle.

My education, kind (?) Professor, I am too well aware is "very superficial," but if hereafter I fail to make it apparent to my many friends and those I may chance to meet—I will refer them to Professor Felton.

Your allusion to my lack of a knowledge of grammar, is most certainly not verified in any part of my last communication, and I brand your vain attempt to understate, as mean and unworthy of you; but drowning men will catch at straws. You might as easily and more properly have said, "You spoke of having been out of your head previous to the time," &c., instead of "having been out of your head at the time."

For the Latin and Greek—inasmuch as there is an intelligible idea conveyed in either one of the communications, is it sufficient proof that I did not produce either; as you so willingly acknowledge my ignorance of those languages. The supposition of having previously learned them is neither honorable nor right, unsupported as the supposition is by aught of proof. The circumstance you relate of my first development, that the book moved into a neighboring room, is not correct, as I said, it moved first on the table, and fell on the floor, and moved there a little, while I passed into a "neighboring room." You are not a correct reporter; and everything, through out your relations, has borne quite an original tint. And as in your first statement, I said there were FAKEHOODS, "I say so still," and quote a few lines from your organ, the Courier. "The falsehood will do its work eagerly and promptly. The truth, following too laggingly, will but partially retrieve the mischief, and never heal the laceration of private character and feelings which the libel has inflicted." Applicable to the Courier itself is the following line of its own. "What an instrument of evil may the public press become in the hands of persons destitute at once of the urbanity of gentlemen and the principles of virtue," for it is neither gentlemanly nor just to refuse to admit a reply to its columns, having opened them for a dastardly and false attack, both of which it has done; nor is it virtuous to still keep open those columns "at the beck and call" of those claiming authorship to such foul libels, and to shut out replies which those libels provoke, both of which it does do. I now take my leave, for the present, of Professor Felton. His letters and conduct simply confirm the old remark—that skeptics are the most credulous of men. A man of strong prejudices and conceited, will, without proof, believe anything that supports his preconceived notions and opinions. No credulity is equal to the credulity of incredulity. The incredulous are the most credulous men.

Your servant, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.
20 Court street.

THE OTHER SIDE.

In another article we have alluded to the Journal, perhaps in no complimentary manner. It suits us to be just with all, and to endeavor to do our duty towards all, and therefore while we cast aside the chaff we gratefully accept the wheat. The Journal, in its reply to the Ounce, through which the cry of old bigotry and superstition arises. "Help, Travel! help, Journal! help, Saturday Evening Gazette! help! save, or we perish!" uses the following language—sensible—just—coherent.

"We are inclined to think that the evils of Spiritualism will find a palliative, when scientific men recognize the phenomena as fixed facts, and trace out the real causes of these curious mental and physical demonstrations. To assume that the mediums are impostors and the believers dupes, is a royal road to a solution of the problem upon which the dogmatic rather than those who can see and reason for themselves, will enter. It only strengthens the credulity of the believers, and makes non-converts among those who see phenomena which cannot be accounted for by this 'scientific' theory." In this view of the case the Courier and its board of savans is doing incalculable mischief—more, we fear, than the Gazette, Traveller and Journal will soon be able to counteract by the attitude of common sense.

MUSIC ON BOSTON COMMON.—"IM- PROPER PERSONS."

The people of this city have been deprived of their usual summer evening concerts on the Common, by the action of the Board of Aldermen. It will be amusing for our friends at a distance to know that the chief objection urged against these acceptable entertainments, by those who have denied them to us, has been that they have hitherto attracted improper persons! Who the individuals are that are thus distinguished and control our city, using the Board of Aldermen as their medium, we are not authorized to say. We presume, however, they are certain loose characters, whose honesty of heart will not allow them to act the part of hypocrites and conceal their natural inclinations, and so their inmost thoughts are made manifest in acts, while many passing them by clothed in saintly robes, are deemed very holy, whose real lives are no better than theirs, but whose cunning hypocrisy enables them to walk our streets as very proper persons.

The way Boston Aldermen talk of "improper persons," fairly illustrates the "church," and "respectable society." The God they profess to love and worship, consigns these "improper persons" to endless torment, and why should not they prepare them for that place by giving them a taste of their miseries? Therefore kick them out of sight, they're nothing but "sinners," trample them down, they're "improper persons."

This, if not the language, is the practice of the popular church and society of our times, and it disgraces the name of Christianity, as first established it. When he was upon earth he sat "with publicans and sinners," and by his example led many whose record is on high to pure lives. But these, his pretentious followers, scorn to be seen with such lest they be thought of them. What a satire is this upon their professions and their characters. Boston must dispense with its music on the Common because improper persons are attracted there when it is given! O thou embodiment of sanctimonious hypocrisy, Public Opinion!

Why, in the name of the religion of Christ, do you not place a band of music in every public square, and invite those whom your term improper persons to listen to the inspirations of Music? Such a movement would effect more good than all your Asylums and Reform Schools. It would put out a hand, as it were, to these brothers and sisters, and lead them up. It would create an atmosphere of love and kindness in which spirits of a higher grade than those now about them could approach and elevate them. Instead, therefore, of the class alluded to being "improper," they are very proper to be brought into such society, and under the good influence of music. We have something to learn yet in regard to Reform. In our opinion, no great good can result from any effort in that direction, until we come to regard these men and women as our own brothers and sisters, and instead of casting them out from us draw them to us, and permit the genial warmth of kind hearts and loving smiles to teach them they are yet human, and heirs of the same glorious immortality as ourselves.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURES AND MEDIUMS.

Warren Chase has just concluded a lecturing tour through Ohio and Western New York, and is now the recipient of Nature's blessings, among the fine regions of Vermont. Miss Sprague has recently spoken, entranced, with much success, in New York city. Miss Martha Hallett, a young lady, daughter of a farmer, has astonished the people of Illinois, by a series of discourses, while entranced. She has appeared in public at Freeport, Rockford, Rockton and other places. Joel Tiffany is lecturing in Chicago, being engaged to continue there, for several months. Mrs. Hatch is making a tour through the West. She has recently attracted crowds to the Masonic Hall, Baltimore, meeting with no opposition, except from that great obstacle to all progress and reform, the church. Miss Beebe has awakened an interest in Illinois and Wisconsin. Spiritualism is rapidly becoming the universal faith of the West. The Davenport Boys are in this city, giving the public an opportunity to witness wonderful and convincing tests of spirit presence. Mrs. Ada Coan, accompanied by Mr. J. F. Coles, is holding test meetings, and astounding the people of Michigan and Ohio, with convincing proofs of the nearness of the spirit world. Dr. Dods is busily engaged in answering many calls for lectures. He recently lectured in Brooklyn. Mr. L. K. Cooley, of Portland, has spoken, entranced, in this city, in connection with Mr. W. H. Porter. The Universe announces J. B. Lewis as in the field, as a reform lecturer and advocate of the Harmonial Philosophy. Mrs. Britt is lecturing in Illinois, and may be addressed at Peoria.

HEROES AND HEROISM.

The Boston Ledger evinces strength of thought and comprehensiveness of intellect in its editorial department, equalled by few other city papers. Its leading articles will always stand the test of criticism. An editor's duties, so multifarious and arduous, rarely permit him the indulgence of his own unbiased thought, but at times it will flash out, if the gem is a true one, and illumine the dark places with its radiance.

The following is so truthful that we cannot refrain from transferring it to our columns:—

The age of martyrdom has not passed, it has but just begun. A man needs as much moral courage now, in order to make his way honorably and honestly in the world, as some of the men had who walked waters and roasted in fires. The stake and the thumb-screw may not be as much in demand now as they were some little time back, but the principle of the thing is about as active as it ever was. Men do hate to permit others to believe and to act as they want to. They seek to head off one another in the church, in politics, and in business. They elbow and jostle each other in society, and drop mean hints, set strange inquiries on foot, and in every variety of way seek to bring one another into disfavor. It requires somewhat of a man to stand up against all this machinery—for it is a machinery, worked in a regular way, for regular objects and purposes,—and to lay down the gross libels that are circulated on this side and that against his character.

There are those in plenty all around us, who, under calm exteriors, endure the cross, and despise the shame day after day, but make no sign of their poignant inward sufferings to the world without. Thousands are struggling heroically all the while against fate, against obstacles maliciously thrown in their way, against the wiles, and temptations, and deceits, and disappointments of life, and many of them finally sink under the trial, though true to the end—than whom no martyrs in the past ever endured affliction with greater courage and constancy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have received from Hon. J. W. Edmonds several communications received by him at his "circulars," which we shall lay before our readers from time to time.

Dramatic.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM has lost no portion of its attraction. The play of STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, is not less enthusiastically received at each representation, than when first produced under the management of Messrs. Field and Placide. Mr. J. S. Browne's performance of Mildmay, is now, as then, one of the best, if not the very best portrayals the theatre-goers of this city have ever witnessed. So truthful and natural is it that we almost forget it is a play requiring the clap-traps and pompous show of the stage, but rather, we imagine, that we are one of the household, and that all the plots and counter-plots are being enacted in earnest.

Mr. E. L. Davenport has confirmed and strengthened the high opinion previously held of him, by his performance of Captain Hawkley. It is fully up to the mark of the lamented Field, and in some of the scenes vastly better. The last scene, defective in its previous performance, is, owing to the excellence of Mr. Davenport particularly, made one of the most effective in the play.

Mrs. Barrow's "Mrs. Mildmay," though a performance of great excellence, lacks earnestness. It is somewhat too superficial, for a woman, moved by impulse and impulse alone. And then there is a little, just a little too much playing at the audience. Indeed this fault is the only prominent one in the company, and is not confined to Mrs. Barrow. Mrs. W. H. Smith and Mr. E. B. Williams sustain the characters of Mrs. Sternhold and Potter with the same ability which called forth the praise of all who witnessed the former production of the play.

On Friday evening Mrs. E. L. Davenport appeared as Mrs. Mildmay, and the portion of the performance we were fortunate enough to witness, left a most agreeable impression upon our mind. This lady, as we mentioned in a previous number of this paper, is so unaffected and natural, in her manner, and so clear in enunciation, that we never grow weary of witnessing her performances.

John Brougham commenced an engagement on Monday, during which will be produced the celebrated extravaganza entitled "Pocahontas." We shall have something to say of John hereafter.

THE NATIONAL, with Mr. and Mrs. Florence, has attracted good houses, and the best we can say of actors or audience is, that they are "jolly."

European Items.

At the recent election in France for members of the Assembly, the Republican ticket received 96,000 votes in Paris, while the government ticket had only 110,000 votes, with the army. Elsewhere in France, however, the government was almost universally successful.

A dispatch from Berlin says it is affirmed there that Prussia, Russia and Sardinia have given their adhesion to the compromise on the question of the union of the Principalities drawn up by Lord Clarendon, which is, therefore, now opposed by France alone.

The crosses of the "Order of Valor," recently distributed by Queen Victoria, to the bravest of the Crimea, were made of gun metal, from cannon taken at Sebastopol.

The advices from Canton River are to the 8th of May. Several attempts have been made to blow up the ships there, one of which was nearly successful. No military operations could be undertaken before October, owing to the heat of the weather.

The India overland mail has arrived at London, with voluminous accounts confirmatory of the telegraphic announcement of the mutiny in the Indian army. The details are somewhat less alarming than the bare telegraphic accounts of the movement, which would be confined to Delhi.

Troops were marching from every side against the mutineers in the Punjab. Meerut and Delhi were placed under martial law, and the native princes were sending contingents to the British forces, and to Meerut. The native troops had murdered every officer on whom they could lay their hands at Delhi.

The shipment of the cable for the Submarine Telegraph between Europe and America had commenced on board the Niagara, and would be proceeded in with the utmost dispatch.

Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, together with his officers, attended, by special invitation, the Manchester exhibition, on the occasion of the Queen's state visit there. They were received with loud cheering and other demonstrations of good feeling.

France, at the request of England, is to send out fourteen transports with troops to China. This will be done at the request of England, in order to prevent the withdrawing of British troops from India for the China war, as was at first contemplated, the startling news of the mutiny among the native troops of the former country, having made their presence there more than ever necessary.

Later accounts state that a reinforcement of 14,000 troops are to be sent immediately to India.

The Spanish-American difficulty is as far as ever from adjustment.

Political troubles are rife at Genoa, where party conspirators have been arrested.

The Italians, whose arrest in Paris was announced by a previous steamer, are to be tried for an attempt to assassinate the Emperor.

In France, about 34,000,000 pounds of sulphur has been distributed among the vine-growers, and has been employed by them, apparently with complete success, in checking the vine disease. Within a period of many years the grape crop has not been so promising. So well satisfied has the government become with the success of the treatment, that it has awarded the prize of 10,000 francs to the discoverer or introducer of the remedy.

A scheme is on foot in London for organizing an annual exhibition of works of British Art in New York. A collection is to be in readiness by the end of August for the transit to New York.

The water employed in the christening of a new royal baby was brought from the River Jordan, and presented to Her Majesty by Captain Geoffrey Nightingale for the occasion.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These remarkable mediums have taken rooms at No. 3 Winter street, and will hold public circles in the afternoon, commencing at three o'clock. Private circles will be held at eight o'clock in the evening, for which tickets can be obtained at the Fountain House.

The price of these tickets will be two dollars, admitting the holder to four separate exhibitions, to take place on four successive evenings.

The Busy World.

HEALING, the artist, is said to have made \$12,000 in six months by portrait-painting in Chicago.

THE RECRUITS of the American Colonization Society for the past month, amounted to \$5534.

GLOUCESTER will send to Bay Chaleur this season some three hundred sail of vessels, manned by nearly four thousand men.

NAVAL.—The U. S. frigate Constellation was at anchor in the Tagus, June 16.

CHOICE PIECES of the sirloin of beef sell in Paris at fifty cents a pound. A fowl brings \$1.25.

THE DUTIES levied on a barrel of flour at Havana, and at all the ports in Cuba, amount to \$9.85.

FIFTY slaves were liberated last week by Colonel Thomas Hite and other philanthropic citizens of Jefferson County, Virginia.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The census of the State, except the small town of Tolland, shows an aggregate of 211,432 voters.

FROM 4TH MARCH, 1853, to 1st July, 1857, there have been 2692 post offices discontinued; 16,637 postmasters resigned; 1096 postmasters died; 7086 postmasters removed. Whole number of post offices in the United States on the 30th of June, 1857, 26,107.

THE ESTATE known as Montpelier, in Virginia, and distinguished as the former residence of President Madison, has just been sold to Mr. Thomas J. Carson of New York for the sum of \$37,250. The estate embraces 1165 acres.

IRON CHURCHES, 70 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet high, capable of accommodating 700 persons, and costing about \$5000 each, have been erected, recently, in the neighborhood of London.

MR. THALBERG has returned to New York from his tour in the West. It is said that Strokosch, who managed the operation, has cleared \$20,000.

MORMONS.—Since the first of January last there have arrived in this country upwards of two thousand one hundred emigrants who had espoused the Mormon faith in the Old Country, and were en route to Utah Territory. They were composed mostly of Welsh and English, with some Danes and Norwegians, and a few Germans.

VERDI, the composer, is said to be at work on a new opera for Mr. Lumley, the London manager.

IT IS PROPOSED to establish a cattle market in Providence, R. I.

IN NEW BEDFORD, 1600 barrels of whale oil have been sold within a few days, at 73 cents.

THE FINAL EXAMINATION of the Senior Class of Williams College took place on Wednesday. The Commencement occurs on the 6th of August.

THE FISHING BUSINESS at Hingham is about dying out, as only six or eight vessels are at present engaged in it, and yet twenty years ago there were more than sixty, all hailing from that town.

MAURICE RETSCH, whose outline illustrations have gained such a world-wide celebrity, has just died in Germany at the age of seventy-seven years; leaving Darnley, the illustrator of "Margaret," without a rival in that line of art.

WM. OGDEN NILES, for many years well known as the junior editor of "Niles' Register," a periodical issued in Baltimore, whose reliable character has made it valuable as a historical record, died at the Girard House, in Philadelphia, on the 8th.

THE STATE AUDITOR of KENTUCKY has received returns from forty-eight counties, of the number of hogs assessed; by which it appears there is an excess of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand over the previous year. This includes little less than half the State.

Wool growing in Texas is becoming very extensive. A few days since, a lot was sent from the prairies in Texas to New Orleans, which for quality is represented to be equal to the best Saxony imported.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY of PAINTINGS has been sold to the Cosmopolitan Art Association for \$180,000.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has bestowed on the widow of the late Hugh Miller an annuity of \$70.

THE INVESTIGATION.

We shall publish in our next number, Dr. Gardner's report of the so-called investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena, by the learned and impartial savans of Harvard.

NOTICE.

We shall report the lecture of R. P. Ambler phonographically, and publish it in our next number. It will, without doubt, be highly interesting.

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 in 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.

R. P. AMBLER, the eloquent and philosophic exponent of the Spiritualist Theory, will lecture under Spirit Influence at the Melodeon, on Sunday, July 19, at 3 and 8 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

WILLIAM H. PORTER is expected to commence a course of written lectures, on the Principles and Uses of Spiritualism, at the Music Hall, next Sabbath morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Also, social conference and spiritual communications, at 3 o'clock; to be supported by voluntary contributions.

L. K. COOLEY, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Goddard, in Chelsea, at the morning and evening sessions.

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

CHELSEA.—On Sundays, morning and evening, at FREMONT HALL, Wilmot street. D. F. Goddard regular speaker. CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Meetings also at Wall's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

SALEM.—Meetings in Bowdoin 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. TOWN.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER:

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. COOLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, in the Clerk's Office in the District
Court of Massachusetts.]

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE
OLD AND NEW WORLD:
BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN
TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF
ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE AS A
MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS
IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

Dr. Ashburner's Experience.—Continued.

By the aid of the telegraphic signals I have endeavored to describe, I conversed for some time with the charming companion of my early years, and learned very interesting particulars relating to her happy abode in the spirit world. My curiosity had been excited by the different sounds produced by rappings that I had heard close to those made by my friend Ann. I asked for the name of the spirit that they represented. The name which came out by the letters indicated on the alphabet was ELIZABETH MAURICE, another companion of the childhood of myself and my brother and sister—another almost angelic being while on earth, but now, with her cousin Ann, an inhabitant of the third sphere in Paradise. The authoress of the "Invalid's Book," and some other works testifying to a pure, gentle, and refined taste, conversed with me awhile; and at last a louder and more decided signal was made to me from the middle of the table. The name I obtained by the telegraphic raps was that of my father. I asked him to communicate to me the date on which he quitted this world for the spirit home, and the raps indicated "7th September, 1798." I asked where the event took place, and I obtained the answer "at Bombay." I asked his age at the time, with many other questions, the replies to which were all quite correct. I kept up mentally a long conversation with him on subjects deeply interesting, and it was productive of a communication from him, which I subjoin:—

"My dear Son—I am delighted to have this privilege of communicating with you, hoping to dispel some of those wrong impressions which now hover around you in regard to this spiritual being. Allow a spirit who inhabits one of the higher circles to decide for you on a most important subject, to try to remove from your mind the doubts which perplex you, and to establish in their stead a firm faith in the Creator of heaven and earth. It is he who permits us to make these manifestations, through certain constituted persons, in order to impress mankind with the fact that the spirit shall live in a future state, in a more bright and blissful home. What proof can I give you of the truth of this? You have only to name it, and it shall be granted to you from your father, who has ever watched over you with the care of an angel. Do not doubt what I now say.

"Your affectionate father,
WILLIAM ASHBURNER."

I am giving you a short narrative of the first part of my course of experience of the spirit manifestations. It is important not to be too diffuse. I am desirous of showing that if the subject be investigated in a calm and bold frame of mind there is no danger of the bad tendencies which have been so severely deprecated. I may not be able to prove to you, and to such as yourself, that there is a sufficient amount of facts to satisfy you of the existence of intelligences absent from the immediate sphere of our own cognizances, but I have at all events been able to adduce to you a number of curious facts; and if these and more such be tied together in bundles so placed as to affect the phrenological organs of a vast number of brains with the attractive force of agreeable conviction, many of the ideas advocated by the *Reasoner* will have a chance of being displaced and forced into the category of negative existence. To take up the impossibility of future existence, is to deny that we are beings of limited capacities, and to arrogate to ourselves the power of finality. No weakness is so ridiculous as that of fancying that we are arbiters of events—that our will, exercised by organs that soon shall rot, is to determine the future fate of a holy truth. How ardently does the bigot fancy he is right. Sincerity may be his merit, if ignorance be the cause of pardon for a foolish sincerity. A new truth, a new event, which established into a fact is a new light, makes the antecedent idea pale, and it vanishes before the force of new conviction. I cannot express to you the influence on my mind produced by the facts rapped out by alphabetical signals that my spirit friends, Ann and Elizabeth, knew of their cousins Hannah and Isabella having called a few days before at my house at twelve o'clock, and that they knew I was going from Mr. Hayland's house to 17, Palace Gardens, Kensington. They knew the persons I should see there; and on being asked if they were acquainted with any other persons residing in Palace Gardens, Ann replied to me that her cousin, Henry Goodere, lived at No. 2—a house he had not before purchased. If these be not facts demonstrative of a future state of existence, in which friends of former days are now cognizant of the events occurring here, I do not know what will be sufficient to force your mind to a conviction. But these are only a small part of the numerous proofs I have had of the identity of persons with whom I had been acquainted years ago. I have, in subsequent scenes, had many opportunities of holding intercourse with a score of other persons now in the upper magnetic regions of space surrounding this earth—intelligences, some of whom were friends here, and some of whom were individuals of whom I had been desired to learn facts that turn out to be marvellously true.

Had I been inclined, I could have made an equally absurd affair of this serious inquiry, as some have succeeded in doing. My taste does not lean in that direction. When I am convinced that I have a good grip of a bold and sacred truth, it is not an easy matter to shake me from it. I have tested the fact of the spiritual manifestations most minutely and carefully, and I grieve for those who have concluded against it from a touchy disposition not to accept a truth simply because it does not originate from self, or on account of any other weak and personal consideration. It is easy to go to simpletons and say your neighbor is a credulous fool, and the simpletons believe it; because perhaps they have never seen a mesmerized somnambule, under the influence of a magnetic impulse, from the finger, on the organ of self-esteem, obliged to enter the same class of words. You see your article on "Those Rapping Spirits," was influenced to trot in a groove on the point of dignity. Some infallible judges of dignity there are

who cannot perceive in mankind any other high qualities but those of cunning and acquisitiveness. Man is a strange compound, and to the philosopher it is a curious subject of reflection how very trifling in themselves are the motives which make the wisest rush into the most foolish and illiberal courses. It is unnecessary, after the notices of the spirit manifestations in subsequent numbers of your periodical, to dilate on the deficiencies of philosophical taste that have characterized some of the would-be-considered investigators of the subject. I may say that when I have been impelled by the lower feelings of our nature to feel desirous of attacking them, it has happened invariably of late that I have had affectionate warnings from the Spheres not to be guilty of the error of hurting unnecessarily the feelings of my friends. You will acknowledge, that if the tendencies of Spiritualism are to make men more tender towards the failings of their neighbors, and more mindful of the obligations they owe to kindness and friendship, those tendencies cannot be very dangerous, or evil, or pernicious.

With every good wish, I remain,
My dear Mr. Holyoake,

Yours truly,

JOHN ASHBURNER.

40 York Place, May 26, 1853.

AN OPPONENT CONVINCED.

The Editor of the Review, published at Crawfordsville, Ind., has been one of the most bitter opposers of the claims of Spiritualism, but has availed himself of every opportunity to ridicule it. But recent events, which he has witnessed, have materially changed his views, and he voluntarily publishes a recantation of them, in connection with an interesting report of the occurrences leading to his new position. We transfer the article to our columns. It will prove of deep interest to our readers, as indicative of the change that is gradually being wrought upon all minds.

We have been in the habit of decrying that most mysterious of all sciences, or rather phenomena, called Spiritualism. A profound skeptic myself, it has occasioned us sincere sorrow to mark the extraordinary spread of the delusion, particularly as it has been attended with such serious consequences to individuals in all parts of the Union. But we are now prepared to take back all we said and thought about it. We have seen the spirits at last, and beg to assure our readers, at the risk of our good fame, that there is something in Spiritualism—too deep for our philosophy.

For the veracity of our story, we beg leave to refer to some of the most respectable citizens of our village—to Major Elston, Banker; Mr. Snyder, Postmaster; Mr. Wallace, Senator; Mr. Watson, Major Winn, and Colonel Manson.

We may be pardoned for one word relative to the medium on the occasion we allude to. Dr. Sloan is a citizen of Covington, in our neighboring county, with a character above suspicion. He is indeed a gentleman. Deceit he is incapable of practising. Of easy circumstances, he cannot be supposed actuated by any mercenary motive.

All he performed, or that we saw, we have not space to detail. We content ourselves with a few of the most striking and inexplicable points.

In company with a select party, by invitation, we took a chair in Mr. Wallace's office, last Thursday evening, skeptically waiting to see what we should see. Within ten minutes Dr. Sloan had put himself in a mesmeric state. Usually this is done for the medium by outside influence; the Doctor's power is the more incomprehensible, however, from the fact that he himself produces the condition, and throws it off at pleasure. He selects a position in the center of the room, avoiding tables and persons; sits awhile with his head dropped upon his breast; makes a few passes over his head and breast with his hands; then is ready to bid spirits from the vasty deep.

The gentlemanly appearance of the man, we confess, inclined us at length to credulity, which prepossession was further strengthened by the total absence of every thing like trickery and hocus pocus. But we were not prepared to see a large circular office table, weighed down by law books, deliberately begin a rather dignified *chassez* across the floor, and stop directly in front of our worthy friend, Mr. Watson, who looked the picture of terror and astonishment. Some of the books toppled over to the floor, no damage was done.

The company had barely time to observe that Dr. Sloan was not touching the table during its *agitation*, when another performance ensued that would have been sublimely ridiculous, but for the mysterious agency that achieved it. Majors Winn and Easton, two as sedate, quiet men as ever dignified a community, were sitting together, rapt observers of the eccentricities of the table. Suddenly an unseen power lifted them up chairs and all, and in mid-air the two still sitting, though by no means sitting still, were trundled up and down facing each other, as nurses sometimes toss cross children to quiet them. They would both have gladly escaped from their uneasy seat; they looked appealingly to the company; but the invisible hands that danced them in the air, also held them fast. Though we now look back and smile at thinking of the two grey-heads thus hobnobbing to each other, yet we were too much terrified at the time to think of lending them assistance. Ask them about that "witches' ride," and they smile in the sickly manner of one who has seen a ghost. They are firm believers in Spiritualism.

While this was going on, we were further startled by a peculiar cry, and looking to the quarter it came from, Mr. Snyder was discovered sitting on the center table, where he had been lifted in his chair by the spirits, who probably knew that he had been many years a justice of the peace, and was therefore capable of worthily presiding over their orgies. We are sorry to say that for once his gravity was seriously disturbed; and if we may be pardoned a joke about a matter so serious, we think he couldn't have got into a worse box. He also is now a believer, and seriously meditates becoming a medium.

There were other incidents, such as rappings, &c., which we will not trouble ourselves to describe. The one that most strongly impressed all who beheld it, we feel incompetent to do justice to. Dr. Sloan set the candle in the centre of the room, and blew it out. Retiring then to another quarter, we saw the light by unseen agency gradually revive, and when it was fully restored, we were thrilled at seeing a hand directly above it. We might well be excused for doubting our senses; yet there was no mistake; the wrist, the whole hand indeed, pale as a corpse's, and delicate as a woman's, was distinctly defined. Its position was horizontal; one finger was extended pointing, as we have since been solemnly assured, directly at our worthy friend, Col. Manson. In the same manner, and the same threatening meaning, for aught we know, the ghost of Banquo is made to point its skeleton finger at the guilty Macbeth. It may be the spirit was seeking to make the Col. ashamed of himself; if so, we have only to say, it was not so well acquainted with him as we happen to be.

Dr. Sloan left early next morning. A public exhibition of his powers would be profitable, and we so represented to him, but he declined the *expose* as inconsistent with his feelings and character.

At some other time we may write more fully upon the exciting incidents of that evening. We will merely add that our statements are strictly reliable, and will be vouched for by the gentlemen above named. We take pleasure in referring our readers to them.

ITALY.

The Tablet, the leading Roman Catholic Journal of Europe, states that a belief in Spiritualism extends to every part of Italy, and is rapidly increasing.

ANSWERS TO AN ENQUIRER.

NUMBER ONE.

We commence with this number a series of letters from a gentleman in one of the Western States to a friend in this city. About four years ago the two had a conversation concerning Spiritualism. Some time afterward the gentleman in this city lost a near relative, and informed his friend of his loss, and in that friend's reply, the subject of Spiritualism was again introduced, and the gentleman again wrote to his friend to know if he was *impressed* to write upon that subject. The letter which follows is a rejoinder:—

May 6, 1857.

I very recently had some conversation with an old friend of mine, who, by the way, in former days, was one of the most skeptical men in matters of "faith." I ever knew. He had been in Illinois. While there, he was induced to visit a lady, (one of his daughter's near neighbors,) who possessed remarkable powers as a medium for the spiritual manifestations. The medium was one of that class known to those versed in such matters, as an *impassioned medium*—i. e., the supposed departed persons who manifested themselves through her, exhibited the characteristic personal phenomena of gesture, motion and speech, peculiar to their mundane appearance and life. I will not attempt to detail to you all he told me of what he witnessed; but he was *satisfied*. Among the various persons who were personated by the medium, was an only son of a person of peculiar physical formation, having a defect in his spine, which gave a very awkward, limping, shuffling gait in his walk. These, and all the mental, as well as physical characteristics, were manifested perfectly, and facts were stated by the spirits, which my friend supposed were very different, but on inquiry, were verified.

I have led you thus far, through a kind of general statement of the thing, to present to you, at this point, a new feature. My friend says, with the convictions he brought home with him, he has brought a feeling of contentment and resignation. He no longer deprecates his loss, but now looks forward with a feeling of satisfaction to the final termination of his duties here, so that he shall join those friends, of whose continued existence he is now most positively assured, by evidence, that he, nor the most skeptical to whom he has related his experience, have not been able to controvert. To you these assurances, and this satisfaction, it seems to me, would be most welcome. But human nature has a peculiar pride that revolts at the adoption of anything that is not quite "the thing" in aristocratic circles. Traditional births in a manner are very fine things to embody in the history and theory of a religion; but a modern manner, a manner of 1845 or 1857, is a little too near home. We can smell the stable. Well, what if we do smell the stable. No false pride ever withheld me from deriving any advantages a new truth affords; if I am not able to appreciate a truth, no matter whether it comes to me over the tick-tick-tick-tick of the telegraph register, or through the rattling of invisible forces on a piece of board, surrounded by a dozen men and women—or any other source. My friend, Truth does not always clothe itself in broadcloth and silks. It does not glide slick and smooth down a man's throat like a glass of iced champagne, at a sacrament held in upper-tendom church. Sober and serious are always thrown at new truths, because they generally rub the noses of old theories in a very unhandsome manner, and I am just enough imbued with the spirit of Young America, to indulge the notion that *old theories* are *old fogies*, and the easier they give place to the light of truth, the better for mankind. You have lost a relative, & dearly beloved relative. I know it is a loss to you, but to him it is much gain.

Earth is but the birth-place of man. It is not his grave. Man has no grave. The worn-out garment we cast aside. *It is not the man we bury.*

You believe, I am almost tempted to tell you, that you shall know, ere you join him, that he yet lives. If you will, you may. I hope you will. You have regarded me as visionary on this subject. But, I can claim the privilege of reasoning for myself on all subjects. I have no belief that you might call *faith*, a blind credence of something taught me in early life, and fed to me from the pulpit. I have no such faith. I have only the convictions of natural evidence; and if *science* and *religion* cannot stand on the same footing, so far as the laws of evidence go, then I dismiss from my investigations that one of them, in which I cannot cross-examine the witnesses.

I know pretty nearly what your views have been respecting modern spiritual manifestations. What they are now, I do not know. Unfortunately, most of our great men, our learned men, have taken the cue from Festus, and they fear our modern Payls, like the Paul of other days, are "mad from much learning," and they shun this source of madness, lest they too be mad!

You are not very likely to indulge the same ideas on the subject as I do—so long as you will permit the subject to be fairly developed and demonstrated to you. I am not going to urge you to investigate it, but this thing I will tell you, with a firm conviction of its truth; you will, at some future time, acknowledge to yourself your regrets for not having satisfied yourself, if your present or past convictions rule you through this life. You do not feel satisfied of the accuracy of your present convictions. No one does who holds aloof, at least that is the evidence of all persons whom I have conversed with before and after their acquaintance with *reliable* and *indisputable* facts.

That I should be pleased to have you examine this thing, you do not need to be assured. If you do so, it does not follow of course that you are to give yourself up to it, and become insane, as some less stable-minded persons than yourself might do; there are unreasonable limits in all things, and I think I ought to put limits to these remarks.

RESULT OF OPPOSITION.

A correspondent of the New England Spiritualist, writing from Sandwich, Mass., says:—"Some three or four weeks since, John G. Gleason, of Plymouth, offered to speak from spirit impression, in the Town Hall. The Selectmen, who have the control of it, refused to let it be used for that purpose. Whereupon some of the inhabitants, feeling aggrieved, resolved that the matter should be laid before the people at some future town meeting, and a vote taken on the same."

IN OTHER TONGUES.

Professor Euclid states that in his presence, communications were written in Greek and Latin, the medium having no knowledge of the former, and but slightly acquainted with the latter.

Correspondence.

AMHERST, June, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The doctrine of Spiritualism, which you advocate, appears mysterious to me as yet; but it is not strange that it does. In fact, it would be strange if it did not, for all discoveries have seemed so at first. Galileo said the earth revolved, and it did, with natural laws to govern it, though denied. Franklin drew lightning from the clouds, and Morse taught it to speak the English language. Newton discovered the law of gravitation, and Fulton asked for a building in which to explain his theory of steam power, but it was denied him. There were natural causes for all these; may there not be, therefore, a possibility that Spiritualism, so called, can be explained on philosophical principles?

I will give you a word in relation to a manifestation I received. I called on the spirit of a ship-builder, and on his announcing his presence, asked him to imitate the launch of a ship. Thirty or more distinct raps were heard, resembling the sound at a distance of carpenters setting up a ship. Shortly all the rappings ceased except two, and they represented men-splitting out the blocks. After these the table shook, as a ship does just before she starts from the ways, then it moved six feet or more, without any person touching it, resembling the motion of a ship as it is launched into the water. I am convinced that nothing by mere human agency could thus, in every particular, imitate so perfectly the launching of a ship.

Yours, NATHAN NUTTER.

Our friend's experience is a good proof of the reality of spirit manifestations, and a perfect argument against the position of those who maintain that they are all produced by jugglery, wires, pulleys, or mechanical appliances of any name or nature. Though a "medium" himself, and having such manifestations as he above narrates occur in his presence, he does not accept the spiritual theory in explanation of the phenomena. He is fully conscious that these things do take place, and equally so that he does not produce them, for the very good reason that it would be impossible for him to do so. Certainly there can be no trickery here; no imitation of the sounds of ship carpenters at a launch, made with a foot—the great Cambridge solution—or by any unconscious pressure of the hands, the equally astounding scientific theory of Faraday, for neither hand or foot was within six feet of the moving table.

In reply to the inquiry whether Spiritualism may not be explained on philosophical principles, we would say, it can. The same general laws that govern Franklin's lightning, Newton's gravitation, and Fulton's application of steam power, govern the events of Spiritualism. At the time of these discoveries these governing qualities were not known, at least not laid down in the books, and the discovered blessings were near being lost on that account. And so it is with Spiritualism now. There is no law, no rule of science, known at Cambridge, that would evolve such facts, and so they seek to destroy the facts. But their efforts are as impotent as their brethren of the past, and Spiritualism will live through all their efforts to put it out of existence, and the philosophy that governs it will ere long be made known.

PORTSMOUTH, July 7, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Having received some powerful demonstrations of spirit truths recently, I have a desire to communicate to you what has been received. Some things have been given which would puzzle many a scientific mind.

I have had papers from spirit friends dropped in my presence, lights of the most startling brilliancy have been seen, the hand formed, so that its shape could be ascertained, writing on the slate without the use of the hand of the medium, and music was heard at a distance, sounding very much like the airs played by a music box, but more sweet. Many times it has been heard by several friends, who knew that no such instrumental music had ever been heard there before. Raps are heard in a room adjoining, with no one in it, loud enough to awaken a house from its slumbers. The spirits have also touched us in many ways, but always gently, thus reminding us of their positive nearness to each one.

I send you a copy of a communication which was dropped by a spirit in my room a few days ago:

THE SPIRIT OF JOHN EVELLITH.

"Here, lies buried the body of the Rev'd John Eveleth, who departed this life August, 1st day, Anno Dom. 1734, aged 65 years."

This stone, with the above, is in Eliot, Maine, under two beautiful elm trees; I think you can get a communication there if you will go up on some fine day; it is a beautiful spot.

Another from the same Spirit.

"Where I communicated to you, the place is in Eliot, on the line of Kittery and Eliot, near the farm of Major Mark Dennett, about two miles from the Portsmouth bridge, on the old post road, where I have heard the war-hoop of the red men."

The above are copies from the original papers, sent me by the spirit itself. Not having ever heard of the above named person, I sent over to Eliot to ascertain the facts, and the truth of the above obituary notice was ascertained. The stone is well known, as existing in that neighborhood. It was a most excellent test. Several persons have verified the above.

I send you the following, which I copy from a paper received from another spirit, in the same way as the other. It was written beautifully by a female spirit:

An echo. Hush! 'tis from the spirit land!
How full the note! and like to that loved band
That plumed their wings, and took their upward flight,
When life was winged fast, and gloomy night
Gave breeding to my soul, with visions dark,
Then through the gloom they soared as doth the lark,
Above earth's storm, high in the clear blue sky,
And winged their way to blissful worlds on high.

Another—
Like a pure water lily, thou'lt rise from the storm,
Like a spirit inhaling the breath of the morn,
Like the eagle, when soaring above his cloud nest,
Thou'lt be wafted on shore to the realms of the blest.

J. M. L.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I have been intending for some time to give you a word of congratulation, for the wonderful success of your beautiful paper. It has taken a very important place in our literature, and is maintaining its character nobly, while at the same time it appears to have some spell of attraction, for it diffuses itself, as if it were endowed with some secret charm. It is a happy omen to the world, as well as to you; for as the Brazen Serpent was lifted up in the Wilderness, that all who were bitten of serpents might look upon it and live, so shall the type of a true intellectual power, be an antidote to false stimuli, and moral poisons, and thus inaugurate a more truthful National Literature. Regarded in that light, your work is a great and real benefaction to mankind.

On a recent passage from New York, in the steamer Governor, I could not but reflect upon the power of mind over matter, and felt an exultation in my relationship with Humanity, which it would be impossible for me to adequately express. The Mind that was manifest in the Iron—the great Thought which, after so many struggles, had at length come out free, and achieved this miracle of Art, by which

we were so resolutely sweeping forward, against wind and tide, seemed to stand before me, as an embodied spirit. I wished then for power, to make the idle, the voluptuous, the sensual, comprehend the dignity and grandeur of a true work. By knowing this, many a merely physical operator would unfold a higher degree of intelligence, and many a dainty aristocrat or white-fingered dandy, would become a man. In fact, this consciousness must be one of the great forces of mental and moral regeneration; for when men can appreciate the honor of work, and the degradation of idleness, however highly wrought and finely gilded may be its cage, even the poorest laborer will begin to respect himself, as a member of the great public Benefaction, to which he is admitted, through the Diploma of his Work. Thus, there will be a continual approximation toward those truer relations, that shall secure to every man his own work. There will then be no such anomaly as that of a human being condemned to uselessness, or left open to mischief in the world, because he is bound to be gentle; for the finest gentleman, or lady, must then be recognized as the happiest and most intelligent worker. I see that this must come, though I am sometimes impatient of the slow progress. I stretch out my arms toward the happy time—the Good Day of the Future—I invoke it with all my power of heart and soul.

I cannot close without saying a word for the benefit of other travelers of the new line of steamers between New York and Providence, connecting also with your Boston railway trains; for I consider it a work of great public good.

The accommodations are excellent; the stewardess and other attendants ready and respectful—the Captain courteous and regardful of the least interest of those that come under his care, and the pilot, Capt. Child, himself an accomplished and long tried seaman. This line, which is now represented by the steamer Governor, soon to be joined by the Eastern City, has also the additional good features of making the whole trip by water, without the inconvenience of debarkation, and that at only two-thirds the usual rates.

WHOM AND WHAT SHALL WE BELIEVE?

If a man cannot believe his own senses and trust the reasons which God has implanted within him for his guidance, what shall he believe and whom shall he trust? It has never appeared to us of much importance whether this "Dr." and that "Prof." and the other man, whom a few fellows of his have called "President," believe that God's laws are unchangeable, and consequently, that what occurred eighteen centuries ago can likewise occur to-day. Each individual must judge for himself, and if the foolishness of *Harvard* in relation to Spiritualism effects no greater good than to convince mankind of the folly of putting trust in princes, and looking up to, or down to, other people's views in order to shape their own, it will have accomplished a great mission.

Within ten years, millions of individuals have had internal and external evidence of the fact of spirit intercourse, and all the decisions of all the colleges in the universe cannot alter that fact or injure the truth which that evidence establishes in their minds.

Messrs. Peirce, Agassiz, Gould and Horsford may call them "dupees," and declare them the victims of a "stupendous delusion," but the God-given reason within is proof against all such attacks. It is invulnerable; because it ever suggests the inquiry, if we cannot trust our own eyes to see for us, our own ears to hear for us, and our own reason to judge for us, to whom and what shall we appeal? And again, are we any better off in trusting the eyes, ears and reason of others than we are in trusting our own?

"BECAUSE OF UNBELIEF."

The failure to produce manifestations of spirit power in the presence of the Cambridge committee, is an additional proof that these events are of the same class, and produced by the same agencies as those in the times of Christ. On a certain occasion, Christ failed to do mighty works, because of unbelief (Math. 13, 58). Are mediums of this age expected to do what he, whom Christendom worships as God, could not do? All the powers in the universe could not have produced a different result than was had before the "men of science," for the reason that natural laws cannot be subverted. Christ would have been branded as a "forger," and an "impostor," and a belief in the events of his life a "stupendous delusion," under such modes of "investigation" as were adopted by the Renowned Four.

"PROCEEDING ON A PRESUMPTION."

The Courier, half apologizing for its care of the people's morals, and exposition of a "stupendous delusion," says that it has "proceeded on the presumption that the intelligent portion of the public in general coincided in the views and arguments" it has presented. The "intelligent portion" will not consider this as any attempt to cajole it with flattering words, for the mere supposition that any one who has arrived at years of discretion, and can rightfully claim the title of "intelligent," is so ignorant of facts as those "views and arguments" show the writer to be, is not to be admitted by any sane mind.

UNIVERSALITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The Age of Progress furnishes translations of communications from spirits, and contained in the French Journal of Spiritualism, published at New Orleans. We select the following. Indications of the truth of the statement reaches us from all directions. Letters from all parts of the world confirm it.

"The work of redemption is going on in all parts of the globe. We have more mediums in Asia than you have in America. I present the faith to these still under a veil; like the violet hidden by the leaves; like beauty under the gauze. In this form, they accept it. At the proper time, we will remove the leaves, we will lift the veil, and the truth shall shine in all its noble brightness."

UNDERSTANDING OF A TABLE.

Dr. J. P. Groves, of Milwaukee, writes to the Age of Progress, that in the town of Manistec, Mich., on the opposite side of the lake, there is a young girl, a medium, who was recently directed by the Spirits to have a hole bored in the bottom of one leg of a table, and a pencil firmly inserted. This being done, the Spirits used the table leg—whenever she placed her hands on the top—to write with great rapidity, perfectly legible communications for the persons present. It is not a little remarkable that mediums and other people can do such things through the legs of a table, when they could by no means use their own legs for a similar purpose.

THE SPIRITS MOVING.

The Rock River Democrat, (Ill.) says:—"We presume most of our readers will be as surprised as were we to learn the number of converts to this new faith in our midst. We are informed upon good authority, that the Spiritualists of our city number over a thousand. Among them are many of our most substantial citizens, men and women of worth, standing and candor. Some of them have related to us spiritual manifestations which have occurred under their own roof, in their own presence, which were of the most remarkable character; and the individuals who tell them to us bear a character among us for 'good' and 'good sense,' and verily 'second to none in our midst.'"

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels, and words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

Take heart! the dawn in tears and blood,
No seed that's quick with love, hath perished;
Thou'rt in barren byways—God
Some glorious flower of life hath cherished.

Take heart! the rude dust dark to-day,
Sows a few lighted spheres to-morrow!
And wings of splendor burst the clay
That clasps us in Death's fruitful furrow.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another
without a few drops falling on one's self.

And from the liquid wandlings of the birds
Learned they their first rude notes: ere music yet
To the rapt ear had tuned the measured verse;
And Zephyr, singing thro' the hollow reeds,
Taught the first swains the reeds to sound;
Whence woke they soon those tender, trembling notes,
Which the sweet pipe, when by the fingers pressed,
Flings o'er the hills, the vales, and woodlands wild,
Haunts of lone shepherds and the moral Gods.

Each day some pearl drops from the Jewel thread of friendship—
some lyre to which we have been wont to listen—has
been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the
poet and musician, for life with him shall pass away gently
as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph
and gain.

I tell you God is good, as well as just,
And some few flowers in every heart are sown;
Their black and crumpled leaves show but as dust;
Sometimes in the hard soil, sometimes o'ergrown
With wild, unfriendly weeds they hidden lie,
Unfetched of sunshine, but they do not die.

Kept from a natural quickening by the might
Of sin or circumstance, through evil days
They find their way at last into the light.
Weakly and faint, giving little praise
Of modest beauty, and with grace most sweet
Making the garden of the Lord complete.

It is easier to declaim against a thousand sins in others,
than to mortify one in ourselves.

Cupid, near a cradle sleeping,
Saw an infant gently weeping;
The rose that blushed upon its cheek,
Seemed a birth divine to speak.

To ascertain if earth or heaven,
To mortals this fair form had given,
He, the little archer simple,
Touched his cheek and left a dimple.

The man who is proud of his money has rarely anything
better to be proud of.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ELLA PERCIVAL, THE BLOSSOM OF VIOLET DELL.

BY HENRI H. FENTON.

"One sole desire, one passion now remains
To keep life's fever still within its veins,
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
For this he still lives on, careless of all,
The wreaths that glory on his path let fall;
For this alone exists—like lightning fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!"

In one of the most beautiful and luxuriant districts
of the great State of New York, a small trans-
parent lake lies nestled amid the thickly wooded
hills. When the summer foliage clothes the trees,
the sparkling sheet of water seems, like a huge dia-
mond in a setting of emeralds. Over it the eagle
circles in a fearless flight. From amid the shadowy
leaves the birds unceasingly trill their notes of exul-
tant freedom. Nature's harmonious echoes are sel-
dom startled by the sound of the axe or the fowling
piece. Morning after morning the sun arises, look-
ing with smiles upon a scene of Sabbath-like still-
ness, and pursues its course until it sinks below the
trees which border the western shore, having wit-
nessed no scene of wrong or suffering, heard no
sound of crime or heart-anguish to mar the peaceful
serenity of this earthly Eden.

Yet even here, where the face of nature wears the
primal beauty of unsullied purity, the dark and
stormy passions have sprung from bud to blossom,
and from the blossom ripened into the Dead Sea
fruit of remorse, hatred and revenge.

On the eastern shore, almost entirely hidden by
the luxuriant growth of forest trees, underbrush and
trailing grape vines, stands a little cottage. It
stands a picture of ruin and desolation. The stran-
ger would turn musingly and sadly away from its
decaying doorstep, wondering as to what manner of
people it belonged, and whether the gloom and the
sadness which rests so like a black cloud over its
neglected loneliness, were typical of the fate of those
who once trod its floors.

Even so it was. Years ago, that now blackened
ruin was such a dwelling place as the poet artist
pictures and sighs for. In the summer, "flowers of
all hues, and lovelier than their names," clambered
up the white walls, and nodded pleasantly in at the
windows. Paths, diverging in various directions, to
the sandy beaches up which the light waves rippled
with a musical sound, seemed like arches decorated
to greet a conqueror, the tall hollyhocks standing
like files of soldiers, in bright uniforms. Imagina-
tion in its wildest dream of beauty could picture no
scene more lovely.

And Ella!—To what bright creation of fancy shall
she be likened? The pen of the poet, the pencil of
the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, would alike
fail to portray the soul-lines which seemed to
spread about and envelop her with a halo of spiri-
tual loveliness.

As she moved through those blooming gardens, the
flowers seemed to feel her presence, the hollyhocks
nodded gracefully as she passed, and the pure white
rose-leaves showered a benediction upon her from the
porch.

"I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

The fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering.
All the sweet season of summer tide,
But e'er the first leaf of autumn—she died!"

"Violet Dell" was indeed an earthly Paradise.
Its two occupants, father and daughter, age and
youth, passing over the waves of life, ruffled by no
stormy passions, as a stately ship and a graceful
yacht, navigating a summer sea side by side. The
mother of Ella had passed so peacefully away from
earth, with such gentle words, such hopeful, trustful
confidence, such deep reverence, holiness and humil-
ity pervading the atmosphere about her, that her pres-
ence seemed never withdrawn from those she loved
with an affection pure as that of the angels.

George Percival was a scholar and an enthusiast.
Impulsive and ardent in his attachments, he was
generous and open-hearted to his friends and those

he deemed such, and indifferent to his enemies. In
his younger days, he had mixed much with society,
had whirled through all the mazes of city life, yet
always above the surface. With all its phases he
was familiar, but familiar only from observation.
Its wild excitements and its reckless aims, possessed
no charms for him. The natural sensitiveness and
delicacy of his mind prevented intimacy of associa-
tion with the mass, while with the hollow fashion
worshippers, with whom his wealth and position
brought him more immediately in contact, he had
stiffest congeniality. When, therefore, the dream
of his life was realized in his early manhood, he re-
nounced the city, and retired with his bride, whose
heart was in perfect sympathy with his, to the
shores of this sylvan lake. The ambition of his
heart was satisfied. Surrounded by the books he
loved, and a few choice works of art, he looked upon
an emperor as merely a decorated slave. His nature
was of that gentle, poetic kind, which harmonizes
with all of God's creation, in its pure and primal
state. The rabbits and the squirrels would run
fearlessly up to his feet, and the birds would sing
and twitter to him as to one another. He loved freedom
for its own, innate beauty, and could not bear to see
its slightest form encroached upon. Once, and once
only did a difference occur between him and his
gentle wife; that was, when one of her school-mates
sent as a present from the city, a canary bird, in a
gaily painted cage. The instant his eye fell upon it,
the impulse of his heart prompted him to release it,
and opening the door, the freed bird soared forth to
freedom, with a gush of thankful melody, pouring
from its tiny throat. There were a few tears upon
one side, and a few serious words upon the other, but
too much in union were those two hearts, to allow
a shadow to rest upon them. Indeed, Clara Percival
felt that he was right, and her admiration of his pe-
culiar nature was strengthened.

Two children had gladdened the hearts of those
peaceful, contented lovers. The eldest, Edward, was
twelve years of age when the pure-hearted mother
died. Ella was but six. The boy inherited the deli-
cate sensibility of his father, but with a sterner de-
termination of character. An element which the
world would call force. After finishing a course of
studies in the city, he was, at his own earnest de-
sire, entered as a cadet in the Military School at
West Point. Graduating with high honor, he visited
the several capitals and military stations of Europe
to perfect himself in the profession he had chosen.

Ella, meanwhile, dwelt with her father in the
quietness of Violet Dell. Their visitors were few,
and their lives flowed on serenely and placidly; until
one day the father, in an early morning ride, met
and was pleased with a stranger, and invited him to
his cottage home. From that hour the blighting
frost of sin began to shivel up the perfect purity of
the blossoms in that Eden.

Hubert Leroy was what the world styles an ele-
gant, accomplished gentleman. He was skilled in
all the arts of society, with a fine face and form, a
winning, musical voice, and a mind stored with that
superficial knowledge which is so much more power-
ful in the drawing-room and the boudoir, than the
deeper and wiser knowledge which is of the soul.
With these accomplishments he won first the heart
of the father, who looked upon the sparkling surface
only as an index to the deeper and better, enshrined
within its bosom. The calm, thinking scholar soon
discovered his error, but alas, he discovered it too
late. To that fair, innocent child, the loathsome,
creeping reptile seemed as a being of another sphere,
purer, wiser, and more exalted than the residents of
this world. He wove about her a chain, forged in
the flames of hell, and tempered by the coldness of
his own icy heart. When the father awoke from his
delusion, the links had been completed, and as well
might the lamb struggle to free itself from the encir-
cling folds of the deadly anaconda, as he from the
bitter self-reproach and the desolation which had
come upon him, resistless as the blast of the simoon.

In one of the hotels of Paris sat a noble-looking
man of four or five and twenty. He was writing,
and as his pen flew rapidly over the paper, a bright
smile would chase the lines of thought from off his
broad brow, his eyes would sparkle, and the curves of
his lip quiver with pleasure. The olden memories
of home were crowding pleasantly over the heart of
the stranger, in a strange land. The letter ran thus:

"At last—at last, dear Ella—my wandering footsteps
are turned towards the home I have never forgotten. I shall
soon see you, and our noble father—God bless him. In our
happy home I shall rest for a few weeks before joining my
regiment, and shall wear your little ears with stories of
"moving accidents by flood and field." But that I have mis-
taken myself for a race to "Violet Dell" against this epistle, I
should write more, but ten to one I clasp you in my arms be-
fore your hand clasps this—and so, dear Ella,
Adieu. EDWARD."

The waiter was summoned and the letter despatched.
But a brief time elapsed before the man return-
ed and placed in Edward's hands a letter in his fa-
ther's handwriting, which contained only these few
words:

"Edward—Our house is desolate, for Ella is dying."

Edward had looked upon battle-fields, and smiled
as the roll of the musketry and the boom of the
cannon came upon his ears. He had seen disease
and death in many forms, and his pulse had always
beaten with the same serenity. But he dreamed not
that the destroyer could blight the blossom of his
home, that sister, so pure and holy to him, that he
turned away from others, thinking that in her alone
existed perfection. Ella dying! For a few moments
he gasped for breath like a sleeper struggling with
some terrible dream; then his heart, so schooled to
conceal its weakness, asserted its sway, and tears,
passionate tears, not of relief, but searing and with-
ering in their effects, burst forth in a flood of sorrow.

"Open the window, father," said the dying girl,
"let me look once more over the quiet lake and
breath again the fragrance of the purple flowers I have
so loved, when"—her voice faltered, and a gush
of tears finished the sentence.

Ah! what a change had come upon George Perci-
val. The clear, strong intellect, the eye quick to
appreciate, the brain ready to solve, had grown dim
and heavy. As he arose from the easy chair beside
the bed, it was evident, at a glance, that the mind,
which was so far-reaching in its grasp, was passing
forth from its rapidly decaying temple, fading out
into that dim and mysterious hereafter. Silently he
moved to the window, drew aside the curtains, and
allowed the softened light of an early summer morn-
ing to pour in over the floor and on the couch where
lay like a statue of Parian marble, the so lately
joyous, light-hearted Ella. It was a scene upon
which the eyes cannot look for the tears which dim
them, one which makes the heart swell almost to
bursting with its fiery indignation.

Hour after hour sat that broken-hearted father

beside that couch of death. Ella lay as if in a trance,
her spirit hovering between the visible world and the
unseen. Occasionally she would open her eyes,
stretch a shadowy white hand towards her father,
who sat motionless with one arm resting upon the
bed, then she would close her eyes, and seem to
have passed into another existence. Only one sen-
tence had fallen from the lips of George Percival for
hours, and that was repeated many times. "When
Edward shall hear of it; when Edward shall hear of
it," he would mutter in a low tone, and then a
strange gleam would shoot out from his eyes like a
flash of fire.

"The day was drawing towards its close, the sun
was passing to its rest among the gold and crimson
clouds, and still silent and motionless sat the father
beside the bed of the shattered idol of his home.
Suddenly a quick step sounded on the gravel walk,
the door was gently opened, as the hand of affection
lifts the coffin lid to look upon the dust of the be-
loved, and Edward, pale and white as a visitant from
another world, stood within the room. He essayed
to speak, but his tongue refused its office. The fa-
ther sprang to his feet with a wild, sudden bound,
gazed an instant in the face of his son, more hag-
ard and ghastly than his own, and with the words,
"Edward, Ed—" on his lips, fell to the floor, his
life blood gushing in a rapid stream over the car-
pet. When Edward raised him his spirit was freed
from its enthralling clay.

Ella had, as moved by the same impulse, started
up from her pillow, and when Edward turned to-
wards her, one glance told him that it was but the
struggling effort of the spirit which leaped forth to
join its companion. He was alone with the dead.

For more than an hour he stood with his arms
folded across his breast, rigid as a statue of iron,
the occasional quiver of his nostril alone telling that
he lived. At last he awoke from his trance with a
deep sigh, which thrilled through every nerve of his
frame. Silently he laid the bodies of the loved ones
side by side, and sat down to await the morning.
And the long, weary hours of the night rolled on, and
still he sat silent and motionless in the darkness and
the gloom.

Brightly over the beautiful lake dawned the first
rays of morning. The sun came up and crimsoned
the waters, and danced upon the fluttering leaves,
and the rosebuds and the morning glories unfolded
rejoicingly in its smile. From the groves around
burst forth the matin song of the birds, and the
world seemed as if new-born with a brighter and a
fresher beauty. The first ray of sunlight which
penetrated into the window of that now lonely cot-
tage, was reflected back from a miniature which lay
upon the bosom of Ella. The chain to which it was
suspended, was a parting gift from Edward, and to
it had been attached his own likeness. But as his
eyes fell upon it now, he started back as if recoiling
from the fangs of a venomous serpent. Only too
well did he read in that instant the whole of the
melancholy story. As he gazed, a terrible shadow
passed over his noble features. The eyes from which
had looked out such an enthusiastic, generous soul,
glared with a deadly fire. The veins of his fore-
head swelled out in great knots, and the chords of
his hands contracted as though they were trans-
formed into steel. Slowly through his clenched teeth
blessed, in an unheeding tone, the single word, "Ven-
geance!" His brain reeled, and he fell heavily for-
ward in a state of insensibility. When he recovered
his reason, the sun was high above the horizon.
Calmly, as a man would perform the most trivial acts
of civility to the living, did he perform the last
offices of affection; there was no tremor, no sign of
feeling, which the few neighbors who had gathered
to witness the solemn ceremonial could perceive, ex-
cept when the first sound of the gravel striking upon
the coffin met his ears, and then the same terrible
shadow swept over his face, and the same word
hissed from his lips, "Vengeance!"

Up the swift current of the Mississippi, the
steamer Sultana was bravely battling its way. Its
decks were crowded with passengers, from every
clime and nation. It was late in the month of
October, and the atmosphere and the foliage were of
that dreamy magnificence, unknown save along the
Golden Coast of Louisiana.

Among the many passengers walking the deck,
was one conspicuous above the rest from the quick
glance he gave to each of the male passengers as
they passed him. He wore the undress uniform of
an officer of the United States army, and his whole
bearing displayed that it was not a disguise; his
tread was firm and martial, but the most remark-
able of all was the set firm lines about the mouth,
and the singular paleness of his face. No statue of
pure marble could be freer from color of blood,
though it was evident that the stranger's was cours-
ing wildly through his veins.

The Sultana ploughed her way upwards, and late
in the afternoon rounded to at the wharf at Vicks-
burg. Here among the additions to the passenger
list, a gay company of young men came on board.
They were laughing and chatting with the wildest
hilarity. As the boat once more rounded upwards,
they collected together in the saloon, and their jests
and laughter rang through the steamer.

"Well, Hubert," cried one, "to-morrow you are
really to be married. A health to the fair heiress!"
And they clashed their glasses together in the most
boisterous delight.

At the sound of the name, the strange officer, who
had been reclining upon one of the settees, started
to his feet, and with two or three strides, he stood
in the centre of the party. All save one, stared at
him in silent surprise. That one tottered forward,
supporting himself against the bar, becoming in an
instant paler than the stern marble form which
stood motionless, glaring down into the depths of
his treacherous soul. The silence lasted but for an
instant. One of the party, too much under the influ-
ence of the wine to realize the deadly revenge on
the one side, and the abject fear upon the other,
cried out,

"Yes! bumpers to the fair bride!" The words
were yet ringing on his lips, when like the avenging
bolt of Heaven, a bullet crashed through the skull
of Hubert Leroy, and without a word or a groan
he fell to the floor, and his bride was Death.

For the space of a minute, no one stirred within
that little circle, but from all parts of the boat the
passengers rushed around them. As Hubert Leroy
fell, the pistol was dropped by Edward Percival, and
with folded arms he awaited the result. It came
quickly. The magical cry, "Judge Lynch!" rang
through the crowd, and the boat was headed for the
shore. There, under the forest trees, a tribunal more
solemn and more just than the extra-civilized tri-
bunals, was formed. No accusation was needed. The
homicide was openly acknowledged, and had it not

been, there were far too many witnesses to permit
any hope of escape. The judge, elected for the oc-
casion, simply asked the prisoner what he had to say
in his own defence. Fearlessly, with unflinching
eyes which scanned the eager faces grouped around
him, and with a voice untremulous and clear, Ed-
ward related the story of his wrongs, and the long
thirst for vengeance. Like a pilgrim bound upon
some holy duty, he had tracked the footsteps of the
destroyer, and his mission performed, he was ready
to meet the sentence of the court.

When his voice ceased, a momentary consultation
was held, a slight murmur of applause ran through
the crowd, and then the one who had acted as judge
walked forward, extended his hand to the prisoner,
and said: "the retribution was terrible, but it was
just. You are free."

Revolution had been muttering through the streets
of Paris. The people chafing under the galling
chains of despotism met in clusters upon the squares,
and in the lanes of the city. Revolution shot out in
fiery glances from their eyes. There was quick
nervous determination in the tones of their voices.
At length the thunder, which had so long rumbled
in the distant horizon, burst forth with startling
energy. The bells rang out a wild peal of alarm.
The streets bristled with the bayonets of the soldiers.
But the hour had arrived, and the people arose in
their giant might. Barricades sprang up as if they
arose by magic from the centre of the earth. Young
and fiery leaders distinguished from the mass by the
tri-colored scarf wound about their waists, urged on
the eager multitude. Through all the streets arose
the magic song of Liberty.

"Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons;
Marchez! marchez! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons."

At one of the barricades, urging on the workers
with voice and hands, was an officer who wore a
simple undress military suit of blue, and as they
obeyed his orders with alacrity, the cry would often
break forth "Vive le Americaine! Vive le Americaine!"
His orders were quick and decisive, and it
was easy to perceive that military engineering was
no strange science to him. Suddenly, a troop of
royalist cavalry galloped up to the barricade, and a
wild conflict ensued. Ever in the front of the form
of the young officer stood out a mark for the pistols of
the horsemen. It seemed as if he courted death and
it avoided him, and still in the pauses of the conflict
would ring out the cheer of the insurgents, "Vive le
brave Americaine!" The moment came at last. A
youth, evidently a cherished companion, dropped
down at his side. Waving his sword the officer
cried out with a strange unearthly tone, the one
word, "Vengeance!" leaped forward, and fell back
shot through the brain, dead even before he struck
the earth.

In the cemetery of Montmartre is a simple slab bear-
ing the inscription, "Le brave Americaine;" under
it moulders the dust which contained the high
enthusiastic spirit of Edward Percival.

"Peace to the broken-hearted dead."

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring so
small, that a single ox, in a summer's day, could
drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among
the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio.
Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving
on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities,
and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing
on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats.
Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and
away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls
into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the
great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only
to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one
foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift
up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be
no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a
rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathom-
less as eternity.

Every period of life has its prejudice; who ever
saw old age, and did not applaud the past and con-
demn the present?

The most beautiful may be the most admired and
caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed
and loved.

Advertisements.

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June 20

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