VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

NO.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

THE CREOLE; A Story of Mexican Dengeance

PROM THE FRENCH OF ALMIRE GANDONNIERE.

Towards the close of the month of July, 1842 I embarked on board the brig Palinure, at Vera Cruz, for France. On the eighth or tenth day of the voyage, the son of a Havre ship owner, with whom I became intimate on board, came to me, late in the evening, and asked this question: ...

"Do you know what was the reputation of the Senora Domenica Granadiva P.".

"I made too short a stay at Vera Cruz to be occupied with the fair Spaniards." "It seems, nevertheless, that you found them

How is that?"

"Every evening," said he, "at the captain's table
you never cease to look at that charming passenger who jabbers French with so much grace and

coquetry."
"Bhe is very beautiful. Do you know her?"
"Yes," said he, looking furtively around him; yes, I know her, and if the crew knew her as well as I do, not a sailor but would profit from the first squall to cast her into the sea, and not a passenger would sit with her at the same table, or speak to

her."
"Proceed, then, my friend! But this woman is

an angel."

"Listen to me, and repeat not on board what I am about to tell you; appear to be ignorant of everything before the Senora; for, look you, Domenica never pardons; and above all do not sit by her aide at the table."

"Ah; pardon me, my dear Alfred, you are making a singular anachronism; do you not return to Voisin, Brinvilliers, and Margaret of Burgundy? Is there such a thing as a she-poisoner since the Revolution of July?"

"Will you listen to me, and be discreet?"

"I ask nothing better; I love to hear romances, and I will forget them to-morrow." "Sit down, then, on that heap of cordage."

At that moment the Senora Granadiva passed lightly by me; I heard the light rustling of her dress, and I thought I could see a smile on her

lips as she threw one of her looks on me. "Mon Dicu! how beautiful she is!" I cried. "Let us have your cock-and-bull story, my dear

"It is not a tale, it is a history,—a history that

is not yet ended."

Here is what my companion narrated to me.

They say "jealous as a tiger,"—they should say, jealous as a creole, and particularly a creole of

Domenica Granadiva was hardly seventeen years mense fortune.

Her wealth consisted of several great plantations progress. and many hundred slaves, which brought her an annual revenue of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

A fortune so vast, her beauty, and her attain-ments, drew around her a crowd of worshippers ican cavaliers.

. But what mattered wealth, to her, a young and careless girl, who scarcely knew the value of gold! ful eyes, whence sometimes glances of light would What Domenica wished was a youthful lover, like What Domenica wished was a youthful lover, like proceed. Her beautiful hair fell in large waves, like that of the Grecian women, on her brown It was a lover rather than a husband, that she desired; a spiritual friend, amiable, beautiful, and to touch the floor when she danced the fandango, ardent, like herself. Above all it was a Frenchthe most voluptuous of the dances of Spain. That man, for we are still of all the peoples of the world the most loving and refined. The Mexican women, in particular, have the highest idea of a French cavalier. As to the rest, we gain above all with them when they compare us with their sad and

to her hand. He was tall and handsome, of exwho made their court by serenades and through her husband.

After a month of courtship our Frenchman had the happiness I forget, he had the frightful mis-

fortune to marry the richest, the most seducing woman of all America.

The first month of marriage, the honeymoon, was happy, as it always is; they loved as lovers; and, to have seen them together, and on witnessing their retirement from the world to their quiet villa, two leagues from Vera Cruz, you would have prophesied to them long years of love and hap-

But love, alas, ends, like all other human things. and 11 will have at one of the outline it can

"You blaspheme, my dear story-teller," said I. interrupting him; "if I had a wife like Domenica, saids from what you are about to tell me, I would



ised one day to lead to crimes of the most terrible character.

He had remarked with pain that she treated her negroes with a great deal of harshness and haughtiness, and that often, in spite of his interference, she assisted at their terrible punishments; and that she would not listen for a moment to their most piteous cries.

For nothing, and, as it appeared to Henri, in the absence of all motive, she would have her slaves what piteous cries with a great deal of harshness and haughtiness, and that often, in spite of his interference, she assisted at their terrible punishments; and that she would not listen for a moment to their most piteous cries.

For nothing, and, as it appeared to Henri, in the absence of all motive, she would have her slaves becautiful every thing is! What a magnificent hight, what a would yent upon them her most furious anger.

It was said that when a child she loved to de-scend to the Dungeon of the Blacks, there to de-

light herself for hours with tortures and tears.

The people of Vera Cruz looked upon her as a kind and gracious mistress; but her fifteen hundred slaves trembled when they spoke of her, and would have given their lives to take hers.

And yet; miserable creatures! they had suffered nothing in comparison with the evils that were to

Henri went often to Vera Cruz, where the object or his ne ssion, the Senora Frazia, lived. In spite of all obstacles their attachment made great of a voyage."

To speak plainly, Frazia was not then engaged in her first intrigue. She had already caused trouble in some families, and, in spite of her high A fortune so vast, her beauty, and her attainments, drew around her a crowd of worshippers
and she could have had no difficulty in making her
selection from among the most opulent of the Mexlian cavaliers. conversational powers, and her talent for society. The men loved her melancholy air, and her sorrow foot was so marvellously small, that, one day, when measured with a humming bird, the bird was found to be the largest.

So many attractions necessarily struck the facile jealous hidalgos.

One of our countrymen was among the aspirants favored friend of this enchantress. imagination of our countryman; and, as he pushed his advantages vigorously, he soon became the

quisite manners, and a charming spirit. He called the suspicious Domenica, who had already ceased the suspicious Domenica, who had already ceased the suspicious are attentions and caresses from

duentias, he placed himself before her at church She had him watched, by a dozen of the most and when he was assured that he had attracted her intelligent and devoted of her negroes, as she watched him only to protect him against the jeal-ousy of his wife, and told him of all that was going on.

The faithless husband momentarily ceased his attention to the Senora, and, by the force of demonstrations of love and devotion, sought to regain his wife's confidence.

But this continual restraint, the mystery that enveloped his passion; only stimulated it, and he had the improduced to write to Frazia, who was well pleased with the correspondence.

well pleased with the correspondence.

Rico, a favored servant of Darnetal, was employed to carry his letters, and to bring back the answers.

One evening, when the suit was about to disaprised towards her slaves, she shock him rudely by the arm, and forced him upon his knees.

"Villain! dare you thus to betray me? Whence interrupting him; if I had a wife like Domenica, breeze descending upon the plain, to give life and saide from what you are about to tall me, I would live her all my life. I am of a nature to adore the saint woman for a hundred years. In Domenica which we will be a hundred years. In Domenica will be to forests, or the song in which the birds bade adieu to the day or the You shall know all soon, so listen. Domenics and Henri Darnetal (that was the under the while of the overseer, still labored to me quickly, or I will order you to be immediately name of the happy husband) had the weakness to give many parties, and to attend all those to which they were mitted at Vers Crus.

Now, it happened that one night, at a ball. Henri, observed too closely another beautiful Spanial lady, as personly handsome as a United with an incite while of his wine light, when held it will be will be

neither ill nor sad. Are you not sufficiently charming to embellish all things? Let us still remain, and ever, in this blessed land, where God has given

me your beauty.",
"The physician of the plantation tells me it is necessary above all things that you should breathe once more your native air. Then I wish to see that France of which I have heard such marvellous things. Shall we not set out in a few weeks? We can leave old Lopez to take care of the planta-

tions." "Let us wait awhile, Domenica. I know not, ruly, that I should be able to support the fatigues

"You are ill, then?"

At that moment Rico passed before them, with a package on his head. Domenica thought she saw him exchange glances with his master.

An idea crossed her mind, and she recalled the

"You came from the city, Rico?"

"Yes, mistress." "Did you get the mantilla which I left at the house of the Marquis de Guidalara?" "Yes, mistress, and I am carrying it to your

apartments." "Very well, you will take it there, and then go to the Tepeil plantation, and find Lopez." Henri involuntarily shuddered, as he asked:-"Why do you wish to see Lopez this evening?

"I wish to tell him that I am about to go to France." "You are not serious, Domenica?"

"Very serious; but you are pale, and you grow paler yet. You are really ill, I say, and our flery climate will cause your death! No, Henri, let us go to France. That is what you desired but a few months since!"

"I am so happy here! Always with you, near to you, in the midst of our slaves, while our property gives me occupation. And then, Domenica, my beautiful Domenica, know you not that you will become ill in France. It is so cold there! The heavens are ever clouded; the women there are all coquettes; the French are only a people of and when the was assured that while of our consult believed them to be, and who observed all his are all coquettes; the French are only a people of the honor of being admitted to her house, which walks; but the slaves, who all loved their master, lawyers and traders, and they will tire you to death. Believe me, we should not go there until you have become acquainted with our language."

"Well, let us speak it. I will return in a mo-ment. I am tired this evening." Henri trembled in every limb.

"Shall I go with you, Domenica ?" "No, I have orders to give. I will join you in the saloon."

And they separated.

"You know well, mistress," murmured the poor "And that letter P" black. ्र_स्क्षतिकानुन

"What letter?"

The letter which you brought to my husband. I know all. I have had you followed. Give it to

AIt is a long time, a very long time, since I saw you, Henril A week without seeing you! Does it seem a week to you? Do you wish that I should die, or that I should believe that you love me no more P

"She is happy, sue! "Thanks for your kind letter. I am about to: read it all night under the magnolias. You swear that you love only me. Alas! alas! why did we not know each other sooner? There is to be a ball at the Spanish Consulate on Monday—shall you not be there? At midnight, seek an opportunity to go down into the garden, and I will await you in the little alley of orange-trees.

Your jealous friend, FRAZIA.""

"It is true, then! Oh! and my slaves have concealed it from me!"

"Rico, get up, my friend," she said to the negro, in a caressing voice; "you will take this letter to your master, but you must not say a word to him of what has happened. Do you recollect the Vault of the Blacks? It is I who command here. You need not go this evening after Lopez."

Rico did recollect the Vault of the Blacks. He took the letter to Henri, but neither by word nor sign did he intimate to him what had happened.

The next moment Domenica, whose blood burned like that of an assailed hyena, rejoined her faithless spodse, without her face affording any trace of that

which was agitating her mind.

"Decidedly, Henri," she said, approaching him lovingly, "we will not yet leave Mexico. I have. reflected on the subject, and I believe it would be better to study the language and customs of your country, in order that I may not incur ridicule on going there."

I knew, child, that reflection would cause you to abandon that unwise idea. Are we not happy here?"

"Yes, yes, very happy, are we not?" she answered, with a smile of rage: "it is so delightful thus to love to love as we do!"

At that moment a servant entered bearing a let-

ter from the Spanish Consul. "Ah!" cried Henri, "the Consul gives a ball on

Monday. Shall we go, dearest?" "Yes, undoubtedly it will be a charming affair." On Monday Domenica pleaded a violent head-

ache, and entreated her husband to go alone to the ball. At first Henri appeared to be much affected, and refused to leave his wife alone, asking her a thousand times if she would not be better if she were to

go with him; but at last, at her repeated entreaties, he took his departure. There was a great crowd at the Spanish Consul's the best families of Vera Cruz, strangers of distinction, the officers of ships in the harbor had all met at that ball, given in honor of the birth day of Isabella II. There was presented, truly, a strange

and dazzling sight to a native of our cold Eu-Two galleries of pomegranate trees, oranges and citrons were arranged around vast saloons, and seemed to lose themselves by a stairway covered with carpets and rose leaves, in the midst of gardens, where, under the broad shade of the elms, the

most mysterious conversation could be mur-

The interior shone with lamps and gold, and the numberless precious stones with which the heads and necks of the creoles were covered. The perfume of the flowers, and the night breeze, gliding lovingly across the trees and shrubs, spread among those odors and lights a delicious coolness.

It was a pleasant sight, that of those pale Mexican women impatiently waiting for the waltz, smiling like children, and maliciously concealing themselves behind their large fans. It excited the deepest emotion to see those thousand eyes, filled with light and passion, those feet worthy of the huntress Dians, those proverbial hands and locks, and those full and magnificent busts, heaving under gold and jewels. All appeared to be life and love.

The ball had commenced when Frans entered the saloon. As usual, her entrance was a triumph. All eyes were turned upon her? A crowd of oursliers surrounded her, and she knew not whom to: promise her hand. Herr note-book was too small

to contain the list of applicants. She said that she was not well.

The next moment, after having replied to all by a smile or a charming word, she took the arm of the Consul and was soon lost in the crowded gal-

At the entrance of an alley, the branch of a pomegrante tree lightly touched her locks, detaching a flower therefrom. Ten cavaliers stooped to seize it, but a young man who was nearest to her picked it up, and, instead of placing it in his button-hole, as the others would have done with pride, he hastened to offer it to the beautiful Senora, who thanked him with two words in a low voice, and a long glance. The look and the words, "Thanks Henri," had been understood.

At the appointed hour, Henri and Frazia were speaking of love, in the alley of oranges, seated close to each other on a green bank. The conversation had lasted for some time, embraces had succeeded to words, when a hand slowly and furtively moved through a mass of hawthorn, until it rested right over the upturned face of the Senora, and, by a sudden movement, threw over it a vial of concentrated white vitriol.

It is known that vitriol leaves upon the skin the most frightful scars. Henceforth one of the most beautiful of the Mexican woman was to be one of the most hideous.

Her face, her figure, her shoulders were all covered with the fiery fluid, which was to render her repulsive to those who had most admired her.

The cries of the unhappy lady were heard in the ball room, and interrupted the dancers, all of whom hastened to the garden, where the proud Frazia, the queen of the occasion, and lately so triumpliant, rolling about in frightful agonies.

Henri, across whose mind a frightful thought had

rushed, fled from the crowd, so that he might compromise neither himself nor his friend, after having vowed eternal love in that last and fearful interview. A few moments later, his carriage, at full speed, appeared to devour the space which separated him from his home. He wished to clear up his horrible doubt. He hastened to his wife's room,

This sight softened him. Nevertheless he still had his fears, believing that she alone could have caused the crime.

He was about to visit the stables, where, per

haps, the mare of Dominica had been placed before the arrival of his carriage, when the sleeper awoke and tenderly called him.

" Is that you, Henri! already returned ?" "Yes, I was fatigued. You are better, are you

"Yes, yes," she said, exhaling a long sigh of igy. "I am well now. But you, my friend, you are

"It is nothing but weariness. Sleep will remove it. Good night; I shall seek repose."
"One word more. Tell me of the ball? Was it as brilliant as that of the French Consul?" "I saw but little of it; I was weary and sad, and

everything looks frightful when such is the case. That is why. I left so soon." "But did you not look at the handsome women?

The beautiful Senora Frazia must have been there? She is very beautiful, the Senora!" These last words, pronounced with a savage

rony, were like a thunder-stroke to Henri. He doubted no more-he believed all. "Yes, side was there," he replied, with difficulty epressing his fury.

"All the strongers must have admired her marvellous beauty?" "They admired her spirit, which is better than

fugitive beauty," he coldly answered.
"To be sure; but, to please in the world, it is necessary to have both." "I believe that the Senora will be able to please

without the aid of external graces. Good night, Domenica, I truly have need of repose." "Good night, Henri, and above all, think not of Frazia ;---I am jealous, very jealous."

Henri went to his apartment, where, in place of Rico, his devoted slave, he found a negro whom he knew not, and who told him that Rico had fled to the mountains, and joined other runaways.

This seemed strange, but the desire to be alone revented him from asking questions.

Having dismissed the slave, he threw himself upon his bed, and gave himself up to the tumultuous course of his thoughts.
"Poor Frazia! How she must suffer! Who

could have committed that infernal crime P. Who P. Is it for me to ask such a question? Oh! how could she rally me at this time? But it is impossi-ble that she could have done it herself. But she knows all; I am sure of it; her headache was a feint. She must have seized the letter? Could Rico have betrayed me? Oh, no; he is blindly devoted to me, and I can now understand his sudden light. Poor Rio!"

Long he sought to resolve this strange problem, but the more he thought of it, the more he was lost. in vague suppositions; and then, not being able tosleep, he hastily wrote the following letter:

"MY. FRAZIA-Whatever may be the consejuences of the nameless crime which has been perctrated, thou shalt find me a devoted lover until

petrated, thou shalt find me a devoted lover until death. That crime may destroy thy beauty, but I will love thee as ardently as I did at that fatal meeting. I know that thy soul is faire than thy face. "Henceforth, to thee alone, oh, my Finzia! to thee alone shall my heart beat. I shall see thee to-morrow. I have a secret to tell thee, something the that it will cause the to should be the till asset the something. so horrible that it will cause thee to shudder.

"I suffer more than thee,

After having folded this letter, which he placed n his secretary, he felt relieved, and returned to his bed. According to his custom, he mixed a glass. of rum and water, which he drank at one swallow, and soon after he sunk into a profound sleep.

He thought he saw a woman (his wife) noise-lessly open his chamber door, enter lightly, with a dark lantern, approach his bed, and look at him He had a horrible dream.

carefully for some moments, as if to assure hemself and gring for trade to the Section of the divine at the wife form again looked at him, and then silently left the room. A moment later four old and hideous negroes came in, who lifted him from his bed, and bore him through numerous passages, descending by doors and secret stairways to a damp cave, where they seated him on some bund'es of straw, and then fastened him by the neck, with a ring to the wall,

after having tied his hands. The reality ordinarily comes only after the dream,

but here the dream itself was a horrid reality. The hour had already arrived when the effects of the narcotic were over. Henri opened his eyes, struggled in his bonds, sighed, as if he were returning out of a terrible nightmare, and then after some moment of wonder, called his servant Rico. Rico answered:

"Here I am, master, look at me!"

In fact, Rico was there too, face to face with Henri, in the midst of a rank of slaves, bound and fastened to the wall.

Darnetal, who had at last thoroughly aroused himself, and resumed his reason, uttered a cry of horror.

"You! Rico, what is that you say?"

"I say, master, that this is the Vault of the Blacks, where your wife has plunged us both, I know why."

Henri was for a moment profoundly prostrated by this frightful truth: Then he recalled the crime in the garden, and Domenica's ferocious irony, He was no longer ignorant of anything.

It is I who have caused all this, it was the letter of the Senora," resumed Rico, dolefully. "You showed it to her?"

"She took it from me. I believed that she knew Fall. and I feared this Vault. I could not foresee what was to happen, and when I had determined to tell you all that had happened, I was brought here while asleep. Master, poor master! if she would torment you as she does us!"

Henri, whose sight had become gradually accustomed to the half-light of the dungeon, saw with horror, at the bottom of it, and in a corner, a sort of forge, in which already were heating a number of instruments of torture.

Near the forge were copper boilers, and tables covered with phials, pincers, scissors, iron pins, hammers, knives, and leaden thongs. This rapid examination caused him to tremble

for himself, and for his poor slaves, whose only crime was that they had served him well. And then his thoughts returned to Frazia, whose atrocious murderer he now knew. The sound of

a key in the lock, disturbed his gloomy thoughts. Adoor opened, and he saw first enter, lamp in hand, like Lady Mucbeth, his wife, followed by the four blacks who had appeared to him in his dream. One hore a green phial, which he placed on a table. Another went to the forge, took the bellows, and blew the fire, giving to it a new activity. A third took several pieces of wood, and formed a trough of the length of a man, at the end of which were two oblong apertures. The fourth followed Domenica, who passed before the frightened

prisoners, who murmured for mercy. Henri with open mouth, waited until she should come to him, but she ceased not her step.

She passed several times before the unfortunate beings, clowly and silently, while the poignant expressions of their faces would have softened any of malice for them, or his that was full only of malice for them, or wive hate for humanity, and of devouring jealousy, of that Castilian jealousy, which, sometimes justifiable, can be carried to the last limits of yengeance.

Domenica had wished to know all without the aid of Henri, in order that she might punish those

It was for this reason she had daily descended to that terrible dungeon; hoping to draw by torture from them avowals that should work them evil.

She stopped at last before the negro Rico, and "How many letters did you carry to the courtezan

Frazia ?" "I carried only one, mistress,"

"Lear, bring the pincers; tear the nail from the

left thumb of Rico;—he lies. Rico became pale as a shroud. Lear brought the pincers, and seized the hand

of the condemned. At this sight, Henri, who, until then, had been silent from horror and fright, bounded from his

straw, with a loud cry, which was lost in the depth of the dungeon. Stop, villains, stop!-that which you are doing is infamous!"

Domenica, slightly moved, smiling, and, without answering him, she called Poncio. Poncio, prepare for this fair stranger our green

phial, that in an hour he may have a forehead more wrinkled than that of an aged man, a color vellower than that of the fruit of my citron-trees. and locks whiter than the snows of the Cordilleras: and which will bring death in the evening. No, not this evening; that will be to soon; let it be for to-morrow. Prepare it, Poncio, and give it quickly."

It is well known that among the most refined torments there is nothing more terrible than the removal of the living nail.

At the first attempts Rico uttered cries and howlings like those of a wild beast, but vaults and hearts were alike deaf,

The miserable man rolled and twisted about, form covered his lips and sweat stood in waves on his body. Blood bursted from his nose, his eyes and his cars. His veins swelled as if under the pressure of cords, and his crispy hair shivered as much as his limbs. Lear tore away steadily, but

the nail; strongly rooted, would not give way.

**Stop, a moment," said Dominica, "undoubtedly
ha will now be more reasonable. Let us see, Rico, if you will avow all that you know, and then I will free you in a minute."

s Rico looked at his chained master for a moments for a moment he hesitated. Be quick, Rico; I have no time to wait; speak,

or, after having torn away the nail, I shall have your feet burnt in that trough." "Oh! rull out the nail, mistress, but do not

And an almost impercentible smile passed across burn my feet."

I What was the meaning of that smile in that

moment of supreme agony?

Monce more, then, tell, me all, or I will make you miller as never negro suffered before; a torture without end. You shall see."

nothing all and live it and live it and all and

othing." lit words, so energetically pronounced, Lest resumed his pincers. The nail, already started, gradually lost its hold, and after minutes of exquisite suffering to Rico, it fell all bloody at the et of Domenica, whose eyes blazed like those of Abod. Assarber of he custom berging**handled** if non and set or whichbinodow had senfun bill.

"Instrial woman; socied Henri again; Myou kill me demon; you kill me by making for suffer in that demon to than you have inflicted that ky making for suffer in that 'Disnort' go tal hate you! I said negle the suffer while the trought had that terrible chable? The form of the manufacture has the first and place him in it, while he is insensible."

"Ingrate!" she said, sadly, and approaching him. "Who has been the most sinful of us two P Tell me, Henri, if there were yet time, would you not pardon me? Do you not wish to forget all, that I may love you again, and more than ever be-fore, if that be possible? Let us fly to the ends of the earth, where we will live alone, unknowing and unknown. I will be devoted to you and I will pray to God to pardon what you call my crimes. We will speak only of our love. Oh! answer me! Will you make no answer?"

Domenica all at once leaned her head on the shoulder of her husband. Her hand sought his to free it, and her lips would have met those of the prisoner, perhaps, when at her suppliant words he religion in order to drive away remorse?

answered: "No, never! rather death than such weakness." "Oh!" muttered she, raising her head and movements, and in a look which she cast furtively stamping on the straw; "oh! this is too much! over the crowd, I could detect under that smiling Well! so much the worse; you are about to die, and beautiful mask the deformity and hatred of and by a death such as was never before known." "He shall not die more than myself," shouted a

loud voice; "we are both free." It was Rico.

His swoon had been only a feint.

He had only waited for that moment of partial freedom in order to do that which had suddenly occured to him.

Suddenly, when they had removed his irons to and at the very moment when they were about to age that was addressed to her from all sides. place him on the plank, he rose upright, by a rapid Gradually the group broke up, and each permovement; and, with one of those efforts which son came to place himself near the amiable hostess, can proceed only from despair, the black giant who had now found a theme for conversation. snapped the iron ties that held his hands, seized a he was, on his vast shoulders, and opening the door | time." he escaped, crying, "Vengeance, Senora, Vengeance!!!"

Those five persons frozen with terror, listened to the shouts, which came from the top of the stairway, in two strong voices repeating, "Vengeance!!!"

Frazia had passed an awful night and, and in the morning she could see before her Pysche the frightful furrows which the acid had ploughed in her face. Her entire visage, in fact, was burnt, her eves alone having been miraculously preserved.

The authorities were already around her, interrogating her, with all possible reserve, on the circumstances, and pressing her to name the crim-

The sufferer suspected no one.

They spoke of Henri, who had been seen to fly with such speed; but to their suppositions Frazie answered, that in fact M. Darnetal had accompanied her to the garden, but that he was not with her when the event happened, and that it would be absurd to mention his name in connection with it.

The physicians who had not left her for an instant, declared that the nervous contractions, and tion of the children of the blacks." peculiar effects of vitriolic mutilations, and, above all, the immediate consequences of the crime, had termined an effusion of blood to the head, and that delirium would soon seize their patient.

In fact, poor Frazia, suffering more from hour to hour by the prolonged absence of Henri, robbed of ing into a profound fever which threatened to put an end to her mortal career.

Two hours after mid-day Frazia was about to fall asleep, calling on the name of her lover, who was deaf to her grief, when a hand softly removed her bed-curtains. It was Henril

"You!" she cried.

At this beloved, but too sudden apparition, she fell into a long and delirious crisis, out of which better than the revolted negroes of St. Domingo. ould bring braces of Henri.

She was already in her agony.

No human phrase can render those passionate and delirious exclamations so touchingly drawn from that woman, upon whom a long and happy life had seemed to smile, but who was now dying wictim)to passion. Henri held her already cold hand, he covered her burning forehead with kisses, sought to read his name in her eyes, fixed and brilliant as enamel, he called her name tenderly, as one calls a child; but already Frazia could scarcely answer him. The death-rattle was in her throat, her pulse was hardly perceptible, her teeth

chattered, and her nostrils became dry and pinched Yet a few moments, and that tender heart had eased to beat.

Towards six o'clock in the evening, Henri, who in spite of the doctors, would not leave her bed-side, heard, in the midst of a long and mournful eigh his name faintly escape her. It was the last breath, the last thought of Frazia!

The brig Palinure sailed the next morning for

and the second of the property of "What do you think of my history!" asked the narrator.

"My dear Alfred, I swear to you that I will know the end of it. Oh! if it be all true, whata woman l" 🕒

"Yes, what a woman!" But be careful, she is ooking at us still. I warn you again my friend, not to approach her during the voyage, and above all, to be silent."

"So that we shall never be able to ascertain what became of the master and the slave, Henri and here, and he should recognise her on the stairs, I his devoted Rico!"

"I have told you already that it is a history yet to be completed."

A fortuight after this frightful correspondence. Alfred fell sick, and died in horrible convulsions, without being able to open his mouth or to move us arma That which he had told me of Domenica occured

to me, and made me shudder. I went in search of the surgeon, to whom I confided my doubts, and demanded an autopsy ; but he, undoubtedly ashamed at having been deceived for the thousandth time replied that the sickness, quito ordinary, and well understood was simply the typhoid fever

and I watched more closely than ever that about nable Spanish woman, who was now hideous in my लि अर्धि क्ली भूतीरियतं ही छ

Six months after my return to Europe, I went one evening, to the house of Madame in Countesse N. Faibourg Saint; Honore, the mistress of the chouse is anothermore woman, who brings together in her resions dereign; travellers, artists, and the most beautiful women of Paris. They dance little there. Poets are admitted but with out their manuscripts. Muste and conversation are the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which, as to the great him of these amisting which as to the great him of the great him the great him of the one evening to the house of Madame la Comtesse

And then approaching Henri.

"You wish to die, Henri?"

"Yes, I wish to die."

"Henri! look at me, then, once more—you never then have loved me?"

"I know not, and what matters it? One may be for the moment fascinated by a serpent, but he is the wish of a grandee of Spain," he said, just drives it away at last."

"Ingrate!" she said, sadly, and approaching the more with the more interest.

"Who has been the most wind of the more with the more interest.

"Medical Medical Approaching the poor partook of, and made in the more interest. The more group they made of a hall which a Span is he may be a way about to give. A young man praised her marvelous alms, which a look of their benefactors. "She is the widow of a grandee of Spain," he said, just at the more interest. When a servant, throwing open the more with the more interest.

"Medical Approach of a hall which a Span is her with a proposed in the more proposed in the mor

OF LIGHT

"Madame a Marquise d'Olivaria."

"Here the ris, cried several persons of the

At the sight of that woman, dazzling with diamonds, youth and beauty, I was seized with a vertigo. I turned pale, my knees trembled, and I was obliged to throw myself on a fanteuil.

It was the structions Domenica, of whom I had never been able to find any trace, but whom I now saw, in all the splendors of life, fashionable, adored, blessed! She blessed! Oh! my God! Did she wish to atone for her crimes by charity?

Had she thrown herself into the consoling arms of I could have believed this had I not been able to see her attentively; but in one of her unstudied

hypocrisy. For an hour the Marchioness of Olivaria was the object of all eyes, and of all flattering words. They surrounded her, and they spoke to her of her ball, of her poor, and of her unfortunate country, the sweet skies of which, they were sure, she must

This young woman was already at home in the salons of Paris, was perfectly well bred, and rebear him to the trough, he recovered his strength, sponded with the utmost propriety to all the hom-

"What think you of the report of M. de knife that lay on the table, cut the cords about his Broglie on the abolition of slavery ?" she asked of feet in the twinkling of an eye, and hastening to a young Deputy who stood near to Domenica. "It his master, knife in air, he opened the collar that is unquestionably a very grave subject, but it has held his neck to the wall, took him all bound as at least the merit of being appropriate to the

At these words, the door was thrown open, and they announced-

" M. Henri Darnetal!" The Marchioness uttered a cry, and became pale with terror. Several ladies clustered around her, and wished her to smell of their salts; but she declared that she was not indisposed, and that one of her gold pins had drawn that exclamation from

Henri looked fixedly at her, but she cast down her eyes.

"I think," cried the Deputy, "that the arrangement is an error from the point of view of humanity; but I do not believe that it will be possible to abolish slavery altogether. The trade is carried on for the mere purposes of cupidity, by a particular set of men, and is a disgrace to a country; and from the infamous traffic in slaves has come that excessive barbarism which is the reproach of the colonies. I repeat it, it appears to me inopportune to abolish the trade in slaves; but it would be well if the government were to regulate it, to make it cease to be a monopoly, to reform the negro codes, and to watch over the labor and the instruc-

"Then, Monsieur de B-, you are not for abolition?"

"My system is a solid leabolition."
"Livery well; you would nearly abolish the trade in negroes, but you would not free them?"

"Besides the ruin of the colonies which would her beauty, cut off from love, and not knowing how follow immediate emancipation, we know that all to explain that mysterious affair, was gradually sink- these poor negroes do not merit freedom; and then, to speak frankly, they appear to hold a middle place between ourselves and the monkeys, so wicked and cunning is their nature."

"Permit me, sir, to speak on that point," said Henri, interrupting him. "The negroes are, like ourselves, capable of devotion and courage. stead of debasing them by ignorance, elevate them by instruction, and you will find them men; for I know not that the barbarians of Attila were much Civilization has placed armies where formerly were only hordes. I am abashed at finding myself engaged in discussing this question; but I have visited in Mexico some habitations of blacks, I must nevertheless say, and here have witnessed things so horrible that you could hardly believe them, so unnatural were they. If I did not fear encroaching on your good nature, and you would listen to me. I would relate a history which I should be compelled to embellish a little, in order to prevent it from being. too frightful to these ladies."

Here Henri tuned himself toward Domenica, who rose as if about to depart. An imperious look from him nailed her to her seat.

All the ladies entreated Henri to commence his history, and above all not to omit anything, they loving, they declared, strong, emotions,

Henri then gave, with a crowd of details, which more than once made the assembly shudder, the account I have narrated, and added:

"The negro Rico is not an exception. blacks are devoted to those who, in place of maltreating them, treat them with kindness. This is only one of a crowd of noble examples. I have, myself, in the ante-chamber, a tall and handsome negro, like Rico, who bears for me a boundless affection, who would throw himself into the sea at a sign from my hand, who would go with me to the ends of the earth, and who has saved my life. This slave wishes not for his freedom, even with gold. He belongs to me feudally, to my house, to my person, to my thoughts, ... He would kill a man who should menace me with a blow. Love in that heart is boundless, but there hatred is also great. He hates a certain woman as much as he loves me; and, if that woman were would not be answerable for her life. He would strangle her with one hand, while with the other he would place on her neck; instead of the jewelled necklace she now wears, the same iron collar which she put on his throat."

These last words were pronounced in a tone that caused the blood of Domenica to freeze in her veins.

"Would you allow me to call that heroic negro into the room?" asked the Comtesse de N-

laughing. in turn to all the ladies seated around the room. All admired his high stature, his gigantic limbs, his well developed head, and his sombre yet lofty

One woman only did not look at him, refused his refreshments, and sought to conceal herself behind her fan as he pessed ther? I was the land what magnetic power Rico was

everywhere with the work mand everywhere she is looked upon as an angel;

"It is clear," interrupted Madam Jen.

"that M. Darnetal wishes to be pleasant. I have never known Domenica Granadiva, and I beg par-don of God and man if I have ever touched the

to name to us this— Every one listened with dread. They feared almost to find themselves near the culprit. Their lips were parted, their hearts were still; they list-

Henri advanced to the centre of the circle; and pointing with his fore-finger at Domenica, "Behold ter!" he cried; I am her husband, and there is her slave. Look at the thumb of his right hand." Domenica could not bear this fatal scene. She ainted, and her servants bore her to her carriage.

The next morning Henri called Rico. "Well, Rico, we have had vengeance, have we

"It is the beginning of vengeance, master, but t is nothing to a soulless woman. To-morrow, on her road to Italy, she will laugh at us."
"How, Rico?"

"She will depart to-night for Florence."

"How know you that?" "I went immediately to her house, where I found an old slave friend of mine, who, like me, to the bed of the victim, who uttered frightful has been beaten for his services, and who, again like cries.

me, has a heart that beats for vengeance."

After a silence of some minutes, Henri resumed;

"Rico, my friend, Rico, are you not devoted to me? Do you not love me?"

"You were heard of no more. They were avenged?"

"You matter" "Yes, master."

"Well, then, think no more of Domenica; let her fly from city to city, and from country to country, until she shall be crushed under the weight of re-"Remorse! Why she has a dungeon even in

her house here, and Alvarez, the friend of whom I just spoke to you, has heard groans from thence. "If what you say is true, justice"

"There is no longer a dungeon, for to-night she leaves for Florence."

"You will not leave me, Rico ?" "I ask for a month's freedom, master."

"To go to Florence ?" "I know not where. It is probable, however.

me every day; but I ask of you a month, a single month of freedom." "Are you not free in my house?"

"Yes, master; but it is a liberty more perfect than that, which I ask."

"I will grant it to you if you will not leave Rico appeared to reflect for a moment, and then

answered :—" Well, master, I will remain here."
"You promise me that?" "I swear it by the blood of my father, whom

Domenica caused to die under the rods." "Again, Domenica! Forget her, Rico, as

"You have been avenged, master, but I have not! Farewell until to-morrow." And the implacable negro answered not when Henri spoke to him again.

Domenica, in fact, was about to leave that night for Italy. She could not remain in Paris, where she had received that terrible affront, and where, undoubtedly, other humiliations would await her, She spent the whole day in preparing for her ourney.

Several times she rang for Alvarez, the friend of house in the morning without communicating with any onc. She went on with her preparations. In the eve

ning she went into the garden, as was her custom, and walked about alone until a late hour. She was about to return to the house, when, at the corner of a hedge she was suddenly enveloped in a mantle, and her mouth closed, and she was borne through a little garden gate to a carriage that

was in waiting. The seizure had been so rapidly effected that had not been able to make a movement, or to utter thunder cloud. My brother had seen angel faces a crv.

pavement, and the blows of the coachman were could not see them, perhaps, because whenever we nultiplied in order that it might fly the faster. ragged her, and she was strictly enfolded in muscuar arms. '

After half an hour's agony the carriage stopped I wo men took her from it; bore her an hundred steps, opened a door, entered, descended a narrow stairway, opened another door, and placed the poor woman on a sort of bed. The two men then left

The furious Creole was to feel the law of retali-

day in the name of his master. when the puris

This house, situated behind the avenue of Saint lande, near the barrier du Tune, was far removed from the highway. Pentile their still be for this to

said :- "Farewell until to-morrow!" On that night, Domenica, unbound and alone, in

in vain. She heard nothing-not even an echo. It was a long and a horrible night, a night of despair, for, without having seen her ravishers, she had been able to recognize! Rico! by his rude em-

-Was it he alone who had thrown her into that cellificalf so, she was lost, we as fear there as another Was it Henri?

his cruelty on the previous evening. All fond level. The next day, towards noon, she heard the sound

to tell Look you Domenita,—I have dreamed it for ten yaure. I dreamed of it when your other fortuned mine; I thought of it when you threw me into the Black Dungeon; I dramed of it when I crossed the ocean, and came to France, don of God and man if I have ever touched the hand of such a monster."

Domenica shuddered. The sweet rolled in streams from her forehead. She moved her fin, before me, which seated itself by my looking the while at the pittless story-teller, and the church. Vengeance to hand think amplicating him with eyes full of tears. Takes, "I defy you, Monsieur Teller-of-Mexican Takes,"

I have dreamed of it by day and by the every hour and in every minute. It was a dread and magnificent phantom, which how looking the while at the pittless story-teller, and every before me, which seated itself by my levels to the church. Vengeance to hand think that I would sell for gold that boundless to name to us this. lessure, that solo joy of my life? You laugh at ic, Domenica, Is it not so, Alvarez? Does not

Domenica laugh at us p" Let us begin," said Alvarez, in a hollow voice.
"Let us begin," said Rico, approaching the bed.
The eyes of Domenica were wild. She breathed not. What were they about to do?

At that moment they heard a knocking at the

door. "Open, open quickly, wretches!"
The two negroes trembled. "Who knocks?" asked Rico.

"It is I, your master; open at once, or I will down the door." break down the door."

"Alvarez, give me your flask; give it!" Rico took the flask, seized Domenica by the neck, and spread the contents all over her face, saying: "Thus it was that you treated Frazia. Now, Alvarez, open the door."

Henri and his servants precipitated themselves into the cellar; but the lamps had been extinguished, and they were obliged to grope their way

had caused him to be watched and followed, and one of his servants had come at full gallop to inform him of the house which he had seen the two négroes enter. Henri took horse immediately, and accompanied

by several servants, hastened to the fatal manion. Domenica was taken immediately home, and the ablest physicians were summoned to her aid. These gentlemen declared that, in spite of the

numerous burns on her face, her recovery was certain. "And I must bear these marks all my life?" she asked. The doctors looked at one another, and said noth-

ing. When they were gone, she rose from the bed that I shall not quit Paris, and that you will see hastened to her mirror, was horror struck by her appearance, took from her secretary a small silver phial, the contents of which she swallowed, and then quietly laid down.

"My dod! forgive me!"

These were her last words. She had poisoned herself, and her poison killed immediately, like that of the Borgias. She wished not to live without beauty, it was as

well for her to end thus, or she might have had to expiate a long series of crimes. Henri did not weep. He had only sought to prevent a savage and too criminal vengeance.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DREAM

BY ANN E. PORTER.

"Was it vision? Was it truth? Dream, or very waking sooth? Did a heavenly messenger, Did an angel talk with her?"

"Come to us, for Edward is dying," was the message by the electric telegraph from my aged Rico, but Alvarez came not. He had left the parents, one day in early spring. The summons was not unexpected, for a slow but fatal disease had for some years warned us of this hour. It was now months that we had watched the pale face and wasted hands grow paler and thinner daily, and

"Inward voices did not cease Warning of his near release."

The shadow of death had rested long over that quiet home, so long that we had learned to look! upon it with less fear and dread than when its darks ness comes suddenly like the quick gathering of a above the cloud, and they had beckoned him up. Two minutes later the carriage tore over the ward, with sweet looks of joy and love. But we nultiplied, in order that it might fly the faster. gazed at the cloud our eyes were dim with tears. The victim sought to speak, but they had almost He said there was a clear, blue heaven beyond, and we would have a glimpse of it, when his spirit should part the clouds to join the waiting oherubim. We thought he was mistaken, and that when he was gone from us the gloom would be deeper.

darker than before. darker than before.

How strange it is that death always surprises us at last! We fancy ourselves prepared; we resolve that our nerves shall be quiet, our hearts calm. We have made all our arrangements for the sad ation.

Rico and Alvarez, her victims, had taken a close carriage, had seized their mistress in her garden, of invalid have pointed to the favorite hymn which her which one of them knew the outlets, and had wishes sung—the house has been set in order, and, placed her on a pallet at the hottom of the cellar as far as possible, the routine of worldly life has? of an isolated house, which Rico had hired that been stopped, that we may be prepared for the death angel.

But he always comes in an hour when we think not, at a moment when we have just said, "He delays his coming." Often, as in the case of my What were these two vindictive slaves about to brother, he comes upon the silent wings of sleep: lo with this woman? On going out, they only He had been conversing cheerfully, when an attendaant said, "Rest awhile now, you are tired; you will get strength to talk more with us." With a smile that dark dungeon, uttered piercing cries. She as sweet, and a voice as gentle as that of a childle scratched the walls. She shook the door. All was he replied, I will try, and laying his head upon he replied, "I will try," and laying his head upon his right arm, he reclined upon the pillow, closed: his eyes, and seemed to sleep quietly. In the silence of the darkened room, a loving watcher moved with a quiet tread, to look at the sleeper. How profound the repose! How motionless every limb! She placed her hand above the half parted! lips, she bent her car to catch the least sound of breathing land beating pulse—no throbbing heart If it was Henri, she could yet hope, in spite of was there. It was not sleep. It was that awful

stiliness of which sleep is but the faintest type 1 bus to Come to us for Edward is dying 1 115 I held the of footsteps on the stairway. The door flew open, little paper containing these words fir my hallow and she saw the two blacks enter, the one beging gazing ut it with a doubt of its actual existence a lamp, and the other a whip.

The captive felt as if she should swoon at that and again. Dying I No, no, I said to myself. The

The captive felt as if she should swoon at that sight.

The two slaves hughed like two devils.

The two slaves hughed like two devils.

"What mean you to do with me a she cried folding her hands.

"What you have done to ghere, Rico brutally answered, "not such toftures, however, as I have suffered; for I will neither, full away your mager halls nor burn your feet, nor golden you but I will indict on you the same suffering that you find and whom I loved on a poor woman whom I loved and whom I loved all the better because she loved and whom I loved all the better because she loved and whom I loved all the better because she loved and whom I loved all the better because she loved and whom I loved all the better because she loved and whom I loved all the better because she loved and whom I loved all the better because she loved and whom I love

him-to go with him to the very borders of the to hear the rushing of the cold waters, to plunge with him for one moment beneath the waves.

V. Some of my readers can, no doubt, sympathise with me in this strong desire to understand the sensation of dying ... Said a great and good men, if I am ponscious only, at times, when thinking of this subject of a most intense curiosity to pierce the mystery—to raise the vell which parts two

When our friends die, our deep interest in them quickens this feeling. . At least it was so with me. Edward and myself had often talked or useas, no calmly, as of one who was going where he had righ remnant of the long line of vissals that had served treasures, and where he should find home and rest the family for ages past, still impered around their young mistress who, therefore all her relatives, had only these faithful adherents of better days to share altered fortunes. from sin and pain—from the suffering and sorrow her altered fortunes. In the days of her earlier youth, when father, ing that if I knew they would be mine, I build brother and friends remained to her, Francesca hardly live my alloted time. I loved my friends here too well to exchange

"Delectable mountains," the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," and the "fruits all golden glowing that ripen—

Saled "Where blight nor winters wrath hath been."

were to me like the image of beautiful fiction. golden gates are now opening for him. If I am by his side, perhaps I may have one glimpse within and then if—if my baby should die, I should know of his home,

But thoughts of the baby recalled to me that the me) invisible world, invisible by sense or faith, and fairest child, she meekly closed them in death.

My disappointment was so great that I gave vent The eldest, Fernando, lived to attain manhood. my feeling in a copious flood of tears. It was and that anxiety for his safety absorbed every outer feeling. But he gained rapidly, and had only a formed the bone of contention between them for the dreaded disease. He was sleeping in nearly a century. Soon after this, the elder Camerino was taking hoon," It was not five when I received the note. Only one hour since the spirit left its earthly home. Where is it now? Oh, where? Can I not have some token—some sign from the departed? Here on earth science has annihilated distance; "from Egypt and from farthest Ind"-and even across oceans, a subtle, unseen power bears us tidings of the absent and makes their present our own. "I wished that it might be so with that land from which no traveler returns.

"Ye have Moses and the prophets," said a still. small voice. Yes, and to Moses and the prophets I went. How glorious their language—how the rapt Isaiah's words glowed as I read, and how plaintive came the wail of Job from the Chaldean plained "If a man die shall he live again?" But s greater than Moses and the prophets was there; from the sacred "upper chamber" in Jerusalem, those words of inspiration have come down to us, with more soothing sweetness than when they were first uttered-" In my Father's house are many

manajons. :I go to prepare a place for you."

50 For three days and nights I had slept little, and
my mind had been tortured with anxious suspense. Now anxiety for my child, and that agony of suspense which one feels when a beloved one is hovering on the confines of earth, was past. I turned from my Bible to my pillow and fell into a sweet sleep. I call it sleep, and that which I saw a dream. But in the silence of my chamber,

Angel-wings seemed o'er my head, - 145-145 at Angel feet about my bed; Heavens transcending melody; Entered in those golden doors, with he are Trod upon those sapphire floors. The said and

An angel guide led me to the New Jerusalem. I can see it now in my mind's eye, but the tongue cannot find words to express the glory of the place. It was a city, and the architecture was so rich and graceful, so curiously wrought, so light and airy, and yet so strong and durable that the richest dreams of the artist seemed worked out in those glorious mansions.

I sat down to study them, forgetting all else in ding beauty, though Iswas half conscious that my ear was soothed by soft music, and the to thread her needles—a sound nap in the afterair that wandered by brought perfume and healing non, an hour or two devoted to gazing on the picto me. I was full of rapture and sweet peace : my love of the beautiful seemed filled, but not satiated; and there, in one of the broad avenues, where a soft subdued light shone upon palaces and foun-tains, lofty trees and statues of rare, sweet beauty, I mused and wondered. Suddenly one approached me in white and shining robes. His face recalled at once that expression in the Bible, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee 7 ... He looked kindly, and yet half pitifully apon me. "Sister!" I knew him now! It was the voice of Edward, my brother. "Can you won-der! wanted to come with the angels, or can you blame me for not wishing to return to earth? Tell my Father and my Mother of my home, and they will cease to mourn for me." I wanted to speak to him, and ask him to guide me around the city, but in trying to articulate the word "Brother,"

Two or three days afterwards a friend wrote me as follows: "I was with your brother during his dest bickness, and wish it were in my power to tell gon of the peace and rapture of his last moments. One day he was attacked by sovere spasms. On recovering he said, "Peace, peace like a fiver!"

anisis www should we start and fear to die tot fort of What time we were see mortals are;

Death is the gate of endless life,

Villand yet we fear to enter there.

"Death," he added "has always appeared to me its hanks, it has dwindled to a little rivulet, which I

Some flowers were sent to him, and he enjoyed their perfume and beauty, but said as he located their periums and beauty, but said, as he looked the last flowers that I shall believe that it was any thing more than that she was pining for Caspara return.

See in the last flowers that I shall believe that it was any thing more than that she was pining for Caspara return.

Thus she deceived herself day after day, her maids still carrying on and adding her deception, by them, she added what I have already told the flattery and the most elaborate care in her dress.

that angels bore him, while he slept, to his home

252 few more days, and I stood in the room where he willed All things were as he left them his

books rapers, everything in the same perfect tritisr that he kept them when living out, and themselves in daughters who were already grown the seemed as if he had only stepped out, and themselves in daughters who were already grown would return. I sat in his seat—I read in his to womanhood; and still Branceson dreamed on; books and felt his presence near. I am naturally and the object of her dreams wore no look ave that which glowed upon the capys. To her imagination there came no thought of change to that which glowed upon the capys. To her imagination there came no thought of change to that which glowed upon the capys. spon his bedusing alook planty and sweetly in a shilld. When I thought of him, it was not accom-ack unto death; but we the glorious teins of any drawn; a dwelet shill the temples and passes of the colonial my.

Written-for the Banner of Light. THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

con est bares BY, MARY, A. LOWELL sould now her

The soft sunshine of an April day was fitfully lighting up the turrets of an amment castle that stood on the green banks of the beautiful Rhone, It was, in truth, "a stately hall, with dungeon keep, and mosted wall," this half ruined pelace of the Camerini.

Here dwelt, in sadness and seclusion, the last of

was sought by more than one gallant knight. 'As she was the last of the family, so also was she the them, even for unknown angels, and the scenery of most beautiful, if the long picture gallery could be this earth was to me beautiful and real, while the believed Not a face there that would be likely to enchant the hearts of men. Matrons whose charms were at best doubtful, and spinsters still less attractive than they, were there represented; but in all that array of human faces, not one that even resembled the beautiful Francosca. The golden locks and soft blue eyes were inherited from the English But now Edward was most there. Perhaps the mother; for the last Camerino had wandered far and wide, and at last had brought a wife from merry England, to share the honors that had descended to him from the noble ancestry of which he boasted.

But the fair young flower withered and faded in danger of sickness was too great for me to leave that stately old castle, pining for the green fields homes. No, I could not go to Edward. I cannot and sunny streams of her native land, and when she he with him as he steps from the visible to the (to had looked with tearful eyes upon her youngest

but lost his life in one of the petty wars in which well for me that my child required close attention, two provinces were contending for a small princi-

his usual ride beyond the guarded walls of the castle, when a shot from the neighboring wood struck him in the heart, killing him instantly. No one ever knew whether it came from the hand of an enemy, or was the accidental discharge from some wandering sportsman. In either case, the party preserved the most profound silence, as a matter of course.

About a year previous to her father's death. Francesca had been secretly betrothed to Gaspar DeRoye, a young nobleman, whose only riches were his untarnished honor, and a person far differently moulded from the heavy and clumsy Camerino. Stung by the contempt which Fernando and his father uniformly shewed towards him, he joined the Red Cross Knights, and was soon fighting on the plains of Syria.

Before he departed, he found means to convey to her his portrait, by the hands of Pietro, a faithful servant of her own: Secretly she had it conveyed to her own apartments, hiding it in a little recess, which she used as an oratory, and covering it with a blue veil, of the same material as the

hangings of the room.

During his many visits to his daughter's apartments, the Camerino had never discovered the pioture, although she had experienced many a heartquake, whenever his eyes wandered that way.

The portrait, which was taken by the best living artist of that day, represented a young man whose pale countenance seemed still paler from the dark hair which overshadowed it. The eyes, black and melting seemed looking from their melancholy depths into your very soul, and the firm, yet tender mouth seemed as if made alike to utter the words of love or of command. The painting was full length, of the stee of life and length, guishing garb of the Red Cross Knights, with mail and armor. After the death of Camerino, this portrait was removed to the lower part of the castle, unveiled, and placed in a conspicuous situation.

Drearily went by the hours of the young Francesca, as she passed year after year, watching in the "moated grange," for the lover who did not come. A little talk after breakfast, with Pietro, to determine what she would have for dinner-a little abroidery before noop, with Lisette and Fanchon noon, an hour or two devoted to gazing on the picture of Gasper DeRoye in the evening, made the round of the girl's monotonous life, scarcely varied

What wonder that she should long wearily for the moment in which he would return? What wonder if her cheek paled and her eye grew dim? What marvel it she walked still oftener by the banks of the sweet Rhone, watching its rapid sweeping on towards the sea, and looking out into the sunny distance, fancying that she saw his armor flashing, or heard the triumphal music of his return. All things changed so gradually about her, that there was nothing that really startled her into thinking that she too was changing. Pietro, it is true looked aged, with his furrowed prow and snowy Francesca could remember, and it was no worse now, Lisette and Fanchon, she could recollect as being younger and gayer than the two sober, middle aged women whom she felt almost ashamed to sak for any light service; but then she thought perhaps it was because they had no lovers on whom to dwell with such rapture as she did upon the image of DeRoye, and that they were allowing

their young lives to run to waster and and an armi Bruth to say Francesca was insensible to the decay of her own beauty, As her maids twined her locks in their now withered fingers, she often felt them plucking out the white hairs which grew amidst her gold colored ourless and the thought dike a deep, broad river; but now as I stand upon brought a thrill of deep anguish to her mind, until they essured her they would keep every such intruder away. And when the betrothal ring that DeRoye had placed upon her hand grew loose and perfume and beauty, but said, as he looked dropped from her shrunken fingers, she could not

Areshness, purity and love. I have already told the flattery and the most state in her dress, and the most state in her dress, reader, how he folded his arms upon his breast, and she had long since lain state the mourning robes. which she had worm for her father, and appeared in the gay colors that she had loved in her youth.

The friends of her childhood, they who had begun life together, had long times put on the bridal wreath, and some wore the chaplet of death. Some had died and left living representatives of

her Reglish relatives; but a circulation took place that her into more immediate consection description of the picture with glorious being of any drawn, a dwelley still the temples and paleon of the picturesque, and the isolated situation day.

The colorial city.

The colorial

of the traveler's coming from her mother's native shadows fall dark and heavy, live two aged, aged cordingly ordered preparations to be made for their cesca," as if in the days of early girlhood. With

the dining hall for their refreshment; and after her cousin Edith should share this wild and fancipertaking of these the party were escorted by ful vigil." ietro through the entire range of apartments, even to the turret chambers, and from thence into the return. Her bewildered mind cannot take in the garden, and a ahort way beyond it, to the edge of sense of his altered look, and she still decks her the forest.

Among the visitors was a fair English girl, to whom some, chance words of Franceson revealed her interest in the land from which she came. Mutual inquiries and explanations followed; and Francesca learned the existence of an orphan neice of her mother, who existed solely by her own exertions, her fortune being wholly dissipated by a brother now deceased.

Francesca eagerly begged her to send Edith Ammore to her; promising her a happy and luxurious blue chamber for his reception."

Alas! she forgets that Pietro nang the great lamp way, and let Lisette and Fanch more to her; promising her a happy and luxurious blue chamber for his reception."

Alas! she forgets that Pietro nang the great lamp way, and let Lisette and Fanch more to her; promising her a happy and luxurious blue chamber for his reception." never known that endearing tie.

It was the first time that Francesca had ever seen any one from England. Her father, shy and died while she was vainly looking for her lover's proud, had always shrunk from entertaining the requent parties of tourists who had come into his neighborhood.

But his daughter had led a weary and solitary ife, since his death, and she caught eagerly at anything which could make it less monotonous. That nothing might prevent her cousin Edith from accepting the invitation, she furnished Miss Burdett with the necessary means, and entreated her to see hat she took passage immediately on their return.

After their departure, Francesca seemed to wake up into newer life. She busied herself with the preparations for her cousin; had a chamber fitted up with every luxury and convenience for her reception, and planned a thousand things for her happiness and comfort.

In a few months Edith Arnmore came. She was not so beautiful as Francesca, even in the decline of the latter's beauty, and she was nearly the same age. Francesca received her as a gift from Heaven; and indeed Edith was but too thankful to quit a country that had witnessed the gradual decay of her fortunes, and the destruction of her whole family; and was glad to receive the shelter so kindly and warmly tendered to her.

A few weeks after Edith's arrival, they were one day surprised by a visitor, who sent in his name by Pietro, as Count Alfred DeLisle, returned from the yrian fields, and bearing news of the absent De-

"Show him in, Pietro!" cried Francesca, forgeting for the moment her usual distant manner, and thinking only of the tidings he might bring from the young and gallant knight, to whose picture she involuntarily turned her glistening eyes.

The door opened, and she hastily wiped away the

tears which had sprung unbidden, and rose to welcome the stranger. He was a man apparently fifty or sixty years of

age, with hair and beard of an iron grey hue, a figure somewhat bent, yet noble in its proportions, and a face that shewed the scars of battle as well as the lapse of years.

He glanced up at the portrait, which hung opposite the door by which he entered, and Edith remarked a passing flush upon his cheek, which how-ever escaped the notice of the agitated Francesca, who now, in trembling tones, besought him to be seated and to give her news of her absent knight,

"May I ask you first," said the stranger, "if you still retain your affection for Count De Roye? As otherwise I am forbidden to speak of him to you." A faint glow passed over Francesca's check. Speak on !" she exclaimed, "and believe that no change could ever come to me, while I can gaze upon yonder face. Tell me of Gasper-if he still hives, and if he is still faithful to me as when we joy and gathering brightness.

parted. O. do not tantulze me with this delay!
The Spring has come! Rejoice,
Tell me, I beseech you, all that where me is a layer to be the street of the str

oved Gasper." The stranger smiled-and his smile reminded ner, as his voice had done, of some one, but of whom she could not recall to mind, and said, "Gasbefore you, when the war shall have ended, lest his repel you."

"I will not believe it!" said Francesca. "He will come to me like this painted image of himself! O. God! I cannot believe that my Gaspar is changed from that glorious face and form. You are trifling with me, brave sir," she added, impatiently; "Gasper will come home with his fair young face and his noble form! You cannot frighten me by these

In vain Edith appealed to her cousin's reason recalled the years that had been gone by in absence, spent in the hardship and privations of battle and with the summer's sun and winter's wind to darken his cheek or whiten his head ano argument could convince her that Gasper DeRoye would not

appear to her as before.

A deep sigh swelled from the breast of the stran-

"Lady," he said with emotion. "in all that your lover has suffered, he has remained true to you. Not a word has escaped his lips of aught but fidelity to his first and only love. Bright eyes have shone upon him, and graceful forms have flitted around him; but never did he forget that one was waiting and watching for him, in this castle, who, if years on years should pass away without meeting, would still be his brightest star. He knew, and said, that in all these long years, his Francesca would change from the bright young being whom he left, but that if he should not return until she was old and grey, she would still be, inwardly, the same whom he worshipped in youth. Lady, I grieve that your love could not be as constant and true, as in dependent of outward circumstances as that of Gaspar De Roye. I gribve to take back the assur ance to that constant heart, that his love, though pure, warm and fervent as in early youth, cannot be

that won it."

Edith looked at the stranger, and glanced at Erancesca, whose face was buried in her hands. A thought came across her mind, which a glimpse of the picture confirmed; and she beckoned him from the room silently, and without disturbing her

In the hall, she said to him, "You are Gasper De Roye; my cousin will doubtless receive you if you appear in your proper character. Do not torture her and yourself by masquerading thus."

How did you know me, lady?" asked the stran-

ger, "when Francesca knewme not ?" hours have "I suspected you from the first ... Strange that she did not recognize you. But go back to her, and recall to her mind your early attachments. She must be more or less than woman if she does not respond to those old ties,"
The stranger did as she desired—with what she

cess may be guessed, when we relate that ere many

We the second of the

land, made her attribute to behold them. She ac- women, calling each other "Edith," and "Franentertainment; and received them in as much state wrinkled brows and locks on which the almond as the short notice which they had given her would blossoms have long since rested, they still take wine; fult; cakes and cold meats were placed in the Red Oross Knight) for Francesca wills that

She, poor lady! still waits and watches for his bent and withered form in the garments that hang loosely around her, and the jewels that are perpetually falling from her shrunken wrists and fingers.

fingers.
When the firelight blazes up cheerily against the picture, still warm and fresh in hue, as when it grew beautiful under the painter's brush, she says, "he will come perhaps to-night, dear Edith. Bid Pietro hang the great lamp above the gateway, and let Lisette and Fanchon warm up the

Alas! she forgets that Pietro has long since been gathered to his fathers, and that Lisette and

Sometimes she speaks of the old man who came to tell her of Gasper, and whom she drove away with harsh words, because he spoke falsely; but this is rare. She seems bound, almost continually, to the remembrance of her lover, as she parted with him on the sunny banks of the Rhone.

Stranger's hands do service in the old castle. whom she still calls by the names of those long departed. Only her English cousin bears the same place in her heart, that she occupied in other days; and Edith stays by her, the patient victim of all her whims, the pitying friend, gentle and tender to all her wayward fancies, and dreading when that long tired heart shall carry its burden to the grave, because of the utter loneliness that will then darkly gather about her own life.

There is a cross of crimson hue, above a grave on a distant shore. Every day at night fall, an aged man in the costume of the Knights of the Red Cross, comes out from the ancient and time honored building where the Templars still hold councils, and as he walks by the grave, he throws upon it a spray of crimson flowers, and a branch of evergreen. No sound is ever heard from those withered lips of prayer or benediction. He is silent as the monks of La Trappe, even when the passers by question him of the tenant of that grave. He will then point to a small stone beneath the cross, almost hidden by the long grass; and if impelled by the interest which sometimes surrounds a resting place, the stranger gently pushes away the tangled roots, he will see inscribed on its base in quaint old letters.

"GASPAR DE ROYE."

For the Banner of Light, INSPIRATION. MY CORA WILBURN.

The awakening melodies of the spring-time are around us, gleams of heaven's serenest blue chase the yet lingering wintry haze, while warming sunshine brightens the life-throbbing bosom of the teeming earth. Newly-given love strains issue from the caged : arbler's throat, and within the human bosom up spring fresh and gladdening emotions of light, and love, and fragrant joy. The inspirations of the beautiful, the freshly pure, the awakening harmony of Nature, spread lovingly o'er earth's fair face, though yet the wailing wir is of winter linger, life's echoing tones of mournfulness amid the universal

The Spring has come! Rejoice, oh Nature's mygivings of rapturous delight! for it is not merely earth's annual awakening from winter's death-like sleep,-more deeply significant the present season's par lives, and is faithful—but, lady, he bids me say joy-bringing revealments, for Spring with all its that he, although unchanged in heart, is yet sadly childhood freshness and glowing promise, with its altered in person—that he almost fears to appear foreshadowings of summer wealth and glory; finds hattered frame and withered countenance should birth within many a drooping, withering, well nigh despairing soul. Many a doubting, yearning soul, awakening to the blessed convictions of immortality and endless progression feels the inspirations of a new-born life, a celestial charm illumining the commonplace surroundings, a radiant glory within the tiniest wild flowers, a heavenly influence upon the robe of Nature, a power divine, guarding, guiding and restraining, laid upon the human soul!

Awakened to the better life, the enraptured eve boholds a thousand beauties, before unseen, the listening ear hears spirit tones discoursing within the breeze's voice and thoughts and hopes arising, for which earth's language can find no fitting words. A holier beauty in each opening flower, a sweeter perfume on the balmy air, a deeper tint upon the grassy lawn, a lovelier blue adorning heaven's calm expanse, the beautifying power of the spiritual vision, that seeking for light and beauty, finds it. decks the universe, and charms the inspired soul.

The solemn voices of the ocean no more in throatening tones fall on the awaiting ear; as they wildly lave the overhanging rocks, or gently kiss the moonlit beach, spirit voices whisper, and immortal anthems swell, as they bear their burden of majestic utterance, or of soothing lullaby; and loving messages are wafted unto mortal hearts, from purer, fairer worlds.

From the shackles of earth's false enthrallments. thousands have arisen, armed with a new-found strength, a consciousness of faculties divine! To these illumined souls, the Father's voices of inspiration thrill in Nature's grandest, as in her loveliest returned unless he brings, back the youthful face harmonies. The green grass upspringing, light and lowly, brings its hopeful promise of the coming verdure, within its humblest tuft an angel power is dwelling; and where the modest violet rears its head, a loving inspiration lingers, fraught with foreshadowing fragrance of the future home on high!

Warming sunshine! God's own smlle of life-bestowing power; soon shall thy quivering rays illumine the luxuriant forests' depths, the rich stores of the summer's reign, bud, and flower, and ripening fruit. Type of the illuminating sunshine of Truth, faint and feeble are thy rays, at first, but soon to gather strength by time and innate power, shall thy loving gleams awaken within the human soul, now bleak and cold and doubting, the sleeping gems of holiest aspiration, and untiring effort, the golden fruits of life-long endurance, the undying flowers of immortal trust ! . Breezes laden with the minutes had passed, he was seen by Edith from the messages of coming glories, softly play around the hall window, walking slowly down the avenue.

She longed to go and call him back, but the chought of her cousing displacation affected her so mergy, with impirations may and an animally sate prevent has from a doing. And so prevent has from a doing, And so prevent has from a doing. And so gelic touch proclaiming a There is no death!

Still in that lonely paste, where the Airms

Still in that lonely paste, where the Airms

joy battlements of wordly pride and selfishness surround the love-plowing hearts of earth. Still the barriers of cherished prejudice and pampered selflove obstruct the progress of the soul's development, and the world's yet dominant and growned and sceptered idols-mammon and selfishnessguard the portals and refuse admittance unto angel guests. Coined from the life-blood of starving millions, the glittering robe of the gold-idel gleams, hideously repulsive to the clear seeing vision of the pure in heart." Tears wrung from anguished naternal hearts, hungering childhood's unheard supplication, fainting womanhood's heart riven prayer, erring soul's deep bitterness of unavailing remorse, cling to that golden robe, gleam mockingly from the sin-stamped diadem! And with cold and scorning smile, and arms securely folded upon a stony heart, stands the keeper of earth's material blessings, the demon selfishness, denying the existence of the better life, the power of inspiration, weaving chains for countless thousands, casting flowers upon a chosen few.

But, the warming sunshine deepens; with intenser radiance falls the golden light of Heaven upon earth's sterile wastes; and while the fertile valleys and the cultivated fields bloom in tenfold luxuriance, the rocky darkened cavern even yields an unconscious tribute of bloom and fragrance. So, inspiration whispers, spirit voices tell, superior minds unfold, that human hearts shall yield, slowly, gradually, but surely, returning to their better natures, join hands in the fraternal union of universal peace and love.

Inspiration! Yes, prophetic dreams foretel the coming era of love and harmony, for appearances warrant not its heralding, for yet, with devastating footsteps, error roams the world, and suffering clouds the face's sunshine, and trials press upon the struggling spirit. Yet, hand in hand a leagued hand of earth-born phantoms people its homes, its palaces, and cottages alike; discordant forms of wrong and crime, driving thence the blissful peace. Fear and suspicion stand by the very form of Love, and doubt follows upon the stumbling footsteps of blinded Faith. Pride binds the laurel wreath around the brows of genius, and worldly fame is deemed a fit reward for the soul's given inspirations. The angel face of Purity is oft-times veiled in shame and sorrow and Charity weeps bitter tears of disappointment upon her weary way. Yet amid the clashing discord, the antagonistic claims, the warring creeds, the still small voice" is heard, in thunder tones of superhuman eloquence, in the persuasive accents of inspired woman's tongue, in the imperfect utterances of childhood, in the departing spirit's heaven blest vision, translated into mortal significance that the reign of peace shall come, the idols of the world's present worship be overthrown, and by the power of love and harmony invoked, pure and far-reaching inspiration light up with joy eternal the souls of all God's children.

Poetry.

For the Banner of Light.

FROM BONDAGE SET ME FREE, Strange thoughts within the inmost soul Unbiddeh held their sway, . Out-speaking spurning all control In words thus found their way: Break down these walls-the soul desires Life, Light, and Liberty. And may not rest-the heart aspires Strange voice call on man to hear. From rock and cave and sand. Enduring always-speaking clear Out written by God's hand. Which may not be translated wrong. These Scriptures, man, to thee For "diligent research " belong-

The tiniest of nut-brown shells May giant gorm life hold, The smallest form of tissued cells, Bare beauty may enfold, No jarring-no discordant harp In naturo's plans we see, From infant-bud to pericarp All is from bondage free.

Help thou to set them free.

The dun cloud resting on the hill. The murmur in the dell, The naissant leaf secure from ill. The tiny reselipped Theil, Have nelsoless voices; and to you Thus speak their destiny, Love of the Beautiful and True

From bondage set me free. Theology, and creeds, and rules. And custom, sanctioned right, Conventionalisms taught in schools, All ask for freedom's light; Truth never falleth to declare, (Though man may fall to see,) "Except these bonds-I would ye were More than 'almost' like mo."

Galling alike the chains that bind The soul or body down, O slavery! curse to all mankind Wherever thou art found. But hearts oppressed, and hearts down trod. Love will give liberty, Examplar! prototype of God, Thou lived to set such free.

Boul-longings from the ark of care, Dove-like may never coase Till they, dove-like returning, bear The clive branch of peace. There is a Bow, when seeming fate Is hanging clouds on thee, The soul, that glorious ultimate, Shall yet indeed be free.

THE BULE OF THE HOUSE.

At a very excellent hotel not a hundred miles from New York, they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand.

"Now, Barney," said mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup, any how."
"Bedad I'll do that same," said the alers Bar-

Soup came on the start, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came upon the last one.
"Soup, sir?" said Barnoy.

"No soup for me," said the gent.
"But you must have it," said Barney, "It is the

ules of the house."
"Damn the house," exclaimed the guest, highly exasperated; "when I don't want soup I wont eat

it—get along with you."

"Well," said Barney with solemnity, "all I can say is jist this: it's the regulations of the house, and damn the drop else ye'll get till ye finish the soun." The traveler gave in and the soup was gobbled.



BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

Office of Publication, No. 17 Washington Street,

TERMS.

- - Two Dollars per annum.
- One Dollar for six months. One Copy, Olube of four and upwards, One Dollar and a half, each copy, per year.

Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies, will receive one copy in addition.

From the above there will be no variation. Money sent in registered letters, will be at our risk. LUTHER COLBY & CO., Publishers.

ORIME AND CRIMINALS.

The most rigid laws, the most severe enactments, brutally administered by man who seem to delight in cruelty, have had little effect to prevent the spread of crime. On the contrary the most trivial faults of youth, committed under a weight of temptation, condemning the perpetrators to the same fate and companionship with hardened criminals, tends to confirm their vicious propensities and deaden whatever of good may remain. Society is prone to cry out, whenever it hears that one of its laws have been broken, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!" And so the youthful criminal is consigned to the care of brutes who kick and swear all the good out of him, while nursing the passions of hate and revenge to their dark maturity.

We do not believe in a morbid feeling towards criminals, which looks upon them in the light of martyrs, but we do think that a strict system should be adopted in appointing, and a strict watch kept on those appointed to the custody of criminals. It is time that men should be selected, not from those who evince only a dogged determination to govern, and a desire to exercise their authority, whether necessary or no. It has been too long the practice of appointing ruffians, shoulder hitters and brutes to the offices of keepers of jails, and wardens of prisons; and policemen, turnkeys and even servants of what should be reformatory institutions, are generally tried by power of muscle and not by that of judgment.

Let us adopt the plan of giving the care of prisons to men of humane feeling, pure men, who do not think it necessary to punish their own crimes upon another; men who recognize the varied elements of human nature, who perceive the difference between a calm premeditated wrong, and the fruit of early association developing itself in a triffling crime which may be weeded out from the good ground by judicious treatment. Let us pay these men well, and let them be responsible for the acts of their inferiors.

It is time, also, that our police courts were improved. That the automatons who nod their heads and move their hands at every complaint made before them, should be replaced by intelligent, living, thinking men. That the oath of a single manalbeit he may use the authority of his star as an excuse for perjury, should be weighed and balanced before it condemns a man to whom he is inimical to a felon's doom.

Our police courts, as now constituted are a libel upon the sacred name of justice. To be accused is to be condemned, a defence only heightening the punishment. A mere chi d who may have heen punishment. A mere chi d who may have heen poor child. he is perhaps almost stranger to the taste of one) is seized in the roughest manner and dragged before a captain of police who consigns him to a common place with the most profane, and his first lessons of crime and hatred and revenge are there taught him. When he is brought before the Judge, there is no discretion used—oh no, he has stolen an apple and the pound of flesh, ay, perhaps the immortal soul must be the penalty. He is urged on by threats, kicks and blows, until the good angel is driven from his soul and nothing remains but the demon of evil, and then some day the astonished citizens hear of a cold blooded (as it is called) murder—and do not stop to think, that instead of being cold, that man's blood has been kept at fever heat by the indignities heaped upon him. And then the fierce invective launched upon the criminal the muttered desires to see all sorts of torments inflicted upon him, tell but too plainly of how hearly men assimilate to one another in the intense passions of hatred and

Let us ponder over this matter. There is abuse and evil all around us. The strong oppress the weak, and shall there be no redress? Men of calm thought and clear judgment. Men of humane hearts, and knowledge of human nature, shall not something be done to hasten on the time :

"When man to man the wide world o'er Shall brothers be and a' that."?

SPIRITUALISM. INOREASING INTEREST-NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

The great and rapidly increasing interest existing. in the public mind in relation to the subject of Spiritualism, and matters collateral thereto, and the marked attention which has been called forth and directed to it by the publication of such articles. as have already appeared in our columns, has induced us to render this feature of our paper yet! more prominent and attractive. Many plans are impoperation to effect this purpose, the principal one of which is, that, commoncing with the next number we shall devote two entire pages to the subject. placing them under the Editorial supervision of Mr. Toks S. Ablus. This portion of our paper will be the editor of which will present in each number the embject in all its varied phases, and furnish full and reliable statements of all the important events that may transpire in connection therewith. Our

renders may therefore look forward to our coming number as one that will contain a large amount of interesting, instructive, and, to thousands wonderful matter. Arrangements are being matured by h we shall receive the latest intelligence from The barts of Europe on this intensely interesting to the light took took took took o

beentiful group of nowers from Mirs. D. C. Kendall of the control of the control

A Company of the Comp

-apply of the Country Girls.

A fair correspondent of the Ohlo Cultivator speaks We don't like parodies, and although not partial thus truly of the country girls :--

well as the pride of the country; a glorious race of pended. The following, however, is an exception. women which no other land can show. I wish not Not that we sagred with the "Old Bachelor" who to flatter them; for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest efforts of one or two kinds. There are some who depreciate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it because to illustrate how very short is the step between the they demand more consideration than they merit. A sublime and the ridioulous. It is needless for us to want of intelligence upon all subjects of the day, and a refined education, are no more excusable in a say that it is a parody upon that exquisite poem of country than in a town-bred girl, in this age of Charles Mackay. many books and newspapers.

Many girls are discouraged because they cannot

be sent away from home to boarding schools : but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives, women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders, and an earnest thirst after the knowledge is almost certain to attain a sweet draught of the "Pierian spring."

Town girls have the advantage of more highly polished manners, and greater accomplishments; but the country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their city sisters. They have more ruth, household knowledge and economy, health and consequently more beauty) simplicity, affection and freshness of impulse and thought. When they have cultivated minds, there are more chances in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added lustre of foreign accomplishment could easily be caught by such a mind from s very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmers' daughters are deficient in education. Many brilliant scholars and talented women are found among them; and in New England this is especially so; but I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will unite refined culture with their most excellent graces.

A sweet country home, with roses and honeysuckles trained to climb over it; with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, toll enough to court acquaintance with books and flowers, and the leveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love, is surely one of the paradises which Heaven has left for the attainment of men."

We have, most of us, at some period in our life. ireamed of that "sweet country home with roses and honeysuckles," and made our drawings of it in the future, but to a few of us, the jingle of the coin, and the ambition to be grander than our neighbors, has gradually drawn a veil over its fascinations—the veil painted with huge free stone and marble houses, with sculptured portals, mocking the hot and dusty street, -and with those of us who have not quenched the longing, it has still like the Will o' the wisp, receded as our hands were stretched toward it.

After all, there is nothing so useful to us as contentment. If we cannot choose our lot, there is much to be thankful for all around us, and by schooling our minds thoroughly, we shall learn resignation and happiness.

WILLS.

There are some, who not content with tyrannizing ver a woman during their lifetime, wish to carry their power with them, after the grave has closed over their worthless remains. A case has lately happened in New York, where a young handsome woman, with a yearly income of \$15,000, has offered to the relatives of her defunct " Lord and master" a sharp tongue. It may almost be laid down as a \$10,000 out of each years income, if they will allow her to marry a man with whom she is in harmony. The "chap" who "stepped out," said she should n't marry, without sacrificing the \$15.000. and the expectant guineas/refuse the ten, and obstinately persist in the fifteen thousand. Have those in their bodies?

STUPID.

Ireland to Newfoundland. Mr. Toucey says it is quiet evening he had promised himself. And if he zers on board men of war.

We think Mr. Toucev had better follow the advice which Henry Clay once gave to another official, that s. "go home," and send some one in his place, who has a soul capable of comprehending something above wooden nutmegs.

"The rules of the department" forsooth; what in the progress of this great work?

COTTON FACTORIES AT THE SOUTH. Lowell and Lawrence are finding rivals in the Southern States, and the chivalry are rapidly becoming less dependent upon the merchant princes. The Georgia Constitutionalist says :-

Some idea may be formed of the extent of business when we state that near sixty thousand wards o cloth are spun weekly, consuming about fifty bales of cotton, of four hundred pounds each. There are about eight thousand spindles and two hundred and sixty looms in operation, and we are informed, the company find it difficult to fill with promptness the 13th, in quarto form, and made quite a sensation. orders they receive for manufactured goods.

DEATH.

Then whence, 01 death thy dreariness? We know Then whence, O! death thy dreariness? We know That every flower the breezes's fluttering breath Woos to a blush, and love-like murmaring low.

Dies but to multiply its bloom in death;
The rills glad prattling infancy that fills
The woodlands with its song of innocent glee Is passing through the heart of shadowy hills
To swell the eternal Manhood of the Bea;
And the great Stars, Orestion's minatrol fires,
Are rolling towards the central sources of Light,
Where all their separate glory but expires:
To merge into one wonth's unbroken might:
There is no death, but change, soul claspeth cost,
And all are portions of the Immortal whole.

THE HUMAN PACE.

The Rev. Orville Dewey, in one of his lectures of

he Problem of Human Destiny, remarks: "The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the wine from 100 to 175 per cent. The French governinfluence which it constantly exerte. If the dumb ment derives a considerable portion of its internal animal, over whom man exercises his cruelty, if the revenue from the manufacture of this beverage, horse or dog, when suffering by a blow from the about 90,000,000 gallons of which are annually disindignation or appeal, could may one resist the tilled into brandy, the exportation of which is under power of the muter expostulation? How extraor special devernment restrictions. Heat to wheat the dinary, too, the difference of expression in the vine is the most important of the vegetable produchuman face, by which the recognition of personal dentity is secured. On this small surface, nine tions of France, and extends over the Southern half inches by elx, are depicted such various traits, that of the Empire. In 1819 there was produced in among the million of inhabitants on the earth, no France 925,000,000 gallons of william two have the same lineaments of the face. What the confusion would ensue if all communices the face of the fac were klike; if nithers did not know their was mild ren' by sight-rate and had sheir wives. Hat mow me nould pick out our friend from among the mail! lation that it is Mademotically which the first of tudes of the assembled universe.

mu:AN EXCEPTION.

to capital bunishment, would not object to see some "Farmer's daughters are soon to be the life as three or four of the operators upon HIAWATHA, susmade it. Oh no! We think the place "where crin-

> "TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS." Tall me, ye winged winds,
> That round my pathway roar,
> Do ye not know some spot
> Where women fret no more?
> Some lone and pleasant dell,
> Some "holler" in the ground,
> Where babies never yell,
> And cradies are not found?
> The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
> And snickered as it answered—"Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep. Whose billows round me play.
Knowbat thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where crimeline is not,
And home server of place And hoops are out of piece?
The loud waves, sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopped for a while, and spluttered, "Yoon git cout!"

Tell me, my secret soul— Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place
From women, girls and death? Is there no happy spot Where bachelors are blessed? Where females never go
And man may dwell in peace?
Faith, Hope and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in
Heaven!"

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Our readers, no less than ourselves, will rejoice that we have made arrangements whereby that graceful and accomplished writer, EMMA CARRA, will write only for our paper. Her sketches which will regularly be found upon our eighth page entitled Life's Looking Glass," will bear favorable comparison with any of the female writers of the present day. We need only call attention to them to prove our assertion.

.THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

The majority of young women enter the married state wholly unfit to discharge the important and responsible functions of their new office. The conequence is, that we find them at open war with their husbands before they have been married a month. The art of "making home happy" is not understood by them. Exceptions, of course, there are: but the majority lack cleanly and tidy habits -habits of order, and habits of punctuality. When children cluster about them their work is more difficult; but a large number lose their influence over their husbands before the difficulty is increased by these maternal troubles. It is mere thoughtlessness. They are out gossiping and idling when they ought to be preparing for their husband's return from his work. The man comes home from the field or the factory to find an untidy room, and no symptoms of preparation for the evening meal. His wife has made no attempt to smarten herself; and his first growl of disappointment, in all probability, is responded to by a sulky face and rule, that the man returns home, after his day's work, more or less in an ill-humor. He is tired. hungry, and thirsty, and hes perhaps, had to endure some hard rubs in the course of his day's dismissal, justly or unjustly, by his task-master; or he has quarrelled with his comrades, or he has relatives hearts, or pieces of adamantine rock placed had bad weather to encounter, he has broken or damaged his tools, and been altogether unsuccessful in his work. He goes home out of humor with the world, but still hoping to find comfort and consola-The Secretary of the Navy has refused the request | tion where he has a right to look for it. He is disof the New York Herald to be allowed to place re-appointed, and he is at no pains to conceal his disporters on board the Niagara and the Mississippi appointment. The wife excuses herself and resents during their cruise to lay the submarine cable from his querulousness. There is an end to the happy, against the rules of the department to have passen- does not betake himself to the pot-house, he sulks in the chimney-corner, over an unsociable pipe, and wonders he was such a fool as to marry.

A BUSHEL.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to make a bushel, may be of some interest to our country readers :- Wheat, sixty are they to the interest all the civilized world feel pounds; corn, shelled, fifty six pounds; corn on the cob. seventy pounds; rye, fifty-six pounds; oats, thirty-six pounds; barley, fifty-six pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; Irish potatoes, sixty pounds; sweet potatoes, fifty-seven pounds; onions forty-seven pounds; beans, sixty pounds; bran; twenty pounds; clover seed, sixty pounds; Timothy seed, forty-five pounds; flax-seed, forty-five pounds; hemp-seed, forty-five pounds; blue grass carried on at the Augusta Cotton Manufactory, seed, fourteen pounds; dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

> BULLIES ABOUT, AND ABOUT BULLIES. The Daily Traveller was issued on Monday, April

It gives us a first rate notice under the above heading which enhances its worth to us. Next week we shall publish it in our Spiritual department, accompanied with an answer from Bill Pools (whose spirit is referred to by the term Bully) which was received through our medium before the Trayeller had made its way to her. the works i more

THE VINES OF FRANCE.

The number of acres under vine cultivation in France exceeds 5,000,000, giving employment in the cultivation of the vine and manufacture of wine, to about 2,000,000 of persons, mostly females, and in its transportation and sale to 250,000. The vine disease, now more or less prevailing in all wine producing countries, has increased the average price of

Plant roses I You modd not eay you have no room. There, in that little spot under your window, you can place a climber which will extend its fragrant arms, creeping up, up, till it nods and smiles to you, in your hour of evening rest. On that window sill, you can place a little pot or box, and the few minutes you give to its care, each day will be threefold repaid by the fragrance it breathes into your heart In that corner of your room it will be more beautiful than myriads of dogs, cats and nondescript animals wrought in worsted. So don't tell us, fair friend, that you have no room. You have plenty of room if you love roses, and pinks and

can't love you. Why we would as soon think of loving the King of the Mosquitos as a woman who did n't love flowers. , Beautiful among the traits of the shop girls and grisettes of Paris, is their love for roses and violets, In that city a room, in which a rose bush, a geranium, or a violet, was not found we should recognise.

instantly, as belonging to one of the "lords," or one

whose desire to "lord it," would prompt us to beat a

helitropes, and magnionettes, and forget-me-nots,

and if you don't love them; all we can say is, we

hasty retreat from her vicinage. We have said plant roses, that is, because of a ll the flowers we like them best; they are the nearest emblem of a pure life, for the fragrance fades not from the leaves even after they have fallen to the earth. But we will be pleased if you plant and cherish any flower ever so simple, and, in the affection you manifest to it, we shall read good lessons of you, and will commend you, and cherish you even as you do the bright creation of nature.

Familiar Letters.

RAMBLES IN THE CITY.

Come, let us walk. Let us first wend our way through the crowded thoroughfare, sparkling with bright eyes, miniature bonnets, and exaggerated crinoline. But our observation, is not for them, as the hoops roll along, let us give way to them, and watch only the sterner sex.

You see that man, shrivelled, crooked and repulsive? Yow know him? No! We will tell you his history. As a boy at school he was noted for his aptness at figures, his duliness at everything else. The loss of a marble would cause him restless hours, the acquisition of a penny a world of delight.

He came to town: The figures still held their sway, the pennies still loomed up like cartwheels, and now behold him! He is a millionare!

Let us follow him. Some insignificant poet, who had nothing to commend him to the world's regard, but that worthless article brain has said,

"The proper study of mankind is man;" so let us study awhile. Let us observe.

Ah! Did you see that? Did you? Well, then look up. Can you not see the recording angel trac ing in words of fire his condemnation of the brutality with which he refused that poor famishing child a cent.

Yes! But the world praises him. He is a self made man. True, very true, a self made man, for to him self is the universe, self is the axis upon which the earth revolves, and all the harmonies of nature. the countless stars, the dazzling sun, the full orbed

moon, shine but to light him upon his way.

Let us go with him to his house. Walk into his parlor. There are pictures there. Does he look at them? No, they were placed there after many teasings and poutings of her who was called "up country? "Deborah Snooks," or plain "Deb" most frequently, but now the "elegant and accomplished Mrs -Elegant, how? - accomplished in what? you ask Why, my dear fellow, in the best of all elegance and accomplishments, dimes. Ah, but she admire painting. No, you mistake; it is only that Mrs. Smith has decided that to be genteel, one must pattronize the arts, and so "Deb"—we beg pardon Mrs.—has worried and curtain-lectured her liege into the "silly nonsense of buying picters."

There are books in the drawing room. Phebus! how they glitter in their crimson and gold bindings; let us see what he selects. There is Byron in shiring letters, Shelly, and not least Shakspeare; object of its search and grasps a dingy, greasy corered book. What is its title? "Every man his own lawyer." Yes, even in that he is penurious, owns a shanty, he calls it a house, in which exist as he vanishes in the distance-

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," from all whom he meets, and hats are touched with deference, ladies put their pretty little feet more mincingly upon the pavement, as he recognizes

Why? Simply because

Bumor whispered he was rich.

Common. Notice that young lad setting the helm of his little vessel, and trimming the sails to catch the breeze. How his eyes brighten; how he shakes back the glossy ringlets and laughs aloud as hightpyantilittle draft dances over the watered Seg lathere is a little fellow, watching him. The tace is full of complimentary benefit. The March Children open expression, the eyes large and flery the forehead at the People's Theatre, St. Louis, in May. (Birner beaming with promise. But he wears no velvet jacket, the hair is tangled upon his head of There they stand together, the patrician and the plabelan. What will be their destinies? Who can read their, thoughts? No one but God." In the unexplored future, that little one appearedly so neglected may shake the senate house with his aloguence, while the painpered child of luxury may leave no trace upon the ege, his memory only engraven upot his tomb-stone.

There is hope, and such all in our land, and

there are no berries; justicentable; to the define mind: These of the citables! the continued the the spotted charge the man who will his soul for

reverse their positions in life. Heaven send that it may not bring hardness of heart to the victor, " Lawyers are fond of long yarns. Most especially do they like to spin out respecting points of Jair, each one claiming to be the only true expounder One of this class, a young sprig, interrupted an elder who was defining the law " as he understood it," by exclaiming, " If that is law, I will go hom and burn my books ! " The elder, with the slightest show of sarcasm, turned towards him and replied. If my young friend will allow me, I would beg to offer an amendment, viz., that in preference to burn ing his books, he should go home and read them." Keen satire, that.

Dramatic and Musical.

There has been but very little of interest to chronicle during the past two or three weeks.

THE BOSTON, after the withdrawal of HENRY with FIFTH, which failed to attract audiences sufficiently large to repay the outlay, has taken to Benefits, those of Mr. John Wood and Treasurer Ellison being of the number. For his own benefit, Mr. Wood-egsayed the character of Mawworm, in the fine comedy entitled THE HYPOCRITE. For that of Mr. Ellison, George Vandenhoff volunteered, sustaining the character of Jacques in As you LIKE IT, and reciting Collins' ode to THE PASSIONS. The audiences have been small, and lacking in enthusiasm.

THE NATIONAL, under the guidance of Mesers. James Pilgrim and William B. English, has alone of all the places of amusement in the city, still continued coining money. As we occasionally look in and see the delighted crowds, uttering shouts of applause and laughter, and then witness one of Shakspeare's noblest productions, performed to empty houses, we cannot forbear asking, where is the critical taste of which Boston so loudly boasts? Still, we must confess to a partiality for Lucille and Helen, there is a sprightliness about their acting. so dashing, off-hand and natural, that we can't help but be pleased with them, although we should be glad to see them in a more appropriate position. Lucille especially we consider worthy of a much higher range of characters, and with proper study and cultivation, she would make no mean rival to Mrs. Bourcicault. We never did fancy the flash style of pieces, and suppose we never shall, but if the present season at the National is any criterion, we are immensely in the minority.

THE MUSEUM, although feeling the effects of the general stagnation in theatricals, has still been doing a paying business. Miss Eliza Logan has performed her range of characters, in a manner we think surpassing any of her previous efforts in Boston. Her Evadne, Julia, Parthenia, &c., have been noted as most effective portrayals, but by far the greatest sensation was produced by her performance of Adelgitha. As an artistic displayal of the passions of love and remorse, it will take rank above any delineation of the character we have yet seen, This evident improvement noticed in Miss Logan, on each visit to Boston, evinces constant study and ambition, and we are glad to speak highly of her in encouragement.

ORDWAY'S ÆGLIANS are en route to the West, where no doubt their melodies and oddities will drive the blues from the Hoosiers, and, fill the pockets of the manager and themselves. Johnny Pell and Rilly Morris will pass anywhere. There's no bogus in the ring of that kind of coin, and we prophecy that our Western friends will echo us when we say that, in no company of Minstrels which ever did, does now, or ever will exist, can these two "funny boys" be equalled. • •

FITZGIBBON'S PANORAMA OF KANZAS has been unrolled nightly to small audiences. We regret to be compelled to say so, as it is in point of artistic execution, the best painting of the kind ever displayed in Boston. The Indian scenes on the prairies are especially energetic and life-like, and we would nire all who desire to see a chaste beautiful painting, which is not dependent upon gaslight for its effectiveness, not to neglect this opportunity.

THALBERG, the German gentleman who essaved to bring the uncultivated Yankees up to his standard but see, he passes them. Now his hand attains the of gentility, by giving concerts, to obtain entrance to which it was necessary to produce evidence of "three generations of blood," has been compelled to court the greasy multitude, and with no very brikfrequent as he appears in Courts, as plaintiff, he liant success; the free "fifty cent" tickets being begrudges the lawyer his fee. What do you sup as plenty about second class hotels as the free pose he is thinking of? Well, we will tell you. He "blood" ones were in the neighborhood of Bedoon Hill. We should have been glad to have known of several poor families, and one poor man is sick, his empty benches, as we think it high time that these weekly rent is for the first time not ready, and the strolling minstrels, were taught, that pandering self-made man is looking for the formal mode of to the puppyism of an insignificant portion of the ejecting him and his little ones. See! He has as- citizens, however it may answer in petty Austrian certained. With what hurried strides he leaves the towns, is not politic in the United States of Amerhouse. Our legs are not long enough nor our hearts ica. And it is with unfeigned pleasure we record strong enough to follow him further, but we can see the fact that the real intellect, wealth and position of Boston, are always the last to encourage such assumptions, as Mr. THALBERG has probably discovered.

ITEMS. Edwin Booth's benefit in New Orleans was an ovation: When called out, he was crowned, by fair hands, from one of the proscenium boxes, with a floral wreath bearing his name, and was then inwited to the opposite side of the stage, where other Now, let us ramble up the walks of our favorite fair hands gave him a wreath of laurel, purporting folloome throm the ladies of New Orleans to the American Roscius," while a heavy purse falbaselfa Teet. After finishing at New Orleans, he returned for a briof engagement to Mobile, when the wind pal citizens, headed by Dr. Le Vert, gare, him. Williams's last remittance to this country was \$10,000. Lola Montes has been very successful Louisville. Maggie Mitchell is at Norfolk and goes thenco to Baltimore. Madaine Macallister commonces her entertainments in Cincinnati, next month. Neafle is at Pittsburg. Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Davenport are engaged at the Arch St., Philadelphia Good Rews. Edwin Booth will commence the

gagement at the Boston Theatre on Monday & 20th; and Miss Mailids Heron on Monday May We expect kyevival of the theatre going was with those times.

THE PARE TO NEW YORK, by the steembook lin has been reduced from ave to the

AN IMPERIAL PRINCE. Some one who has seen the son of Napoleon III. and Eugenie, now just past his first year, describes him as an ugly little chap, with a big mouth, high wheek bones, and a muddy skin. This is very like abuidalum mognatum, as if one "born in the purple" gould be." homely," as we Yankees have it. Such de l' Occident, of whom men had thought when his personage is by right divine, beautiful, and the purple casts over him a subdued light, which brings out all his good points, and causes to vanish whatever child born to such fortunes would have to fly from of the imperfect there may happen to be in either his physical or his moral organization-if it can be taken for granted that imperfection can belong to imperial or royal babies. "According to the consti- suddenly than that wast empire, extending from tution of young princes," says Mr. John Willet, " so much of a young prince as is not actually an angel must be godly and rightcous." It may be however. that the want of legitimacy on the part of the heirapparent to that trembling head piece, the French grown, which is hardly worth five shillings considered in the light of a permanent investment; has prevented a large manifestation of the angelic nature in him. We do not mean that he is not the son of his father. He is legitimate enough in that sense, as his very ugliness proves, in a most unpleasingly satisfactory manner. It is his political legitimacy that is in doubt, or rather there is no doubt about the matter. The French Emperor is not only a usurper in the sense of having establishment era, the Bonapartes have been as much Aished his rule by violence, but he keeps out of their inheritance a family which is held, by its own members, and their party, to have been specially set apart, by heaven to govern France—the legitimate Bourbons, whose heads have for generations been duly greased by the Holy Ampoul, which is just as sacred and just as abundant now as it was in the days of King Cloris, a most estimable monarch, only them back to thrones and palaces, from which they that he was rather addicted to rapine, lust, and had been driven by a gale of that kind of an earlier homicide. The sacred vial of oil, said to have been date. In the history of Louis Philippe's family we brought down from heaven by a dove nearly four- not improbably have that of the family of Louis teen hundred years ago, has held out like the widow's cruse of oil, yet longer. The last monarch whose pate was anointed by it was Charles X., at the close of the last generation, in 1824. Since the coronation of that foolish king. Rheims and the samed oil have been kept sacred in a not very flattering sense—that is to say, they have been utterly neglected. Dynasties have been put down or set up, constitutions have been created or discarded, a kingdom has been turned into a republic, which has itself been converted into an empire, without St. Remy and his city being so much as thought of. To use Shelley's words, naught endures but mutability-in France. To suppose that change is at an end in that most changeful part of a changeful world would be anything but an evidence of wisdom, and therefore it is altogether probable that. though Louis Napoleon's son has been born in the purple, he has not been born to the purple. The last thing which a French prince can look to inherit is his inheritance. That is something on which he will never set either his mind or his heart. unless he shall be very anxious to learn the true nature of disappointment. No French monarch has been succeeded by his son since 1643, when Louis XIII died, and Louis XIV., his infant son, reigned in his stead. Since the early part of the fourteenth century, when the crown of France fell to the house of Valois, in consequence of the failure of heirs male to the main Capetian line, only ten French monarchs have been succeeded by their sons. Since the death of Louis XI., in 1483, but four of those monarchs have been succeeded by their sons. The numbers of such successions become rarer and rarer as we find history bringing us down to the times of law and order. For nearly one hundred and sixty years after the throne had passed to the Valois family son succeeded to father with edifying regularity. Then occurred a breach, and the crown went to collaterals for two generations Henry IL followed his father to the throne, and was himself succeeded by his son, Francis IL, after whose death, in 1560, the regular order of succession was not resumed until 1610, when Louis XIII became king on the death of his father. Henry IV. As we have stated above, Louis was succeeded by his son, in 1643, since which time nothing of the kind has happened in France. Either kings have survived their sons, or the freaks of fortune have prevented those sons from enjoying their inheritance. Louis XIV. was succeeded by his great-grandson, the cradle being brought into the throne-room, as one may say, as the coffin was carried from it. Louis XV.'s successor was his grandson. If Louis XVI. can be said to have had any successor, it was the Republic. Napoleon was the first individual sovereign who came after the wearer of that " weak and wooden head," which fell on the Place de Grieve, making monarchs feel even far more unhappy than their ancestors had felt when Charles L took his cold chop, one winter morning, in front of his own banquetting room in his Palace of Whitehall. Between the king and the emperor came le Peuple Souverain, which gave to the executioner as much employment as the most legitimate monarch that ever delighted in blood. Napoleon's son's history "points a moral" better than anything that has occurred in these latter days. Born in the spring of 1811, when his father's power was at its height, it seemed as if he came into the world only to teach men the folly of human expectations. He was born to the noblest inheritance that ever was gathered together for mortal creature. France, Flanders, Holland, portions of Germany, the greater part of Italy, Illyria, and lesser regions, belonged directly to his father's empire. Naples, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, Switzerland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Denmark were all French dependenbies. Austria was ready to be the obsequious ally of France, if she could only get therefor what it would have cost France nothing to let her have and the young printe; too, was a Lorrainer on his mother's side, that mother being a daughter of the Austrian emperer. Prussia was neither more nor less than a bonqueped country; the slave of France. Sweden's old leading to France might have been made stronger than ever under Bernadotte's rule. There were but two European powers of whom Napoleon could not say he was master. On the ocean side, England and to the East, Bustin stood, refusing to consider kerself vanquished and yet not daring to strike, though resolute to return any plow that hight he aimed at her. A while betwoon these two foes it wants happens a power to have pravided at any moment. Had the contributed at any moment, Had the contributed being the pentilental contributes on party of have been complicated of the contributes of the contribute of the contributes of the contribute of the contributes of the contribute of the contributes of th

her operations to the ocean. Had he conciliated England, he might have effected the restoration of Poland, and the Russian Car have been driven back to his forests. Virtually, the young Nopoleon was born heir to the government of Western Europe. In him the prophetic eye saw that ? Empereur father was conquering the old Kingdoms of Europe. Who would have supposed that in three years the Cossacks, from armies recruited by the shores of the Caspian, and under the shade of the Wall of China? Yet so it was. Aladdin's palace did not vanish more Hamburg to Corfu, and from the Sea of Morbihan to the Gulf of Danzig, upon which men had gazed with so much awe in 1811. With such a warning before him as the history of his own house affords, Louis Napoleon can hardly cherish any very sanguine hopes as to his son's future as a monarch-The very fact that he is heir to a crown and sceptre is sufficient to make one doubt of his ever wearing the one, or holding the other. That the Bonapartes are an imperial family, is enough to show that this is an age of revolution. They never could have emerged from obscurity if things had held on in their usual course during the thirty, years that followed the birth of Napoleon. Children of a revoluthe sport of the spirit of change as the Bourbons, whose throne they have more than once seized, and to which they have made additions. Instead of becoming an emperor, the young File de France will not improbably be a genteel vagabond, adding one to the numerous royal wanderers who go up and down the earth, waiting for a revolutionary gale to blow Napoleon.

Editor's Table.

PORMS BY CHARLES SWAIM. BOSTON: WHITTENORE, NILES

A most welcome addition to the poetical library. The volume is in the same style, (blue and gold) as Tennyson, Longfellow and Hood issued by Ticknor & Fields.

Charles Swain is essentially a poet of the people. and his words find an echo in the hearts of all. The price of this volume is only seventy-five cents. and should meet with an extensive sale.

As an evidence of the kindly strain of humanity breathing throughout the volume we quote two stanzas .

The kind old friendly feelings ! We have their spirit yet-

Though years and years have passed, old friend, Since thou and I last met! And something of gray Time's advance Speaks in thy fading eye;

Yet 'tis the same good, honest glance Tloved in times gone by !-Ere the kind old friendly feelings Had ever brought one sigh!

The kind old friendly feelings ! Oh, seem they e'er less dear' Because some recollections May meet us with a tear? Though hopes we shared, -the early beams Ambition showed our way-Have fied, dear friend, like morning dreams Before Truth's searching ray:-Still we've kept the kind old feelings

Mlashes of Mun.

GRAPHIC .- "I say Sambo, was you ever 'toxi-

"No, Julius, nebber, Was you?" "Well I was, Sambo,"

That blessed our youthful day! ..

"Did n't it make you feel good, Julius?"

"Yah! Yah! But, oh golly! next mornin', hought my head was a wood shed and all de niggers in Christendom were splitting wood in it."

Is IT so?—A parish clerk, having according to custom, published the banus of matrimony between a loving couple, was followed by the minister, who gave out the hymn commencing with these words: 'Mistaken souls I that dream of Heaven !"

Poor Girl !- "Nobody ever lost anything by love." said a sage looking person. "That's not true," said a young lady, who heard the remark, for I once lost three nights' sleep."

Long Enough.—A gentleman bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was "three feet long." Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the tail was long enough " not to be continued." Brown is a sly joker.

A STRONG PLATFORM.—At a political meeting in Portland, a few days ago, an orator mounted a brandy cask and opened his speech by exclaiming-'I stand upon the platform of my party."

BEATING TO WINDWARD.—Old Joe S., a retired sea captain, had an extreme partiality for "Old Monongahela." One night, returning from a tavern, chanting an old sea song, he was met by a neighbor, who, noticing his zig zag course, accosted her with, "Why, Mr.)S.___, what makes you staggor so from one side of the street to the other? Grasping his querist by the collar, to steady himself, Joseph, with great dignity, replied : " Well, you see, neighbor, this confounded wind blows so hard that I am obliged to tack in order to reach home! we have revered throught appropriately west

WORTHY OF PROMOTION. "Mother," said a little square built urchin, about five years old, 4 why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes?" I can lick every boy in my class, but one

SONNET. O April rain, that with the first gray dawn

LiNow first Thear undn my window fallers . Torn 1 What sighs, what sounds, what wirtiggies you regalt: While the strong Bouth drives up the Wesping morn Bo when I went with no inhuman scorn Will at some You joined your silver sympathy, and all it sugar

The control your reversions by the second of Summer will smile with all her train again.

WAR THE PULPIT

The following poem by Charles Mackay is going the rounds, and it seems so peculiarly adapted to the present time that we cannot forbear speeding it upon its way the block will" were

A thunderer in the pulpit !-let us hear! He cries with voice of Stentor, loud and clear, That God desires no music in His praise But human voices upon Sabath days; That again churches is a thing abhorr'd, And uniblicative edious to the lord : That none who prays with other forms than he, Shall share the blessings of eternity.

Down, bigos down! soo proud and blind to know That God, who fashloned all things down below.

Made music and the arts, that organ tones
And his creation; that the starry zones
And pomp of the cathedral; both allke
Were formed by Him. Men's hands can delve and strike,
And build or everthrow; but all their power
Is God's alone. Foor creatures of an hour,
Be humble and confess how small art thou!
Woulds't carry all God's wisdom on thy brow,
And in the limits of thy sect confine
The infinite mercy of His love devine?

Hate in the pulpit !-- down intruder, down! The place is hely, and thine angry frown
Shed visible darkness on the listening throng. Shed visible darkness on the instening throng. Down, bigot, down it thy heart is in the wrong! Thou art not pure; within this place should dwell Humility, and love hearthle, Self-abnegation and the tranquil mind; And heavenly charity, enduring kind; Patience and hope, and words of gentleness; Down to thy closet—not to cure, but bless; And learn the law—the sum of all the ten— That love of God includes the love of men.

MIRACLE OF THE NINETEENTH CEN

Dr. J. B. Dods, the celebrated lecturer on Spiritualism, has written a letter to a friend, a part of which has been published in the N. E. Spiritualist ture—the table of God—those properties of food from which we make this extract.

There is but little difference if any between this miracle and those related in the good book.

"A lady, the wife of Philip Cook, who had been an invalid six years, and doctored by the physicians in Provincetown and Boston to no profit, sent for me. I found her confined to her bed unable to walk, and in as much pain, from neuralgia, as to be compelled to to keep under the influence of morphine, to get any case. She was also subject to nervous spasms. found that she had also spent eight months at Northampton, under the care of the celebrated Dr. Halstead, at his water cure establishment, where she paid \$13 per week, -in all, \$390. She was but little bettered, and could walk about the room a little, and a few times went into her next door neighbor's house, which was not two rods distant from her own. But she, on undertaking to ride out in a carriage, again relapsed, and for thirteen weeks had been confined to her bed, unable to walk. This is the situation in which I found her.

I tried to produce on her a psychological impression, but failed in effecting the slightest result. I could not even close her eyes. I then told her candidly I could do nothing for her. As I left the room of this distressed lady, she burst into tears. This was on Saturday night; on Sunday night I had a most brilliant vision of seven immortals, -her father, mother and brother, my father and mother, Joseph Atkins and Charles Parker, both formerly of Provincetown,—constituted the group. They told me what to do, and she could be made to wall and be healed. On Monday morning I communicated the vision to her. She was not a Spiritudist and would not believe. I frankly told her it seemed in the usual order of things, almost impossible, but as my visions had never deceived me, so I had full confidence in the result.

That (Monday) evening I lectured at the Ocean Hall, and announced my vision to the audience; that I would, on Friday evening (for the hall was engaged till then,) have Betsey Cook taken from her bed, brought into the hall, and, by spirit power, made to walk before the audience and be healed They almost laughed me to scorn. I replied firmly to their mockery, and said that I could stand the have gone before us. In us their works follow shock of any human earthquake, and I would poise them; and through us, monuments to their influthe whole truth or falsehood of Spiritualism upon that single result. The evening came; the hall was jammed: I stepped on the stage amidst the long-continued applause of the audience. I stated sons out of the audience, whom the vision had desired me to take, myself making the seventh. These into the hall. Two strong men went and took her from her bed, placed her in a large rocking chair, covered her well up in blankets, and carried her up with mind and spirit stairs, and placed her on the stage, and uncovered

Myself and one other person at the other end of Cook. When the ceremony was ended, I called upon to each other? her to arise and walk: and, to the astonishment of myself and all, she did so, -walked back and forth. several times, the length of the stage; descended the steps of the stage; walked back and forth over and "unite in union strong" the minds of a. few. the hall; returned to the stage; declared herself for it is the universal law of spirit. Nor is it to free from pain and weakness, and took her seat and exist only between those in this sphere, but whereremained till my lecture closed. She arose, and though; it stormed, without any covering, except a ever spirit exists this law exists; hence the union shawl, left the hall, ran down stairs as light as a of spheres between spirits, and that strong embracbird, and got home as soon as her husband. Next ing force which inclines our hearts to heaven. This morning she took a walk of a quarter of a mile, love once connected earth to heaven and what has spent the day at my daughter's, and has been walkspent the day at my daughter's, and has been walking the streets, visiting her neighbors, and about her hou e, ever since. The whole town was excited, other invisible, were so united, and what shall sepas though in a hornet's nest.

THE TEA TRADE. The trouble between England and China has in-

duced merchants, especially Boston merchants, to loss to them remains to be solved. Certain it is invest largely in teas; whether it will be gain or that the supplies have exceeded the demand for some years past. The following statistics from the Traveller will not be uninteresting

The consumption of tea has increased greatly 18,000,000 of which was to the United States, and considerably less than this to England, in 1856 the total, exports was 162,000,000 lbs., of which dent that the spirit may be developed and strength-91,000,000 was to Great Britain, and 89,500,000 to ened, by being brought into harmony with those the United States. In 1849 the quantity shipped to the United States was 18,710,000 lbs.; 1850, 21,748,000 lbs., 1851, 28,608,000 lbs.; and 1852,

4 total, 21,784,187 lbs.

rounter floor at the SADI & all Him !!

The Bullato Daily Republic, by the way, not the least valued of our exchanges, has the following:—

[1737] Mail was in her chamber weeting,

[1741] Was in her chamber weeting,

[1741] Mail in her chamber weeting,

[1741] Mail in her chamber weeting,

[1742] To see why, map his child, name her

[1743] Why weet stion? says his accient Quaker,

[1744] Was weet a common of the comm

PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL TEACH. INGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

I lie too NUMBER THREE.

The law of affinity constitutes the real basis of all reform. Among all the grosser elements this law is clearly revealed in the workings of what is termed attraction and gravitation. In their organization, subtle fluids which compose the mineral, crystal, or vegetable are all governed by the common law of offinity. Like attracts like, and often in their approach to each other, the constituents of the most ponderable elements, overcome what would seem impregnable barriers. The elementary properties of crystals, by the agency of an unseen power, are often transfused through rock, or subtly extracted from minerals. It has been suggested that our native minerals are but the result of a condensation of gases distilled from rocks and by the law of affinity transported to convenient points and there united. Electrical agency is sufficient for this. It may also be so employed as to decompose and diffuse even through rock at a great distance, the hardest crystal or most tenacious mineral. The same law governs the vegetable or plant in its unfoldings. Through its power of affinity the little germ-cell reaches out for those subtle fluids to which it is itself adapted, and silently gathers them to its embrace. The germ of the poisonous henbane, or that of the most harmless and sweet scented geranium, has power thus to select from the great field of naessential to the growth and nature of itself.

In all these grosser elements, reason as well as instinct teaches us that, that which a man sowoth shall he also reap, and even with all the charity of the nineteenth century, a man would be pronounced insane, who should expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. As truth reveals the same law of affinity in the higher elements, the enlightened mind looks upon many of the efforts at moral reform, or spiritual attainment, with as much

Affinity is as much a law of minds as of minerals and as directly connected with spirit-life as with either.

From the first unfoldings of the germ-cell of our being, the law of affinity in its connection with each of these elements-the higher as well as the lower -is the law of our growth, and of our endless progression. At the first moment of our being, our mind in connection with the body we are to bear. is so nearly allied to the mind of her upon whom it depends for its first development, that emotions she feels, or impressions she experiences, determine to a great extent our physical, mental, and even our spiritual condition forever. In our more advanced unfoldings, the physical system becomes more dependent upon the volition of our own minds for its protection and support, but still the result of its relation to and connection with the mind or higher clements is ever apparent. Instead of our mothers mind, the volition of our own minds now gives expression to our systems and influence to those with whom we come in mental or spiritual contact. The longer we exist, the more wide, other things being equal, is the extent of our spirit's influence. This is not only true of us of to-day here, but of all who ence, will be erected as guides to those whose conditions and capabilities we are now determining.

It is not true of the law of affinity that it affects the circumstances of the case,—balled up six per- only a portion of the element subject to its principles. It is a universal law / If the law of affinity formed the circle, on which the seven spirits of my exists between two grains of sand upon the seashore. vision were to act, and through whom they were to it exists between those two grains and every other heal the invalid. I then ordered her to be brought grain connected with earth, and even our planetary system. So with the same law in its connection

If there be a law of affinity between even the her. The solemnity and silence of the grave reigned! mother's mind and her offspring, that law extends The circle was formed; I breathed a short prayer, in a solemn voice, proceeded to the ceremony, as directed to the minds of all mothers and their offsprings, and by my vision, and soon the seven immortals appeared, each one of whom acted on each one of the those who have gone forward to other spheres.: If this be so, why through this law, may they not inthe circle laid our hands upon the head of Betsy fluence-commune with, and manifest themselves

As connected with the spirit this affinity is the law of love. This law is not designed to connect arate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus? Shall life, or death, or angels, or principalities, or powers, thing presents, or things to to come, or height, or depth, or any other creature? Nay, nothing can effect such a separation, it would

This law may be violated, and for a scason, spirits may be separated and their hearts alienated, but the principle exists, and the communion and influence of those thus estranged may be restored. But within a few years, but the amount of the import this is only to be accomplished through obedience to both into England and the United States often the law of love we have described. Individually our fluctuates greatly from year to year. We inadver-hearts must be brought into affinity to the higher tently gave a short time since, the average exports sphere of love, not to be only there exercised, but as of the succeeding five, which were much larger, a source for strength and development, for how can While the average annual export from China for the five years ending 1848, was only 41,550,000 lbs. man, whom we have seen?

. Through the principle we have described, it is evimore progressed. Spirit communion or manifestation is calculated to draw the mind directly into such harmony. Indeed, no manifestation can be 86,889,000 lbs.

From July 1, 1856, to Jan. 18, 1857, the export to the United States from all the ports in China was 10,512,459 lbs. of green, and 6,269,070 lbs. black—total 16,760,634 lbs., the same time in 1855 the quantity was 14,954,600 lbs. green, and 10,991,776 lbs. black—total; 25,936,465 lbs.; in 1855,16,906,910 lbs. green and 4,877,227 lbs. black—total; 21,784,187 lbs. and may be so in connection with spirit life. Mighty works, of a spiritual character, will never be performed until harmony of mind as well as spirit is effected. Unbelief often becomes a non-conductor of spirit power. Agitation or fear also so disturbs the connection of the higher agencies with the lower that but little influence, or few reliable manifestations are felt or witnessed where otherwise the best and most happy results would be experienced.

Those who object to spiritualism because the communications received, or manifestations presented, are imperfect, irregular, and often trifling, have only to learn the fact that their own spirits, in their connection with the agencies employed by those who would communicate. have the power to disturb or assist them in so doing. Are not the communications you receive generally as perfect as your own heart? Are not the manifestations as regular and harmonious as your own mind? Are they more trifling than your own thoughts? According to every principle of spirit manifestation, results corresponding in some degree to the condition of spirit and mind where they are given must be expected. Hence the importance of seeking the aid of developed spirits and assimilating ourselves to them-Where our hearts are there shall we find our treasures laid up.

It is impossible to become much developed in spiritual power, or to receive the aid of those who are developed, except by a regular effort on our own part at progression.

Development is the result of affinity. That which is developed receives from that to which it is allied. or resembles it in its growth. If our minds and affections are permitted to mingle with the minds and affections of the vicious and abandoned, we do not expect thereby to progress in purity or uprightness. Nor need we expect such progress by fixing our minds on any of the million of subjects, or our affections on the pursuits, after which the multitude

Spiritualism discloses the straight and narrow way of progression. It points out the various obstacles which prevent not only our happiness in this sphere, but our connection with the higher spheres, and our communion with the loved ones there. Aided by them, ours is the work of removing those obstacles, and of entering that way. Let it be our pleasure to do that work, and with them to enjoy the reward.

The Busy Morld.

THE FISHERIES in the Potomac river have been very unproductive this season, the mud banks which formed last winter interfering very much with the

THE PHILADELPHIA COUNTY PRISON, it is stated, receives within its walls upwards of fourteen thousand inmates annually, or on an average of more than forty a day.

LITEBARY MEN IN PARLIAMENT .- Samuel Warren. the well known author of "Ten Thousand a Year." and of "The Diary of a late Physician," is a candidate for the borough of Midhurst. Charles Dickens is nominated by the London Literary Journal, which also urges the claims of Thomas Carlyle, Thackeray, and Douglas Jerrold.

THE NEW STEAMER ADRIATIO. of the Collins line, it is now stated, will positively sail hence for Liverpool on the 5th of July, at which time it is contemplated, she will be in the most perfect readiness.

A NEW LIQUOR PROSECUTION excitement has commenced in New Hampshire, and several sellers in Portsmouth have been bound over for trial. The affair caused some excitement. A similar movement has been made in several other places.

Novel RECIPE.—The following is said to be the receipt for making a Rochester alderman's sand wich: Brandy at the bottom, gin at the top, and water between, the latter thin as it can be spread.

BIGOTRY.—Rev. Mr. Hatch, who, in a public meeting advocated the running of the Brooklyn, N. Y., horse cars on Sunday, has been refused admission into the congregational associations of New York and Brooklyn.

Good FISHING .- The schooner Spray, of Nahant, last week in one trip brought in 14,000 pounds of cod and haddock. The Spray had only seven hands, and the fish were captured in seven hours.

Good.—In Greenville, S. C., a Jury awarded to a young lady four thousand dollars damages against a citizen of that place for slander. After paying lawyers' fees, the plaintiff devoted the remaining sum to benevolent purposes.

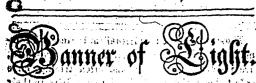
DEATH VERSUS NOBILITY .- No less than five Earls and one Countess died in the month of February. viz:-The Earl of Ellsemere, the Earl of Harewood, the Earl of Castle-Stuart, the Earl of Fife, Earl Amherst, and the Countess of Huntingdon.

MEMOIR OF FANNY FORRESTER.—The executors of the estate of the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson (" Fanny & Forrester") have released the Rev. Dr. R. W. Griswold from his engagement to prepare a history of her life for the press, on account of the critical condition of his health. An engagement has been made with the Rev. Dr. Kendrick, of Rochester, New York. to perform the service.

LAND SALES .- Three great land sales are now advertised by the U.S. Government. The first will occur at Iowa Point, in Doniphan County, Kansas. beginning on the 5th of May. This sale is for the benefit of the lows tribe. Another will occur at Paoli, in Lykina County, Kansas, commencing on the 26th of May, for the confederated bands of Kaskaskias, Peorias, Piankeshaws and Weas. The third will begin at Osawkee, in Kansas, on the 22d of June, for the Delaware tribe. For the benefit of the lowa tribe 95,000 acres will be sold; for the confederated bands 214,000; and for the Delaware tribe 345,000; making in all 654,000 acres.

To be Avoided .- Profane swearing is abominable, Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is mpolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful. Laziness shame-

THE MASSACHUSETTS BOOT AND SHOE TRADE,-The value of the Boot and Shoe Trade of Massachusetts is estimated in amount at upwards of \$45,000,000 for the past year. The wholesale houses have done a full average business, while the profits of the manufacturers have been small, and the large body of operatives have worked on low wages, notwithstand ing the high price of food. The manufacture of women's work has been fairly remunerative, while profits on men's heavy goods have been quite small,



IS THE EDITOR OF HARPER'S WEEKLY INBANEP

This was the question which suggested itself to ps, while reading an article in the above named paper beaded, "Ought the Spiritualists to be in-

Here is a man, who, in the Nineteenth century, in the full blaze of its glorious achievements, occupying a position as Editor of a journal which flaunts at its head an emblom of progress and light, and bears the somewhat, estentatious title, "A Journal of Civilization," who seriously proposes a revival of the penal laws of Cotton Mather and his compeers of infamous memory. Are we not right in asking whether he is not insane?

" Speaking of Spiritualism he says,

We think this thing has been too long neglected by the police authorities. If it be the office of these authorities to indict and suppress disorderly houses, gambling dens and other places of ill-fame, as nuisances, it is surely their business to lay hands on these spiritual circles, which much more obviously belong to the category of nuisances.

Without remarking that whatever may be the office, it is very seldom the practice of said police authorities to interfere with the "disorderly houses, gambling dens, and other places of ill-fame," except now and then a feint, to draw attention from a worse place, which is under their protection; the Editor has the bare-faced effrontery to single out Judge Edmonds, of New York, and recommend him to the Mayor and District Attorney as worthy the punishment of a criminal. Can ignorance, bigotry and superstition go further? A gentleman of high attainments, of intellectual mind, eminent as a jurist, his services sought for by mon of all classes, useful to his friends, and to society, is to be torn from those friends and that society, and be incarcerated in a prison, for what? Because he pre-sumes to think, write and speak his own views upon a subject which engrosses all minds: the future existence. Is it not monstrous? We marvel that he did not propose the revival of the rack and thumbscrews of the Spanish Inquisition, or the stake and gallows, of the still more infamous Cotton Mather, more infamous because of the greater light which floods the world, as year after year, completes its destiny, and leaves its impress upon eternity.

"He is either stupidly blind or wilfully so, when he charges Spiritualism with causing a great portion of the insanity occurring in the world. We know it is the custom of those who have "eyes to see and see not, ears to hear and hear not," to exclaim, if a man or woman becomes insone, and it is known that they have once visited a circle-Spirit-·ualism! If a person commits a crime of whatever nature, heavy or light, and it is ascertained that he has ever been present at the most common manifestations, the outcry is, "Behold the workings of Spiritualism !"

-But Spiritualism does not teach hatred, revenge, and all uncharitableness. It teaches love, charity, and good will to man, and forgiveness of injuries. It conjures up no awful visions of the future, of burning lakes and pitfalls, and "Sloughs of Despond." It tells of an eternal progression in all that is bright, and pure, and beautiful, until the soul becomes a part of the glorious harmony of God. The man or weman who recognizes in the simple flower by the roadside the love and perfection of the Creator, whose soul expands with free thoughts under the broad dome, beaming with myriad stars, and leaps up with joyous thankfulness when alone upon the hill-top, is a Spiritualist, and Infinity in another manner than that which is laid down in the creeds and dogmas of darker ages, that he is worthy of dungeon bolts and bars. Ah. brother, can you not recal the lines-

> Judge not; the workings of his brain, And of his heart, thou can't not see;
>
> What scems to thy dim eyes a stain,
> In God's pure light, may only be
> A seat, brought from some well won field,
> Where thou woulds't only taint and yield.

PHILOSOPHY VERSUS. FANATICISM.

This is the report of a case not found in the books. It was argued in the highest Court, the last Court of Appeal, before their Honors, Impartiality and Candor; Sound Reason and Common Sense being counsel for the plaintiff, and Blind Incredulity and Obstinate Gredulity appearing for the defendant. It was an action brought by the plaintiff in support of his title to a certain field known by the name of Spiritualism.

The argument by the defence was most extraordinary. They commenced with asserting that this field was in nubibus-that it never did, and never could exist. It was a mere phantasmagoria. What though witnesses innumerable did come into Court, and testify most positively that they had seen this tract of land; had gone over it; had surveyed it, and had even caten of its produce? No matter for dil that. It was still terra incognita, floating in their imagination. All those witnesses, although in the ordinary affairs of life they were as shrewd and sensible as their neighbors, and conducted their business with as much prudence and foresight as others-although in other matters their testimony would carry respect and conviction with it, yet in this particular they were laboring under some strange hallucination, and their evidence must be rejected as unworthy the least degree of credibility. It was all nonsense to dispute about the existence of this field, to attempt to establish its existence. It was no use to go to the spot to see if there was any such tracts of fand. Even if others went, and saw, and came away convinced, they too had caught this contagious hallucination. Their client, Fanaticism, had said there could be no such field, and there was an ond of the matter. True, he had not gone to sec for himself; but he had theorized on the subject. He had constructed plans and maps, on which it sould not be found; and had, assisted by his theories, divided the surrounding country, and left no place for it in any of his divisions; he had not unsicipated, or made any calculation for its existence; and therefore it must be evident to all his especial admirers, that it did not and could not exist. He had styre forth his free dirit on its impossibility; and new these was no percently either for himself others to go and see; he had esticiaciorily and spelly decided the greenton, 1,7 best | were his there were his there brodis on men's heavy goods have been oulte small

smash by the testimony of a few men, even if they our decision one way or the other. It is with the and eloquent appeal the counsel sat down amid the favor. profound astonishment of the Court and the more intelligent part of the spectators, and the profound admiration of their own enthusiastic admirers.

The counsel for the plaintiff replied. They laid lown the doctrine, established by numerous decisions of this court—that one fact well proven was better than a thousand theories. Here were numerous witnesses who had testified in the most positive terms that they had seen and examined this field. Their testimony was not confused or contradictory; it was explicit, straight-forward, minuteness and a particularity which plainly indicated some acquaintance with it, which proved beconsistent. They had described the field with a yond the possibility of a doubt that they were neither concocting a story to impose on others, nor were they imposed on themselves by the unreal creations of their own brain. Could it be for a moment supposed that men in the enjoyment of all their faculties -men who exhibited shrewdness and intelligence -many of them of cultivated and scientific intellect; men of character and veracity, on whose honesty and ntegrity their business associates placed implicit requisites. reliance—are in this particular either fools or liars? Such a supposition was in direct contradiction to all experience, all reason, and all common sense. This would be a subversion of all the rules of evidence, an utter disregard of these principles by which we form our judgment on every other subect, and a greater wonder than any yet recorded. The man who can believe this is far more credulous than the simpleton who swallows indiscriminately every tale of ghosts and white sheets, of witches and broomsticks. But what is the fair and proper mode of procedure, the mode of procedure recognized by the rules and practice of this Court? Is
it first to decide that a certain alleged fact is impossible, and then to reject all evidence that may be

The same of the answers given to them.

We solicit replies from those to whom they are addressed, and will endeavor to answer any queries relating to them which may be sent us.

We also solicit questions on Theological subjects, to be sible, and then to reject all evidence that may be offered to establish it? No; the rules of this Court expressly forbid such a mode of procedure. No allegation is to be struck out, because the fact alleged may to some appear impossible; and no evidence is to be ruled out, merely because it is offered to prove such fact. According to the rules and practice of this Court the allegation must results and the communication and show that it is sent from Heaven, not to demotish the Bible, but to prove its truth. Spirits are charged with teaching immorality and upholding as exponents of their teaching, and showing that they demand the practice of the Constant virtues, and always point to Christ as the way, the Truth, and the Life.

These messages are published as communicated, without alteration by us. main untouched-the evidence must be admitted and upon its truth or falsity, upon its credibility or incredibility, the Court must decide. Let that evidence be fairly and strictly examined—let it be nesses undergo the severest cross-examination, and their character for truth and veracity be tested to the uttermost; but if you cannot succeed in breaking down the evidence nor in impeaching the wit- ful sprits are often charged with falsehood. nesses, the allegation, notwithstanding its improbability, must be considered proven. Now what are bility, must be considered proven. Now what are say it is their duty to purify, if possible, those to the facts of this case? The defendant sits in his whom they come. And the spirit, in the performstudy, and plans, and speculates, and theorizes, and ance of his or her duty should not cease to return arbitrarily decides that there can be no such field; the witnesses for the plaintiff proceed to the spot, and see the described field, and examine it as thus to you; but there are those who will underless; he must attribute this to his ignorance and by our spirit friends; for we do not hear from them. presumption. Certainly he cannot expect that all o great trouble to go over again what he had con- say to them, love more than human anxiety their sidered finished and perfect; but that is his misfor- coming to the spirit life. tune, and not our fault. We have given evidence of the existence of this field, and of the justness of our claim to it; that evidence remains unimpenched for your home is there, and uncontradicted; and therefore we submit that

the decision of the Court be given in our favor. It has long been held as settled by unquestioned authority that no theory be permitted to contradict and set aside well-authenticated facts. On the contrary, every theory, to be worth anything, must is.—Is it true or false?—does it or does it not accord resided in New York. with existing and established facts? Theories are must be made. This is the law on the case. The tond to print as rapidly as our space will permit :doctrines stated by the counsel for the plaintiff are unquestionably correct. The defendant has and right to make a plan of the country with which he is unacquainted; and then to deny the results of same; further discoveries, because they happen to differ from his plan: It is not less true and real, because it does not coincide with his preconceived notions. If the defendant will offer any evidence to contradict the facts alleged by the plaintin, we will near joct, we shall feel obliged it; but we cannot comply with his request, first to joct, we shall feel obliged. An early answer it; but we cannot comply with his request, first to deny the possibility of the facts, and then to rule out without hearing it any evidence that may be offered to establish them. This would be reversing all the former declaions of the Clear on the subject.

We cannot allow his notions dutio with subject that on the subject that communication may be a like true that we had a brother by that mame what that communication may be a like true that we had a brother by that mame what the primit world in 1867.

It is also true he has again make the pirit world in 1867.

It is also true he has again make they living in it celled.

had seen and investigated for themselves? Must facts proven, and with them alone, that we have to his plans and maps, so beautifully and systemati- do. If the defendant can contradict the allegations cally constructed, be set aside? Must all his labors of the plaintiff, well and good; if not, he cannot be rendered worthless, merely because he had made expect us to take for granted the very point that he one slight mistake in supposing that nothing could is required to prove. This would not only be preexist except what he had anticipated and prepared judging the base before it came into Court at all; for. No; rather let all the rules of evidence be set but it would be excluding the plaintiff from Court, aside, and the witnesses, however same and collected and saying to him, -"From us you need expect they may appear on the stand, be regarded as de- nothing. We will not even grant you a hearing. luded and mad-aye, rather let their Honors be our opinion is already formed, our decisions are degraded from that Bench which they now occupy made; and we will listen to nothing from you which and adorn; than the defendant in this case be dis. may have a tendency to change them." Of such graced by the decision of the Court, and all his la. gross injustice we cannot be guilty. The plaintiff's bors, theories, and speculations be made worthless, evidence has not been contradicted; the characters Better, far better, that darkness college the light, of his witnesses have not been impeached; and and falsehood overshadow truth, than such a catas- therefore on the principles of law already Jaid trophe overtake their client. After this thrilling down, we direct that judgment to be recorded in his

ANSWERS TO THEOLOGICAL QUESTIONS.

We desire to test the power of spirits to answer questions on Theological subjects through Mrs. Conant. We therefore solicit our patrons to forward us inquiries, relating to Biblical matters, which will be answered in our columns.

The Messenger.

Conner, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

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

The communion of Spirits with mortals is now an established fact, not admitting of a doubt from any one who has investigated the phenomena which are attracting so much attention at the present time.

This communion is brought about only by strict adherence to natural laws, and under favorable conditions; and however auxious one's Spirit friends may be to convince those they

anxious one's Spirit friends may be to convince those they have left behind them of their existence and presence, without the chservator of these laws and conditions, it is impossible. The presence of medial power is one of the

requisites.

Many people campt consult mediums, and far more have strong prejudices resulting from false ideas of their mission, in either case, Spirits find it impossible to communicate with their earth friends in a manner to prove their

presence. We have been very successful in gathering valuable tests of the presence and power of Spirits of whose existence we sever knew, for friends on earth who were equally strangers

Bo very convincing have these tests been to us, and to Bo very convincing have these tests noen to us and we those to whom they were sent that we feel confident that such as we publish will be interesting to the public, and bear fruits which shall prove refreshing to humanity.

Communications made in this manner cannot fail to open the door of Spirit communion wide, and prove the fact thereof; while the opportunity afforded to the Spirit world to reach their friends on earth, cannot be without effect in

to reach their friends on earth, cannot be without effect in adding to the joys of Spirit-life. These communications are not published for literary merit. Truth is all we say for. Our questions are not noted

Hiram Blanchard, East Stoughton. There is a time for all things. .. It is now 20 years

since I left earth, and yet, although, I have been subjected to the most rigid scrutiny; let the wit- so long away from the body and the earth, I enjoy true happiness in communing with mortals. My dear friend, I suppose you are well aware that there are many spirits who seek to decrive, and again I suppose you are well aware that many true and truth-

It is the duty of every faithful and true spirit that has the power of returning and communing-1

minutely as they can. Now in whom are we to place the most confidence? in the party that merely guesses, or the party who sees for Mmself? in the has ever been my pleasure as well as my duty to theorizer or the investigator? in the speculator at benefit those to whom I have communed. I have a distance, or the examiner on the spot? If the seen them standing upon seemingly a gulf of ruin; defendant chose to draw maps and plans of a countries. I have sought to lead them away from this gulf of ruin, and in so doing I have received not welcome try of which he knew but little, and if further dis- hands and an open soul, but a discharge from affeccoveries proved these maps and plans to be grossly tion's bowers; but I fear not, I care not, so I am erroneous and without an entire remodelling, use found in the way of duty. A word to those who are saying within themselves, we must be forgotten

We are with them quite as much as ever, but they this evidence is to be discredited, merely because it must be willing to hear their faults and turn away inconveniences him. We are sorry that it will reninconveniences him. We are sorry that it will render much of his former labor useless, and put him ed to this new and glorious philosophy; and I would

> I have a companion on earth. To her I would say gather up the flowers of peace that we continually scatter in your pathway, and constantly look upward,

I have brothers and sister. To them I would say be of good cheer, and when the last sands have run through the hour glass of mortal time, loving ones After patient hearing of both sides, and mature await your coming; resist all evil, and cling to all deliberation the Court gave the following decision, good; love ye one another, for in so doing ye fulfil the great law of your master. JESUS.

My name on earth was Hiram Blanchard. For references apply to Bradford Blanchard, New York

We accordingly wrote as directed, and on April be founded on facts. Both these doctrines were de- 5th received the following letter, embracing our own clared by this court in the case of Galileo versus The note of March 29th, to Bradford Blanchard. It is Inquisition, and the decision in that case has since proper here to state that the spirit communicated to been universally and unqualifiedly received. The us through our medium, we having previously had question is not concerning the theory—the symmet. no knowledge whatever that such party ever existed, rical arrangement of the system; but the question or that any person by name of Bradford Blanchard and the second section of the second

Spirits, who while on earth were entire strangers not to be first concocted, and then facts twisted and to us, daily communicate through our medium, that perverted to make them coincide with the theory; they may thereby reach their dear relatives and but the facts are to be collated, examined, and clas- friends through the columns of this paper. We sified, and from them the deductions and inferences have hundreds of similar tests on file, which we in-

EAST STOUGHTON, MASS, April 4, 1857.

L. Const & Co. — Gents:—L. received from a brother, postmarked New York, April 2, the following note, with a request that I should answer the Bosrow, March 29, 1857, BRADFORD BLANCHARD, Kan Dear Sir and baye communication from Hiram Blanchard, (a spirit.)

who says he died twenty years ago, and has agod parents yet living. He also says he has left a mife. If you can give us any information upon the sub-

Mrs. Beleher, of Randelph, Mars.

But I am at a loss to discover how and in what manner you obtained these faits. Were you present when the spirit communicated? Did the spirit wet before, although it is sometime since. Having inform you who to write to in order to ascertain the a word or two to say I presume to trespons upon the control of the spirit word or two to say I presume to trespons upon the control of the spirit word or two to say I presume to trespons upon truthfulness of it? Please inform us and oblige one who is in pursuit of truth. N. Bringersp

Mrs. Blaisland, of Boxbury; did

I am unhappy. Nearly four years since I left degree, and obtained I believe, the reputation of I am unhappy. Nearly four years since I lett degree, and obtained I believe, and obtained a continuous and letter of the profession, so I had one son. Oh, they did not deal justly being a good actor, for I was an actor. Now there is with him. I made a will and left all to my son; one old friend; he belonged to the profession, so I hut they burnt it—they burnt it. Then they said—call him friend—that I am anxious for. I don't but they burnt it-they burnt it. Then they saidand they swore to it, too-that I gave all to them, at my request made it all over to me, his mother. and then they said I had given his away to strangers. But its false-I never did. All my fine clothes, my silver, my jewels! But it's not so-they silver, my jeweis I but I but not and the same of the plain food without stimulants, and I am else. I shall give you just enough that my friends told, if he does this for a short time, he will never else. I shall give you just enough that my friends may recognise it—that my son may; but I prefer be troubled with his old difficulty. To give you only enough. My name was Blaisland, and I lived in Roxbury; I passed away a little over to earth for this; but consider well our mission, which three years ago.

im confused. Ask the man that used to keep the mon of anywhere, everywhere, and no place in parhotel in Charlestown—my son used to know him! I tioular. Bill is my friend, and a noble hearted boy think it was the National Hotel. Ask Ohief Justoo. Good day. tice Metcalf; he'll know, too. The case was up before him, but it was kept secret as possible. I'll Eliza Oliver to her Husband, East see you again, but I want you to know that I am

Not being fully satisfied by to the truth of the Not being fully satisfied at to the truth of the manifested before. I wish to communicate to one foregoing, we withheld its publication. In the meantime we have received another message from you, but I did not dare to try to manifest. I have the same source, urging us to let it go forth, that it been in the spirit-land five years. I passed away in may reach the son, as, by doing so, we shall quiet italism. Oh, I wish him to know I am not dead the anxiety of the spirit mother. We append a por- that I am aware of all his kindness to the little tion of the last message:-- '

I cannot rest. I came to you a short time since; but it seems you are in the dark as to whether what gave you is true or false. I am anxious my son should know I dealt justly with him. Now he feels almost like casting reproach upon the grave of his mother. I am the widow Blaisland, of Roxbury. Perhaps you know my son? I'm so anxious to prove myself true to you I am almost willing to give you his name in full. I will. It is Gideon Blaisland.

Marietta Gleason.

that one of the former class attempted to deceive Scripture, and we enjoin upon all inquirers after truth to heed well this admonition, and then the ory of "humbug" would not so often be raised against'the new phenomena:-

My name was Marietta Gleason. I have been in the spirit land a little over one year. I am very happy in my new home, but I have a word to say to the companion I left behind. I was a medium, and passed away from earth in the full belief of Spiritualism; for how could I doubt when I had positive proof of spirit power, almost every hour in the lay? Now my companion was left without a medium, and I am very anxious to communicate with him. You are a stranger to me, but as spirits are not over fastidious, I don't mind coming to you.

My companion's name was Moses. I wish to say to him, that I am well pleased with some general things that have passed within the past two months, but some particular things I am not well pleased with. Tell him I am with him when he feels alone l I want him never to be unhappy. that were given him a short time since by a spirit purporting to be me, were not true. Tell him he is far better as he is—he will understand. I have always guided him, if I have not had a chance to manifest as often as I and he could wish. Ask him to sit often at the little table I used to sit at, and I will manifest to him within the 25th time of sitting. I think my companion is in Dorchester. - I never was in this room before.

William Curby.

My name is William Curby. I have been but a few years in the spirit-life, and passed away of consumption, as I suppose it might be called. I have a companion and one son in your city. That son is surrounded by a thousand temptations, and I am anxious to warn him against impending danger. My companion is a medium; but because of a lack on the part of those on earth, I come to his medium, and give what I wish, instead of going directly to her who was my companion. My Mary has lately been united to another; it is well. I am satisfied. I would say to my son, that as I return to him, I see many false friends around him, who would fain lead him astray.

There are two paths before him; if he walks in

one the end of the journey will be glorious; if he walk in the other, the end will be desolation and moral death. He may know the right path by the stars that will constantly illumine the pathway; he may know the wrong path by the darkness which will constantly hover around him. Fine youth he is possessed of noble qualities but oh, I would not have him walk with the rabble of earth.

I have a daughter in the spirit-life with me. She was called Mary; my son's name is William.

Perhaps this communication, coming as it does from strangers, will be a proof of spirit communion, and strengthen the faith of the medium through whom the father wishes to commune.

is holy, pure and good, to seek for misdom while on and if the sun, rises in a cloud, it is no sign it may

My time is finished with you. My name is John Ordway. My friend is a merchant in New Orlbans. His name is Enoch Ordway.

I can't communicate well. I wish I could.

this place; and also true that he left a wife, now Green C. Germon to William F. John

your time. I have so many friends on carth it would be hard for me to hingle out a few to whomist should like to send a message; so, therefore, with your permission. Vil send word to all.

When I lived on earth I was a man of the world.
I loved applause, and I sought for tame in a certain

know how he will take my thoughts, but I wish to and nothing to my son. I know he has not lived as he benefit him. He can take it as he pleases; and if aught to live. I did not teach him as I wish I had; he pleases past it aside. That friend is William F. but I want to see justice done. I don't know you Johnson. He is sick, or at least not well. Now nor the medium. I don't care who you are; I come I'm told if he will take a certain medicine he to do good—to get good. My son was not there may get well. He is sometimes attacked with when I died. What will be say when he knows I rheumatic difficulty—a species of gout attacking have come from the spirit land to tell him all about him in various parts of his form, and sometimes all it? I cannot rest—I must do it. They sent me over it. The remedy for the difficulty is simply here for I am unhappy, and I shall be happy when this:—A small quantity of hard older (perhaps I tell him all. His father left him enough, and he he'll like that, perhaps not,) add to that a small quantity of angelica seed, (about one ounce to a quart,) an ounce of pleurisy root, and one ounce of sweet flag; a wine glass full to be taken every morning, and a chemical bath once in two weeks

is to do good, and you will not blame me. I wishit Go out to Roxbury to the druggist on Eustis street, could make all my old friends hear and see for They all know me in Roxbury, I lived on Eustis street, themselves, not believe what Mr. Hedrsay says, becan give you but little in the way of names, for I cause he never told the truth. I am Green C. Ger-

Boston.

Shall I come, too? I am so anxious. I never East Boston. My husband knows nothing about spirones I left. One was a babe but a few weeks old. Oh, tell him I am happy. His name is Daniel Oliver; mine was Eliza; do forgive me for coming. I have a sister with me-my youngest sister. She was with me when I was slok. She died just ha I did the next year. Olive White was her name. Her husband is in Dorchester. His name is Wil liam.

Little George to Mr. Goodrich, of Charlestown.

I'll say how do you do, but I don't know you. I got somebody I want to talk to. I used to talk to We subjoin the statement of one who, when she him. What's the reason I can't now? What's the dwelt in the form of clay, was a full believer in trouble? He wants me to talk to him, too. Hets Spiritualism, being herself a medium. As untruthful spirits are permitted to come as well as truth-you and writing to you lots of times. His name is ful, she comes to us to give her husband information Kneeland. Now don't you know? I used to come and talk to him, and tell him how to get out of that one of the former class attempted to deceive trouble—go to California for him, and do lots of thim by pretending to be the wife of Mr. G. "Try things. His name is Goodrich. He sells things the spirits and see if they be of God," says the over across the water. I go there to see if things are right, often.

He's got a daughter and a son in California. I go there, and I want you to tell him they are all well, because he worries about them. I like him so well I can't help doing him good. I want you to tell him Mary is here with me. Tell him to talk to that gentleman he brought to see me once, and be good to him, because he's unhappy, and I am so

sorry for it. Now I told you he was this man's son that comes to you, didn't 1? So he is, but how is it? How do you call it when he married this man's daughter Oh, a son-in-law; well, that's right. Well, she is so good (his wife) that I love to come. Little Harriet is the daughter, and a medium. I used to talk through her; she wont let me come now. William is there. He isn't a brother, but he comes to see her. He is good, but he don't like to have

her a medium. I want to talk to him for it, and I

I want you to tell G. everything is all right and nice; he will know what I mean; there are somethings he is worrying about, Won't you go see him? He's across the water in Charlestown. I talk to him about things that I must not tell you of. I come to tell him how to be good, and I never lie to him; so he likes me. I tell him about his business, and how to get things back that he thinks lost. Tell him I was there when he went to see the medium, but I could not manifest. Tell him Caroline wants to come home sometimes; she is in Callfornia. If he wants to know who told you this, tell him little George. He will know me. Tell him Elizabeth is here. You don't know who she is. Well, I told you he had somebody with him that was very good. Elizabeth used to be the same a long time ago. Tell him to say to his wife that her father wants her to take more of that medicine; she is not quite well yet. When you find him I'll tell you how he looks. He's a large man, about fifty-one years old; he has light eyes, hair most gray. He speaks very slow.

Paul Langdon, York, Me.

Again on earth! But in a strange apartment controlling a strange form, and communicating to a strange form. Well, however strange, I am glad of the opportunity of coming, for I have friends on earth who will doubtless be very glad to hear from me, provided I can make them believe.

You, my friend, live in a very pleasant age. How is it that I am permitted to return to earth? For what purpose, except it be to let the people know that I died not when they looked upon my body some years ago. I have tidaughter in the spirit life with me., She, too, is anxious to manifest.

During my earth life I visited many foreign lands, and I beheld many beautiful things; but you have nothing on earth to compare with the beauty of the spirit moneros. I return to comb spirit spheres. I return to earth because I desire to and because I wish to benefit those I have lack behind. I have a wife on earth—she has planty of worldly goods, but she fails to bestow as much upon the poor as I desire. She is a good woman, however, but I want to see her more charitable, and I have John Ordway to Enoch Ordway, of no doubt can influence her to be so. She is an New Orleans.

I have a friend I wish to communicate to. I wish that friend to be happy hereafter, and I am annihing the should gain light while he remains in the many of the should gain light while he remains in the many of the should gain light while he remains in the many of the should gain light while he remains in the many of the should gain light while he remains in the many of the should gain light while he remains in the many of the same of bringing her a rich harvest here that will be should gain light while he remains in the many of the same o

not set in splendor. I am not unhappy, neither am I happy. I have been here long enough to be supremely happy; but droumstances I might have controlled render me comparatively unhappying must now leave, to return in the future and do have the figure. ter, I trust

I can't communicate well. I wish I could. I have a mother somewhere see earth, and I wish to talk to her very magher. Oh! I can't stay." My name is Barah Adama. I was drowned in the Piscataqua river. I think seventeen years ago. I'll tell you what makes see think so. Some of our people said the world was soming to an end in 1848, and I recollect of saying we had three years more to stay; so it must have been in 1848. My mother's name is Barah fally hery need to call her.

By this its seems species are not they mother's pared to recommend the could be the call her. While the talks the talks was intopy. Twent to talk its seems species are not they make to deline the talks the talks was intopy. Twent to talk its seems species are set they make to deline the talks the talks the way in way the seems to take the talks th

Capt. John Knowlton.

Thave much to give, but I fear I cannot do as wall as I wish, because I am not acquainted with the solence of controlling mediums cor in other words, I am not used to controlling mind and mat-them I am unhappy now, but hope to be happy

Twenty years ago I walked upon the land, and I sailed upon the ocean. I left on earth a companion and two children. The parting with those dear ones is still within my memory. Nearly seventeen years ago, perhaps eighteen, I left them for a foreign land, and they do not to this day positively know whether I am in the spirit land or on earth. Our noble brig, struck by a squall off Cape May, was lost, and all hands sunk beneath the water to find a grave there. . I would say to those dear ones that my last thoughts were on them, and my last prayer in their behalf. I am happy now. Years have passed on and all is changed in the earth life.

This is Boston. I used to sail from this city. Little did I think the last time I left the port in an earthly form that it would be the last time; but so it was, Now I am here again, speaking тиворан а form Inever knew. and to a form I never knew, I would fain go to my own, but I cannot -I cannot speak to I fain would do so, but this is the nearest door through which I may enter and make myself known to them. My name was John Knowlton; call me Capt. John Knowlton. I shall be known by

Clarence M. Blanchard, Stoughton.

My name is Clarence. I've got a middle name; it's M. and the last is Blanchard. Do you know my father? He kept a store sixteen miles away from Boston. If I tell you where it is, will you go to see my father? He knows I tell the truth, for I come to him. I have a mother and two sisters, Alice and Annu. Mother has been sick. Tell him Clarence came, will you? Stoughton is the name of the town where they live. My father will be very glad to hear from me. I go there and try to move things, but I can't. Alice and Anna ask me to, and I try very hard, but cannot. I will when they go where I can. My cousin Caroline used to live in New York. She's here now. I did not dare to go there My cousin Caroline used to live in New at first, there was such a fuss when she came to us. She was coming on to see mother, but she stopped half-way, and they carried her on to bury her. She was killed on the water by accident. Oh, there was so much steam there! It was before the snow came. She wants you to tell her mother how happy she is. Her mother is Caroline Blanchard, and she lives in New York. Her father is my father's brother. I want you to tell my mother, so Caroline says, that when they had that medium at the house, Sunday, she could not do what she wanted to. I was there and saw it all.

My great grandpa is here-my father's grand Faithful here. Lucy Lee is here, too. Her mother lives close to my father's. I like to come to father. Oh, send what I talk to you to him.

Lucy Lee wants me to ask you to tell her mother she is with her often. I have got lots of folks here; they all want to talk. Hero's an uncle—Hiram used to be his name. He's been here a long time. He wants me to tell you to tell my father that he has not changed any in his opinions. He says my father will know what it means. My aunt Elmira is here. My father says I'm a funny fellow. Don't you know Wallace Brown? He's a medium.

I nsed to talk to him. He's just left my father and gone in the new store on Court street, Boston, where they sell things to eat and drink.

Elizabeth Choate, Boston.

I'm a spirit. Two years ago I lived in Boston, My name was Elizabeth Choste. I lived on a little street that runs from Hanover to Salem street. My father and mother came to the spirit world before me. If my mother had only lived I should never come where I am. have been where I was. I have got relatives here Oh my God, I wish I was on earth again; I should not do as I did. I heard of spiritualism before will cry out. Yes, I know all, Two that were hired I died. I used to know this medium too; but she by him to do the deed fled, and are at the present don't know much about me. I want to tell people time in the land of gold. They have been punhow to live to be happy—never do as I did. I did ished—he has not; they have sorely repented that not always tell the truth, and I had a quick; undeed-he never has. The time has now come when governable temper. George Carnes (a spirit) brought | "things done in secret shall be proclaimed on the me here. I used to live in his family. He told me house top." The murderers shall not go free, for the

The first thought I had after death was, will reture could I come back? This is the first medium I ever nounced; came to and she said-"Oh, Lizzie, this can't be Don't deceive me-you can't be in the spirit

it true. I nover came after that.
My father's name was Thomas. I lived away down east-in Bluehill, Maine. I have got cousins here; one is a medium, but she never calls for me. Oh, I wish she would. She's a good girl; may she never come where I am. Lizzie Towns is her name. Do you know where my body is laid? It was over to South Boston, in a tomb; at least I saw it carried Why did I reject spiritualism on earth?

then, oh then, I fell ! and how sad the consequence. Poor little Johnny! How I wish I could speak to him; he always cried so bad when I went away from home. He lives with grandmother, or he did the last I knew of him on earth. I have not seen him here. He was not the youngest. He loved me so much is why I think of him. I was much indehted to the people with whom I was ere I passed away. She was a cousin to me: I was carried to their house (when I was sick) from Cambridge Warren was the name. She lived in a street leading out of Hanover street, next below Bennett street; I can't remember the name. Warren was a mason.

and the same specification in James Mears, New York,

My friend, I have a world of things to tell von I once sat with this medium to receive communications from my spirit friends, as you nows it. Now Lamin the spirit land, and she don't know it. Yes, my friend, two years ago I sat with this medium in a form of flesh, and if I had heeded the advice of my spirit friends, as they spoke to me through her. I should not have been where I now am.

FMy father was said to be my spirit guide, and he said to me once through her, "My son, I see in the fature two paths before you. If you walk in one you will find happiness and a long earthly life...if you walk in the other it will end in a quick departure from the earth life, and gloom hereafter."

Years ago I spoke upon its contents. I had a companion on earth; no children. I was developed as a medium by sitting with your medium, and others. and I often had messages given through my hand by taps, do. They all pointed out two paths fone was good, the other evil. Yes, my father fold me through the other evil. Yes, my father fold me through the other evil. Yes, my father fold me through the other evil. Yes, my father fold me through the other evil. Yes, my father fold me was and he did not do not father to be happy; she is not always so. She walked in the path I was then treading I should be see it, but I can see it. Now she might be the hap had fall by the hand of violence and he distinctly foll me i bound be murdered it! I did as I was then doing. I thought I would, but did not do us they told me and considered myself safe. They begged of me to drink no more strong, drink. Nay, they insisted aponit that I must baye is alone. I did for a time, and considered myself safe. But, oh, Lighted to watch and pray consequently I fell. The walled through ther the other day and one to her to many anomics also, but i forgive all the trapes of and the proper in the meant in the meant in the work of the wall be it all me will be it in the proper. Mother the wall be it is not proper. Mother did not do us the wall see it, but I can see it. Now she might be the hap wall be. It she will be it is not proper. Mother did not the wall be will be will be will be wall be it is not proper. Mother did not do us the wall me will be will be wall be will be wall be will be will be wall be will be wall be will be will be will be will be will be wall be will be an each to be happy; I want her t and I often had messages given through my hand

against me, and I pray for forgiveness at the same states. Oh, how sady how side I said! "If Hald stide! I should save be some forgiveness at the same ty obeyed what my spirit friends gave me from time to time I should save) been happy mow I am unhappy. Poor flanual! she is a good woman she is new in the last time I have ever manished and the first time I have ever manished of studies a dull brain.

fested in this way. The light I gained upon this

subject is a great thing to me. Tell my friends to shun strong drink as they would the devil that has so often been pictured to

My good, friend I must leave you. I don't know as ever I met you on earth. In answer to your ques-tion, I will say that the words of my spirit father proved true. I was murdered in New York city. My name was James Mears. My father's David Mears. I was at one time engineer in the Tow-boat Huron, commanded by Daniel Baker; at another time on hoard the Walpole. They must remember me. It's only a short time since I left there—would to God I never had. May you never come where I am, is the best wish I have for you.

Jones L. Parker, Murdered in Manchester, N. H., and Jos. Huntress, Tewksbury, Mass.

Young man, I have business with you. I have here; standing by my side a son-in-law. He married my daughter Mary when on earth. He was suddenly cut off from among men by cruel hands, who sought to obtain that he had which was not his own. And now in return he seeks to unfold a mystery which so many years have failed to unravel.

Yes, the guilty have gone forth free, but now the avenger comes, and who shall dare dispute him? My son finds difficulty in controlling your medium; and so he gave up the field to me for a time only, and will probably return and seek to manifest as I

I have friends on earth who will be very glad to hear from their father, their friend. My name was Joseph Huntress. I passed away in Tewksbury,

Mass., several years ago.

A few minutes after this influence had left the medium, the following was written:---

"I had collected nearly all the taxes."

· Having entranced the medium, the spirit spoke as follows:-

Is it right for me to return to earth and denounce my murderers, after the public have seen fit to acquit them? Is it right for me to draw the culprit to judgment? Is it right for me to stir up, feelings of remorse that shall end in repentance in the murderer's breast? Is it right also for me to shield the murderer from public disapprobation, and at the same time make him conscious of his situation.

I besought them to spare my life, and my only answer was the gushing forth of it. Oh, God! I see their souls; I see how they have revelled in that er; his name used to be Jonathan. He is called they obtained in that hour of darkness! And I for these long years have been schooling myself to forgive, that I might return to earth without one hard feeling towards my murderers.

Little did I think, when I passed from my dwelling. I should never return again in an earthly form. And was the hand of God there, and did he dictate that deed? Ah, no. I think not.

One who now lives and moves among respectable people, yet with an undying canker-worm in his soul can tell you all. Although his hand did not commit the act, yet his soul sanctioned it at the time. I knew him, and however vainly be tried to conceal his features from me, the penetrating gaze of death, which will not lie, gave him to me in full

Vengeance belongs to God, and he will repay. Vengeance belongs to me, or the portion of God that dwells within me, and I will repay.

Tis not my wish to see those who murdered me hurled suddenly into the spirit world. No. But it is my wish to see them punished here, that they may not have long years of darkness when they Ask, yea, ask the occoo. He can tell. and

his soul dare not deny; his lips may, but his soul soul they sent all unclad into the spirit-life can and will return, and denounce those who should be de-

If I by coming can awaken the fires of remorse. and produce genuine repentance, it is all I wish. land." She could not believe it; but I told her What I have given is true, and he for whom it was just where I died, and how, and she went and found intended cannot fail to understand it, should it meet his eye.

Thomas Atkinson, Seaman.

I have much to say, but you must have patience ith me, as I am not used to speaking through me-I have friends near by, and I am very anxious to let these friends know the truth, and nothing but the truth. I was a sailor. My friends have heard that I jumped overboard to run away from the ship and was drowned. This is false, and as I want to deny it, and have no other way, I take this. I have cousins near by, and a family—my family. I don't know the names of your towns around here, but it is one of your little towns near the city. It is not more than five or six miles off. want to say to my friends that I came to my death by accident, and a horrible one it was too. One night the wind blew very hard; I went aloft, and was blown off the jib-boom, and before I could succeed in getting on board, I was swallowed by a confounded shark. Oh, my God, what a death to die! They reported the story that I jumped overboard and run away from the ship by stealing a boat. I had had lots of trouble with the officers, and had told them that I was going to run off but I meant when in port. I was not fool enough to trust myself in an open boat without food. They lost a boat in the blow, and when they got to port they said I took it. But I had nothing to do with

My name was Thomas Atkinson. I was an Englishman by birth, well and west

W. W. Bliss, Amesbury.

See here I can't you write a word for me? I am auxious; I've got friends, and I want to say something to them. Some of them know something of this business, but not all. I want, to speak to my sten mother, I've tried hard to do so, but she won't Livied to believe it—I did believe it, but it seemed to me as though some domon was hurrying me the wrong way. I might have resisted if I had said, should get title should ne Satan, I will serve the Lord God, I should have done right.

The book you call the Bible! I fully understood. Years ago I spoke upon its contents. I stood by and saw her do it, and says I you don't get a chance to do that again for when I come again I'll talk it right out! It state use for people to say that spirits don't come to earth, for I am here and go to my mother .: I can communicate there; for she

SERMON.

DELIVERED IN THE COMOREGATIONALIST CHURCH, NATICE, AT THE TURERAL OF HELEN HANDEST, DECEMBER 7, 1656. By REV. H. F. BOWLES.

"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body, o o Oh, death where is thy sting, Oh, grave where is thy victory." 2 Cor. XV. 44, 55: From this powerful and convincing discourse we

take the following extracts, remarking that the sermon as a whole, is one of the most lucid expositions she gave her a feeble kiss of recognition. of the aims and destinies of the Spirit we have ever tion of this had cast our friend, he went up again

Often some dear friend is the principal in this fatal battle. And though we would gladly fall in of Isaiah-"They that wait upon the Lord shall their stead, the monater is set in his choice, and will renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings but turn our blows, while all his attacks are upon the object of our love. Often it is a dear child, as in the event that has called us together to-day, and the contest seems the more unequal. A frail and tender girl in deadly strife with one before whom Alexander, Napoleon, and all earth's mightlest have fallen! How much is here to prompt terror and excite sympathy! Terror in view of the end, sympathy for the weaker one in the strife, and the hearts that hold her in their embrace. A sympathy that vibrates through the great common heart of the town; a sympathy that comes in here to-day to bear witness to the native goodness of the human heart. Blessed be such sympathy! It is welcome as the first flower of spring, or the bubbling water in the scoroling heat of summer:

But, better even than this is the magic light of truth, that with reference to the real being, sha'l transform that "grim warrior" to an angel of mercy, and reveal the freedom and joy he brings to the spirit. That shall show us that all that so terrible was not the death of the loved one; but disease from which death came to release. That the painful labor, death the deliverance! That the arduous toil, death the rest! That the strife, death the

Better still, when we shall have so learned the harmonies of our being as to avoid these dreadful struggles for the possession of the body; when, without apparent effort, we shall retain this till in ripe old age, without pain or regret to self or others. we shall go out as from a well but carefully worn garment or dwelling into the new and better ;when our mortal house shall not be prostrated by the storm or fire of disease, but fall gently away, as if trustingly to waiting arms.

I think you will all concur with me in the thought hail with joy for their truth. Milton says, that God is at least as intangible as the Spirit man. And yet, he is in constant connection with crude matter. There is none to gross for his touch. We infer that he gots upon it through a long chain of media, every link of which, as it recedes from the hand that holds it, is less and less refined, but the connection is not less ac ual. Even so with the human spirit. We suppose it to have no immediate connection with the forms we see and touch; but though mediate it is not less real. The hand of the pilot guides the long "floating palace," but it is through a chain running through her entire length and connecting with the rudder. So by a chain traversing the universe doth the Great Sov ereign Spirit control all, from centre to remotest bounds. So doth the spirit man, act through the bones to the fingers' ends, and even the instruments they hold. In Spirituality, then, I think you must bear me witness, there is nothing to forbid the thought that Spirits, out of the flesh, reach and effect those in the flesh, thus triumphing over the the death of the body. It becomes then a question absence of experience, this may be doubled but not on this ground denied. In the presence of experience

In the "manifestations," too various and extensive for me to think of speaking of them now, in detail or even classes, there are expressions of intelligence characterized by all the personal peculiarities of the departed, and these with but one discoverable cause. Many of the wisest and most respected of the land, men noted for scholarship and erudition and of unquestioned morality, have, in the attempt to refute the idea of these phenomena proceeding from disembodied spirits, become converted And in such attempt not on has been successful. Those now believing in it are numbered in this country by millions. And it has been published without denial, (I think,) that a majority of antion it not those of us who accept this, or as proof of its truth, but as a significant fact, nevertheless. That much that is questionable, both, in sense and morality, may have occured in the name of Spiritualism, as well as every other ism or form of faith, may. without danger to fundamental truths and princi ples, be conceded. For rejecting all that is in any sense of doubtful character, there is abundant and couclusive evidence to convince many before me that the spirits, whose physical bodies have gone to dust, still have a measure of power over both the mind and matter of this sphere. That, under certain conditions common to many, they affect those still in the flesh, and control not only their forms but other forms of matter.

Shall we throw away the history of the past, the Bible, and all which rests upon it—this "book of " upon which we have so much relied as the foundation of this life and our great hopes of the next? Shall we cast it from us because it rests upon human testimony? Indeed, how little we have yet learned (would it were more) from any other source than testimony. Well, if you will take it, the great stories of the ages gone is illuminated throughout with the manifestations of disembodied Spirits. And (leaving others for want of time) no book is so full of these as the Bible, -manifestations of varied form and mode, but ever through crude matter to men dwelling in it; now in a burning bush now in the plagues of Egypt, now in horses and stances of which are to numerous to mention. Do boots, do not consider me a mero child." we believe these accounts? Yes? Well, now in these latter times, when it may be hoped, men are as trustworthy as of old, they tell us of like things. Why believe history and deny the voice of the present?

Many of you knew her. I did not. I wish I had You knew how interesting she was. You have heard her sweet voice. Her playmates, and schoolfellows are here. You may call to mind your last visit when she invited you to her home for pleasure You remember how much there was to love in her nature. Many before me will bear witness to this, Well my friends, there are those here who felt this far more than you can. You may imperfectly imagine the worth of her carthly presence to these parents, but you cannot measure it. And yet I must tell you for I ought in Justice, and the full

great tippe, of his heart; who had hung over her youth, hence the allusion. Some one has beautiful sinking form through long days and nights of watching; who had spared no pains, or effort that his children while yet their years are few on earth, for wisdom could dictate; when the struggle was over and you would have said he was defeated, came to such have always a darling little one in heaven, It my home and talked calmly of the event; of what is a sweet thought indeed, but yet not as dildren it was to him and his; and soon, as he began to shall we meet them, for availing themselves of the speak of the great realities of life, the present and the future, he was more thin cather he was more advantages of a higher life, they become soon de-than trusting and hopeful ille was triumphant; veloped in love and wisdom to the full statute of men ave, almost jubilant in view by the security afforded by his vision of the grand conomy of the Divine

government di dature content alle mommovo was the second of like nature, (Parphance he had thousands to accept the great fact of Spirit inter-

outvering lip and falling tear. I must tell you of it as he told it to me.

She was unconscious. He strove, by many simple requests, to amuse her, but could not find her heart or mind. He then went forth and brought her little baby sister, and placing her on the bed, in soft angelle tones the babe called her name; "Helle; Helle;" and so like an angel call it was, that her spirit heard; and placing her hand upon her cheek,

on the wing of bright vision to the mount of joy and gladness. Forcibly reminding me of the words as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." Surely the result justified this conclusion, that he had found and waited upon the Lord through some channel. Perhaps unknown as a medium to you or to me, but, neverthless, open to him.

Should a member of one of our churches present the same result, in like experience, we should not hesitate to speak of it as a signal instance of the power of faith in God; of "the outporing of his helping grace;" we should hail it as evidence of "regeneration," as a triumph of the "renewed spirit, born of God," over death. What shall we say of it now? Can we not accept it as some evidence that our friend and his companion, (for they are in harmony here,) are not "without God and without hope in the world?"

Now, friends, could we have the disposal of such persons, where would we place them among the religionists of the world? What rank would we assign them? What name would we call them? would we exclude them altogether? They, I suspect, are indifferent to the answers to these questions, but the circumstances just related, (circumstances so signally presenting a Spiritual triumph over the ills incident to the life in the flesh.) so forcibly suggested these questions that I could not surpress them. And, indeed, they are so sugges-tive of needed thought that they must be excused; Certainly our bereaved friends believe more rather than less than some of us, and, perchance, are Spiritually stronger in their hour of trial than we should be in their place. What, perhaps, we have said and sung of heaven and angels, as a pleasant fiction, is to them a reality. Many bright visions

"Millions of spiritual creations walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

How often from the steep

have the poets had, which, while most men welcome

them for their beauty, these our friends are able to

O How often from the steep of echoing hill or thickets have we heard Celestial volces to the midnight air, sole or responsive to each other's note, Singing their great Creator! On in bands, While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk, With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds. In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

Our friends. I say, believe this. They accept it as true as well as beautiful. And even to those who had given no attention to the subject, the evidence of its truth came, while they watched by the bed of the dying. The form before us, you know, was said subtle fluids, through brain, nerves, muscles and to be dead at half past six o'clock in the morning of vesterday. Well, at two o'clock of the same morning, while two friendly women to whom I have just alluded, sat by the bedside of death, music, as of a juvenile choir, was heard as if in the air to pass and repass the window. The watchers sat, one at the head of the bed and the other at the foot. The one of fact, to be determined by other data. In the at the head started, and to the one at the foot said "Nora, did you hear anything?" "Yes." Nora, I heard music." In the adjoining room sat two and on the part of such as have the evidence of others. They were questioned:—"Had they heard their own senses to this point, it must be affirmed, anything?" "Yes; they heard music, as of a choir By the use of their senses they are to be judged, and of children in the air, pass and repass the window.

Three times was this choir heard to pass and repass the windows. The witnesses are unknown to me. but they are well known (I am told) to many of you. They are representatives of different religious interests. Their sanity and veracity, I believe, are unquestioned. They are your neighbors; you can question them: Suffice it now for me to say, that it is easy for these bereaved parents (and I may add for me) to believe that a band of angel children came to escort their dear one, with heavenly music. to her new and bright home; and that with scraphic strains that penetrated even fleshy ears they made

their presence known.
And, in conclusion, I have only to say, my friends, seek to obtain equally sustaining truth. Seek it in every channel that is open to you. Strive to obthose representing the political interest of this vast tain a knowledge of God and yourselves. Study the laws of life, of death, of immortality. Study these wherever you can find the lessons containing them. If you cannot find them where your neighbor can, seek them elsewhere. Above all things seek them, and endeavor to be faithful to every truth you find.

ANOTHER EVIDENCE.

A correspondent furnishes us with an incident of recent occurrence, which we take much pleasure in publishing, as an additional evidence of the fact that those who for years have been considered "the departed," yet live and are around us, and have power, and actually do talk with their friends on earth. It may also be received as proof of the power of spirits to substantiate their identity.

Our correspondent states, that having had his curiosity awakened so far as to be induced to visit Mr. Mansfield at his house in an adjoining city, for the purpose of witnessing the marvellous things said to transpire there, he did so, and a stranger entering, Mr. M.'s hand was suddenly moved, and a communication written out and handed to the new-comer. commencing with the words, "Dear Papa."

'The gentleman, as he read it, manifested considerable interest—but this interest was perfectly eclipsed by a burst of surprise when he read, and, chariots, now through the speaking beast of in his eagerness, re-read aloud,—"When you look Balaam, and now in human, physical form, the int on my little clothes, and more especially my little

It subsequently appeared that this gentleman's child, while on a visit with his mother to a friend at a distance, become suddenly ill and passed to the Spirit land. The body was brought home in a case, and afterwards transferred to a casket for entombment. After the usual solemnities had taken place, the child's clothes, his playthings and pair of small boots were put in the case first mentioned. To these; the parents, and brothers and sisters often repaired, to think of and weep over the sad absence of Little Frankie.":

The unexpected allusion to this fact was abundant evidence of the presence of the spirit child. Eight years had clapsed since the event of his deillustration of my point demands it. Eight years had clapsed since the event of his dely said that they are blessed who part with their and women. It is the daily, almost hourly, occurrence of such

Was he indifferent to their bereavement northis incidents as this we have now related, that forces grown insane with grief? (102 his heart had become course in the face of all the opposition which "the torpid so locked up in sorrow that no tears could so locked up in sorrow that no tears could so locked up in sorrow that no tears could so locked up in sorrow that no tears could so locked up in sorrow that no tears could so locked up in sorrow that no tears could so locked up in the sickness of his daughter, it was with it. What is "Harvard University," with all its

aroused "Faculty" to that man's mind, compared to that one, simple proof of the nearness of his child? Less than nothing. Faraday may demonstrate, Mahan may theorise, and Beecher attribute these gifts of God to the devil; but so long as man has a Soul, and Truth exists, so long will they affinitize with each other.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DID NOT KNOW THAT HE HAD A TRADE.

A few years since, in a neighboring town, a boy, son of good and respectable parents, oft-times to amuse himself in his leisure hours out of school, would go into the printing office in his neighborhood and there set type,—and in short time he got to be quite expert at the business.

Just about that time circumstances sent this lad off to the Southern States; and the wheel of fortune turning against him, in a few months he found himself pennyless and indebted for his board at a hotel in St. Louis. The landlord at the end of the fourth week told the youth that he must get him some other place, as he could not keep him any longer without the wherewith. The youth did not know which way to turn. He had sought a long time in vain for a situation as clerk, an office that he was fully competent to fill.

A length a thought struck him. He had formed a little acquaintance with the editor of a certain paper of that city, and in his dilemma called upon him for his advice in the matter-also hoping he might among his friends find him a situation.

"Now if you was a printer, my young friend, we could give you a good situation in our office; for we are in want of another hand," said the editor.

"Alas!" returned the youth, "how many times have I regretted that I had not learned a trade." "It is never to late to learn," suggested the other; "suppose that you should devote a little time to initiate yourself into the mysteries of set-

ting type,-it is better than to be idle; you will find it quite easy to get hold of,-and when you understand it well we will give you good wages: till then, you shall at least have a living." "Sticking type !" exclaimed the young man:

"and is that all? Why I can do that thing as well as any one. I learned that in my school days just for the fun of the thing. Just try me and I will show you what I can do at that business."

"Then, my boy, you are just the one that we want. Come over to the office on Monday morning. and you shall have a chance to test your abilities. I will go at once to your hotel and be responsible for your board till then; when we will make new arrangements if you suit us."

Bright and early on Monday morning, the youth was at the printing office, ready to be set at work. He stripped off his coat and went at the types with all the ease and assurance of an old disciple of Faust, to the satisfaction of his friend. He was forthwith engaged as a regular hand at two dollars a day, which gave him a good comfortable living, besides soon having enough to square up his arrears. and leave for home with a well lined purse.

This young man is now a compositor in one of the best offices in this city, where he earns good wages at his trade, which he had forgotten that he possessed. He finds it more genial to his taste than his former occupation was, and more profitable. Every lad should take lesson from this episode in the experience of this young man, and secure some trade or profession in their youth, which will never forsake them; ever serving as a sheet-anchor to them in their adversity.

Paetry.

OBVERSE AND REVERSE.

PART ONE .-- THE EMPRESS. SCART and frosty is my hair,
Age and care
Clog my pulse, thin my blood—
I would give my royal crown,
Own bestud Gem bestud,
Purple robes and erraine down,
For the tresses rich and brown
Of a clown:
I would yield up gold and pearl,
For the bright eyes of a girl!
Prosperous counties—all my wealth,
For a country malden's health;
Duckies wide—
All my armics—all my ships. Gem bestud.

All my armics—all my ships, For the blood of youthful lips.

At my palace window ofter Up aloft,
Looking down the crowded street,
I behold the maldens go.
Brisk of feet,
To the market or the show,
Laughing, tripping to and fro,

And could hate them—we is me!— For their light limbs moving free, For their brisk, clastic tread, For their cheeks like cherries red, In a row: For their hair Flowing fair!

Chi the May time I have lost i Ohi the nipping of the Frost. PART II.-THE SEMPSTRESS. I wish I were an Empress, And had a crown to wear, A stomaclier of diamonds, And pearls to dock my hair,

And a train of purple velvet For noblemen to bear. I wish I were an Empress, And sat upon a throne, Receiving great ambassadors From every clime and zone; With princes at my footstool To make my pleasure known.

I wish I were an Empress, And rode a prancing bay, Amid my people shouling, and garlanding my way; With trumpeters before me—

Tooroo !-Tooroo !-Tooray ! I wish I were an Empress— The glory of the land. With half a dozen monarchs Contending for my hand, Which I should scorn to give them-

. Let all men understand; Which I should seem to give thom, As far too great a prize,
Unless to some one handsome,
And brave, and good, and wise,
Who loved me more than kingdoms,
For the twinkle of mine eyes.

I wish I were an Empress, My crown upon my head; I'd feed the poor man's orphans. Who lack'd their daily bread, And give each maid a dowry Who needed one to wed.

I wish I were an Empress— Alas, my cruci fato!
L'm nothing but a protty girl,
And toil both hard and late,
And waste my youth in sighing
Too poor to find a mate!

AUNT MARY saw over a tailor's door a sign bearing the liseription The Fountain of Fashion." Ah I'' exclaimed she, "that must be the place where the squirts come from."

Pearls.

The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight, And I would tread it with as firm a step, Though it should terminate in cold oblivion. As if Elysian pleasures at its close, Plashed palpable to sight as things of earth.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen

Old winter was gone In his weakness back to the mountains hoar. And the spring came down From the planet that hovers upon the shore Where the sea of sunlight encreaches On the limits of wintry night; If the land and the air and the sea Reloice not when Spring approaches, We did not rejoice in thee Ginevra!

The trials of life are like the tests which asceriain how much gold there is in us.

> She was leveller than the morn, Sisters come ! Purer than a flower new born Sisters come i All who saw her no'er could part, Till her image filled her heart, Bear her home! Never death kissed maiden's eyes, Fitter for Our Father's skies, Boar her home.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed.

> For love and beauty and delight There is no death nor change; their might Exceeds our organs, which endure No light-being themselves obscure.

Cheerfully acknowledge merit in others, and in return you

will always receive the kind consideration which you desire. When you cannot consistently praise, by all means keep silent, unless there be a manifest wrong, deserving

The barvest is waving, and fountain and flower Are sparkling and sweet as the radiant hour; And the song of the reapers, the lark's sunny lay. Proclaim through the valley-Day i beautiful Day i

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

Nife's Looking Glass,

EMMA CARRA.

One boon I crave—freedom of thought and pen, if this be wanting other kifts are vain-

A Chat with the Readers of the Banner of Light.

Our worthy editors tell me when I take my pen to address the readers of the Banner of Light, I speak to a family twenty thousand strong.

If in the centre of our lovely Common there

were erected a platform overlooking this vast throng, and I were called upon to address you verbally, I think I should shrink away, and if I did not disappear from the earth altogether, I should immediately leave the vicinity of this numerous host, nor return to the common again till no foot-print but mine crushed the young grass just springing into life there: but sitting at my little writing desk and holding in my right, hand a tiny instrument, which, in skillful hands, can at all times be made more powerful than the strongest sword, I dare speak to

Although you are many, I wish mentally to ou altogether and address you a vidual, whom I would do my utmost to entertain pleasantly if he were before me, let his humor be grave or gay, lively or severe. My pen and I are one-so identified are we that I shall speak of myself in the singular. This is not my debut before the public, therefore I cannot say but that you and I have met before; be that as it may, whether stranger or friend, I now, in assuming the responability of filling this department, extend to you through the medium of my faithful pen the right hand of fellowship, and state that from this time till—the future will determine how long—I shall meet you no more but in the columns of the Banner of Light, having been engaged by the gentle-manly editors of this paper to write exclusively for them. In assuming this charge, I do not forget the many kind favors I have received from my former publishers of the press generally—they have encouraged my efforts and paid me liberally, and for these deeds I thank them.

You will perceive I have taken this department in April. A very fickle month, say you. It is; but after all we welcome her, even if she does give us now and then a stronger breeze than we feel grateful for, or pile over our heads dark clouds. In gayer moods she gives us sunshine, and then coquettishly sheds soft tears, as if she wept that she had displeased us. But I love April, for I know that she is a prelude to May and June.

Perchance as time rolls by, you may think the emanations of my pen partake somewhat of the character of the month in which I commence my labors here. I grant it will be so; for who of us always feels alike grave or gay? There are times in every one's history when dark mists veil the mental vision and light thoughts cannot find egress. At such moments the pen, if it move at all, will creep slowly over the paper, and the dark clouds that have settled about the heart will lend a shadow to every line traced by the power of thought,—but these clouds do not last always. O no! there are in our rigorous climate more sunny days than stormy ones, and so it is in life; and when the mist vanishes and hope makes us joyous again, how the pen will dance over the white paper, and in skillful hands paint with a beautiful glow events that before had no interest for the writer.

Yes, reader, from this time forward, as long as we can make ourselves agreeable to each other. I hope to meet you here mentally once a week. where to the utmost of my ability I will strive to entertain you as I would a fire-side guest, realizing from experience that you will not always feel in the same mood. I shall at times indulge in a humorous chat on subjects that I think will interest us both, and then we will talk on graver topics,— prehaps give some sketches of the datker shades of life, but always with this great principle in view; that He who made this year world knew our wants and necessities best, and that when he said, "Let there he light" he was aware that the darker shades were needed to bring out the true beauty

THE CONTRAST: Or, Aunt Debby and Annt Beraphina.

O, how I wish I were rich! Not that I bear extreme love for shining ore-no, but because it would emancipate me from the slavery of fashion. could do as I pleased then, and if I did not dress la mode every time I went out, the most that would be said about me would be that I was a little eccentric.

Oh! how nice it would be when I arose in the morning to encase my feet in good old fashioned leathern shoes of sufficient size to allow me to move with freedom, and robe myself in calico, selecting such tiny figures and delicate hues as best become my complexion! When once free to wear what I chose, would n't I put my veto on human bodies being supported by bones of leviathan? Yes, every sea-monster after he had yielded to man what was truly useful and beneficial to the human race, should have the privilege of letting his bones sink to rest on coral reefs in his native element, the wild winds performing a requiem above him; while my garments being without props should leave my form free to repose as God designed it should do. I would make use of no crinoline-no whaleboneno tight fitting congress gaiters, nor would I promenade the streets when the thermometer was at zero with nothing to protect my poor brain from the weather but the shadow of a handful of lace and flowers reflected from a fashionable bonnet attached to the extreme back of head.

Every generation grows wiser and wiser, it is said :- Bah! nonsense! or if they do, does that

wisdom make them happier? Let me tell you something about my good Aunt Debby's style of dress and living when I was a little girl and used to go and see her spin. I loved my Aunt Debby, and not only I but all who knew her did the same. You never heard dyspetic ejaculations in the little brown house where she lived; no, old Towser could lie by the wide kitchen iamb from September till May without ever being driven from his comfortable quarters to let her sit by the fire and toast her feet; her hose and thick flannels and linsey woolsey gowns were a part of the harvest gleaned from the warm backs of the saxon flock in the meadow. With her own hands she spun and knit and wove, and the manufacturing of the fabrics kept a warm glow about her heart that made her welcome every one with a smile. No contrast was there between my Aunt's Sunday and Monday face. If the good old Elder Jones dressed in his homespun suit called on a washing day, the oldest inhabitant couldn't remember that she ever went into hysterics or stood in the kitchen and listened to hear her daughter Patty tell the pious

After Aunt Debby died modern ideas began to creep into the old brown house; for Uncle Silas was owner of one of those happy temperaments that don't believe in dying of grief when a life contract is suddenly broken up; so after Aunt Debby lay, down to an unbroken rest, under the mossy old apple tree in one corner of the stony meadow where the Saxon flock were wont to graze, Uncle Silas his second marriage before all his former dreams gave the village painter a protracted job, and the exterior of the once brown house became as white as the glistening drifts that were piled about it in

old man she was not at home.

mid-winter. It was summer now, and did the spirit of Aunt her former home must have looked strange, so scraggy oak bush where her linen milk strainer and towels used to bleach and flutter in the summer oun was gone now, for Uncle Silas in modernizing his home had hewn it down and then consumed it in the old stone fireplace which he afterwards filled n with bricks and mortar, and then placed in front of it a model cook stove. The old sweep well lost its bucket and balance, and the cool breeze that flitted in the vicinity could no longer penetrate to the limped water at the pebbly bottom, for the wide top was planked over now, and an imposing pump inserted. The fence that encircled the wide ard at the back of the house was laid low, and the crooked rails piled behind the barn for future burning. No more did Brindle and her calf lie side by side in that enclosure on the dewy grass, but their stead was a flower garden, and beds edged with box or striped grass ornamented the sides of the gravel walk. The quadrupeds and bipeds that in Aunt Debby's day roamed free all over the farm were now shut up in narrow quarters—in nooks that seemed laboring under the curse of barren-

This was done that ornamental trees might grow luxuriously near the house and that the sweet clover fields that lay between the homestead and the road might not receive a hoof-print, nor the gorgeous winged butterflies be disturbed in their summer-day rambles. The corn crib was emptied of its contents and the well fed spiders that had so long inhabited their gossamer homes in the peak of the roof had to migrate, and the swallows that were so tame in Aunt Debby's time and cut the air so fantastically, now built their nest elsewhere than under the eaves of the old corn crib for it was moved up and joined to the rejuvenated house, and by the aid of a skillful mechanic it was

converted into a modern parlor.

Ah! little did Aunt Debby think when she a bride used to sit on the rough bench in the corn crib and help Uncle Silas shell corn, and both would join in singing pealm tunes, that in a few years when she lay down to her last rest he would ere the carth's damp had removed the polish from her coffin convert that useful old building into a draw-

ng-room and furnish it luxuriously.

It is not probable that Uncle Silas ever would have done so, but as we have said his was a happy temperament, and when he found that Aunt Debby had really left him he wisely concluded that life is too short to spend it in mourning and that another wife would be a very useful person at the homestead. Uncle Silas' ideas of qualifications for a matrimonial partner had changed somewhat since he married the plain featured Deborah Bristol,—he now began to think that a handsome wife was not only useful, but decidedly ornamental. Marrying a wife he used to say was attended with a great deal of expense even in the beginning; so he gave it as his opinion that it was undoubtedly best for him to marry not only a handsome wife but a young one, as the probability was that she would live to wait on him in his old age and he should never be troubled more in looking up a mistress for the renovated brown house, nor his mind be haunted by the thought that in life's decline when he most needed sympathy, stranger hands would adminster his ne-

cessities for hire.

The more Uncle Silas revolved these subjects in his mind and looked at the facts in the case, the more convinced was he that if he could obtain such a life-partner it would be a decided hit. But would a young and handsome wife come and live in the brown house, thought the substantial firmer, even chades were needed to bring out the true beauty of the lighter.

And now, reader in conclusion let me say that in the future I shall do my best to please you, and if I prove unequal to the task please extract from moved for a parlor, and the relloy chairs that will be related by the related whatever of good there may be in it.

and pass the dross in silence; then shall I be en-to the kitchen and the former kitchen chairs taken couraged to still greater efforts and my motto shall to make the tea kettle boil. This was why the sand bank on the hill side at the extreme end of the farm remained unmolested now-sanded floors were no longer needed when Aunt reposed outside the homestead; Ingrain, Brussels, and Tapestry had supplanted them on chamber, sitting room and narlor.

It was the anniversary of the day that Aunt Deb-by left the farm house forever, and Uncle Silas was sitting at his parior window—looking away across the fields to that quiet corner where stood the withered old apple tree, and he was half a mind to be sad, for the thoughts would intrude themselves—Am I any happier now than I was when the old house was brown and the parlor and kitchen

floors were sanded f.

A distinct sigh escaped his bosom and then he was interupted in his musings by a white arm being laid lightly over the beautifully upholstered chair where he sat, and then a silvery laugh rung upon his ear and the little fairy like Mrs. Silas Bisbee Number 2, remarked playfully on her venerable husband's elongated face. A sound escaped the farmers lips, but it would be difficult to determine whether it were a laugh or a groan as he extended his hand to the rosy cheeked being before

Good Aunt Debby was the same plain being from her cradle to her grave, but as life advanced Uncle's taste took a different turn, and gradually as we shall see he became the victim of fashion and etiouette.

But he did not entirely depart from his good old style of dress and living, till he wood and won Seraphina Gifford, the daughter of a neighboring far-Seraphina had spent three years in a fashionable boarding school in the city, and it was she who suggested that the old homestead and its surroundings must be modernized before she would consent to become its mistress and the step-mother of Patty, her former playmate.

Reader let us take a look at Uncle Silas the day his first wife bade him good by forever. He was a plain farmer with a large share of the fruits of his toil at interest, the wool and flax from which his garments were made were raised on the soil that is and his faithful wife's industry paid for.

Only one year later, and the black suit of cloth that he wore on the day of his second wedding was the first encouragement he had ever given to the importer; and now acting to Seraphina's advice he found himself in fashionable tights from top to toe. His hat gave him the headache, his imported suit made his heart ache, while his polished boots almost caused him to cease locomotion. From this time there were no more psalms sung at the homestead, for Patty seemed to catch the spirit of her youthful step-mother, and psalms and hymns were voted unfashionable. Former companions were invited from the village to spend days and weeks at the now inviting farm house, while Uncle Silas now and then found that it was very hard to get along without drawing funds from the institution where he used to make deposits. If he attempted to retrench Seraphina told him fine but not welcome tales of how others lived in the village or the city, usually ending with a request for more means to

help her to support the fashions.

Poor Uncle Silas! scarcely a year went by after his second marriage before all his former dreams vanished, and deep sighs of regret would well up from his heart when he thought of his plain home and the unfashionable wife of his youth; but it was to late to recall the past now, and a few years Debby ever hover about the spot, the contrast to later Uncle Silas did not have to torture himself into fashionably fitting suits of broadcloth, for he completely had familiar objects been changed. The too went to rest under the old apple tree by the side of Aunt Debby; while Seraphina sold what remained of the estate and returned to her paternal home a few thousands richer for her mercenary marriage.

Patty-we beg her pardon,-Miss Martha Bisbee became the wife of one who was worthy, but our pen refuses to indite that she was a type of her mother; the renovated brown house and the influence of the young step-mother had made her also fashionable. Wealth with those individuals produced a very different effect from what it did on Aunt Debby, and I opine from what would have based on the fact that it emancipates the owner of it from the thrall of fashion.

IDLERS AND GOSSIPS

ARE NEVER WELCOME ANYWHERE.

"If ever I wished, prayed for the entire extermination of any fraternity of human beings,"said Mrs. Pease, "it is of that class called idlers, hangers-on, engaging in no honest calling themselves, they don't seem to even imagine that anybody else has anything to do but to listen to their tales of woe and sorrow and poverty. There never does one of these human vampires enter my domicil but I begin to feel the strength of Samson coursing through my muscles, and I can hardly control them from ejecting the intruder from my sight by giving her the benefit of the fresh air. Just as an industribus person grasps her sewing and begins to employ her time profitably, I should like to know what right these idlers have to break in upon you and begin their daily round of rehearing all the ills that flesh is heir to."

Mrs. Pease was a dressmaker, trying to assist her husband to prosperity, and as she uttered the above sentence half aloud she laid her baby in the cradle and took her work that she might gain time while he slept, when as if in confirmation of her words, in comes Mrs. Chaffee without even the ceremony of a ring at the door-bell. The needle drops nervously from her right hand, and with her left she grasps the side of the cradle and rocks it with such force that one might think steam power

had been suddenly applied.
"The baby sick?" exclaims Mrs. Chaffee inter-

rogatively.
"Yes," says Mrs. Pease, and a chill creeps over her and her face lengthens to most unnatural dimensions, for past experience teaches her that an icy bath in January could not be more ungrateful to her feelings than will the coming remarks of Mrs. Chaffee.

"Why, bless me! he is sick," ejaculates the caller, pulling down the bright patchwork quilt that till now iny so cosily over the little sleeper. The cool air coming in contact with the restless one's face, his resentment is shown by a shrill cry that thrills through the mother's nerves as does a

spark of electricity along the charged wire.

"How pale he looks, Mrs. Peere!" she continues "O, what a feeble cry! Poor little thing! (Mock sympathy.) I guess he's not long for this world. Mrs. Patten's baby was taken side the other night

just about his age, and looked very much like "How is he now?" questions the mother with

a trembling lip.
"Oh, he's dead," replies the caller; "died that same night." Mrs. Chaffee, eviness about as much feeling as though a defunct dog was the theme of

hinks they are recovering." Mrs Pease feels so strangely that she don't know whether she is going to be taken from the babe, or the babe from her, and she lifts it hastily from the eradle, clutches its feet to see if they are cold,ascertains they are not, so she takes courage again and says with more firmness, "Well, if our little Willie is very sick we shall have the best of phyicians; and I trust he will not die."

And now Mrs Chaffee goes off on another track aying, "Well, it would be better for the poor little thing if he should die now in his infancy-he would get rid of the hardships of this troublesome She wishes she had died when she was of his age, (Mrs Pease wishes so too) for she has seen nothing but trouble and sorrow since she was born:—And it is my honest conviction that she never will see anything but trouble and sorrow till she leaves off gossiping and makes an effort to be useful in society. If she is poor what right has she or any other individual to idle away his or her time and monopolize the hours of others if they are too lazy or contemptible to make themselves useful? Let them for mercy's sake stay at home and leave others alone who have a mind to employ their time usefully and profitably—the time that God has given them to provide for their own necessities and to work in his vineyard, the great world where be one's situation in life what it may there is plenty for willing hands to do

A word of advice to you, meddlesome gossiper. Could you realize what an unwelcome guest you are in every one's home,—if you have one spark of self respect remaining you will stay beneath your own roof till time the great reformer makes you better. You never will go again to anxious watchful mothers who sit beside a sick or restless babe, and detail with a relish all the harrowing scenes your memory and imagination can furnish, like quack doctor of the modern time who enumerates the diseases in the calendar with a view to dvertise his wonderful nostrum, some all healing Panacea which can cure every one of them.

Don't call on your industrious neighbors early in the morning, or indeed at any time, consuming all the best portion of the day in detailing all the minutize of your domestic affairs, beginning with what you had for breakfast and ending with what you intend to do next summer if your husband nas his salary raised. These things only bring you into contempt among the honest and industrious. and cannot cause you enviable reflections after such

unprofitable visits. It seems to me that the tongue of a gossip is endowed with more than common capacity. I have seen them talk, talk, talk, till my half crazed brain was all of a whirl and almost unconcious that I was created for any other purpose than to hear their everlasting talk. I knew one once.—she was a Mrs. Buzz, and O! how she did afflict my poor Aunt Jane I have known her to drop in of a morning when the thermometer was fast sinking to zero and stand in the door way between my Aunt's kitchen and the entry with her hands braced on er sides, and go on with her domestic rehearsal till my little nervous aunt in her bewilderment seized the cat and tried to put her into the fire instead of the chesnut sticks that lay beside her,hung a pail of water on the crane instead of the good old fashioned dinner pot, and then emptied nto it the pan of mealy potatoes that were designed to grace the breakfast table.

A few minutes later Aunt Jane thinking only of present relief turned the contents of the sugar bowl into the baby's lap to prevent a medley of noises and feeling regardless of consequences so that she could stop misery from one source at least. At this moment MrsBuzz caught a glimpse of my uncle com-ing around the corner of the porch with a horse whin in his hand, and as if conscious of what she deserved she vanished so quickly that a close observer could hardly tell whether she departed erially or bodily into the road. Uncle came in and giving a scrutinizing glance around the kitchen he perceived the singed cat, the scorched water pail, and the baby's cheek distended with sugar he inquired who had been there. "Mrs. Buzz," meekanswered his little wife.

the presence of mind to disappear when she did, mentioned clenched tighter the whip he held in his mentioned clenched tighter the whip he had, and I do believe that if the gossip had been before him he would in his anger have forgotten that she was of the opposite sex, thinking only of the fact that Mrs. Buzz made it a regular business dren, shrink not from duty, for it cannot make you abild better to neelect him. Conto commence early every morning and make all with whom she came in contact as miserable as possible. Uncle didn't say anything more, at least not aloud,—but Mrs. Slater who sat at the further window—doing the family sewing said she heard him mutter an expletive that was never fashionable mong the Puritans.

Well. after all, when I come to reflect seriously don't know but I could forgive a female gossip; but a male gossip, one who will stop his business ton hole and pour into their unwilling ears mean-

ing face, for the fraternity generally are constitutionally polite; but believe me if you could read his thoughts when you are indulging in that incessant gabble and lounging about his office unemployed in anything useful you wouldn't feel flattered: so keep out of there unless you have reasonable business,—or if you do go into the office do your business promptly and pay full price for the newspaper that you extract from the pile on his table, remembering that he has to pay the paper manufacturer, his compositors, his correspondents, o say nothing of the rent of his office often an exorbitant one, and the support of his family, and and—O! an editor's expenses and trials are too numerous to mention, so don't add to his ills by bor rowing his papers and uselessly monopolizing his

I don't know that the editors will thank me for exposing these facts, for they are a patient race usually preferring to bear their trials in silence. A few more words concerning Mrs. Pease and lier caller, and our sketch is ended. Mrs. Chaffee stayed and talked till the hottess nerves were so unstrung that she had no relish for work and hardly any for life, for she fanded that if little Willie recovered now he was liable to be taken at any moment with some other disease and anatched from her with scarcely a warning. But oh! what a re-lief it was to her when her visitor left and she could indulge in tears freely. Half an hour later her husband opened the outer door whistling Yankee Doodle, but how milkly his tune stopped and his countenance cliented when he opened the door that led to his wife said babe, and now Hettle Pease related the calls and remarks of the morning caller.

"Is that all, Hettle?" said the instand bursting

Mrs. Chaffee draws a long sigh (the hypocrite,) into a loud laugh, for he believed in treating goa-and says dejectedly, O, disease comes on so grad-ually sometimes in children, that they are grappling and he took little. Willie in his arms who seemed with death even while the inexperienced mother suddenly to recover from his fatal cold, while the young mother began to think that half of the ills of

life are imaginary.

An hour afterwards the recollection of Mrs. Charfee's call had about passed away from the Pease family, for the husband's motto always was throw care to the winds.

THE TRUE MOTHER, Or, Fast Loung Men.

"A mother is a mother all the days of her life."

Reader, did you ever realize how much meaning there is in that line of an antique song? "A mother is a mother all the days of her life." We are speaking of the true mother, whose soul clings to her offspring with all the tenacity that it adheres to its hopes of Heaven. Watch the mother as she kneels beside the cradle of her babe; see her incline her detective ear to his half closed lips, that she may catch the echo of his soft breathing, and learn if disease be stealthily approaching, and if no fell monitor be hidden there, with what looks of love towards the sleeper does she rise and remove all obstructions to his slumber.

Denying herself the pleasure of meeting with her riends, she remains by his side, and by the gentle motion of the tiny rockers, woos him to longer rest. How her heart leaps with joy when some friend, who can read the mother's soul, praises the babe, and tells of his (all imaginary) wonderful powers! Comments on his broad forehead and piercing eye, his muscular strength for one so young, and prophesies that away in the future the infant will become a vigorous man both mentally and physically. Could the innermost recesses of that mother's heart become transparent now, how you would see love towards the speaker visible in every fibre of her frame! The true mother can never hate any one who loves her child.

Most of the best years of woman's life while in the meridian of existence are devoted to her famly. Sickness and sorrow are borne for them almost without a murmur. For them she toils-her duties and cares endured cheerfully, asking nothing in return save encouraging smiles from those she loves. And does she always obtain the boon she

Ah! would that I could say yes, but I cannot; for here is a type of too many after childhood has passed and they no longer wish to seek maternal care. The bright eyed little Benny is of commanding figure now, smokes aromatic cigars,—has raised a glossy imperial though of downy softness, - pays the highest prices for mint juleps and champagne, —in short he is a fast young man. Talks of his meek loving mother who sits lonely and late watching for his return, as the old woman who tries to be on the lookout for him now as she used to be in: years gone by, and says with a swagger and an oath that she can't come it-he will go where he has a mind to and return when he pleases. Around him are a group as hopeful as himself, and together they swear and drink and smoke and tell how-we use their phrase—they pull the wool over the old women's eyes and will do as they have a mind to in spite of them.

O'Benny! Oh, fast young men! did you ever see a pauper funeral or a pauper's grave? If you have I pray you may have the reflective organia large. I have seen a pauper funeral where the cocupant of the half stained pine coffin grew prematurely old, and so deeply was I impressed with the scene that I enquired of one who stood near meconcerning his history. The stranger told me that the pauper was once a fast youth, who boasted long and loudly of his deeds of daring in lawless sports.

The sacred name of mother never passed his lips unless it was to tell his companions how he had outwitted the old woman, and made her believe that he went to church when he only went to the restaurant and partook of champagne and oysters; but deception will not last always. The bloodshot eye, the unsteady hand revealed a tale that broke the mother's heart, and then the youth quickened his speed in his downward course till white locks lay thin and scattered on the head that was once pil-Oh, wasn't it well for Mrs. Buzz that she had had echoed his last sigh of agony, while his shrunken form lay stretched on the cold damp earth with no for the muscular husband when he heard the name one to care for it—with no one to take it to its last

happier nor your child better to neglect him. Continue to use kind words to the wayward and make home attractive. It is my opinion that the sunshine of love will melt the hardest ice that ever encircled the human heart, but the length of time those flinty passions take to melt will depend very much on external influence. It is not necessary to have tapestry carpets on the floors, glittering candelabra, choice luxuries or gay society to make home pleasant. One! begin early to let acquaintances in the street, seize them by the but childhood enjoy itself in a childish way: don't be afraid to let empty nutshells lie here and there on ingless nothings that consume their time and keep your well swept carpet, nor don't scold at Jenny be-them from their duties, bah! It is my private cause you see her mutilated little favorite scatteropinion that such individuals ought to change sit- ing sawdust all about where you wish to keep it so nations in life with some of those poor beings who nice and clean. You love your children you lapine away, victims to diseases that render them in-bor for them,—yes, and would die for them if need capable of benefitting their race. be; so don't be too neat and drive them away from you go into a printing office and afflict the poor editor who toils early and late to lay before the world husband and children the pleasantest and the pleasantest an new truths or draw new ideas from old facts. That for when once they stray away there are enough careworn, brain-harrassed editor may carry a smill outside who envy others happiness and will gladly show the husband where wine can be bought cheap, or accompany the children to haunts where the sacred name of mother connected only with pure

thoughts is never spoken. This is sketch Number One on this subject: at another time we will talk this matter over again

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