

### [Translated for the Banner of Light] THE COUNTESS OF EGMONT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES JANIN.

The Countess of Egmont was alone in her oratory. To have seen her thus abandoned and silent, one would have been puzzled to say whether she was sleeping or awake, whether praying or in a dream. It was certain that she was very young and very beautiful. She was the only daughter of the Marechal de Richelieu, that man who had so much wit that he was through life thought closely to resemble Voltaire, and so much happiness that he died under 'Louis XVI, after having been the sharer in and the witness of the glory of Louis XIV, and a partaker in the pleasures of Louis XV. By her noble mother, Madame d'Egmont, was de-scended from the Dukes of Guise ; she bore upon her escutcheon the cross of Lorraine and the golden eagles. Her father, who passionately loved her, had married her to the greatest lord of the Netherlands, Casimir-Auguste d'Egmont Piquatelli. By this marriage, the nicce of the great (Cardinal de) Richelieu and of the princes of Guise had become Countess of Egmont, Princess of Gleves and of the Empire, Duchess of Gueldres, of Juliers, of Agrigente, and Grandee of Spain of the creation of the Emperor Charles V. side by side with the Duchess of Alba and of Medina-Cali; in one word, the powerful house of Egmont. descended in the right, line from the sovereign dukes of Gueldres, was all concentrated in Mademoiselle de Richelieu.

Since her marriage with the old Count, the young whe, who at first had been playful and lively, gradually became dull and weary; she who had lately been so proud of the great, names of Guise and Lorraine, scemed about to forget that she was so young, so beautiful, and so highly placed. The Hotel de Richelieu, —I would say, with Madame la Com-tesse d'Egmont. Place at her feet the last wishes, and, if it shall be necessary, the last words, of an old man. Adieu !' young wife, who at first had been playful and lively, Hotel de Richelieu, which she inhabitated with her husband, formerly so brilliant and so full of life, had become as silent and grave as if it were still occupied by the Cardinal-Minister. In short, it was rather the calm and dumb house of the seventeenth century than the palace of a favorite of Louis XV, where dwelt the most beautiful women in the world, at that ardent epoch of temptation. sophistry, love and pleasure. Devogred by ennui, Madame d'Egmont occupied the most retired part of her mansion.

Ordinarily, when Moderne d'Econont wished to be alone every one respected her retreat; her fa-ther himself, the frivolous Richelieu, appeared rarely before his daughter in her hours of silence : he waited until the Countess, restored to herself, court, a woman full of grace and wit, whose smile. voice, look and regal gesture charmed all minds sion. Be, then, worthy of yourself, and of me ; and hearts. For a time, the Countess was a wo- go; the Vidame de Poitiers expects you." and hearts. For a time, the Countess was a woman of the world: she was proud, animated and that age, from the force of independence and cyn- father ?" icism of spirit, saw introduced every day into manto pass away, but of which she had lost nothing, King, than to that of Louis XV; more to the day of Madame de Maintenon, who was dead, than to She was a woman above that all-sensual epoch, the intelligence of which was material; she was the once, even at the time of her greatest joy, she had suddenly fallen into the profoundest reverie; her blue eye became fixed, and her smile was directed to that formless world which is the future of tender souls. They said, when she was seen thus silent and attentive, that she conversed with an invisible spirit. Poor young woman, so much the more to be pitied that she lived in a mocking and sceptical age, always ready to laugh and to doubt -- poor woman, who, a a period of foolish joys and seri-ous pleasures, and of obscene poetry, could hope to be understood by no one,-she, who was a woman, who loved, who suffered, who was a poet, and who confined her poetry, her love, and her suffering in

ners and laws. This young woman, from her intelligence, her spirit, her perfect grace, and that rare elegance of manner which was then beginning belonged rather to the society of the past than of the present, to the time of Louis XIV, the Great that of Madame de Pompadour, who was living. only thoughtful woman of those times. More than

Thus spoke the Marechal; his daughter regarded him with an astonished air; but without darm, as a woman who was taken by surprise, but whom nothing further could interest in this world, and who is ready for all things, the extraordinary as well as others. The Marechal, having waited in vain for a reply,

resumed the conversation.

"You have often heard me speak, my child, of an old gentleman, whom I formerly knew in the army, called the Vidame de Poitiers. You know that he was my friend, to whom I have been under obligation; that he saved my life, since which time I have not seen him. All that is said of him is strange. It is now more than twenty years (you were not then born, my child) since my old comrade retired to a house in the Marais, an old and mysterious place, upon my word. Nothing is heard there during the day, nor is there any light to be seen during the night. If any one knocks at the door, it remains unopened. The windows are fastened, the walls are silent; even the smoke is so discreet as to hide itself; no one knows anything about it. Neither the king, nor the lieutenant of police, nor myself, nor indeed any one can ascertain what passes in that house. They tell a thousand tales about it, but they are but tales. Finally, after twenty years of silence, my old friend the Vidame de Poitiers rouses himself, and writes to me. What he asks of me, my child, be pleased to imagine."

"Me, my father?" said the Countess, a little surprised.

"Even you, my daughter! Listen," said the Marechal, "hear the Vidame's letter:

"1 am about to die, but before my death it is necessary that I should speak with Mademoiselle

The Countess of Egmont was confounded; not that the idea of going to see an old man caused her any fear; but she was seized with a secret presentiment. At first, she wished to treat it as the fantastic pleasantry of the man who made the demand; but what was her astonishment when she heard her father-he who laughed at every thing, and who scarcely had a moment's gravity-positively declare that she must keep the rendezvous

of the Vidame de Poitiers. "He is of a noble and illustrious race," said the Marechial; " he was an old friend of your mother, he was my companion in arms, who saved my ure, he is one of ourselves, and he is an old man who is dying alone: it shall not be said that he implored my charity and pity in vain. Certes, it touches me had become what she was in the saloons and at to see this man make choice of you, my daughter, court, a woman full of grace and wit, whose smile, on account of your fame, to receive his last confes-

"Gol" cried the Countess, "go this evening, beautiful, and careless of all those innovations which immediately; what are you thinking of, my

"Yes, my daughter, go immediately, at this moment-I wish it,-I order it,-or, rather it is the dying who commands you !". "At last," said the Countess, who became more and more frightened every instant,--" at least, Monsieur, I must obtain the permission of M. le Comte d'Egmont."

some gentleman of his time. Thus, when M. d'Egmont saw the Countess enter his library, with a resolute step, he remained silent and composed : it was the first time that his wife had honored him with such a favor. He was then occupied with turning over the leaves of his sections of Papal thunder roared less loud, the moon showed herself briefs, and his collections of bulls he was plunged anew, the wind, which had calmed a little, raged into his dissertations on the Decrytal and the his-tories of Councils; but, at the sight of the Countess, he forgot all the Councils, Decretals, briefs, and col- sounds. lections of bulls; he rose, he went straight to her and taking her by the hand, he vainly sought for a fauteuil where she might sit.

But there were no chairs with backs in the library of the Comte d'Egmont.

The Count, who held the hand of his wife, runs his bell with great force, and soon all the doors were thrown open. At the same moment, and as if he perceived he had no gloves on, he passed his hand under his coat, and Madame d'Egmont, thus supported by her husband, traversed all the rooms of the hotel until they arrived at the steps of the dias. There, M. d'Egmont established his wife on the fauteuil, and seated himself on the second step, his place as Chancellor of Cleves, or as Major Domo of Saragossa the Royal.

Thus alone the Countess could speak with her husband. She first told him of the strange order old hands contracted, as did her toothless and unshe had received from M. de Richelieu to go that smiling mouth. In a low tone she said to herself: night to the house of the Vidame de Poitiers, who The Vidame de Poitiers! And, still standing in was dying; that she did not wish to go there, or at least, that night; or at any rate that she was averse to going there alone. She said all that she could say, the poor afflicted lady; and she spoke long with that charming voice and suppliant ex-pression, with her cheek covered with tears, and with all that terror she felt in her soul; but it was in vain. The Comte d'Egmont listened with as much sang froid as if he were reading a Decretal, or an explanation of a Council; he could not in truth understand, he said, why M. de Richelieu, his father-in-law, should wish the Countess to visit the house of the Vidame de Poitiers; but that, since such was the Marechal's order, it must be obeyed that for himself, he would do nothing, and that he was much afflicted to see Madame d'Égmont suffer. He finished by rising from his scat, and placing his ungloved hand under his coat. He reconducted his wife to her apartments, and, after placing his Decretals and Councils in order, he went out to keep an engagement with M. le Prince de Conde.

Left to herself, the Comtesse d'Egmont saw that she had no other course than to obey her father and her Manual III.

When the gentleman-in-waiting of Madame. In Comtesse d'Egmont had said to her coachman: To the Marais, the house of the Vidame de Poitiers. -the coachman, instead of setting out, remained astonished on the seat of his coach. The Vidame astonished on the seat of his coach. The Vidame de Poitiers !—it was the first time he had heard such a being spoken of. Such were ordinarily the habits of that house, and the order of the visits of —I, who am so miserable and old? What say the Comtesse, that there was not one of her ser-vants who did not know the name of the person The Countess, who trembled, replied to the she was to call on, according to the day and the hour of her going out. Nevertilless, after a mo-ment's hesitation, he decided on whipping up his horses and venturing into the Marais. The heavens since morning had been covered with clouds, which now broke forth in a terrible, tempest, the rain falling in torrents, the streets being flooded, the lightning flashing vividly, and the city deserted; for it is with the Parisians as with those insects which, in the fine coming of summer, joyously disport themselves in a transparent ray of the sun : at the coming of the first cloud, disappear both insect and Parisians. The coachman of the place of a laced page, her white locks floating, Madame d'Egmont had soon gone over the dis- all stiff and strait, and her hideous rags touching tance that separated the Hotel de Richelieu from the Marais. But. arrived in the Marnis, the coachman knew Egmont. not what further to do. Where was the hotel of the Vidame de Poitiers? When its position should be ascertained how was he to find it amid such a storm ? The carriage in this uncertainty went to and fro, the horses prancing, frightened by the lightning i no one was to be seen. Finally, the carriage stopped opposite a certain darkened cabaret, the sign of which floated backward and forward in the wind with a sort of melancholy cry. The footman knocked at the door of the cabaret. The door was soon opened, and from the bottom of her carriage the Countess could perceive the interior of that miserable habitation. All that misery the most hideous could accumulate was to be found in that narrow space: tables stained with liquor, damaged stools, a half extinguished fire, broken pots and dirty glasses, and a ragged carpet covered with the lees of wine I Certes, it was a curious contrast: the brilliant carriage of the Comtesse d'Egmont, her four mettlesome horses, her footmen and her heydruhs, the light of the flambeaux borne by two horsemen who wore her livery and her colors, and that smoky and wretched cabin ; here, silk, velvet, and gold and armorial bearings : there, rags, and the smoke-covered walls for tapestry: in the carriage, the most beautiful, the youngest. and the most elegant woman of the court of France: in the cabaret, a hideous old woman in rags, de-crepit and deaf, who waited on customers by the light of an infected lamp. The old woman, seeing her door briskly opened. had hastened to it, and was standing on the thresh-hold with an air of discontent and bad humor. The lackey of Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont. who was proud as a gentleman, for to wear her livery was no derogation, spoke warmly to the old woman :

tainly have lost patience with the sang-froid of the old woman, had not their mistress interfered. Madame d'Egmont, who was in haste to perform her mission, put her head out of the window as if to speak with her; but, at the same instant the anew, the wind, which had calmed a little, raged again, and the sign of the caberet turned more quiskly than ever on its hinges, uttering plaintive

The young Comtesse, without being moved, allowed the storm to pass; and, when her veil had been replaced and her beautiful looks had resumed their natural appearance, she addressed the old woman, speaking to her with a voice so sweet and a tone so touching, and with a look so full of benevolence, that the latter answered her question immediately, blunt as she was.

"You wish for the Vidame de Poitiers ?"

"The Vidame de Poitiers," replied the Countess ; and, at the same instant, she was struck with the change which had come on the features of the old woman.

In fact, there was an air of profound terror spread over that ordinary impressible visage. At the name of the Vidame de Poitiers, her dull eyes became re-animated and her figure elevated, her the light of the torches, her clothes agitated by the storm, she might, at a distance, have been mistaken for an immense interrogation point. She continued to repeat the question: The Vidame de Poiliers !

Approaching nearer to the carriage, she put her head into the window, and said in an under tone to the Countess:

"You spoke to me of the Vidame de Poitiers ? You did well, noble lady; he is our neighbor. He has been long dead. Listen : It is eighteen years come Christmas night. Eighteen years 1 you could scarcely have been born then. Since that time his house has been closed and silent,---nothing is heard there, nothing seen. Sometimes, for a minute, they chant there the service for the dead, but very low, very low, so that I, who am deaf, can hardly hear it,-very low, very low. Oh, the old renegade! they say that he was all covered with blood: and rocollect that he did not a single charitable action, that he died without a priest, and that he was not buried in consecrated ground ! that he was not buried in consecrated ground: You wish to go to the Vidame 1 They say that he gave his house to the first person who should dare to enter it; and for eighteen years no person has entered it, neither rich nor poor, neither heirs nor mendicants, neither theires nor vagabonds, neither lovers nor any others, except the owl! Do not go to the Vidame's to-night-do not go there at all! What want you of the Vidame? What misfortune are you in search of? What has made you

The Countess, who trembled, replied to the old woman:

Green turf was under her feet, a mild light shone among the trees, and every thing appeared like a beautiful day in summer. The Countess arrived before a sort of rural cabin, or peasant's cottage, with every thing around it that belongs to such a dwelling. She entered it; the interior agreed with the outside: the walls were plastered with quick lime, and ornamented with three or four colored engravings. On a large table, which stood in the midst of this cabin, were to be seen several earthen pots and plates. There was also in this chamber, or rather in this stable, four or five Flemish cows, very beautiful, which were eating together at a rack. All of them lapped the hands of the Countess, and looked kindly at her, as she entered. The lady believed that she dreamed.

Finally, what was it that she saw at the bottom of the table? She saw a shepherd's bed, which was without curtains, covered with woolen cloth and unbleached sheets; and in that bed was an old man in his night-cap, who slept profoundly. It was the Vidame de Poitiers.

You can judge of the embarrassment of this young woman; so many sudden emotions had as-sailed her that day !- her father, her husband, that old hag, that palace so sombre outwardly, and within so brilliant and luxurious that it astonished her, who had been brought up in the luxurious home of the Cardinal de Richelieu; and then that garden in winter, that cottage, that stable and hose cows and the crib; and in that shepherd's bed, the sleeping man, the man who had sent for her, the daughter of the Marechal de Richelieu, the Countess of Egmont, and one of the greatest ladies of Europe! She was not sorry, then, to wait the wakening of the last of the Lusignans, so that she might have time to recall her thoughts. She seated herself on a straw chair, and supportng her elbow on the table, waited quietly. At the end of a quarter of an hour the Vidame

de Poitiers awoke.

The first glance of the Vidame de Poitiers, when ie awoke, was at Madame d'Egmont. He saw her so fair, of a beauty so touching, and of a paleness so full of expression and so ready for any thing, although she could possess nothing; she was so young, and yet so mortal, that he recognized her at once, though he had never before seen her. On her part, she was astonished at the sight of this old man, who appeared as if he had been recalled from the dead for the purpose of saluting for the first and last time, one whom he loved. His head was beautiful. Lying as he did in those unbleached sheets, and wrapped as his body was in a fragment of green serge, in the midst of that cabin, and between two heifers which served as his nurses, it was still easy to see that there was n that straw, and in that bed, some noble remains of the family of Lusignan.

The first look assured the young countess that she had nothing to fear, and her heart was perfectly at ease.

The old man, rallying all his powers, rose in his bed.

As we have said, Madame d'Egmont was alone in her oratory, when M. le Marechal de Richelieu entered. He came in so quietly, or rather she was plunged so profoundly in her meditations, that his coming was not perceived. The old courtier, whom nothing could astonish, stopt indecisively; he was about to retire, when, suddenly, the Countess, starting from her reverie, raised her head, and looked at her father as if she had been aroused wfrom sleep. She was frightfully pale, her eye was insensible and her mouth closed, and her hands were horribly contracted. Another man, less happy than the Marechal de Richelieu, on seeing that distorted face, that forehead covered with clouds, and that horrible palor, would have under-

her heart.

yourself,---if you had not in your veins the blood make of you." (Contraction (Contract)

in south and

"I am not opposed to that," said the Marechal. And he retired, making a profound bow to his daughter.

11.

Madame d'Egmont, left alone, found herself in a fearful state of mind. The mere idea of penetrated into that ancient house of the old Vidame de Poltiers, that evening, appeared horrible to her. All that she had heard of him; and of the mystery in which he was enveloped, rushed upon her memory. Some said that he was shut up for a crime, others from despair; others, again, and these were the hardier spirits, declared that it was not the Vidame who dwelt within those silent walls, but that his soul, and the souls of his servants, there awaiting the eternal resurrection. What could he desire of her? What could there be in common between her and him? and what could she be to him, or he to her?

"My God! My God!" she said, wringing her hands; and this young woman, so proud and so noble, and who had never known fear,-that soul, half Guise and half Richelieu, half from the League and half from the Fronde,-this woman, who had known how to conceal and suppress the sickness that was preying on her heart, which no one had suspected, --- now trembled, and would not obey her father, --- in one word, she avowed it to herself, and if some one had been there, she would have spokeh it aloud,-she was terror-struck. So afraid was she, that she resolved to go imme-

diately in search of her old husband, the Comte Casimir-Auguste d'Egmont Piquatelli.

The Comte d'Egmont was not born to be the husband of his wife, He was; it is true, a gentlestood that she was wounded at the heart; but man of pure lineage, a man of princely origin, --but what comprehension of moral maladies could be that was all. In the eighteenth century, so stirring formed by the Dac de Richelieu ? The Countess soon recovered from her fright; her brows became clear; the color returned to her cutcheons, which they voluntarily erased from their cheeks; her lips moved and became covered with parchments in order to transcribe there books of smiles; she presented both her hands to her fa- philosophy (and they so well erased them, that ther, and her father believed that his entrance ever since it has been impossible to find a single word upon these disfigured parchiments); on all word upon these disfigured parchiments); on all sides the nobles mingled with the people, as if they had always belonged to them; everywhere there as it was in his nature to find in the heart of one formented that spirit of sarcasm and of irony which who had been the courtier and the favorite of the broke through all barriers; gradually had vanity two kings of France most difficult to flatter,— displaced and chased away from its limits, that old when he had receivered from his first surprise, and aristocratic feeling which said to the philosophy of found his daughter herself,—engaging, docile, sub-missive, and full of deference and respect:—\_\_\_\_\_\_\_im that cost the nobility dear.) M. d.Egmont "You will be much surprised at the cause of was of that small number of prudent men who my visit," he said to her ; "and I swear to you, would not give up an inch of ground to the tri-my child, that if it were any other person than umphant revolution, and who hindered none from passing beyond it; but this prudence would have of Richelieu and Lormine, - I should have hest been nothing in the eyes of his young and spiritual tated before naming the demand I am about to companion, if M, d'Egmont had not been the most obstinate, the most ceremonious, and the most tire

"Tell me, woman, where we can find the hotel of the Vidame.de Poitiers."

But the old woman looked at him without re-

plying. "I ask you," said he, raising his voice and ges-ticulating, "for the residence of the Vidame de Poitiers.

But she made him no answer; her looks were the carriage, and she seemed to be unable to with tion of this adventure. She advanced alone and

" It is the order of my father and of my husband and I must go to the house of the Vidame de Poitiers this night."

The old woman was silent, and appeared to reflect; then, without quitting her post, she said to the coachman:

"You will go right around, then turn to the left then to the left, then again to the left, and always to the left. I will tell you when it is time to stop." And again the carriage started. It must have been an odd thing, the sight of that old woman in the pannels of the carriage charged with the cross of Guise, the helmet of Richelieu, and the sword of

At last, the carriage stopped before an immense porte cochere. Both leaves of the gates were thrown open, and the horses entered the court.

The old woman, who had not left her place, onened the door of the carriage threw down its steps, and extended her decayed arm and livid hand to the Countess, who, pale and trembling, descended to the steps of the hatel, which were covered with a carpet charged with flowers.

Then began for the Countess the spectacle of which I am about to give an account.

IV.

The Hotel de Lusignan (thus was the house of the Vidame called) was as brilliant within as it was sombre and sad without. Never had the ancient fairy protectress of that noble family, now extinct, inhabited a more splendid palace, or given a more magnificent fete. Hardly had the young Countess put her foot on the steps of the palace, than sweet music was heard; a gentleman presented himself, who offered her his hand; the Queen of France would not have been received with more marks of homage and respect. The vestibule was ornamented with flowers, carpets of silk and gold covered the stairs, which were filled with statues; immense lustres filled with candles were suspended from the roof; the ante-chambers were crowded with servants in rich liveries, standing ranged in files, who bowed to her as she passed along. She traversed thus several saloons worthy of the palace of Versailles, the one full of pictures, another filled with gothio furniture, and a third furnished after the Chinese manner. All had a brilliancy, a pomp, and an air of mirth and mystery, which quietly recalled these isolated houses, inhabited by indefati-gable and invisible genii, that occur so often in the Arabian Nights.

But that which renders this confusion more striking is, that when they had arrived in the last saloon, the gentleman who escorted the Countess, introduced her into a long and vast gallery, which had all the appearance of a winter garden. He then profoundly saluted her, and retired. Mad-ame d'Egmont, whose curiosity had been aroused directed towards the beautiful woman who say in not less than her fears, wished to see the terminaat hazard into that forest of green myrtles, of rose draw her eyes from her. The people of Madame d'Egmont would cer- bushes covered with buds and orange-trees in bloom. al na chi i a <sub>che</sub>

"Madame la Comtesse," he said, in a low, but clear and calm voice, "I must begin by asking your pardon for having caused you to come here, and for having employed for that purpose the authority I have with your father. But I am dying, as you see; had I waited longer, I should have been dead; and I would not die without seeing you, as I can swear by one who was dear to us both.

At these words the Countess, who had become somewhat reassured, became once more pale and trembling; she immediately understood that there was an invisible tic between herself and this man. She cast down her eyes, and placed her hand on her heart, as if to prevent it from breaking. The Vidame continued his discourse.

"Was he not young and handsome, Madame," said he, "and did he not love you with his whole soul, and did not you; at the bottom of your heart, also love him ?"

Here he stopped, either to take breath, or be-cause he waited for the reply of the Countess; but she answered not. and he resumed in these terms :

"Madame, Madame, I have no time to lose; I know that I must die; it is necessary that I should have done with you, Madame. Therefore, pardon me, and take courage, and have mercy both on yourself and on me!

She raised her head, threw back her hair, and fixed her supplicating eyes on the Vidame. "My God! my God!" she said, "where is he,

Monseigneur, pray, and what is about to happen to him ?"

The poor lady was so excited that she did not The Vidame gave her look for look, and pity for

hity; and then, lowering his voice, he said to her, in tone so low that she alone could hear him : "He is dead !"

"He Countess, shricking, started from her seat. "What do you say ?" she demanded; "who is dead? Can it be that he is dead?"

At the same time she extended her hands towards the old man, who seized them. "Yes," said he, "he is dead-and it is well that

he is dead. There is no longer a Comte de Gisors, Madame, to love you here below. He is dead. And how, I ask you, could it have been otherwise ? He saw you, he loved you, he dreamed of the happiness of being near you, and your father laughingly gave you to another, —and that other! Foor and noble young man! Thus deshoiled of all happi-ness, thus deprived of all hope, thus isolated in the world, thus removed far from you, he departed, to die in a skirmish; and I, who loved him so well, I remain, Madame, to tell you that which you must have divined for yourself; the young Comto de Gisors died for the daughter of Marechal de Richeieu."

When the old man had ceased to speak, the Countess fell back in her chair, and gave way to her grief. But, fortunately, for her, her tears, so long constrained, now flowed. She abandoned herself, as the held in secret. That sorrow which she had The aged man, who seemed to have resumed. his repose, left her to weep as long as she wished.

At last, he resumed, and in a voice so solemn that she was forced to attend to him.

11500

"Yes," he said, "he was a noble youth, of the highest heart and the greatest counge, and, Mad-ame, Le loved you well! Here is a letter which he wrote to me on the night before his death :---

"Love her, and speak to her of me who have loved her! Tell her that I loved her in death! Return to her that which I have of hers: that rib-band, which she lost at a ball at Versnilles; that flower, which she carried; and that handkerchief embroidered with the arms of her house. Behold all I have of hers. And pray of her, for the love of me, to watch over my young brother. He will feel my loss on earth. He will mourn for me with all his heart. He is an innocent; hongst young man, without family, without fortune, without relatives; having only his sword, and destitute even of a name! But she will take care of him; she is so good! She will replace for the younger brother the elder, who is no more. Tell her that I have pledged my faith to this. And now the enemy cometh : I am about to die. Adieu, my old friend, -adieu, adieu, adieu !"

And at the same moment the letter of the unfortunate Comte de Gisors fell from the trembling hands of the reader.

The Countess of Egmont no longer wept, she listened.

The Vidame, seeing her thus attentive, collected all those powers which seemed about to leave him forever.

"Hear me," he said. "The Comte de Gisors, that unfortunate youth who died for you, had a brother, a brother who was not the son of the Comte's father, but who is my son,-a son who is lost, deluded, without a family, nameless,-but still my child. This young man is called M. de He is now a private soldier of the French Guys. Guards. The Comte de Gisors was his support, was to him as a father. M. de Guys is alone in the world; Gisors is dead, and I am about to die. Will you accept the Count's legacy? Will you take his brother to your mercy? Will you, a noble young woman of twenty years, be a mother to this young soldier of twenty-five? Will you be the tutelary angel of this nameless child? Oh, say that you will! In the name of M. Gisors, who died in battle for you, say so; and also in the name of the old man who implores you, the old Lusignan, who supplicates you, oh, noble lady, to aid him in repairing his fault! Say that you consent, say it, and I shall die in peace; say it, and I will bear the news to the Comte de Gisors! In the name of mercy, charity and love, say, Madame, that you will do what I ask !"

The young Countess replied : "I accept the legacy of the Comte de Gisors." The old man said :

"And you will also accept the legacy of old Lusignan ?"

She answered :

"And also the legacy of old Lusignan." Then the Vidame took from under his pillow a small casket, embossed in gold, and of rich and

beautiful workmanship. " I'his," he said, " contains all the fortune that I can give to M. de Guys, to my son, to the brother of the Comte de Gisors; will you convey it to him?"

The Countess took the casket in silence.

And will you promise me, Madame, that when I shall be no more, to give it to M. de Guys, with your own hand, without telling him from whence it came; will you promise that this young man shall see you, -for it is necessary that he should see you, even if it be but for one moment? For, if you cannot see him, take this casket and throw it to the first beggar whom you shall pass on the highway. But you will promise me to convey it to him yourself, will you not, Madame ?"

The old man seized her right hand, which he pressed to his head and his heart. With the same white hand which he bore to his dying lips, he made the sign of the cross. The countess withdrew her hand. The last of the Lusignans was dead.

When the lady came to her recollection, she found herself in her carriage, with the precious casket by her side. The old woman who had guided her to the Hotel de Lusignan, requested her, in a supplicating voice, to have her put down

and the rules of etiquette of the Louvre. A wo- that do good in secret. Thus, gradually, the con-man equally veiled, bore the end of the veil of versation between the two friends gave way to a

1.1

Madame d'Egmont. Strange thing! That third veiled woman had M. de Guys became more thoughtful than ever. been for a brief period soveriegn mistress of the court

the king, and by favor of the crape that shrouded her. That woman, all black and bent, had given to the eighteenth century the signal for pleasure and wanton love. She had led the dance on the bad

Marie de Parabere, who, once so tiattereu, so tor ed, so envied, was now too happy to bear the veil of "Look 'there, my friend," he said to the young "Look 'there, my friend," he said to the young

Thus Madame d'Egmont found herself placed soldier, "Look there, upon that old sorceress. Do between Madame Louise de France and Madame de Parabere. The one had passed her life in the Guys? The occasion is fine, and such another you Christian virtues, which she had found under the will not have in a life time." drugget of a Grey Sister; the other had devoted her existence to lawless pleasures. The one by wanton mirth, her belief was fifty years at least behind her age, The old wor and the other had been twenty years in advance of concerted, said to Greuse : Madame de Pompadour, The eighteenth century In fact, is represented neither by the virtue of the of a good adventure?," Grev sister nor by the profilizacy of the courtezan. And she extended her dry and fleshless hand to That century, in its most pure and amiable accep-tation, is seen in Madame d'Egmont, that young woman who loves, who is loved, who sacrifices her-self to her birth, who weeps for a lover in silence, and who walks with even step between virtue and

vice, lady of honor to the one, and having her train bearer in the other. The service for the dead soon commenced. As they felt little for the queen, who was dead, and as this was one of those official mournings that drew forth none of those tears that flowed so readily when Bossuet was in the pulpit, and all delivered themselves up to the paradoxes of a genius that moved both court and city, the funeral ceremonics of the Queen of Portugal resembled most courtly funerals. The great object of all those women in deep mourning was to see after absolution, Madame d'Egmont pass before the catafalque, and there make one of those reverences, so full of grace, which were so much admired in the chapel of Versailles. And in fact, among the women who had preserved the secret of that charming reverence, a la Fontange, which is lost with so many other inferiorities not less to be regretted, the Court of Louis XV assigned the palm to Madame d'Eg-

mont. All the court, then was impatient to see Madame d'Egmont salute the catafalque, and already, she had advanced under the mortuary dais. Her step was so elegant, her figure so charming, and her whole appearance so fair and admirable, that of the Vidame de Poitiers, and there await our orunder the deepest veils all would have recognized her. All at once, and at the very moment when she was about to salute the coffin, at the very moment when all eyes were turned upon her, she stopped in the middle of the choir. It seemed as if an invisible force had rooted her to the place, motionless as marble. It was an instant of great terror in that church, which had been filled solely for the purposes of a vain ceremonial. For a time all things were suspended even the chanting of the priests. The silence was terrible. They could not see the visage of the Countess, but from the fright which her whole person exhibited they could easily divine the palor of her face. Nevertheless, her in a most unfortunate state. This, then, was every one remained motionless, watching for what the brother of the man whom she had loved! She was to come.

and great ladies, were four French Guards who tween the brothers the resemblance was striking; had been placed at the four corners of the funeral canopy. These young men, dressed in rich uni-forms, and supporting arms, held the places of four upers of honor, and no more attention was paid to them than if they had been four columns of the called to mind the oath she had taken to the Vi-to them than if they had been four columns of the called to mind the oath she had taken to the Vicatafalque. The courtiers of Versailles lived dame de Poitiers on his death-bed. She had promamong and saw only themselves; how could ised to the dying man to see M. de Guys herself, they pay any attention to four guardsmen standing to speak to him herself, to place in his hands, with as sentinels ? Some old ladies had had their atten- her own, that fortune of which she was the deposition attracted to a young soldier who stood first tary. But how to see him, where to see him, how to the right, motionless, for he was a beautiful to speak with him? How should she keep her

All at once an aged woman entered the painter's

wanton love. She had led the dance on the holy and of the youngest and most beautiful of women.ruins of the seventcenth century; she had replaced Greuse, who loved so well long and silken locks, Madame de Maintenon; she had dared to be queen purple and pouting lips, large blue and humid eyes, and wanton, the first in France to be so, to lead the who made so handsome and laughing, and so brillife of a great lady and a courtezan. That woman liant, the women of the eighteenth century.had been the object of the most chaste and innocent Greuse, seeing this wrinkled and bleached woman, affection of the Regent Orleans; that woman was Marie de Parabere, who, once so flattered, so lov-should paint her ! could not help bursting into loud

At this the artist gave way once more to his

The old woman, without being in the least dis-

"And will you paint my portrait if I will tell him

wards the handsome soldier; with a solemn air...

"Yes," answered Greuse, "yes, old lady, I will paint your polymit, all tawny, hairy, and wan as it will be, if you till tell him of a fortunate adventure." And Greuse, charmed with the idea, rose from his seat, and took M. de Guys by the arm. "Come then," said he, "and learn the secret of your destiny"

your destiny.

And he drew him up by the arm.

"Take care," said the old woman to Greuse, " take care of that diseased arm ! That young man was wounded the other day."

"How ! wounded !" said Greuse ; " you injured and yet tell me not of it!"

"Oh!" resumed the old woman, "he was not wounded by the blow of a sword, which he would have forgotten in a day; it was a more profound injury, and one which went to the heart, was it not Monsieur de Guys?"

At these words the young soldier roused himself suddenly from his stupor :

"What would you say?" he cried, " and how know you that I was struck to the heart ! Who was she? I held her, all black, and all hidden under veil, and I saw her not! Ah! you are right in say-

Then the old woman, leading him to a corner of the room :

"You must," she said, "when night falls, to-morrow, come to the Marais, at the corner of the house ders."

M. de Guys was thunder-struck.

The old woman turning to Greuse, who understood nothing of this strange scene :

"Monsieur," said she, "I hope that now you will not refuse to paint my portrait!" And she departed, as proud and as ragged as

she was when she entered. When she was gone, Greuse looked at his friend,

and saw that it was not necessary to ask his secret.

#### VIIL

Let us return to Madame d'Egmont. We left had found in the sentinel at the catafalque that

The most astonished of that crowd of courtiers | noble M. de Gisors who had died for her!-for be-

youth : hardly eighteen years, tall and slender in oath ? Oh, Gisors, Gisors ! figure, with large and melancholy black eyes, and But, as she was a proud and noble woman, misa pale and thoughtful face, he was from all ap-pearance a gentleman; and, undoubtedly, it was a by surprise the Countess, resuming her first grief, strange freak of fortune that had made him a simple sent the old woman in search of M. de Guys; and soldier of the Guard. But these observations had as she wished not to be known to that young man, been made by few persons, if by any, and now, at nor ever to see him again, she caused him to be this solemn moment, the hesitation of Madame d' conducted by her messenger to her poor cabaret. Egmont, as she stood arrested in the middle of the There, scated on a miserable chair, her elbow supchoir by an unseen power, attracted all the inter- ported on an oaken table, M: de Guys, the guardsest and attention, at least all the curiosity, of that man, found himself in the presence of Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont. You must picture for yourself the astonishment and respectful admiration of the young man, and simple soldier, that living statue, placed by chance | how he found her fair, noble, and worthy of all reas one of the necessary ornaments of the cenotaph; | spect-I shall not. When she saw him, Madame it was him, motionless as he was, and with fixed d'Egmont raised her head, and, with the greatest and grave look, as if obeying orders, who first per-simplicity, but also with the greatest calmness, she spoke thus, the youth standing upright, and in an "Monsieur," she said, "a person who need not pavement of the church. Then he forgot his or be named, and who is dead, requested me to be the ders and precipitated himself towards her. Good executor of his will, I could not refuse the office. heavens! it was time: the Countess of Egmont | Behold in this casket a fortune which I was to place in your hands with my own. The wish of the tes-

Prance, all those who had the honors of the Low / They loved me as I was," I mumured to my. vre, and who were actually of the King. In the self, "and they shall find out for themselves wheth-midst of that Court, so distinguished for beauty," or Lam better worth loving than formerly." natural grace, and spirit was that king whom Vol-taire alone could draw. The dinner began imme-romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet, diately after the king's arrival.

State - East of the and a state

diately atter the king's arrival. The public of Versailles, admitted to see the king ficart. It was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my dine, entered by one door, and went out by another describing in its mpid march a quarter of a circle yet the eight of the little toy strangely thrilled me, around the great table. I had forget to say that Madame d'Egmont was seated at the right of the eight of the eyes of others, it was but a small plain the king.

Allat once the movement of that growd which passed in silence before the royal table was suspenpassed in silence before the trained by respect, made ing smile on a beautiful face low words of welcome ded. A light murmur, restrained by respect, made ing smile on a beautiful face low words of welcome itself heard. All looks, which had been turned to a happy home, and a sweet smiling face a group wards the king, were now directed to the place of merry children to climb my knee-all these dewhence the sound came, and there every one could lights were hidden within that little ring of gold! see, opposite to the king, and with his look turned towards him, fixed immovable, and nailed to the same place as if by a supernatural force, a man, a soldier, of fine figure, young and handsome, of a noble presence and charming face, perfectly graceful, and almost as handsome as the king himself. As I have said, he was motionless, lost to himself,

and silent. He had recognized Madame d'Egmont. There was a profound silence. That intelligent king, Louis XV, had soon comprehended why it was that the young soldier remained on the same spot, and motionless. The except of the Guards came up, and M. de Guys was violently removed from the hall; but still his look was immovably fixed on the same place, and there too was his soul Madame d'Egmont, seeing M. de Guys, rudely removed by the Gardes du corps, was unable to suppress her feelings, and uttered a bitter sigh. Poor

It required all the spirit and good nature of the king to withdraw the noble lady from her imbar-rassing position. He approached the exempt of the guards, and without looking at Madame d'Eg-mont, but speaking with sufficient loudness to be heard by all: ady! she forgot that all were looking at her ! It required all the spirit and good nature of the heard by all:

"Monsieur," said he, "release that young man; he has been surprised by the grandeur of things, I wish that he should go in peace." Then he added :

"Perhaps it is the sight of the queen that has troubled him."

And looking towards the queen with an adorable smile he bowed low to her.

X. From that time M. de Guys saw Madame d'Eg-mont no more. • To punish himself for having compromised that noble woman before the whole court, he died by his own hand. Some time afterwards Madame d'Egmont herself died, keeping the secret in her soul, if secret she had. To whom could she have confided that sad secret? Neither her husband nor her father was capable of understanding her. It was only the King who could do that. Madame de Egmont wished to put an end to so much secret sorrow : she died.

Such is the history of that soldier and that great lady, a touching history, and one of the utmost simplicity; a history of the purest and most chaste love on both sides. Do you know of anything more interesting in the world than the love of Madame d'Egmont for the noble Comte de Gisors, which concentrated itself on an abandoned child ?

And, as in those days there where philosophers who wrote history, so history has, nothing more mpressive than the story that Madame la Comtesse d'Egmont had interviews with a handsome soldier who took her for a woman of the middle class. In our day, this story has furnished the subject of a vaudeville, which is marked by all the graces and inventions of contemporary spirit.

## MARY MOORE.

CHAPTER L All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All ny life, too, I loved her. Our mothers were old playmates, and first cous-

ins. My first recollection is of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which re-

posed a sunny haired, blue eyed baby, not quite a in this dear sanctuary of home ! year old. That boy was I, myself-Harry Church ; that blue eyed baby was Mary Moore.

· · · ·

The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating

circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps; by its elegance of the heautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me how much was embodied there! A loy-

### CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded, and sun bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company were assemble there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on.

But no-a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one, when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small

"What is your name, my little one ?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time), and answered, in a sweet, bird-like voice-"Mary Moore."

"And what else ?" I asked, quickly. "Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my bayish rival, who had often tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me ? This was his child-his child and Mary's!"""

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And, hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely. I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice say-

"Do you wish to see my father, sir ?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her s moment, and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms, and said-"Lizzie, don't you know me ?"

"Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and wel-comed me home with heartfeit tears T Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the wayworn wanderer! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all way not yet lost, and, though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me

There were four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the Later still I see myself at the little school house, blue eyed child whom I had already seen, and who heavy window curtains that fell to the floor. When the first rapturous greeting was over Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home, my boy," he said, with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I should never have known you; but no matter for that-your heart is in the right place, I know." "How can you say he is changed!" said my mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older, and graver, and more like a man, than when he went away-but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is

at her noor abode.

The Countess took the old woman to her house, and, in descending from the carriage, the aged creature, joining her hands, said :

"May the saints of paradise-pray for her !"

VI. The Countess d'Egmont passed an agitated night. How could she give the casket to the young man ? How speak to him? What should she say to him ? After reflection, she resolved to confide to the curate of Saint Jean-en-Greve, who was her confessor, all that she could make known of this history, so that she might have a witness of her interview with the soldier of the French Guards, or at least give her good counsel.

All the night was passed amid a thousand projects, inquictudes, and terrors. Now she saw the young Comte de Gisors all covered with blood, who turned towards her his last look. Then appeared the old Vidame de Poitiers, who reminded her of Her solemn oath. Again, the uniform of a young French Guardsman would appear between the shrouds of M. de Gisors and the Vidame de Poitiers. 'It was a night of fear, of remorse, of shud-dering, and of incredible trances, a veritable nightmarc. One time it seemed as if she had been seized by an icy cold hand. At the contact of that hand, she started up. This time she did not dream.

Three women all in black-long black robes with interminable trains, long black veils, and great black cloaks, so that it was impossible to see their faces-stood by the bedaide of the Countess. So many things had happened during the last twentyfour hours that she had forgotten that she was that morning to assist at the obsequies of the Queen of Portugal, who was said to have died of poison, as they said of all royal deaths. These three ladies came after Madame d'Egmont, to conduct her to Notre-Dame. They were Madame la Duchesse de Mazarine, Madame la Comtesse de Tesse, and Mad-ame la Duchesse de Brissac. You can judge if the Countess, beholding these old and austere dames all robed in black, who had suddenly roused her from her slumbers, was not seized with fear and trembling !

The women of Madame d'Egmont, however, now entered her chamber. She was taken from her bed, dressed in mourning, and set out for Notro-Dame in company with her visitors.

That day the whole Church of Notre-Dame was hung in black. Mesdames, the daughters of the King of France, assisted in person at the obsequies of the Queen of Portugal, Her Most Faithful Malesty. All the great ladies of the court had been invited to participate in the lugubrious ceremony. The mourning was led by Madame Louise de France. Madame d'Egmont, in her quality of Grandee of Spein, served as lady of honor to the Princess, and bore the train of her mantle, or rather the head of the veil which covered her whole person, and which trailed the length of fourteen ells, when, on entering the sanctuary, Madame d'Eg-mont let the end of it fall. As to Madame d'Egmont's veil, that was only the length of thirty-six royal feet, neither more nor less, according to usage

assembly, called together by the etiquette of mourn-

It was, nevertheless, that same young man, that ceived that this veiled woman who stood immovable before him, trembled, that she was about to attitude of the deepest respect. fall and that perhaps she would be injured by the fell senseless into his arms.

main, in the fourth story, two young men were serve some recompense, I pray of you to forget scated: the one, young, lively, and laughing, was employed in putting the last touches to one of those She rose to depart. charming portraits which made the fortune of the painter of the eighteenth century, remarkable for de Guys remained motionless, lost, and asking of its Flemish tints, which have lost none of their vivacity and coloring even to this day. The young The sound of a carriage departing roused him artist was called Greuse. The young soldier who from his reverie. But it was not until he had open-Guard. Greuse worked on, from time to time turning his looks from his picture to his friend.

At last, seeing that the soldier was bent on maintaining silence :

"What is the matter with you!" heasked, "and whence comes that brow of care ? What great misfortune has fallen upon you, my friend, that you are so sad and dejected, you whom I have known as a child of joy and pleasure ? "

"Alas !" replied M. de Guys,-for it was him. "Alas! Most unfortunate is he who has no other strange and singular age; royalty is yet in all its parents than pleasure and joy. They make an un-force, though it is about to decline; subjects are faithful family. You know well that I have never still profoundly submissive, though they are on the known any other; and now my relatives, joy and eve of revolt. It is necessary to recall the ancient pleasure, have abandoned me, though why, I can splendors of that Court in order to obtain an idea not tell. They have left me, and I am more sad, more orphaned than ever before."

And as he was in a confidential mood, M. de Juys recounted to his friend how, formerly an in- Never, perhaps, had the Countess been more beau-Visible protector had watched over him, prodigal of tiful, more brilliant, or better dressed. She wore gold for his worst follies, and coming to his assis- a grand satin habit covered with golden embroid-

tator was that you should be wise and fortunate, He knew that it was not necessary to wish that you VII. In a painter's atelier in the Faubourg Saint Ger-

She rose to depart.

She went out. The door closed upon her. M.

was with him appeared to be plunged in a profound ed the rich casket, and had touched with his own melancholy, which made a grand contrast with his hands the fortune that had come to him, that M. de dress, which was the uniform of a soldier of the Guys would recall to himself, in a less confused manner, the vision which he had seen. Then seeing that he was all alone, his heart beat quickly, and he burst into tears.

IX.

(in the

If this history does not appear too strange to you, you will pass, if you please, with me, from the poor cabaret in the Marais to the brilliant Court of Louis XV, on a great reception day. For it is a

of the Versailles of Louis XV. That day, Madame d'Egmont had been taken to Versailles by M. le Duo de Richelieu, her father. gold for his worst follies, and coming to his assis-tance on the most difficult occasions; and how all at once, this protection had been withdrawn from him, and he found himself in the condition of a ohild abandoned to the public meroy. Greuse list-tened to these confidential communications of hill friend with the incredulous smile of a man who has never had an invisible protector, who has always protected himself, and who has no belief in people esses, Grandces, of Spain, wives of Marshalls of

drawing my little chaise up to the door, that Mary now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his might ride home. Many a beating have I gained hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked sister, and, in a distant corner, to which she had her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafores. How elegantly she came trip-ping down the steps, when I called her name! how heavy window curtains that fell to the floor. sweetly her blue eyes looked up at me ! how gaily rang out her merry laugh. That fairy laugh ! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips! I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth -I followed it through the heated noon of manhood-and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in grey hairs, I am following its music still. When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my

ife came upon my heart. I was sent to school. and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not my boy still." to see each other for three long years 1 This to me, "Ay, mothe was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things, after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my ninetcenth year. I was no longer awkward and But I kept down the beating of my heart and th embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender strip-tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I look ling, with a very good opinion of myself both in general and in particular. If I thought of Mary "You have changed, too Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments-never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a sad coxcomb, know ; but, as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say, that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following May. I uttered one sigh to the mem-ory of my little blue eyed playmate, and then called myself a man again." "In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled

away from our door-"in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and, if Mary is as pretty as shoused to be-why then, perhaps, I may marry her." And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me-never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that, had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Perhaps, in the scented and affected student she might have found

"Ay, mother," I answered. sadly : "I am you boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like: boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to hav wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think f the better."

"Oh, yes\_thank you for that compliment," ) answered, with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells p I grow handsomer every day.

His wife !-- could I hear that name and ke silence still ?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he add lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her cri son check. "I tell, you Harry, there is not a another in the world. Don't you think she low very much as her mother used P"

"Very much !" I faltered.

"Very much " I natered. "Hallo !" cried Frank, with a suddenness t made me start violently. "I have forgotten to troduce you to my, wife. I believe you and used to be playmates in your young days-Harry P" and he slapped me on the back. " the sake of old times, and because you were here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss once-but mind, old fellow, you are never to peat the ceremony. Come-here she is, and I once want too see how you will manage those cious moustaches of yours in the operation." He pushed Lizze, laughing and blushing, tow

mel A gleam of light and hope, almost too zling to bear came over me, and I cricd out, be and design

I thought-"Not Mary !"

It must have betrayed my secret to every or bettet mut anteied student ale inght nave johnd plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, T should have perhaps found I was mistaken. India was mistaken. India was my salvation, not merely because of my mosting the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the furned the fair cheek of the young wife, the fair of the woice, the you no welcome to have to he wife the fair the fair of the you no welcome to have the the fair the fair of the you no welcome to have the the fair of the you no welcome to have the

# BAN NER OF LIGHT.

"I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words-and yet how blest they made mel' I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown !" For there was the happy home group, and the dear home fireside, and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine; and the sweet face I had so longed, and prayed to see, was there before me -more beautiful, more womanly, and more loving, than before! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came!

Many years have passed since that happy night and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning grey. I am growing to be an old man, I meant to tell you when I begun; that is a sort of and can look back to a long and happy and, I love story, in which the Major and myself were in-hope, a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon me in my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so P At heart, I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old, nor change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then-for love still lives above.

Written for the Banner of Light. The Tory Preacher and the Young Major;

Or, Church Discipline in Olden Cime.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

It was a warm, sultry afternoon in August, one of those quiet, happy days when even the grashopper and butterfly seem weary of play, and take an afternoon nap under the shade of some green leaf, King George, and that 'we might be his true and or enjoy their golden dreams in the fragrant cup loyal subjects.' But Safford was a staunch repub-of some summer flower.

. The high road is travel-worn and dusty, and every shrub and bush by the wayside seems weary of the heat, and drooping beneath the weight of man, and when the former, with all his dignity and dust. Nought looks cool save the dark woods in dignilies viz., powdered wig, three cornered hat, the distance, and the weary pedestrian longs to and silver knee buckles, walked the streets, Saf-turn aside, cross the little rustic bridge which spans ford never bowed, but walked straight along, as if the brook, and rest awhile under those wide-spread he scorned obcisance to one who would bend the elms, which stand like sentinels at the entrance of knee to an earthly king. But he still continued to the wood. But the cares of life call him away, and go to meeting, and would sit as patiently through he must plod on amid the toil and dust and fever the long sermons, and loyal prayers as good old thirst of this world, until evening brings its dark- Deacon Burr himself. The truth was, this same ness and rest. Not far from those trees, at the end Deacon had one daughter, and a prettier girl than of a green lane, stands Father Morris' cottage. It is plastered and whitewashed upon the outside. The fragrant hop, with its luxuriant foliage, and light green blossoms, has covered the gable-end of of the house, and ambitiously climbed to the very roof, while the little door-yard in front is filled with flowers and vines. They look as if tended by some more tasteful hand than that of Father Morris, who has spent a great part of his life in the camp and battle field. Ay! there is the little fairy who presides over the garden. She has just wheeled her grandfather's arm chair under the shade of the grapery, and is now seating herself upon a stool by his side. How carclessly she brushes those rich brown curls from her forehead, and how coaxingly she looks up into the old gentleman's face.

"Now, grandpa, I've done spinning, and put all things in order, grandma is asleep in the bedroom. and aunt Sally has gone to the sewing society, now won't you tell me a story of old times?"

", Father Morris sat leaning upon his large ivory-headed cine, his white num so tong that is in-touched his shoulders, and his mild, blue eye full of quiet enjoyment as he gazed upon this pet of his old age, his favorite grand-daughter. He patted her gently on the head, and was about to comply with her request, when the sound of the village bell was heard, and its slow, monotonous tones told of death. Alice stopped, the smile passed from her countenance, and turning her head in the direction whence the sounds came, she raised her forefinger towards her grandfather, as if to say "don't that would frighten the worst boy in the village, for speak," and commenced counting the strokes of the he was the tithing man, that terror of rogues. But old gentleman, who was deaf, sat watching her patience of the old gentleman was nearly worn out. ty-eight l

you, for it is a long story, and would puzzle your little head; but to make it short, ye see, the folks over the Hudson thought they had a claim to the lands this side, and they sent out to England and obtained, as they said, royal authority to their claim. Then they sent officers here with parchment rolls, and papers they called deeds, and threatened to turn us out of our homes, and from the lands we had with so much labor cleared,

Well, the Green Mountain boys, with Ethan Allen at their head, determined to resist, and you know, for you have often heard me tell how they fought."

"But speaking of those times remind me of what

At these words Alice dropped her knitting work, though it was not in the seam needle, and looked up with much interest, "in which you were interested, did you say, Grandpa ?"

"Yes, child, when I was young and foolish, and easily taken with a pretty face; and the love part would not be worth repeating now only as connected with the courage of the Major."

"Oh, tell the whole, grandpa. I don't like half stories."

"Well, well, don't interrupt me, and I will proceed. I said the courage of the old Major. It requires some courage to enter a battle field, and stand there as a mark to be shot at by the enemy, and feel that your body may be food for currion; but to defy the minister in his pulpit with all his church to back him, requires more still."

"I thought it was a love story, Grandna."

"Have patience, child, and I'll come to the *pint* at last. Well, you see, our minister was a tory, and though he didn't say so in plain words, I've no doubt but he believed in the divine right of kings. At any rate he had a great deal to say about the 'powers that be, being ordained of God,' and he always prayed for our lawful sovereign as he termed could he have had a chance. So there grew up a mortal enmity between the parson and the young Polly Burr never entered a village church ; or I might say graced a palace. She had a roguish black eye, and her hair curled naturally; you never saw it in paper, even in the morning, and then she was so neat and trim in her gingham short gown, and white dimity petticoat, and at meeting, she looked pretty enough to make a young man's heart ache.

She was the belle of the village, and at quiltings and paring-bees, and dances, she was the life of the company. I had long had my eye upon her as the choice of my heart, but there were so many that went to see her on Sunday evenings, it was seldom that I could find a chance to speak with her. But I was industrious and prudent, saving all I could earn that I might have a pleasant home to offer. The deacon; too, favored me, and seeing I was of a ateady turn of mind, often invited me to his house. But young Safford, it seems, all unbeknown to the deacon, loved her also; but he was such a wild, bold youth, and moreover, so at sword's points with the minister, that he never is a direct bir of living start is a living start by sundry little attentions, noticed only by Polly herself. Now it happened that the deacon had with great labor cleared a patch, and planted it with corn. It was growing finely on the new rich land, and the young ears were already formed, and promised a fine harvest, but for several successive Sundays there was great destruction in his cornfields. In vain he made scare-crows and set traps, and even put one of his old coats on a pole, a sight ell." It was a long time she thus stood, while the the next Sunday the mischief was repeated, till the countenance attentively. Turning towards him But he belonged to a church remarkable for the rig-at length, she said, "ninety-eight! It must be old idity of its tenets, and the strictness of its discipline: to have permitted any one to stay at home to watch a corn-field would brive been considered a henious offence.

man? Constable Chapman, arrest this man and hold him prisoner until further disposal can be made of his person." - dut

Poor Safford was thunderstruck ; he had intended no harm, but in his eagerness to display his prize, and supposing service over, he had hastened towards the village. It had not once occurred to him that he was a church member, and as such liable to censure.

He knew that it was wrong to absent himself from meeting, but he thought the offence would be pardoned, because of the benefit conferred. Seeing he was about to be taken prisoner, he at first resisted, but recollecting that he was in the hands of a legal officer, he thought best to submit quietly. His confinement, however, was short and another mode of punishment proposed. -

During the week a church meeting was called and young Safford cited to appear thereat, and give reasons why he should be not be excommunicated from the church for his high-handed wicked-ness. The deacon was present, but Polly was nowhere to be seen. When her "father pro-posed so summarily to dispose of her hand, her now! We were a happy, joyous band! How first thought was of Safford, and knowing his bold could we know that in after years, clouds would and daring spirit, she felt sure that he would win. Poor girl! She little thought of such a sad ter- that first the shower, then the storm with its wild, mination of the affair. To be excommunicated chilly blast, should sweep over us, leaving with us, from the church, was, in the eyes of that little nought but desolation and despair,-then, death ! community, a most grevious infliction. Such unfortunates were considered as losing caste, and were ranked among pagans and infidels.

Safford pleaded his own cause with all the eloquence he could command. "In voin did he contend that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, he spoke before judges determined to condemn

He was accordingly commanded to be present on the next Sabbath, when the sentence would be read. In the mean time the lovers had an inter-Poor Polly could do little else but weep. view. Her father said nothing, but looked stern and displeased.

"But you say, Polly," repeated Safford, "that if I am not excommunicated, your father will consent ?"

he thinks the Bible condemns church members marrying non-professors, and he would not dare to pull away the rank grass and weeds, and plant give his consent to our marriage, if they turn you out

"But I tell you I am not going to leave the church; that tory minister will find that he cannot manage me so easily."

"But it is already decided," said Polly, "the papers are already made out, and to morrow it will be read."

"They will not read it, trust me, Polly;" and thus they parted.

Sunday came, and with it the whole congregation to meeting. The whole did I say? All ex-cept young Safford. But when the afternoon service was about half over, he entered, his gun loaded with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge box pail heaped highest with berries, when we wanon his side, and his knapsack of his back with six days' provisions in it. He marched into a corner and there took up his polition. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Parson Goodman began to read the excommunication, but he had with Bessie, everywhere. He was, by far, the bandesmest hed in all the district. Perhaps it was not proceeded far when Safford entered the aisle in his martial array, cocked and levelled his pistol, exclaiming, "Proceed if you dare! Proceed, and from the oldest to the youngest, we all liked him you are a dead man!" The poor minister over- better than we did the other boys. There was whelmed with astonishment and fear shrunk behind nothing of the appearance of the "country ploughhis pulpit, and handed the paper to one of his deacons. He, trembling from head to foot en-deavored to obey; the same threat was repeated, and Safford added, "Desist and march, or you are all dead men! I will not leave this house in shame." Not many minutes chapsed before the studied, reamed, and played-together, should still house was detered in a sent the story, put the sole occupant. He locked the sole occupant. He locked the soor, put the So years came and went! We had all of us, at keys in his pocket, and sent them the next day least grown a trille older, if not wiser, when we keys in his pocket, and sent them the next day with his respects to the minister. He thus remained a member of the church, in "good and you're away in strange lands !" cried a merry voice. regular standing,"until the day of his death! Deacon ["No, indeed! not L. By my faith, not one of those Burr received such evidence of the perseverance of bright eyes shall escape my mem'ry !" Harry was his self-elected son, that he dared not refuse his leaving us! I shall never forget that hour, as we consent to the marriage. "And, grandpa, didn't you feel badly," said little

Alice.

There's your Aunt Sally coming up the walk from the sewing society; she'll have a batch of kind to us that night, for he kissed us all as he left news all fresh from the manufactory, he replied ; us. "I shall come back when I'm a great man!" 'rin and meet her."

### Written for the Banner of Light. SCHOOL DAYS; A Glimpse of Past Time. BY ACLARE RITCHIE,

School days ! School days ! How they come back to me; as I sit here by the dim firelight, this chill stormy night! Like Virginia Townsend's "memory bells," the remembrance of them is stealing softly down into my heart, and I can hear, now that I'm alone with my soul the sweet voices of the dear departed, wanted unto me by the night-wind. I was a gay, laughter-loving girl then, though the weight of many years is upon me now, and they tell me I am growing childish again; though my hair is silvery white, and old Time has ploughed the furrows deep on my forchead. (Oh, yes 1-I was young then with no care or sorrow to blight my hopes, or shadow to darken the life-path before me, appear on the sunny skies of our life dreams?that first the shower, then the storm with its wild. Well! so it was ! Yes the old school-house, just at the foot of the hill, once held a merry group. Sweet Alice Merton-" our Allie," as we called her -with a sad smile always resting on those spiritual features; so studious, and always the first in our little class,-we followed her, to her grave in "Maple Vale" years before I left school; and I can recollect now, how timidly we looked up to the Squire's son, who stood by "Allie's" grave so moody, and the dark shadow resting on his noble features. as though some huge grief were bowing down his soul. I can just recollect it-how they whispered the older girls to the younger, that "Squire Eustis" son, in less than two years to come, was to have wed our English violet, and transplanted her to his own home." In the spring, we planted "He cannot help doing so," she answered. " but flowers upon the little mound-and so we left her! But I'm thinking there are no gentle hands now, sweet flowers there; or lay the fresh wreath of evergreen, entwined with the red berry of the mountain ash, over the little gray, granite stone at the head! "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well !" Then there was haughty Isabel West, with her cold, gray eyes, who always came among us when we were at play, to "freeze our souls, 88 little Bessie Winters used to say. We had no sympathy for 'Bel, and in a year or two she left us, and went to school, in "the great city," and we lost sight of her. But Bessie Winters, with her sunny brown hair and dark roguish eyes,-she was our idol! It was "Bessie" that always took the lead in our nutting frolics, that got the little tin handsomest lad in all the district. Perhaps it was his beauty that charmed us; be that as it may,

boy" that characterised the others-in fact, Harry was our ideal of a gentleman, Now that I've grown older, I wonder how it came to pass that we could give up Harry to Bessie so easily, but it seemed perfectly natural then, that they who had parted with Harry. "Don't forget us, Hal, when stood under the "big oak" by the old mill, and bade him good-bye. "Good-bye!" I've spoken many a farewell since, but that comes up "the greenest spot " in memory now! He was alike We knew that,-that Bessie would wait for him too; but we did not know that she would wait in vain! Years sped quickly by after that. But in the coming of those years, Harry's comrades smoothed his last pillow beneath his head, received his parting words—"God help poor Bessie!"—and the noble-hearted sailor-boy was at rest! Well! they brought us the tidings of Harry's death, and brought us the things of Harry's death, and gloomy sadness flung its dark mantle over our lit-tle circle. This was our first great sorrow. "God help poor Bessie!"—and He did help her: for He took her up there where "Hal" was, and we blessed Him for it ! Her joyous step-how soon it grew slow, and lost its lightness. "Bury me by the meekly over the silent heart, then buried her there. Far out at sea this wild night, Harry's form lies in its coral bed, the sea-weeds entangled in the wavy chestnut curls, the night-wind singing a mournful requiem over him. And the great waves come lashing up against the little grave by the shore, and the surging billows are chanting a symphony, above her who has gone to meet him. I can see your beautiful eyes, Bessie, in the burning coals before me, and I can feel your parting kiss, Harry, upon my withered cheek, now, as I sit here with the old memories crowding upon my soul. Have ye come from the land of the "Beautiful Hereafter," to guide me thence? Not yet! not yet! A. few more days, and the palsied hand will be weaker, and the tottering step yet more slow! Yes! God will call me then. Now lay your soft hand on this trembling arm, Bessie, --- look down into those dim old eyes, from which the lovelight died out long ago, with yours so spiritual, Harry! Only a few more days and "the weary soul is at rest!" Like a "Peace ! be still!" to the troubled waters of iny soul, have yo come, ye gentle early-lost, to-night!- No dark valley for me! Oh, no! I've trod that here! The faith ! the faith ! God's angels are bringing me that, and the journey through—the Cross borne, the Crown won! God help us all!

Written for the Banner of Light. AN IRISH LEGEND, BY ANN E. PORTER.

8

Not far from the banks of the Shannon, in the county of Limerick, is "St. Patrick's Well," far famed for the efficacy of its waters. In sight of this are the remains of a castle and abbey, situated on a little eminence, destitute of shrub or tree,

Centuries have passed since these old stones formed a fit dwelling for brave soldiers and holy monks. There was a dense forest then, and the abbey was shaded by huge oak trees, that have now lain so long beneath the soil that they are turned to bogwood or turf.

Long after the castle had fallen, and the abbey, known only by its crumbling stones, a poor woman came here with a little boy, her only child, and dwelt in a cabin not far from the ruins.

All her earthly treasures were comprised in her boy, a cow and a little land. Patrick (he was named for the saint) was a deli-

cate child, and very unlike most Irish boys, who are generally wild, rollicking little fellows.

He was not fond of rude play, but liked rather to sit at his mother's feet, and spell out his lessons in "Reading made casy," getting all the aid he could from his mother, who was but a poor scholar herself.

Heaven had denied him riches, but gave him such a love of music, and so sweet a voice, that it seemed when he sat in the old stone arches of the abbey, and sung his little songs, as if some cherub had come down, and was chanting the holy psalms from some of the golden clasped missals of the old monks.

He sung when he sat in the cabin door by day, and when he was sleeping, snatches of sweet music would waken his mother, who would say : -

"Patrick, me darlint, wait for the birdcens in the

morning." But Patrick did not hear her, for he was fast sleep, and was singing with some dream angel.

But the more he sung, the more thin and pale he grew, till his mother looked at him in sorrow, and was afraid she would have to lay her little darlng by the side of his dead father.

The waters of St. Patrick were not of use in his ase, and his mother gathered herbs and made syrups, and worked hard to clothe him warm in winter; but he grew more wan and weak, and seemed fading away like flowers in Autumn.

In the long rainy days, when he could not go to the abbey, he sat upon the cabin floor at his mothcr's feet, and they would sing again and again the little ballads which they knew.

Soon Patrick's voice was so weak that he could not sing at all, but he would try sometimes, and when his voice failed, and he could only whisper, he would lay his pale, thin hands on his breast, where he felt the pain, and say, "when Spring comes, Mother, I shall be strong again, and sing with the birdees."

One evening Patrick's mother went out to milk her cow. It was not by the door as usual, and she searched for it until she came to the "Ruins."

The animal was quietly feeding there, but Patrick's mother came near, she made for the Abbey. The woman followed, when suddenly the lark and ruined cloister became a splendid apartment with furniture of the most beautiful descripion.

The cow passed on, and another apartment appeared, glittering with gold and precious stones. Here, too, were groups of little children, fair and beautiful to look at, dressed in robes of sea-green ilk, with garlands of flowers around their heads. Our little fellow with curly hair and dimpled cheeks, had a tray on which were tiny cups of crystal filled with milk, while a little girl followed with a similar tray filled with delicious fruits-the tiniest of golden hued oranges, drops of limpid honey on shells of pearl, and vases of fragrant flowers.

In a few@minutes the little ones began to dance, and sweet music filled the place. The poor woman gazed round her, delighted with the scene, when suddenly her eyes fell upon her own little Patrick, who was playing upon a golden harp, and singing as if his heart were full of gladness. His cheeks were rosy, and his eyes bright, and his flesh plump and fair, like one who was no longer sick. Patrick's mother ran towards him, holding out her

Major Safford." "Grandpa-grandpa," she repeated in a louder voice, "it must be the old Major, for there is no one else in town so old.".

But the old gentleman had fallen into a reverie. From the length of time which the bell tolled, he new for whom it rung those sad notes, and his they are Indians f" heart was now busy with the past. Memories of As he spoke he other days, of days when the blood circulated wiftly through his youthful limbs, and he could stood before the fire, watching the puffing steam poast of health; strength and vigor-scenes of from the tea kettle, and looking somewhat sad. trife and tumult, of battle fields and council chamers, of tyranny resisted, and independence

chieved. All these were connected with thoughts bles lately, I have been bothered by two or three of his friend, who had just passed from earth. young men who want you for a wife, now I have a What a depository of relics must an old man's mind to say that whoever will shoot or take pris-theart be! Not buried Pompeii or Heroulaneum oner the thief that steals my corn, shall have you present more subjects of thought than one-human for a wife." heart, could we look beneath the lava, rubbish and Polly loc dust with which years and intercourse with the world of disposing of her hand, but the next instant have covered it. The crustis often deep and hard there was a roguish twinkle in her black eye, and to be penetrated, but now and then an opening is turning to her father, she said gaily, "a bargain if made, and we have a glance at the depths beneath: you please." She very well knew who would be It was thus now with Father Morris, and the wise first upon the field, and whose courage and perse-man, had he been there, and looked at the shat- verance would be the most likely to hold out longtered hopes, which, like beautiful ruins were seat est, "But will you keep your promise, Father?" tered over that life, and at the stranded wrecks "I wouldn't have it said that the deacon of the upon the shore, would have exclaimed anew, "All church ever told a lie; so I say it now-whoever is vanity and vexation of spirit." But poer Alice will shoot or take prisoner the thief, shall have thought only of losing her story. Seeing the mood of her grandfather, she sat down by his side and "This conversation was overheard by the hired

not disturb your young heart with sad thoughts. But the very next Sunday, when Parson Good-Go bring my pipe, and I will tell you a story of old man was saying, "the ninth head of my discourse," times, but it shall be about this same Major Saf- the congregation were startled by the report of a

So lighting his pipe from' the embers of the kitchen fire, she returned with her knitting work mothers. But what was our surprise when fairly and resumed her seat.

"You see, Ally," said the old man, after taking a few whills from his pipe, and knocking the ashes therefrom, holding it in his hand a moment, and glancing at his snug little cottage and garden which rustled amid the shrubbery like a birds nest in the green leaves of a tree-"You see, Ally, matters were not always as pleasant and peaceful mouth, half filled with the yet, unchewed corn, as now. In the early settlement of Vermont The poor deacon stood mute with astonishment, there were stirring times amid these green hills, and it was not without many a bloody fray and a rash yow. fierce battle that we settled down so quietly under The minister was the first to break silence. His "own vines and fig trees," as the minister says in Indignation at being disturbed in his discourse, and his prayer."

"I declare," said the old deacon one Sunday after sundown, " we shall lose all our corn unless we catch those rascally thieves: who knows but

As he spoke he accidentally glanced at Polly. She sat in a corner of the great oak settle which

"Why, Polly," said the deacon, with more ani-mation than usual, "among all the rest of my trou-

Polly looked up in surprise at this novel mode

of her grandfather, she sat down by his side and leaned her head upon his knee. The trembling hand was by the power of habit involuntarily laid upon it—but the touch recalled his wandering thoughts, and he said: "I must follow soon, Ally. My old companions in arms are almost all dead. My armor is worn and rusty, and I must soon lay it aside, but I will met disturb your yourg heart with said thoughts. "Bit the year next Sunday when Pareon Goode."

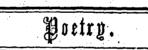
ford; I can think of no one else this afternoon." "I'd rather hear about something else," thought Alice, but she never thwarted her grändfather's wishes. tumbling over children and a screaming of their landed upon the green, to see young Safford drag-ging with all his strength a huge bear that to all appearance had just breathed her last.

"I've caught her, deacon!" he should ; "I've aught the rascal at last!" he repeated; "and baught her too in the very sot, you can see for yourself," he added, pointing to the distended for he recollected that, Jepthah like, he had made

his anger at such an open violation of holy time, ""You had to fight the Indians, I suppose," said were at boiling point. He exclaimed in his oudest Ally, Ten times worse than that, dear child, we had to fight the York tories. I cannot explain it all to not that you are breaking the laws of God and

12

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THE TWO ANGELS.

Affectionately inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Jairus Josselyn Tyson Farnace. Vt.

With radiant forms and starry eyes, And robes like clouds at anmmer even, Two little Cherubs from the skies Come freighted with the dews of heaven. I see them seek their former home, And round that home a radiance fling, And such sweet strains of music flow. Such strains as only Angels sing.

We loved the flowers of carth, they sing, We loved the bright blue sky, But we love the flowers that Angels bring, Still better for they never die. We loved to live in our first home Our childish tones were filled with gleo, But better still where Angels roam-For all is light, and glad and free,

We loved our parents in that home-We only love them better now .-And Angels teach us how to come To cheer them when in grief they bow. To bid them know that we are near When most the heart feels sad and lone Two Hille Angels hovering near. Their own forever, -- all their own, o

And Ohl wo're gathering bright sweet flowers To bloom for them in our bright home, And Father. Mother, in each hour, We're whispering to thy spirits-come. To turn the weary eyes to Heaven. When earth seems cold, and dark, and drear, And know though every the seems riven, Thy "little ones " await thee near.

So sweet and clear the volces rung, It seemed 'twould reach the parents' ear, And bid them know that Angels sung-That their own Angels too were near And then like morning dow (that falls To bless the flowers at summer even.) Obodient to some spirit's call-Exhaled in beauty unto Heaven.

difficulty and peril, not for pleasure or for gain, ex-practical teacher of mankind, and the world would peoting to suffer, anticipating every possible priva-be void without her. Man is a wreek wanting hertion, prepared to die, and to be moved to it for hu-manity's sake, and for the noble love of knowledge-that is a splendid sight wherever you behold it. It is not common. It is licroism. It marks a man above the common level of his kind. It reveals a spirit well of affection that no age can freeze 1 She is a superior to comfort and gain and instruction. The life the more celesical than to reserve the light of a spin of a spirit well of affection that no age can freeze 1 She is a superior to comfort and gain and instruction. It life the more celesical than to reserve the light of a spirit well of affection that no age constitution to confort and gain and instruction to confort and gain and instruction the more celesical than to reserve the prime and the common lovel of his kind. It reveals a spirit well of affection that no age can freeze I She is a superior to comfort and gain and safety. It lifts the more celestial than terrestrial being—charming and thought of all beholders out of the ignoble rut of amiable as a girl, dutiful as a wife, and glorious as pleasures and monoy-making, ekhibits a spectacle of a mother. She is the balsam of man's life—the old chivalry, raises the human mind into at least his faithful counsellor and pillow. She can impart a temporary and a practical sympathy with lofty daring and the self sacrifice of a brave and true of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life. She is indulgent, greatly needs such shocks of the heroic cares or misfortunes, and the bitter blasts of element. element.

#### WOMAN.

Woman is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is, there is a paradise ; where she is not, there is a desert. Her smiles inspire love, and raise human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. Her sweet and tender heart gives life and Taus Hanonsu.-To concolve of, and deliberately soul to dead and senseless things. She is the ladder plan and enter upon, an undertaking of extremest by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the adversity.

arms, and exclaimed, "Oh! Patrick Mayourneen!" when suddenly the room became dark and cold, and she sunk to the floor in a swoon.

When she opened her eyes, she found herself ying at the door of her cabin, and the cow quietly waiting to be milked. But she left her pail, and went in to tell Patrick the wonderful sight she had beheld.

He was lying upon his bed, with his eyes closed, his hands tightly clasped upon his breast, but his ips were parted as if he had been trying to sing.

When his mother spoke to him he made no answer, for little Patrick had gone to sing with the ingels.

#### THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

There are certain good works to accomplish which t is permitted the young girl to leave the domestic anctuary, and, if necessary, even to throw aside that reserve which should characterize her age. Does it not belong to her to instruct the ignorant, to console the poor, to exhort the sick, to visit the widow and the orphan? Go, my daughter, go without hesitation, and may God be with you. The young girl who assists lier mother in her household a duties—who lends her arm to support her aged father, who reads the Bible to her younger brothers and sisters; how I love to behold her in the exercise of domestic and out-door charities, paying to the unfortunate the most delicate attentions, which a they receive from her with double gratitude fourprised to see her devote to such a use the goods that so many others believe are given to them solely for the purpose of lavishing upon the world and its pleasures.

FRANCE.

One-half the area of France is cultivatable, and of this nine parts are meadow, four and a half parts vineyard; fifteen parts woods and forests; fifteen downs, pastures and heaths; the remainder consist-ing of roads, cities, canals, vegatable gardens, &c. It presents every variety of geological formation, exhibited in almost every variety of known relations. All the departments, eighty-five in number, contain mineral substances. There are thirty-six coal fields in thirty departments, and the annual produce of coal exceeds 3,000,000 tons. France is surpassed by England only in the production of iron, twelve mines of which are in operation. Three hundred thousand porsons are engaged in mining, and their operations show an annual value of \$80,000,000.

Schools are provided for only about one-sixteenth of the children, and the aggregate annual revenue from all sources is about \$180,000,000, while the national debt is over \$100,000,000.

#### BULES OF LIFE.

1. To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others.

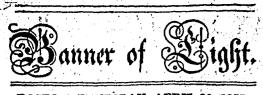
2. To believe nothing of the kind till absolutely forced to it.

3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4. Always to moderate, as far as possible, the uncindness which is expressed towards others.

5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1857.

Office of Publication, No. 17 Washington Etreet.

TERMS. - - Two Dollars per annum. - - One Dollar for six months. One Copy, One Copy, Olubs 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, 1 6 From the above there will be no variation. Money sent in registered letters, will be at our risk. LUTHER COLBY & CO., Publishers. CHAT WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR THANK . are due to ROSETTA KLEIN, for the sketch from the German, entitled Mozant, published in this Manber. We shall be glad to hear from her often.

ACLARR RITCHIE, is welcome as the flowers of May. Read the little sketch entitled School DATS, on the third page.

THE TORY PARACHER and AN IRISH LEGEND, by Mrs. ANN E. PORTER, will be found exceedingly interesting, and well written. I LITA, Providence, R. I. We shall be very glad to hear from

you. True poetry is always welcome.

WANTED .- A Clairroyant medium, and also a good test medium. Apply to Dr. Hayden, No. 5 Hayward Place.

ERRATUR .--- In sixth line from the close of the article on the sixth Page, entitled "The vision of the Spectacles," read dissipated in . place of disaffected.

#### A FREE CITY HOSPITAL.

By all means, let us have one. All the principal cities of Europe and the United States, have long been furnished with such establishments. In Paris the hospitals are furnished with over thirteen thousand free beds. In New York one hospital alone has over six hundred beds on which six thousand persons are accommodated in the course of a year, while Boston has but a partial interest in the ninety beds of the Massachusetts General Hospital, which are for the use of the whole State.

We are glad to see that a Committee of the Board of Aldermen, prompted by the Mayor's Address, have reported in favor of such an institution. The Committee, however, argue against the plan of an entirely Free Hospital, on the ground that many mechanics and others in poor circumstances revolt from the idea of being considered as paupers; and from such, a remuneration, however small, should be received. But to those who are unable to payto the laboring man, and his family, temporarily prevented by sickness from obtaining a livelihoodto the domestic, and to the stranger, it should be strictly a free institution.

Now this is all very well as far as it goes, the difficulty to be avoided being simply this. When a patient applies for admittance into a hospital organized upon this basis, it will be necessary to ascertain precisely how poor he is, and the exact amount of what little he may have accumulated during his period of health, necessary to support his family during his sickness. Very few mechanics depending upon their daily labor, and rearing up Framilies in these expensive times, are able to acoumulate a surplus, sufficient for themselves and their families during a long attack of sickness, and a wide distinction should be made between them, and those who, from idleness or improvidence, become charges upon the community.

A man stricken down by an act of God. can hardly be called a pauper in the true sense of the word, and it would be the highest degree of injustice to treat him as such, and therefore we think the fewer bars and restrictions there are placed about an institution of this kind the better. A hospital is only a refuge for the sick and wounded, and therefore not to be viewed in the light. of a Poor-house. For what are strictly paupers the various cities and towns of the Commonwealth provide accommodations-a hospital is an institution of an entirely different character : and care should be taken that its inmates are looked upon and treated in a different manner. Those who are able to pay and seck its accommodations, should, of course. pay; but if by doing so they deprive those depending upon them of the necessaries of life, the benefits of the institution would be of little service to those it should especially assist, the toiling, hardworking mehanic and laborer. Let us then have a Free City Hospital. Let it be erected in a cheerful, healthy place, and when erected, lef the utmost care be taken in the selection of those who are to minister to the sick and the afflicted. Let each sufferer, whatever his state, be as tenderly watched and tended as though he were "born in the purple" and was heir presumptive to a crown or a coronet; and so shall we fulfil the Saviour's words, "I was sick and ye visited me."

prise and exertion ; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts! My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little frolic. children."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

FAST DAY. Fast day was observed in much the usual waywith a stronger tendoncy, however, towards fun and

The members of the Legislature, with their invited friends, set off on an excursion to Plymouth, and a "right good time" they had of it. We can vouch for that, by these few lines which appear in

From those interesting sketches in the Independent entitled "Roamings on and about the Seine," we the report of their trip-" they first visited the cut the following damper upon the aspirations of 'Samoset House,' one of the most elegant hotels seekers after literary reputation :-" The Quais, cel- in the State, and furnished mine host Tribou with ebrated as a special feature in the architectural a rather unwieldly family for one man to manage ; complexion of Paris, present on that point a sight but it was proved that Henry was not be frightened out of his responsibility by any inordinate demonof matchless originality. From the Palace of Legisstration of numbers." These who attended that lation to the Hospital of Hotel Dieu-a distance of famous Cushman Celebration, where the Davis Hall about two miles-you see nothing but books, books, and books, all along and on the parapet of the river. dinner was so very shadowy as to compel them to call It is the Republic of Letters in all its glory and dis upon friend Tribou for something rather more submay. There stand the mighty volumes of the En stantial, will heartily endorse the opinion of the legislators. The party, after deciding that "Fast Day " cyclopedia, the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alambert, precursors of the new era, and look and the "Samoset House" were twin institutions, and that they themselves deserved for their discrimlike battalions brandishing "the word that killeth," ranged, in endless rank and file, along the banks ination a re-election next year, in order that they that seem to form the conquered ramparts of Legitmight once more have a good time in Plymouth, reimacy's stronghold. What scene this to behold to turned to Boston fully prepared to talk away the remainder of this session, in confident expectation of the "All half preafter !" The Clergymen paid little attention to Gov. Gardthe preux Chevaliers of the old regime, who must cross this bridge-to them a Ponte dci sospiri !

This strange army of militant volumes, lodged and ner's recommendation to refrain from political billeted, like distinct regiments, in square, barracklike boxes, may, however, inspire awe to others, bepreaching, except now and then to pour a running sides the men of whom it was said that "they have fire into His Excellency, as a saucy privateer would learnt nothing and forgotten nothing;" and the into a man-of-war when confident that her heels are mind of a literary tyro may well feel troubled also too long for the thunderer.

at seeing the fate of those invalided heroes of knowl-But the boys, they had the best of it. On the edge. "What sight, sir, for an author who dreams Common all was joyous hilarity. Ball playing, of immortality !" observed a man, who stood near leaping, racing and other kindred sports were in me and was looking over the bridge at that market full blast. The Star and Thistle Club were out in of second-hand books. What sight, indeed ! I know full force. Little children, some of them just totof none that would more impressingly remind one tling around on their tiny feet, were coursing over of the warning, Memento mori! Most of these "Chilthe velvet green ; and around the Frog Pond were dren of the brain " came into the world with pretengathered an interested concourse of spectators witsions more or less, but always rather high, and had nessing with delight the sailing to and fro of a numa very good opinion, indeed, of themselves. Many ber of little boats, owned and sailed by the lads who of them out, no doubt, some figure, and-no circle are to be the ship owners and ship masters of the being of a central genius of its own making and re next generation. To be sure there was very little flecting radiance-were the admiration of " a select of the spirit of fasting or humuliation in all that few." There may be some that boasted of princely multitude, but there was a vast amount of innocent. approbation and royal honors. And now there they rational enjoyment; and if with that there was are, all standing closely packed, like beggars on a to any degree a recognition of the great author of cold winter's day, and implore the charity of the these enjoyments, we are not sure but this service passers-by. "A sou, only one sou, if you please !" may have been as acceptable to God as the more for the prize essay on Fame by an academician, who formal, sedate service of the sanctuary. has "seen better days," and was one of the forty But what would those old Puritan founders of geese whose quills defend the Capitolium of Science

'Fast Day " say to such an observance of the day? Is the age progressive of retrogressive?

#### CONSISTENCY.

The Traveller contains in one of its columns, the following words respecting a case now upon trial in the Supreme Court :---

"We have nothing to say as to its merits, but we believe we express a common opinion when we assert that all such disputes as that which our Supreme Court is now called upon to settle, ought to be decided elsewhere, and so privately as to furnish no food for morbid curiosity. 'People should wash their dirty linen at home,' an eminent authority declares; and if there be anything more proper than another to settle demestically, it is a domestic diffiwill be fed with disgusting details. Matter of the foulest nature will be furnished for an additional chapter to the scandalous chronicle already so filled with shocking incidents. It cannot but be regretted that what has been is irreparable, and that an evil which might have passed away should have been made matter of permanent record."

Now mark. Upon glancing your eyes along the pages, you will find those columns filled with this 'food for morbid curiosity." Is not this consistency? And the Traveller has no excuse for the publication of such filthy stuff-it is rich-independent -powerful. It has lately swallowed a number of papers, and boasts of its circulation being. "far ahead of any daily two cent paper in Boston." Why then should it lend its immense resources to disseminating such poisonous stuff throughout the community? Ah, gentlemen, proprietors of the need Fast day to attend to their private sins." it does not become you to stand erect and with hypocritical faces, thank God that you " are not as other men."

MOZABT. rations. Who is there but has at some moment, in |oil. some scene, felt this inspiration; and yet how few are so organized as to retain its impressions amid the jar and din which succeeds it. This " beautiful and impressive dream" comes to most of us, but alas, is not so stamped upon the memory. The out of tune by its own passions, or by contact, with the selfishness and neglect of the world, and so the inscription upon the humble stone in the graveyard only speaks of what might have been :

"Perchance, in this neglected spot, may rest

- Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire: Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
- Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

Mozart the inspired Gorman composer was born at Balts burg in 1756. He composed music when but five years old, and appeared in public as a planist in Munich and Vienna at 6 years of age; and at 7 shone as a virtuoso (on organ | only evil. and plano) at Paris and Versailles. In 1764, when 8 years gent circumstances.

The following extract is from a letter written by Mozart to a friend who had requested an explanation from him, as to his proceedings when composing, and while working out his great ideas. He writes : "I now come to the most difficult part of your letter to reply to, one that I should prefer leaving unanswered, for I know not how to explain it to you; however, I will try, even at the risk of exciting your merriment. When quite alone, and in cheerful mood, perhaps riding in a carriage,---taking a stroll after dinner,---or at night when I cannot sleep, then do my best thoughts flow in streams. Whence and how, I know not, nor can I provent them; those which please me, my memory retains, and I hum them over: at least so others have told mo melody after melody comes to me, from each of which I can take a part to make up a whole. My soul becomes ant- tions. I allude to her original play of Francis let. mated, (that is if I am not disturbed) the harmony increases the whole, he it ever so long, is really almost completed in selle de Belle-ish, the product of her maturer years. my head, so that the whole is after wards perceptible to my mind, at a glance, as it were, as one beholds a beautiful pic- play I myself felt called upon to reject, as being, in ture,-not in succession, as it must afterwards be performed, but all together. This is a feast indeed | All this passe, within me like a bea tiful and impressive dream ; but the hearing of the whole together is an indescribable delight What has proceeded thus far I do not easily forgot, which is, perhaps, the lest gift of all with which God has endowed me. When afterwards, at my leisure, I sit down to write I do but take out of the sack of my brain, what was previ ously collected therein, it is theref re soon brought to paper, for as I before observed, it is in fact already finished, and seldom differs much from what it previously was in my head. I can, therefore, bear to be disturbed while writing, it matters not what is going on around me, I continue writ ing, and can at the same time converse about my chickons and geese, or upon any like interesting topic."

the grass a chance to grow, run about on the paths. The following interesting sketch was translated and shortly you will have fine fun plucking the from the German for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. | daises." The smile comes back to his face and as he Rosetta Klein of New York: It is particularly re- bounds on, we pursue our way happier for having markable in the extract from the letter of the great imparted happiness to him. Yes ; it is true, the composer, proving that all great thoughts are inspi- angry waters are not smoothed with vinegar but A Charles and the second

Dramatic and Musical

FANNY KENBLE IN A NEW PHASE. The lady who mind, conscious of its own powers, is often jarred defines Shakespeare "as she understands it," and puts on tragio airs in the fashionable stores of the city, it seems is above the profession of her family Doesn't the veteran manager give her a "fatherly" talking to? Read :

FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER ON THE STAGE. TThe New York Evening Post states that the Rev. Henry W. Bellows of the Church of All Souls, in that city, having accepted an invitation to speak at the approaching Dramatic Fund dinner, in defense of the stage, we understand Mrs. Kemble has written him a letter, protesting against such a course, and pronouncing the moral influence of the stage evil and

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

old, he visited London, where he composed and dedicated In reading over the above paragraph, I could not six sonnets to the Queen of England. In his 12th year he help being painfully affected by the thought that composed an opera for the Emperor Josoph of Austria, and when prejudices against the stage are dying away, directed an oratorio at Vienna of his own composition. In when even clergymen have not hesitated to raise 1769, at the age of 13, he visited and astonished Italy, the their voices in favor of the legitimate purposes of Pope decorated him with the order of the golden spur, and the drama, a daughter of the stage should be the one he was elected a member of the Philharmonic Acadomy at to aim a blow at the profession to which she owes Bologna. This great genius died at Vienna in 1792, in Indi- the position- she now enjoys. She might, I think. have remembered that her father, her grandfather, her uncles and her mother, were all actors, and nothing but actors, and to their merits as actors were indebted for the consideration and respect with which

they were treated in public and private. I will not enter into a discussion of the question of the moral or immoral tendency of the stage; the public is the best judge of that; but I, as a theatrical manager, may fairly protest against Mrs. Kemble's assuming the right of cen-sorship in the matter, recollecting as I do Mrs. Kemble's career on the stage, and especially the two contributions which she herself has made to dramatio literature; both of them I regret to say singularly remarkable for the boldness of the language, the immorality of the plot, and the license of the situawritten when she was twenty years of age ; and her and extends farther and wider and more distinctly, until translation of Alexander Dumas' Drama of Mademoiif not of her chastened judgment ; and which latter my opinion. somewhat too strong for modern notions of refinement and delicacy.

It really does seem rather inconsistent " to use no stronger expression) that a lady whose introduction to this country was decidedly based on her dramatic talent, and whose present success certainly is built on the reminiscences of the histrionic talent of her. family, now, when she has (no doubt wisely) abandoned her ancestral profession, should stand forward to destroy it, and so to strike a blow at the very means of subsistence of its humbler professors.

- "But 'tis a common proof That loveliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber upward turns his face, But, when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Look in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend."
- I am, dear sir, very respectfully,
- Your obedient servant THOS. BARRY.

EDWIN BOOTH .-- In the dearth of theatrical news, the following sketch, taken from the Gazette, of the life of this round act in new nerforming at the Pase ton, will be found intersting :- The introduction of genuine merit is always a pleasant task, and in us. we can fancy a fair face looking out, sparkling penning a few lines in regard to the young man, not yet 25 years of age, who opens at the Boston Theatre on Monday eve, we do so with the earnest hope that the high expectations which have been formed of him, by the admirers of his great father, may not be disappointed. Sept. 10th, 1849, Edwin Booth made his first appearance on any stage, at the Boston Museum in the unassuming part of Tressel, his

father being the Richard. So far as any judgment in this instance, we gladly ramove our glove to grasp your could be formed of him, it was of a favorable nature. He acted a few times with his father about the Atlantic States, and then went to California, where he commenced the profession in carnest. His rapid rise in it is unequalled in the history of the American stage. In a State where, it may not be generally known, the stock companies comprise fully a many artists as our own, he made himself a very great reputation. Visiting Australia, the same success awaited him. Last fall, being prevented by the unfinished condition the Broadway was in fron opening in New York, he made his debut in hi native city, Baltimore. The press at once pro nounced him, without a solitary exception, a grea actor. Thence he went to Washington, Richmond Pittsburg, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Mobile and New Orleans. In every city he created a sensation, an the details of his triumph at New Orleans ar familiar to all. He now awaits the verdict of Boston audience. Mr. Booth, though young, is n assuming novice, but served a thorough appres ticeship in a stock company, and learned his profe sion."

Familiar Netters.

### KIND WORDS.

s strongthon the heart and nerve it for its destined shock with selfishness and bigotry. The following note, from which, as it lies before with the beauty of the soul of which it is an emblem, tells its own story. We need only say that it is a reply to the first of our "Familiar letters," and enclosed material encouragement :---

ANSWER TO "INTRODUCTORY "- "SCRAPING AC-OUAINTANCE."

TO THE EDITOR :--

Ab I yes, it is very pleasant to "scrape acquaintance" and extended hand, well knowing that our fingers are not cold enough to freeze, or even to chill the warm blood that cir culates through your veins, or retard the out-gushing of words spoken from the well-spring of kindness. While youinvite us to lean on your arm, we heartily assent, and humbly pray that they may never get weary and hang down ; or your hand become powerless and refuse to inscribe subjects pleas ing and instructive. We hope you will meet a cordial reception from every one on whom you propose to call, and that you may gather sympathy, money and friends. We wish von a pleasant ride on the Car of Progress, and as it rolls onward, should you meet some obstructions-should you stumble against a few rocky foundation facts-or a few hard fundamental truths, that may not address themselves very favorably, it will be but momentary-wait the result-the track will soon be clear and you will land amid rich treasures, and rejoice in your laudable efforts for the presentation of truth. "Scraping acquaintance!" the term falls familiar and friendly on the earl" In the rugged pathway of life, where spring so many thorns, and where, bloom flowers, so fresh, like vise, how various are the individuals who greet us ! How necu liar the impress on each face, revealing the character of the soul. It matters not the position-the circumstances-the character-we can learn a lesson from all :-- and did our ao quaintance allow, and could we hear their joys and sorrows. their pleasures and pains, how would our hearts expandhow would our humanity onlarge, and how earnest would be our endeavor to labor for the suffering overywhere. But one will say "I have enough to do to look after myself." Precious self requires much attention, we admit, and you, who can spare no time beyond self, doubtless, can find satisfaction in yourself, and "with what measure you meto, it will be measured to you again," but hinder not the widespread, God-like energies of those who are determined to 'scrape acquaintance."

#### OHILDREN.

Tennyson, makes even his proud, haughty Pringess say, "As for children, would they grew like field flowers overywhere, we like them well," and yet we met a man but a few days since who said he "hated children," and always beat a hasty retreat from a house where, they were. We looked him in The face for a moment, and then what do you suppose we'did? Thy, we recollected suddenly that we ought to be in another part of the town. Hate mildren ! We would almost as soon say we hated the angels. We love them; love them all, we love to have them clamber upon our knees, pull our hair, twitch our cravat into all sorts of shapes, and insist upon our listening to them, instead of the old folks. What would the earth be without children? After a day's struggle at your place of business, keeping your eyes wide upen that your grown up friends don't cheat you, is there not somo. think cheering in the idea that you can go home and looking into the faces, of your little ones, think "here at least there is no deceit."

Hear how Mary Howitt speaks of them :

"Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children : "where,' as the good Germans have it, the fly-traps always hang turbed nights, and days, of the tranquil unanxious hearts where children are not ; I care not for these things. God sends children for snother purpose than merely to keep up the race to enlarge our bearis, to make as unselfab, and full of kindly sympathies and affections ; to give our souls higher sims, and to call our faculties to extended enter-

with pleasure one of a different nature delivered Park Street Church by the Rev. A. L. Stone.

against the obtrusions of real genius. "Five cen-

times" for "the only way to Happiness," by a guid-

ing moralist, who lost himself on his own road and

died broken-hearted. Alas, poor dreamers ! the illu-

sion about "appreciation by generations to come"

is gone, and Byron was right in sneering at the idea

And whom do we remember? Not a hundred."

SONNET.

"Deep calleth unto deep."

As calls the deep to deep in Nature's realm, The foeblest light that shines, to full-orbed star-The foeblest light that shines, to full-orbed star-The dow, of flowers and true she by lice goin, To founts that rise and sing their flowing way To bloss the earth and greet the rising day-The myriad songs of birds, to angel choirs That sweep with freest skill celestial lyres-for only my soul for down in dentha unseen

So calls my soul far down in depths unseen. To Thee, who sitst above the floods serene— To Thee, the source eternal pure and bright, Who givest songs amid the gloom of night—

To infinite; unfathomed, joyous Love.

o Thee, who call'st thine own to heights above.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

from the various city pulpits on Fast Day, we hail

Among the many vindictive sermons, thundered

As calls the deep to deep in Nature's realm.

of everlasting reputation-

Why, I am posterity, and so are you,

The preacher urged upon his hearers, the importance of looking into their own hearts, and their own sins and short-comings, before weeping over the national sins; for until they had, they could have no true conception of them. The day, too, should Traveller, when you say "Our editors and printers be a day of reconciliation, retribution and atone. ment of all injustice. We should go carefully through our domestic, business, political, parish, and other relations of life, and search for the motive of every act. We were accustomed to revile Joe Smith and Brigham Young, but there were in many family circles Mormons who did not reside in Utah. The great evil of slavery was all to be attributed to avaraciousness, and lust of gain. It might be, and was, expressed as well in the family circle as in the Southern States. He did not consider it a greater evil to deprive a slave at the South of his Bible, than it was to deprive an Irish servant of her Sabbath for a Northern dinner.

There were many more slaveholders in the United down arguments :" States than our national census unfolded. It was for them to search their own hearts, and see if the root of the same evil did not dwell there, before they. arraigned their Southern brethren.on the very same indictment.

There is good outspoken truth, commending itself to every heart. We are all too prone to cry out about the mote in our brothers eye, forgetting the beam in our own. Regretting the existence of any wrong or oppression in the world, we think it our first duty to use our endeavers to remove those wrongs which are nearest to us, and then when we can extend clean hands to our brothers, we can warn them of theirs, with more consistency.

ORDER! GENTLEMEN, ORDER! Our neighbors, of the Journal, indulge in the following fling at some one. The newspaper atmosphere in this region is getting decidedly pepperish

AN OLD FABLE, [Supposed to have reference to newspapers published "on

the London Times plan.'']

A frog an ox with envy saw, Admired his wondrous size; Staring with both her little eyes, And murmuring at nature's law, Desired at least to be as big; Herself no bigger than an egg. Began to work herself, to stretob and swell. "Bister," she said, "now mark me well; Is that enough? Tell me--may I compare?" "No! faith." "Look now?" "Not in the least" "The there!" there!" "You don't approach it, sister," "Then here goes !". Bo awellod the silly thing, and burst amidst her threes.

WHAT CAN HE MEAN P

The editor of the Transcript, well known as a genial man, living in harmony with his brothers of the press, uses the following language in relation to a late change in the newspaper world : "The Spring-field Republican shows that is has lost nothing in the Jack closed by giving one tremendous groan, tapertransfer of one of its donductors to another field of ed off. with an amen, labor. That paper is now managed by a gentleman /" The italics are ours, and we only repeat, what can had you there, Jack." Jack soknowledged the best ; he mean?

19

#### AN EVENING AT THE BETHEL.

The following account of an evening's proceedings at Father Taylor's church, we clip from the Herald. Aside from the amusing way in which the story is told, it contains many stubborn truths, and what might be called, in homely phrase, "knock

"One" Sunday evening the Bethel was crowded with merchants, seamen and others-it is crowded every Sunday evening to take into consideration the physical wants of seamen. After a few remarks by Father Taylor, setting forth the object of the meeting, a sea-lawyer rose and overhauled the iniquities of captains and owners, in a style of forecastle eloquence that made the parties alluded to feel rather uneasy. "Talk," said, he, "about the physical wants of poor Jack ; why, he's all wants. He wants better wages; he wants watch and watch; he wants biscuit without crawlers; he wants a water tight hold to sleep in ; he wants to be treated as well as a nigger, and Father Taylor says he wants religion. The last he is told he can get for nothing and I suppose this is true, for it's not tradable ; but if it could be sold, Jack might want that too till he was sent to the Fiddler's Green. Why, my, friends, there are in all large ports set of fary moral shipowners, who are continually on the scent for a bite at poor Jack. They took away his rum. because the use of it was immoral; but they took care to put the price of it in their own pockets, and they would take away his salt horse to morrow, if he could be fed on hay like a horse. But, good souls, they want Jack to be moral, to be religious, because then they know he will be better prepared to endure starvation without growling, or troubling them with lawsuits !"

"Stop, brother," oried Father Taylor, at the top of his lungs, "I move that you come up here to the altar and pray for the speedy conversion of such hard-hearted ship owners. Come along, the Lord is already to hear you !"

The sea-lawyer was nonplussed for a moment, but only a moment. Without making; any reply, he bounded over the backs of two or three south, landed in front of the altar, and knelt down and prayed, in a tone of voice that might have been heard in Hanover street. He prayed for the conversion of ship owners, and

but never afterwards spoke in the Bethel."

One such commendation as this is worth countess folios of homilies and lectures. In it there breathes the sympathetic heart of a true womanthe pure, warm sympathy which lightens the bur den of the way-weary and the despairing, even as it guides and directs the tottering footsteps of the infant child. The true jewels of the earth are Sec. 197 such women. NERLI

April, advancing with rapid steps towards May, and large flakes of snow fill the atmosphere. We shall need an umbrella, but let us go out into the busy world not withstanding. The world keeps stead ily upon its pace in the storm as in the annihine and the discordant elements of envy, hatred and revenge never cease their warfare with the nobler feellogs of the heart. We have been writing of "kind words." See, here is a bright eyed boy. Look, how his little fist is clenched, and mark that frown on his fair white brow. What is the matter, think you? Let us go nearer and see. He has been running over the fresh, springing grass upon the Common, and has been grasped rudaly by one antious to show his authority, and called "a little sooundrel. " IWs will speak to him will ke the town if ion of this performance, replied that the had "Ah'I my little follow don't it at w finely ! ' You no attention to the music, but that his sympt see his ingers relar their denant grasp-the harsh were so much excited for poor Autor that he lines fade of from his brow. "Now my boy give atraid he would not have a hair left."

In our next issue we shall write our judgment his claims to eminence.

#### OHUROH MUSIC.

The following from The Independent is a fair 1 upon much of the poetry and music (so calle prevalent in many of our churches : " Our amate choir singers are too fond of 'executing' diffion pieces, an I confounding common people with rev berating resonances. The Rector of St. Bardolph takes off this style most laughably, in describing singing of the following stanza :

> "True love is like that precious oil. Which, pour'd on Asron's head, Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes Its costly moisture shod.

"In the prodigious effort of this performance, ear splitting combination of the several vo hardly bore resemblance to that oily current pou on Aaron's head, and which " Ban down his board, and o'er his head I an an a bis board his board his board his robes And o'er his robes Ran down his beard ran down his Nis robes, his robes, ran down his beard-Ran down his beard-Ran down his beard h.s board h.s board h.s board h.s board lis costly moist Ran down his beard wuro-beard-his-beard-his-shed. Ran down his beard-his-down His robea-lis costly moist-his board fis cost-his cost-his robes wire abed his cost-his cost-his robes wire abed his cost-his cost wire - shed his cost-his cost wire - shed his cost his cost wire - shed his cost wir

"The late Bishop Seabury, being asked and

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

HABYARD COLLEGE ONCE MORE. The Worcester Daily Spy of April 16th, contains the following conclusive affidavit of the Rev. T. W. the heads of the Divinity School a deception and a "humbug," and for which they have without a hearing suspended a gentleman, high in the esteem we copy it entire, with the remarks of the editor of the Spy which precede it :

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL EXPULSION. Rev. T. W. Higginson, on Sunday evening last, in speaking of the phenomona of Spiritualism, adverted to the re- raised; cent expulsion or suspension from the Divinity School at Cambridge of Mr. Willis, the celebrated Mr. H. states that so far as he could asmedium. certain, there was nothing alleged against Mr. Wilinadvertently moving his foot beneath the table, it came in contact with the foot of Prof. Eustis, his next neighbor, (which was in a similar position,) and, was then seized by the Professor's hand. Not a ing the offending foot with any of the phenomena produced, nor did he (Mr. H.,) believe any such had been brought before the Faculty ; for the Rev. H. F. Harrington of Cambridge, who was present at the investigation, had protested against it, as furnishing no grounds for so important a proceeding. Indeed, the Faculty had expressly disavowed having made "any investigation of such a nature as would authorize them, publicly, to pronounce on the truth or falsehood of the charges," and entirely rofused to do so. But they have "suspended" Mr. Willis, on the ground that he has been charged with such an offence, thus reversing the maxim of law, which assumes a man innocent till he is proved guilty. Mr. H. read the resolutions of the Faculty, which fully sustained his statement. He closed by assert. ing that these transactions sustained the traditional character of ecclesiastical tribunals, as being far severer than any legal ones. So far as these Professors had power to do it, the character and prospects of this young man were blighted, and there was not a student in the University, who might not at any time, suffer the same penalty, if a single professor chose to charge him with crime. But from such injustice a reaction must inevitably come. Annexed hereto, we print an affidavit from Mr. Higginson, of his own experiences in connection with Mr. Willis.

#### A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

To whom it may concern :--- The public attention has recently been attracted by the alleged powers, as a "medium," of Mr. F. H. Willis, of Cambridge, and by the singular proceedings connected with his suspension " from the Divinity School of Harvard University. In justice to Mr. Willis, and to an extraordinary class of yet unexplained scientific facts. I wish to state some phenomena, observed by me, during two evenings spent with him at a private residence in this city.

There were from nine to twelve persons present.all. except Mr. Willis, being respectable citizens of this place, including one of our most experienced physicians. We sat around a long dining-table. <sup>·</sup> The room was not brilliantly, but sufficiently lighted, so that every movement of every person could be distinctly watched-and I, at least, watched them very alosely.

I shall omit the details of the phenomena, and give only the general heads.

The musical instruments which had been previously placed, by the company, beneath the tablea guitar, a small drum, an accordeon, and two bells knocked against the under side of the table, and repeatedly and loudly played upon. Two were several times played in unison, at opposite ends of the ta-ble, and entirely beyond the reach of the medium. times raised, and one slab of it (being an extension table) was lifted altogether from its support, and vibrated in the air, without contact of hands.

2. The accordeon was raised into Mr. Willis's lap, and being held by him, with one hand, between swer to the alleged mental requests of some of the the oboe, violincello, and double bass were also given. It is well known that the accordeon requires, in playing, the use of two hands.

8. Upon our extinguishing the lamps, for the table, near Mr. Willis, two or three at a time, moving about like glow-worms, which they resembled. Other lights flickered in the air, with a more rapid 4. The room being still dark, the accordeon was in the manner before described, faint lights flickered around the keys of the instrument. During the darkness, all the phenomena were more intense, but it seemed very disagreeable to the nerves of Mr. Willis, and he begged to have the lamps restored. 5. The room being again lighted, I proceeded to try some closer experiments. Taking the accordeon in my hand, between my knees, and guarding, with my feet, against the possibility of contact, I found, led, producing at last musical sounds, but quite imperson. 6. Looking under the table while the guitar was they were not in contact with it-while Mr. Willis was entirely out of its reach. No other person looked under the table, I believe nor did I mention these observations till the phenomene had ceased, for I did not wish at the time, to share my investigations with any one. 7. The guitar was moved slowly along, by some force, to me inscrutable, and lifted between my knees, the neck resting on my left thigh. At the suggestion of some of the company. I began to sing, first placing myself in such a position as to guard the instrument from possibility of contact. Every finally played, to a peculiar and rather difficult good deal, and I know that the accompaniment was resembling that of a hand, with distinct fingers. Upon my slipping of my shoe, it was still more distinot, and was in all cases accompanied by a very

pany held their hands upon the table, and I was beyond the reach of Mr. Willis. I might make these statements still more wonder-

ful, by going more into detail, but have probably Higginson in regard to the Phenomena, balled by gone so far already beyond the oredulity of my read ers, that I had better stop. If any refuse to believe these facts, on my testimony, I can only say, that I should have found it hard to believe them on theirs. Like them, I prefer to verify novel facts by of all who know him. It is of such importance that my own observation. I can only say for myself, we can it entire, with the remarks of the editor of farther, that I have been all my life a student of the natural sciences, and have earned, by this time, some confidence in the carefulness of my own observations, and the acouracy of my own senses.

The question of the " spiritual " origin is not now it is a simple question of fraud or genuineness. If I have not satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of these phenomens, which I have just described, then there is no such thing as evidence, and all the fabric of natural science may be a maslis, except, that, while sitting in a "oircle," and of imposture. And, when I find, on examination, that facts similar to these have been observed by hundreds of intelligent persons, in various places, for several years back, I am disposed humbly to remember the maxim, attributed to Arago, "He is a particle of evidence had been made public, connect rash man, who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word impossible

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Worcester, ss. April 15, 1857-Subscribed and sworn to before me, HENEY CHAPIN, JUSTICE of the Peace.

#### SUMMER, BY A CONVICT.

Oh Summer I Summer I come thou back again; Uncrown this dismalice-king in my heart: Not flower-crowned Summer, who doth bear Within her ample lap, from dying spring, The sweet inheritance of folded buds-No, not that Summer, who, with wanton eye, The young fruit woos for lusty Autumn's arms-No, not that Summer, who doth burn and glow, Until she breed corruption with a kiss-But that young Summer of my life, when I, With careless stops, trod on my happy way, And dared to look good people in the face; When my to-days were ripen'd joys which hung Upon the golden boughs of vesterdays ! Why did he come, to mar this holiday? Why did he come, and with his presence make To-days, to-morrows, yesterdays-pale mutes Who wait upon my perish'd goodnesses, And strew with bitter herbs the dead, dead past?

#### WALKER AND PIZARBO.

The position now held before the world by William Walker, in Central America, reminds us of that which Francisco Pizarro held more than three hundred years ago in another part of America, not very far from the scene of Walker's operations. Tho events of the latter part of the fifteenth century, and of the early part of the sixteenth, threw up a large number of clever adventurers, who found in the New World that Columbus had given to Oastillo and Leon, a field on which to display their peculiar qualifications as men of action. Ozecla, Balbon. Cortez, Alvarado, Almagro the elder, Valdivia, and the Pizarros, all were children of Columbus, in a certain sense, for they probably never would have been heard of if he had not discovered America, or if some other man had not soon accomplished his work. -were moved about from place to place, lifted and The Spanish adventurers in America, with talents of the highest order, and equal to any work that might have been demanded of them, were, with some exceptions, men of a class somewhat lower and occasionally much lower, than those Spaniards who figured so prominently in Europe—Cordova, the Mendoras, the Toledos, Don John of Austria, and the rest of the leaders of the imperial race in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., and his knees, was played very skillfully, and executed philip II. They would hardly have achieved eminence in Europe, where the grandees of Spain would company, though not mine. Excellent imitations of have been sure to monopolize the high places of their country, and to have done whatever work might have been found necessary to win for their country the commanding position which it was sure of gainsake of experiment, faint lights appeared upon the ing after the conquest of Grenada. But America offered a theatre to the Castilian adventurers of an inferior social class of which they were not slow in motion, like fire files. Upon my obtaining and availing themselves, and where they showed that opening a phial of phosphorus, the lights increased they were not unworthy countrymen of Ximenes in intensity, gradually diminishing, when I re corked it, to their original amount. Everybody in the room perceived them distinctly. order of men, and no one can understand their hisheld on the table, by Mr. Willis, and as it played, tory who shall fail to keep this marked fact constantly in view. They were enabled to emerge from obsourity because the higher class of Spaniards would not encounter the risks that were inseparable from American action. Almagro was of unknown birth,-a foundling,-"the son of his own works," in a certain sense, and they led him to the bloody grave that the executioner makes. Francisco Pito my surprise, that the other end was seized by an zarro was a bastard, and passed his childhood in invisible force, and the different keys audibly hand- tending swine, for the raising of which his native perfectly. Before long, however, it was pulled away province of Estremadora is so famous. It is said from me with very great force, and dropped on the that he was suckled by a sow, which may account floor. Others afterwards took the instrument, but for the hoggishness of his conduct in his great days. it was played in no other hands. I may add that Unlike Walker, who has achieved notoriety while I simply held it by the end, with one hand, and that Unlike Walker, who has achieved notoriety while I have no knowledge of the instrument; also, that yet a very young man, Pizarro did not become known the bands of all the company were upon the table, until he was an cld man. He came to America, and that I was beyond the reach of Mr. Willie's when he must have been hard upon forth on the when he must have been hard upon forty, and he was in his fifty-fourth year when he made the first 6. Looking under the table while the galaxt was playing, I saw, with perfect distinctives, the instrument lying on its back, untouched by any hand, but with faint conquest, of Peru. Nothing was known of Peru fickerings of light playing over the strings. I could also see the feet of the persons nearest is, and that at the close of 1524. There were rumors of the vast wealth and vaster power of that wonderful empire of the Incas, but nothing was known of either. Then the great Southern Ocean was a mysterious waste of waters to the Spaniards. Rarely had they sailed, and then not far, to the South. The course of adventure had been to the North, as was natural, particularly after the successes of Cortez in Mexico. When Pizarro and his associates resolved upon proscouting enterprizes in the opposite direction, they encountered difficulties that ought to have caused song I sung was accompanied accurately and gracefully encountered difficulties that ought to have caused on the guitar; with a constantly increasing facility them to cease from their labors; but the Spaniards of adaption. The best accompaniment of all, was of that age, though undeniably the most unmiti-Portuguese song, probably not known to a dozon gated rascals that the gallows was gaping for, had persons in America besides myself. I cannot my-self play the guitar, but I have heard, it played a and a refusal to give way before difficulties of the good deal, and 1 know that the accompaniment was an extraordinary thing, apart from the mystery of its origin. I know that I was beyond the reach of any part of Mr. Willis' person and that it was phy-shealy impossible for any one to touch the instru-shealy impossible for any one to touch the instru-shealy impossible for any one to touch the instrument, without my deteoting it. The second and matter himself and his followers from the isle of Gallo, 3. Buring all these various phenomena, I felt where they were suffering all kinds of misory. He ropeatedly a delicate grasp upon my feet, precisely drew a line on the sand, with his sword, from cast to west, and, turning to the south, said, ..... "Friends and comrades | On that side are toil, hunger, na-

the Inca dynasty, 'It was displayed in a bad cause, but that makes it none the less heroical on its own account. Some of the boldest deeds ever performed have been so in the foulest causes that men ever engaged in, or that devils could have desired to see succeed. The worst war that ever was waged was that which the Spaniards carried on against the Dutch, and yet the Spaniards displayed as much intellect and daring in that war, as ever were exhibited by mortal soldiers. We must not judge a cause by its champions in every case. Freedom, should we do so, would hardly come off "first best" in a comparison with despotism.

Walker has never known the peculiar obstacles that were encountered by Pizarro, nor has he ever been reduced to such straits as the Spaniard experienced before he over set foot on the soil of Peru. On the other hand, Pizarro had two advantages that neither Walker nor any other man can have in this strom. That electricity controls and governs both advanced age of the world. Thesfirst was in the ignorance and fears of the people whom he was to subdue. The Peruvians, if not so much under the dominion of a superstitious fear of the Spaniards as the Mexicans had displayed, were still among the victims of that fear, which did as much for the Spaniards as their own intellect and valor. They always, in America, assailed people already morally conquered by superstition. In the case of the Mexicans, this was glaringly apparent, and accounts for the conduct of Montezuma, which, on any other supposition, was scarcely compatible with sanity; and he was, according to the evidence of the Spaniards themselves, no common man. The Peruvians were less affected in this way, but still they were to a certain extent demoralized, and so the empire of the Incas fell before the attacks of a few adventurers from a remote land. No such superstition now makes in favor of Walker and his men. The Central Americans know that they have to contend only with men, who, how brave soever they may be must be pronounced grossly human. If the natives shall fall before the invaders, it will be as a consequence of the latter's moral superiority, and their progression of merely martial virtues. Superstition will have had nothing to do with their subjugation.

#### PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICAL TEACH INGS OF SPIRITUALISM. NUMBER FOUR.

As the doctrines of spirit existence, and the va rious phenomena of spirit manifestation, are professedly based upon the immutable laws of nature, and of nature's God, involving all the higher agencies which connect him with his works, and all the unseen with the visible, with all of which they are believed to be entirely harmonious, it at once becomes a pleasure to the spiritualist to study the relation of those agencies to himself, with the revelations and requirements of their-great founder in all things. Not the least among those agencies are the laws and relations of electricity, an element the office and principles of which are just unfolding themselves. In reference to our ignorance of this agent, it has been wisely conceded by a celebrated profes-sor or the matures manage and ALA MATABABE AND telegraph are but keys to a door we have never yet seriously tried to open."

For the purpose of attempting to open to some small extent this door, or of presenting more in de- functions of vitality becomes at once apparent. tail the laws and relations of this agent, in its con- Their office is to carry on every function of life, nection with the more ponderable elements, and of either involuntary or voluntary. The agent which supports the nervous therefore thereby learning its office and principles as connected with the higher, we purpose to briefly state becomes at once the vitalizing force. Numerous certain facts as the result of a thorough course of facts and observations, as well as direct experistudy and experiments, as well as much observa- ments prove that agent to be electricity. Intimately connected with electricity, through the tion in electrical science, all of which are easily debrain, are the functions of the human mind. monstrated by the most satisfactory experiments. 1. Electricity, in the hands of Deity, constitutes Ascending in the scale of elements, certain philothe power of attraction and gravitation-their laws being its laws-their workings and mysteries, its carefully observed. Though intimately connected, workings and mysteries. If this be so, the revolution of plants, the flowing of rivers, the swelling of lower the higher. Like all the grosser elements, the ocean, the formation of minerals, crystals, gems, electricity, when rendered active, seeks it latent state, pearls, planets, flowers, and even the finer tissues or state of rest. Under no circumstances, does it of our own physical systems, are but the workings of its laws. Verily, it is no marvel that those who have failed to recognize the existence and office of subtle than the lower elements, and hence more an agent so intimately connected with their grosser | nearly alled to the mind, the mind, according nature, should have failed to comprehend its laws to its own capacities, can control it, and employ and relations in connection with their higher life, or that in their ignorance of its principles, they should attribute to it the workings and revealments | tions of the system, and when persevered in, often of that life. The naturalist may analize and become familiar with every property of matter in the universe, and harmony; disturbing that element next allied to the he will find no agent that in and of itself exerts the Immortal, and inflict wounds upon the spirit. We power of attraction and gravitation except electric. may break the golden link which unites the spirit ity. From its first discovery by Thales of Smiletus. to the grosser elements, but because the servant exsome 600 years before Christ, to the present day. pires, it need not follow that the master dies. this agent, when rendered active, has always exhibited these forces as properties peculiar to itself. with the earth, and its surroundings, will ever ex-Different electrical instruments have been con- ceed the capacities of mortals. From absolute exstructed for clearly illustrating every form of attraction. Every form of matter is subject to the of a single grains weight, is found to contain elecchanges of this agent, and in the labratory of the tricity enough to charge 800,000 Leydon jars of the chemist, it is every day employed, not only in the usual capacity ! What then must be the quantity decomposition of various solids, but also in their formation. In the great labratory of nature the same results are more perfectly obtained. In the mineral kingdom solids are ever undergoing change; to day organized from the subtle properties of fluids, and to-morrow again reduced back to above, we may add another, and prepare our to the soluble state. Disturb, increase, or decrease, by mechanical means, this agent, and you will dis- The evaporation of water from the Mediterranean turb, increase or decrease the formation or decom- Sea, alone, in one summer's day, is said to equal position going on in the same ratio. The same agent is at work and producing the same results in the vegetable kingdom. From the sea in a single hour ! An important reflection, in connection with this great table of Nature's God, it reaches forth its unseen hand, and selects those subtle gases adapted to subject is, that science has placed this agent in our possession, and enabled us to learn its laws and emthe germ-cell it would develop, and, upon the principles of attraction, it gives them place in its organ. ploy it for our good. As we have seen it is nearly ism. Increase or disturb the currents of electricity allied to and intimately connected with the mind. in connection with that plant, or this beautiful As wo study its laws and witness its effects in the flower, by mechanical or other means, and you will mineral, vegetable, atmospheric, or animal kingincrease the rapidity of its growth, or disturb and doms, let us reflect that we are studying and expechange its form, complexion, and beauty. I have rimenting with an agent nearly allied to the mind that, and was in all cases accompanied by a very kedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death. peculiar electrical sensation, as when two persons kedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death. complete the circuit of an electro-magnetic batter. Keeping my own counsel, I heard precisely the same with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. the other end of the table, "Afterwards; flooring iny line, what best bocomes a brave Case the other end of the table, "I felt the same ontate still, tilling," For my part, I go to the South." Here distinctly upon that. All the rost of the come or store of the come of th

men had the hardihood to follow him. It is from tainly if the work of condensing and arranging the that time that the conquest of Pern may be dated. gases, which constliute all vegetable matter, is the The spirit displayed at Gallo was what destroyed | work of attraction, and if the rapidity of that work depends upon the quantity of electricity employed, we may conclude the work itself is the work of cleotricity.

Numerous other experiments may be presented in electricity, clearly illustrating the most startling and otherwise mysterious phenomena, which meet the gaze of the observer of nature, and which must be governed by the power of attraction and gravitation. The wild tornado, in its furious march of devastation, measures its giant strides by the fixed laws of this subtle agent. It carries in a giddy waltz whatever it receives in its embrace, always turning in one direction, and that is found to be opposite to that observed by water in passing through orifices. and is alone controlled by the laws of attraction. Such results are in harmony with the laws of electricity, as when passing in active currents, it is found to observe the same order as the tornado, or maclis demonstrated by experiments, in proof of which the reader is referred to the "Select Experiments in Natural Philosophy, by J. M. Wightman," and to other familiar experiments by electricians.

2. The same agent, which, through the various forms of attraction, becomes the organizing and controlling power in the mineral, vegetable, and atmospheric realms, is recognised in the animal as the vitalizing force, and in man, the connecting link between the mortal and spiritual bodies.

As man, in his physical organism, is but a higher development of the lower creation, in which are preserved all the essentials of animal and instinctive existence, in presenting the physiological relations of electricity, our remarks may be confined to him with but occasional reference to his inferiors.

The physiologist, as he traces out the relation of those elements which influence and even give form to him whose capacities and capabilities he would know, at once learns the literal truth, that man is the lord of this creation, being intimately connected with all below him, possessed of all, dependent upon all, with power to rule all. Not only has he the grosser anatomy of the inferior animals, with all their various instinct, but he partakes of all the elements of which they partake, and which constitute their bodies and his system. A knowledge of his anatomy and capacities show that in a refined state are preserved all the elements and powers ever existing beneath him, that he is adapted to all and can enjoy all.

His digestive system, with the other systems intimately dependent upon it, is adapted to the too great divisions of the grosser elements, and they to it, rendering his connection with them direct and his dependence upon them absolute. The respiratory system is even as perfectly adapted to atmosphere and the atmosphere to it. The nervous systems, with the brain and spinal column for their centres, systems higher and more complicated than either of the others, -- more essential even to life, and yet of themselves no more self-operating than they, we claim, are perfectly adapted to electricity, and electricity as perfectly to them. It is their natural element, and as the lungs are uscless with out atmosphere, so are the nervous systems without clootrivity\_

The office of the several systems of nerves being understood the connection of this agent with the

leased from the grosser form, like ourselves, as well as the Great Invisible, are all able to approach us through this medium. URANUS.

5

#### A GENTLEMAN.

Rarely have we met a more just definition of the above much abused word than the following which we extract from a late English paper.

The forbearance of the use of power is a sure attribute of a true gentleman; indeed, we may say that power-physical, moral, purely social or political-is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over the wife-in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her-the father over his children, the teacher over his pupils, the old over the young, and the young over the aged, the strong over the weak, the officer over his men, the master of a vessel over his hands, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the rich over the poor, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, the keeper of a secret over whom it touches, the gifted over the ordin nary man, even the clever over the silly-the forbear. ing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority. or total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light.

#### YANKEES EVERYWHERE.

A gentleman recently found amid the ruins of Palmyra, surrounded by all the decaying relies of Oriental grandeur, a New England farmer from Berkshire county, "keeping house " with his family. Again, a friend from Boston was travelling some years ago in Greece, and stopped in Athens. To . while away an evening he visited the theatre. While musing upon the topics which every scene around him suggested to his mind, and deeply buried in classic associations, he heard a voice behind him remark, ." Pooh ! this ain't nothing. You ought to see the Tremont Theatre, Boston." Turning round in utter amazement, he exclaimed to a guant Yankee on the next bench-"Where on earth did you come from ?" Without moving a muscle of his face, the person rejoined-" Got a little vessel down here in the Peirzeus. Just come from Thomaston, Maine I" The effect can be imagined.



CHINA is the most populous and ancient empire in the world; it is 1,390 miles long, and 1,030 wide, Population from 300,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin, with 1,000,000 inhabitants; next Nankin, 1,000,000; and Canton, 1,000,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton.

ORPHANS.-There are 26 orphan asylums in the State of New York, in which nearly 9,000 little ones are fed, clothed and educated.

BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION .- During the month of March this Society has aided 841 families, numbering in all 2619 persons. The amount expended was \$874.

DEATH OF A VETERAN EDITOR .- Amos Butler, or more than forty years editor and proprietor of The N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser, died at Natchez, Miss., on the 13th inst.

TOBACCO.-The yearly consumption of tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 26,000 tons. SUGAR CANE .- The demand for the seed of the Chinese Sugar Cane has increased so rapidly that

the price has advanced full three hundred per cent. INTERNATIONAL COURTESY .--- The Secretary of the Navy has sent an order to Capt. Hudson, of the U. S. Frigate Niagara, to receive on board Capt. Swartz and Lieut. Koblitz, of the Russian' Imperial Navy, who, by the request of the Russian Minister, are permitted to go out in that vessel to witness the laying of the telegraph cable.

sophical principles are detected, which should be the higher element controls the lower, and not the evince intelligence, nor does it possess inherent power, or execute voluntary motion. Being more it. Hence, strong mental emotions, mental excesses or abuses, disturb the involuntary funccause death. Through excessive study, grief, fear,

love or hate, we may violate the pure principle of To estimate the quantity of electricity connected

periments, Professor Farady asserts that water, connected with our systems, --- with the earth ! When water is evaporated, or solids decomposed. the latent electricity they contain is disengaged, and being thus rendered active exerts those forces to which we have referred. To the estimation alluded minds the better to admit the positions assumed. 5,280 millions of tons | Who then shall estimate the quantity of electricity disengaged from that fair

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA is about to proceed to England on private business. The government will be admistered in his absence by General Sir William Eyre, commander of the forces.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE has now a larger number of students than over before, the Spring Catalogue showing a total of 251.

THE NEW STEAM FRIGATE MINNESOTA is to be fitted out for the conveyance of our Envoy, Mr. Reed, to China, and will no doubt be his residence while there. for most of the time.

SLAVES .- About ten thousand imported slaves from Africa have been landed on the Cuban coast this season.

SPEED INDICATOR .- Mr. Leirner, of Mobile, has invented a register, which, when attached to the car. indicates the speed at which the train is going. Not only can the conductor, passenger, or any one on the train, see at a glance at what rate they are travelling, but the superintendent at the end of the road, on examination, can ascertain what speed the train has made at any and every part of the trip.

Annest.-Townsend, the man who committed so many murders in Canada West some two years since, has been arrested in Cleaveland.

For SALE .- The country seat of Mr. Boker -- whose daughter's marriage has so much excited the gossips lately. It is situated on the Hudson River, just above Tarrytown, and is valued at \$140,000;

Marriages. At Cambridge, Vermont, on the 7th April, Mr. Darius J afford of Fairfield, and Miss Susan E. Harding of Cam-

ridge. At Cambridge, Mass., on the 10th April, Mr. Oharles F. At Cambridge, Mass., on the Join April, Jil. Charles -. Fay and Miss Susan H. Putnam, both of Cambridge. In this city. on the 14th April, James Rednath, formerly of Kansas, add Mary A. Kidder of Boston. In this city, on the 15th April, Nathaniel Foster Jr., to Miss E. Louise Woods, both of Boston.

Deaths.

At Charleston, S. C., on the 13th April, Henry M. Cushman, ormerly of this city.

[Mr. Gushman was formerly connected with the Times and Ledger of this city, and his associates of the press will bear witness to his good qualities. A gentleman of fine talonts warm and faithful in his friendships, he was respected by al who knew him. He leaves a wife and one child in his native State, Connecticut.-Ep.]

April 16th, Ernest, infant son of Francis and Olivia Keach,

April 14th, Joseph Merrill Mason, son of Robert T. Mason,

aged 8 yrs. 8 mos. At soa, 15th ult., on the passage from Boston to New Or-leans, on board barque Harrict Hazeltine, Mr. H. G. Ware, of

Doston, passenger. In Kedne, N. H., 10th inst., Mrs. Emily, widow of the late Des. Samuel Wood, 03 yrs. 

to all as a directory price take a discovery and so may sold

JOHN S. ADAMS, EDITOR.

DEPARTMENT

SPIRITUALISM.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 30. 1857.

All Communications relating to Spiritualism, to be addressed to the Editor of this Department, at this office.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

When Christianity was introduced to mankind, and the era of the second dispensation dawned a new day upon earth, it was welcomed only by the poor and the lowly, while those who thought themselves very wise, circumspect and Godly, chief among a people said to be specially beloved of heaven, laughed at it in private, ridiculed it in public, and opposed it at all times and under all circumstances. The schools closed their doors against the teachers of the new faith, and the scholars bowed submissively before the decrees of the Sanhedrim.

"Who is this that comes among us teaching a new thing?" said the dignified pricethood. "Is there any danger of our holy religion becoming perverted by his sayings?"

The old jew who had always worshipped in the city and scrupulously observed all the commandments, bowed reverently and replied, "He's only a carpenter's son-the child of one Joseph of Nazareth-ho cannot harm us. He's a youth of wildideas-who foolishly thinks he has great truths to promulgate, but they're mere whims."

The priest smoothed his beard, and patting the disciple of Moses on the shoulder, smiled half satirically, and told him to avoid the new teacher and cleave fast to the faith of his fathers.

Spiritualism comes as Christianity came, scorned and ridiculed by priest and the learned, loved and cherished by man and the people. Like that it is. battled against by those who are too wise to-learn, and advocated by those whose honesty of heart is only equalled by their zeal to make known the truth.

It was thought a very trivial thing, that new faith, when a youth twelve years of age talked with a few old men in one corner of a synagogue. Men. proud men, with rolls of parchment under their arms, walked by on the other side, and thought the listeners very idle souls to pass their precious time time with the poor, simple-hearted youth.

But they little knew what words fell from his lips like jewels from a shaken crown. They little thought that God manifested himself in that youth more clearly to man on earth than he did in all their forms and rites, their holy books and sacred altars.

There was a little tapping sound beneath a low and humble roof in Western New York. It came 'ike the rain drops at first, faint, yet unmistaken. At length curiosity was aroused ; the listening ear was applied; thought began to move in the heart of man. Investigation followed, till a few said-it is from the world of spirits !

- The news reached the cities.
- " It's a humbug," said the popular voice.
- "It's a delusion," said the pulpits.

"It's electricity," said the man of science.

, The wonder grew. The mystery became yet more and more mysterious to those who stood at a distance and indulging in the yankee prerogativeguessed.

As months passed by, and years began to be counted, thousands searched to find out whether any good could come out of that little Nazareth in Western New York, and learned that there really were more wonders on earth than were even dreamed of in the philosophy of "Harvard" and "Yale."

we will present the facts, and to the tens of thou- "BILL POOLE" AND THE "BOSTON sands who are inquiring whether these things are so attempt to furnish sufficient evidence to convince them that they are.

UNSEEN INCENTIVES TO ORIME.

We commence our "Messenger" chapter this week with the report of a thrilling interview with the spirit of one, who, wronged and deceived while on earth yet cherishes feelings of the most bitter hatred towards the man who was the cause of all her suffering and shame. There is every evidence of a strong and active mind in what she says-a mind that needs but to be directed into other channels to work with immense power for good upon mind upon earth.

The article is suggestive of many truths, a lead ing one is that of the ability of unseen beings to lead those upon earth to the commission of acts at war with all their best interests. It is a selfevident fact that if the good can direct us into paths of peace, and joy, and good-will, those whom we call bad can likewise lead us, but only in ways of evil and misery. The sooner this great fact is known the better will it be for us all. We shall be better prepared, with this understanding, to meet all the events of life, and be more charitably disposed in our judgment upon our fellow men.

Instances are of almost daily occurence around which a veil of mystery is drawn which would be easily seen through with a knowledge of the unseen influence before us. Not long since a gentleman who had held a government office for a number of years, fifty we think, and had always been esteemed for his honesty and goodness was detected in the act of purloining money from a letter in his care. He was arrested, and amid the astonished residents of his native place, tried, found guilty and sentenced. A friend of ours, doing business in a south ern city, had in his employ a young man in whom he reposed the utmost confidence. He had been many times intrusted with thousands of dollars. In the course of time small sums were missed from the drawer, and plans adopted to detect the thief, following: which resulted in fixing the guilt upon this young man.

When closely questioned, he admitted the truth of the charge, and said he could not possibly say why he acted as he did. It was not because he was in need of the money, for he had a liberal salary, and eller 1 am before the world now. You'll see it like was prudent and economical in his expenditures, a blazing star travelling all over the firmament. I He said he felt impelled to do as he did-but to give a reason for it he could not. He was as much surprised at it himself, as was his employer, and wept like a child over the sad occurrence. ~

In this case, fortunately for the man and his family, the employer was a man of soul, and not/of cannot help them now, but I was punished for them as a mercenary, revengeful cast. The clerk returned I went along. Yes, I never was happy. All I can within a given time all that he had taken. He was within a given time all that he had taken. He was received again, or rather he remained, for he was never cast out, in the confidence of the merchant in | Bill Poole come, and I shall have a chance to prowhose employ he remained for many subsequent years, a pattern of honesty and faithfulness.

In both of the above cases the presence of unseen gencies is, with our present knowledge of spirit life, quite apparent. It is the influence of such spirits that compels men and women of the greatest probity, perfect pinks of excellance and goodheartedness, to commit acts totally at variance with every previous one in their lives; and men exclaim, ' how very strange it is that he should do thus."

The spirit referred to at the commencement of this article is determined to force some individual now on earth to commit suicide. That person probably feels at times urged to desperation with took place in this city. A young lady, a medlum, passed into the spirit world, and it was afterwards found that her departure was caused by taking poison. Since that time a communication has been received from a spirit who confessed that he had destroy her earth-life by her own hand. And he effected his purpose. He assigned as a reason for his course, that she refused to listen to his base proposals when on earth and he was resolved upon disgracing her in the eyes of her friends. But luckily for her, those friends behold the light-they wander not in darkness, groping amid what were once called "the mysteries of God." They see why

TRAVELLER."

OF LIGHT.

BANNER

The Boston Traveller made its appearance on the 13th in the quarto form, taking for its pattern the New York Tribune, Among the inauguration ceremonies, editorial flourishes, etc., attending the event, it took occasion to throw a dozen or more slurs upon Spiritualism. It seems to have been done in very good humor, and we are not inclined to sco'd it for the course it pursued. The burden of its remarks rested upon a communication in our paper from one known when on earth, by the name of "Bill Poole," the history of whose life and end is doubtless familiar to our readers. Now the Traveller knows, or ought to, that "circumstances alter cases," and that when a spirit that leaves this body

and becomes surrounded by influences differing from those that surrounded it here, it is possible for it to think and act differently. It should know, furthermore, that the change which we call " death," lifts a heavy veil from the real character of man, and that the raising of that veil may disclose beneath. what appeared to us on earth as the armor of an evil, a heart, honest enough to do right when the duty appeared plain and a way open, while on the other hand what seemed to us to clothe a very pious soul was only a cloak beneath which iniquitious schemes were planned and executed. There are many in the spirit world who were "Bill Pooles" on earth, who are far in advance of those who were looked upon as the "righteous." The great moving cause within that urges a man to the commission of what are called "great crimes," needs but to be brought to act on a different object to produce great deeds of goodness. "Bill Poole" has experienced this change, and having resolved to progress, though all the forces of lower spheres war against him, we see no reason why he may not advance even in the face of the opposition of the theology of earth.

We have a word from him to our friends of the Traveller, and here it is. On the morning of the appearance of the article in that paper, we were present with the medium through whom the previous message was communicated, and received the

Yes, dark enough I am. What a fine thing it is to be a spirit; and a "dark" one too. I almost dread to become happy, for then I shall go farther away from earth and earthly things.

I was told that I was sure to meet with a good reception-and so I did. Thanks to our good Travam glad of it. I really believe I was fashioned for a rogue after all, that I might do good. And perhaps as such I may do as much good as a minister. Tell our good Traveller that its all right; and Bill Poole sends him thanks from the spirit world. He 'll get his reward for it-that is blessings; I mean nothing else. I sincerely regret my past evils. I

Yes. Ten thousand thanks to the Traveller, for now people who have circles will be curious to have gress. I am determined to rise, and all the forces of hell shall not keep me down. I have no tempta-tions now to withstand, and I will progress.

Now I suppose if I should write through this medium's hand, she would say,-you are a dark spirit -go away. The Bible says, "God made his sun to shine on the evil and on the good," and mediums are for unprogressed mirits as wall and if repentance will not atone for sin, what will? I am happy over this morning's work, I assure you, more so than ever I have been.

#### JUDICIAL MURDERS.

We are to have two more judicial murders in Boston, unless some unforeseen cause shall interpose between the revenging arm of the law and the the affairs of life, and almost resolves to leave it, man's God-inherited right to life. Well, it is some Should be resort to such an act, the public at large consolation to those who see these wrongs, and yet would look upon it as of his own free will and pur have not power to avert them, to know that the pose. We leave our readers to judge whether it world is gradually emerging from the era of Force, would be. An instance similar to this recently and entering into the more heavenly dispensation of Love. The light is surely dawning; and in this light mankind cannot fail to see that murder is no less a crime when committed under the cool, calculating sentence of an administrator of the Laws, than when planned and executed in the feverish exfollowed her for years, determined to cause her to citement of aroused passion. If either is the more guilty of crime, it certainly rests with fearful weight upon the Laws. We can never legalize a Wrong into a Right. If it is a sin to murder a man without the sanction of law, it is plainly a sin to murder him with its sanction. This great truth is becoming unfolded to the inhabitants of the earth, and the time is near at hand when the gallows will be banished from the earth to pass into forgetfulness, or remembered only as a fearful emblem of the days of ignorance, superstition, and consequent crime.

#### CONTRIBUTE YOUR FAOTS.

We respectfully solicit from our friends in all partions of the world, short and condensed accounts of events that may be deemed interesting, to believers in Spiritualism, or to those who are making Investigations respecting it. What the people now want are fucts-plain statements of what is trans- oity, who goes into a dark room, and in the space of ten . piring in circles and families, who are just commencing, or have been long engaged in testing the phenomena. We need these more than theories for those to whom this paper is addressed. Notwith published in Cleveland adds the following : "The standing the fact that upwards of three million medium referred to, is Mr. Rogers, of Columbus. people, in this country alone, are believers in, and Ohio, who is expected soon to become a permanent are daily being blest with communion with the unseen, tens of thousands are not informed of the simplest truths connected with it,

Send us all the facts you can gather in, all the items relating to the phenomena you can procure, will stand the test of the severest criticism, and are and we will lay them before these tens of thousands and before the world. Inquiries come to us from all directions-the people are taking the subject into from Pres. Mahan, or the Buffalo doctors, whether their own hands, and wearied with the child play these inimitable likenesses are drawn by the Odylla and dallying of "scientific committees," are deter- Force, or by the snapping of the knee joints." mined to know from personal examination the truth concerning Spiritualism.

THE VISION OF THE SPECTACLES.

One of the most interesting phases of spirit communion is that which enable a spirit to impart tonishing character. To say nothing of the manner truth by presenting, in the form of a vision, apt illustrations. It is much in the style of parable, and invariably proves interesting to both medium and those who are in attendance. We have received much in this way through the kindness of our friend, DR. A. B. CHILD, of this city, whose ability to see the presentation of spirit attendants and his willingness to that William Henry should be taken out of the box. exercise it, have afforded satisfaction to a large number of inquirers.

A short time Dr. C. while in company with a friend of ours beheld a vision which was so significant of meaning and so applicable in its teachings to the generality of mankind that we present it in his own words:

I see you wearing a pair of spectacles, they are very large, the glasses are almost opaque. They seen fixed upon you. You make an effort to push them off, but in the effort you are made to step back and they fall to the ground, yet, I see another pair over your eyes less in size and less opaque. Again you step back and they fall to the ground. Thus I see many pairs fall from your eyes; each succeeding pair is more transparent and more slight in form. And still numbers innumerable continue to fall as you recede and draw yourself from them, until they become so immaterial that they are almost invisible, they are as transparent as air until at last I see you withdrawn from every appearance of them.

Now your vision is clear, you see life as it is, you see truth in simplicity and beauty. Your spirit is free-your thoughts are free-your intuition is true.

You turn away from these many thousand speetacles, from which have fallen from your eyes, and see before you a gate. This gate opens to a new world of spiritual beauties that is yet unexplored by earth's children. This gate you will soon pass. But no one can pass here whose vision is still clouded and made untrue by the inventions that man has sought out.

The spectacles in this vision are the figurative representations of opinions.

When gold is tried in the fire the dross burns and ordeal of purification, errors are consumed and opinions are disaffected. The gold is your soul, the dross its errors, the smoke its opinions, and the fire is the spirit of truth that shall lead into all truth. Thus shall your opinions cease to be as you though a disbeliever in spiritualism, had the curigrow in spirit, in passiveness, in childlike innocence and in Christ-like power.

#### ORIENTAL SHAKERS.

In Oscanyan's recent work, "The Sultan and his People " we find the following :

"The word Islam, or resignation to the service and command of God, has been a source of much dissertation. and dissensio ucea s variety of sects, of which the Hancfees, Mevlevees, Rifayees, and Abdals, are the most noted in Turkey. The Hanefees are the contemplative philosophers. Oriental spiritualists or transcendentalists; and to this class the Sultan and the principal part of the people belong. The Mevlevees are the dancing or whirling dervishes, and they may therefore be considered as the Oriental Shakers. Their object is practical resignation to God, which state of mind they think they attain, by whirling round and round until their senses are lost in the dizzy motion." There appears to be as much reason in the creed of the Mevlevees as in many of the "articles" to which some. in our part of the world subscribe as essential to salvation. The practice of these "Oriental Shakers" reminds us of a reason we once heard given by a Shaker in this country, to one who inquired, why he considered such an everlasting whirling necessary.

## Recent Ebents in Spiritualism.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN THE DARK. The Oleveland Leader, not a Spiritual paper, states that there is a young man, a medium in that or fifteen minutes, produces an accurate likeness of any spirit friend we may desire, no matter how long he may have been doad. The Spiritual Universe, also resident of this city. The portraits are drawn by the hand of the medium when he is profoundly entranced, and are beautiful, beyond description. He is by profession a tailor ; but these productions drawn in the space of from ten to thirty minutes. We are waiting with profound anxiety, to learn

#### STILL MORE WONDERFUL.

Through the kindness of Mr. Davenport; we were present with a company of about thirty persons, and witnessed some demonstrations of a traly asin which the instruments were carried around the room to the extreme parts of it, while the mediums were securely tied to their seats in the box, we will state, briefly, one act which completely upset the last remains of our scepticism.

The spirit controlling the manifestations directed and that Ira, the oldest of the two, should remain there alone. This was done. 'Instantly the spirits tied the medium with his hands behind him, down to the bench on which he was seated and called for a light. He was found tied in a manner to preclude the possibility of a doubt as to his ability to untie himself. The circle was formed by joining hands. and the light was extinguished. In a moment the medium exclaimed-" My coat is off-bring a light quick!" The light was immediately produced, and there sat the medium with his hands tied as before. and his coat off, and thrown upon the board ranning across the back part of the box! Shortly afterwards, the coat was put on again, safe and sound, the medium still tied! Such are the facts as can be affirmed, under the solemnity of an oath, if required, by every terson present.

We do not pretend to be able to account for these things; we only know that our senses did not deceive us, and that the thing was done as above stated. But these are only the beginning of wonders! The facts of Spiritualism are becoming altogether too formidable to be any longer triffed with. We defy the world to refate them. Let them be examined with the utmost care, and when convinced, let men be honest and fearless in the utterance of their convictions .- Spiritual Universe.

#### A LATE EVENT IN BOSTON.

The "Boston Atlas," though it has recently contained several editorial articles strongly opposing minitualiam nontoing in alter towner ale without comment :----

A young lady confined to her bed by sickness, heard strange raps upon a table near her, and osity to ask if the raps were made by the spirit of a departed sister? The table rocked in response. "Now," said the lady, "if that is really the spirit of my sister, I wish it would remove the lamp from the table to the mantel-piece." And forthwith the lamp appeared to sail through the room and finally rested upon the place desired. These proceedings alarmed the nurse, who forthwith rose and walked

Then the priests began to inquire, "What is this that we hear-will it pervert our holy religion ?" And the priest of our day as did the priest of eighteen centuries ago, instead of looking at the matter with his own eyes, and judging of it with his own reason, rested entirely on the words of another, who said, It's all a tricky affair-it's a weak, puerile thing that will have its day and die out. Harm our religion I" and the proprietor of a thousand dollar pew surned upon his heel, laughing immoderately.

But another year passes, and the new faith begins to assume, in the eyes of the church and of men of science, a more formidable aspect; to rival one in its pure teachings, while it overthrows and demol-.ishes the vaunted theories of the other with a few simple facts. In the field of argument it meets the champions of theology and the schools with all their pompons display of books and bottles, as David met Goliah. with its little but mighty truth in its sling, and it vanquishes them as easily.

And such is the position Spiritualism holds to-day It cannot boast of many wise or many mighty as among those called to its fold-neither could Christianity-but it has a great host of true and honest hearts gathered around its pure white banner. Hearts that speak the truth, and that love the truth for the truth's sake; hearts that throw creed and dogma to the winds, and feel their freed spirits rise as the weight falls off.

Spiritualism fears not opposition---it seeks it, for, in its consciousness of right it realizes its strength. In this particular, as in fact in many others. it differs from the popular church. The latter fears "the devil,"-as it technically terms an opposing influence ;- prays, exhorts, and trembles lest its faith be destroyed. Can such a faith rost on a " rock of ages?" The former gathers strength from every conflict, and enters upon every struggle, trusting in , that almighty arm that impels it onward. All it seeks, all it advocates, is TRUTH. It has no darling creed to cherish, no pulpit to sustain, no priesthood to fear or favor. It is alone with God and Truth, and they are one.

In whatever effort we may make in these columns to enlighten pur readers on this great revelation. we shall rest solely on the simple facts, and shall present as far as we may be able, the plain, ungarn. Ished truth. We will not undertake to say why things are-we will only show you that they really exist, leaving to the operations of each individual mind an analysis of causes. When Obrist came to deliver : e truth, and done, many mighty works in to that men might believe, he did not attempt to of exhibit the pauses producing the effects at which men as greatly marvelled. There was wisdom in the course he pursued. Adopting a similar course |lips that have once foudly talked with us."

she fell, and pity, but do not blame her. It has been so with thousands-and thousands yet will be led astray by these unseen influences. Our duty is to inform the world of these things that they may guard against them. When a thought arises in our minds that would lead us to the commission of acts contrary to the voice of reasonwarring against our better judgment, we should resist it as strenuously as we would the attempts of a man who stands face to face with us to injure us.

Doubtless the spirit to whom we have referred. and who speaks such bitter revenge, will be turned from her present purpose, and be persuaded to find her "revenge" in acts of love-a revenge that, as was said by one of old, " heaps burning coals upon the head" of the guilty, leading to repentance, submission and truth. In this way does "Spirit ualism," persecuted, abused, "infidel" Spiritualism, perform its mission of good by bringing light and love to souls in the world, and to those, who, having once left it, return with sin and sorrow weighing them down. Heaven speed it onward.

#### THE MESSENGER.

Much interest has been manifested in the commu nications under this head. They comprise messages from a great variety of conditions of spirit life and besides exhibiting numerous tests, furnish some idea of the daily experience of the inhabitants of unseen worlds. Many persons have called upon us whose interest in the subject had been awakened by these familiar words from their departed friends.

"A spirit may hover in the air that we breathe The depths of our most sacred solitude may be peopled by the invisible [ Our up-risings and our downsittings may be marked by the departed. In our walks, the dead, as we have called them, may be with us ;- in our banquets they may sit at the

We shall present, at some future time, a few voices from beyond the gallows, which we hope will influence the public mind favorably on this much needed reform.

#### THE STABILITY OF TRUTH.

There are some very good and very pious people in this world who manifest a decided anxiety of mind for the personal-safety of Truth. With them the truth is in danger, and they pray most fervently for its safety. They ask God to throw about its defenceless form his strong protecting arm !

Now, to our mind this fear argues ill for the faith they have adopted and is apt to create a suspicion that the foundation on which it rests is not a very sure one. They seem to have forgotten that God and Truth are one, and that in fearing for the safety

the other. We would humbly suggest to these anxious individuals that the foundations of Truth have been described as resting on a rock, and are fully insured against all loss, and that if they have any fears for the safety of any church, or creed, or anything clse which they have believed in as truth they have reason to suspect that they have unfortunately located themselves in that other house whose foundation is upon the sand, and would advise them to seek out another before the storm comes on.

#### "BEV." MR. NEWTON.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in giving some account of Spiritualism and its publications in this city, states that "Mr. A. E. Newton, the Editor of the Spiritualist, was formerly a Presbyterian olergyman." This must be some news, to say the least, to Mr. N., and we would advise him when he writes his autobiography to consult the board ; and the chill breath of the alght wind may Tribens and got all the facts. Perhaps in some fubear a message that our senses receive not, from ture number he may ascertain in what part of the, "vineyard" he was settled.

"I find the command in the Scripture," said he, does it not say, 'turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die ?' "

The inquisitive individual nodded assent, and concluded to let the man "turn."

As the finished STATUE slumbers in the unwrought marble, so does a beautiful and harmonious LIFE lie in the mass of chaotic events and ideas which are constantly evolving-by means of the blind force ment at the rapid spread of the new faith. or bewhich the world is full of-finally to be wrought coming suspicious that there is more in it than out by the Spiritual artist.

Thou canst not make a single tool if thou dost not know how; neither canst thou enjoy spiritual pleasure if thou dost not know how. Of what use were light if all were blind? or love, if none could feel its pleasure? . Of what use were God's voice, if none could hear?

Thou canst see, thou canst love, and canst hear thy Father's voice. Then cultivate thy spiritual vision, that Heaven may be visible; cultivate love, that thou mayest eternally feel its holy sweetness, and ever listen for his voice, that thou mayest hear the central tone whence cometh all harmony."

Whoever looks steadfastly into his soul, and transmutes that bodiless thing into shape and substance, whether it be a temple or a poemi, a painting, a piece of mechanism, a ryhme of melody, or a subtle discovery of the human brain-in what shape scover he has rendered the truth within him -that man has worshipped and sacrificed : he has laid the offering of his intelligence on the altar of the Highest Intelligence; and the gift of his being is repaid-in the Book of books shall it be set down ALL MARKER & BRATHLAND to him.-

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the letter of our friend at "Oak Swamp," are amitted strain to keep things hand when all the world is, by for want of room ; all of which will appear that the very law of its creation, in eternal progress.

towards the door; but was restrained by an invisible power, which lifted her bodily and carried her to a chair beside the bed.

She fainted; the window was thrown open, and water was sprinkled over her face until she revived. Feeling very nervous, she took hold of the bell-mill to ring for a servant, but her arm was seized and the bell-pull taken out of her hand. Frightened almost out of her senses, she requested the sick lady for God's sake to speak to the spirits to let her alone. "Will the spirit of my sister," said the lady. "let Mrs. \_\_\_\_ leave the room ?" Again the table rocked several times to and fre, and taking this for an affirmative answer, the nurse rose and was permitted to depart. Without giving any explanation. she left the house immediately, and no entreaty could induce her to return. We received this statement from the nurse herself.

THE OHUBCH TOLEBATING SPIRITU. ALISM.

In addition to the vigorous sweep which Spiritualism is at present making among us, there are signs of the times which are particularly worthy of note. Our clerical and orthodox brethren have become comparative silent, either in astonishmeets the eye of their superficial philosophy. They no longer call us madmen and knaves. Indeed. Spiritualism is in eminent danger of becoming popular. Like the insurance companies, which have been compelled to accept the additional risk of Juci. fer matches and burning-fluid, or cease business the churches are making up their minds that a Spiritualist may even be a Christian. We heard of a case the other day, where an officer of one of the churches, having publicly given in his adhesion to the better faith, withdrew from his accustomed duties at his church, and took a back seat, fearing to give offense to his brethren, when his pestor being informed of the cause of his retirement, at once and cordially invited him to resume his place. A more marked incident still, occured recently in New Jersey. A Methodist brother having become a Spiritualist, was put on his trial for heresy, and made a most worthy and noble confession. He justified himself by the Bible, by the teaching and experience of Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and by the language of the authorized version of the Methodist hymns; and was acquitted .-. Spiritual Telegraph.

Our.-Several editorials, and the extraordinary week.

of one they manifest doubts as to the permanency of

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

# Record of Facts.

#### EABLY MANIFESTATIONS.

earth.

Ancient history gives us numerous instances of the appearance of spirits, and spiritualism in the asked. days of which it speaks was the universal belief of th (people.' All forms and modes of worship, all Jaiths and creeds were based on it. Homer relates many instances of spirit presence. Socrates had his familiar genius whom he consulted, to whose advice he listened, and whom he beheld. Calmet says, "The apparitions of good angels are not only possible, but also very real, they have often appeared under diverse forms, and Hebrews, Christians, Mahometans, Greeks and Romans have alike believed in the creek, and they all heard the same noise. in them.

Melancthon, the companion and friend of Luther, states that he not only saw spirits, but conversed that when St. Peter escaped from prison and went and knocked at the door where his brethren were, it was no uncommon event, for no special surprise ing to a spirit.

"Modern Spiritualism," as it is technically called, began its course in Western New York. Manifestain the town of Arcadia, Wayne Co., in that State. It is described as a small framed building, one and a half stories high, and, at the time of the occurouriosity to so many thousands, bore unmistakable evidences of old age. This house was occupied in 1848, when the noises were first heard, by the family heard the noise several times to-day. of Mr. John D. Fox. Previous to this date, however, sounds had been heard there, as early as 1844.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox were members of the Methodist Capron, whose work entitled "Modern Spiritualism " we commend to those who would know more of these matters, says in relation to this family, "There are, probably, few families in which such an occurrence could have taken place, where it would have created "I certify that the above statement has been read could have taken place, where it would have created a greater degree of surprise and fear than in this to make oath to it if necessary. one. They were entirely unacquainted with the history of any similar occurrence in the world : and. brought up in the common routine of religious belief. they were, as, in fact, most of the world really was. and still is, entirely unprepared for such a development of the power of spirits to make themselves known to us by sounds, or other tangible means."

We cannot better commence this Record than by giving an insertion in this place an account of these the plain, honest, and common sense.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARGARET FOX. "I am the wife of John D Fox. We moved into I hope, whether it be natural or supernatural, the this house on the 11 th of December, 1817, and have means will be found out soon " resided here ever since. We first heard this noise about a fortnight ago It sounded like some one knocking in the east bed-room, on the floor. Sometimes it sounded as if a chair moved on the floor; did not notice it at all during the day. "On Friday night we concluded to go to bed early, and not lot it disturb us; if it came we thought we heard the noise and helped search. It was very early when we went to bed this night; hardly dark. We went to bed early, because we had been broken so much of our rest that I was almost sick. " My husband had gone to bed when we first heard the noise this evening. I had just lain down when it commenced, as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard in the house, The girls, who slept in the other bed in the room, heard the years old. She is the one who made her hand go. As fast as she made the noises with her hands or fingers, the sounds followed up in the room. It did not sound different at that time ; but it made the same number of raps the girl did. When she stopted the sounds would stop for a short time. The other girl, who is in her fiftcenth year, then spoke in sport, and said, 'Now do just as I do.' Count one. two, three, four,' etc., at the same time striking one hand in the other. The blows that she made were repeated, as before. It appeared to answer her by repeating every blow she made. She only did so ren successively, and it gave the number of raps corresponding to the ages of each of my children. "I then asked if it was a human being making the noise, and, if so, to manifest it by the same noise. There was no noise. I then asked if it was a spirit ?-- if it was to manifest it by two sounds. heard.two sounds as soon as the words were spok-In. I then asked if it was an injured spirit, and, if place, and their declaration is quite sufficient to distinctly. I then asked if it was an injured spirit, and, if those who know them. distinctly. I then asked if it was injured in this house and the sounds were immediately made distinctly; if the person was living that injured it, and got the same answer. I then ascertained, by the same method, that its remains were buried under the dwelling, and how old it was. When I asked how many years old, it was it rapped thirty one times ; that it was a male; that it had left a family of five children ; that it had two sons and three daughters, all living. discharged their duty till the weading-day or one or I askedif, it left a wife, and it, rapped ;---if its wife them, when their charge was forgotten ; but, in the was then living, and there was no rapping ;-1f she midst of the marringe feast; the three young women was dead and the rapping was distingly heard for how long she had been dead, and it rapped twice. "About this time I asked. Will the noise continue if I call in some of the neighbors, that they may hear it too? It answerd, as usual, by rapping, My husband went tand called (Mrs. Redfield, our next door, neighbor. She is a very candid wohin. The girls were then sitting up in bed, somewhat the some of the invalid, they found her to their to the room of the invalid, they found her to their surprise, sitting up, and learned from her lips that her mother had been there and handed her her food. This was the only time she aver spoke during her. The girls were then sitting up in bed, somewhat the surprise of the only time she aver spoke during her.

terrified, and clinging to each other. I was calm, I think, as I am now. Mrs. Redfield came immediate-ly. This was about half-past seven o'clock. She came in thinking to joke and laugh at the children; but when she came she saw that we were all amazed Under the general head of "Records of Facts," like, and that there was something in it. I then we shall present a relation of events that have asked a few questions, and they were answered as before ; and she was satisfied that there was sometranspired, both in past ages and the present, in thing strange about it. It told her age exactly. proof of the nearness of the spirit life to this, and She would then call her husband, and he came, and of the fact that not only in our day, but in all past the same questions were asked over again, and the time, the spirits of those whom the world calls answers were the same as before. 1. was then asked "doad" can manifests their presence to man on how long it had been injured, and the sound was repeated four times, at regular intervals, and then, after a short pause; once more; the same being re-

peated every time time the same question was "Then Mr. Redfield called in Mr. Duesler and

wife, and several others. A great many questions were asked over, and the same answeres given as before. Mr. Duesler then called in Mr. and Mrs. Hyde; they came, and also Mr. and Mrs. Jewell. Mr. Duesler asked many questions, and got the answers. I then named over all the neighbors that I could think of, and asked if any of them had in-jured it, and got no answer. Then Mr. Duesler asked it some questions, the same as I had, and got the same answers.

" Many called in that night, who were out fishing The same questions were frequently repeated as others came in, and the same answers were obtained. Some of them staid here all night. I and my family all left the house but my husband. I went to with them. That the disciples of Christ believed in Mrs. Redfield's and staid all night; my children the power of spirits to "rap" is evident in the fact stopped at some of the other neighbors. My husband and Mr. Redfield staid in the house all night. " On the next day the house was filled to overflow-

and knocked at the door where his brethren were, ing all day. This was on Saturday. There was no they believed it was an angel. This indicates that sound heard during the day; but in the evening the sound commenced again. Some said that there appears to have been manifested by them, but as a matter of usual occurrence, they attribute the knock-inster of usual occurrence, they attribute the knock-inster of usual occurrence, they attribute the knockthat night, only by hearsay, as I went to Mr. Duesler's to stay all night.

" On Sunday morning, the second of April, the noise commenced again, and was heard throughout tions being first witnessed in a house in Hydesville, the day by all who came there. On Saturday night they commenced digging the cellar, and dug until they came to water, and then gave it up. The noise was not heard on Sunday evening, nor during the night. Stephen B. Smith and wife, and David S. rences which have made it a matter of interest and Fox and wife, slept in the room this night. I have heard nothing since that time until yesterday. In the forenoon of yesterday there were several questions answered in the usual way by rapping I have

"I am not a believer in haunted houses or supernatural apearances. I am very sorry that there has been so much excitement about it. It has been a great deal of trouble to us. It was our misfor-Episcopal Church, and had sustained a charactor tune to live here at this time ; but I am willing and unimpeachable for truth and veracity. Mr. E. W- anxious that the truth should be known, and that a true statement should be made. I cannot account for these noises ; all that I know is, that they have been heard repeatedly, as I have stated. I have

to me, and that the same is true; and I am willing

MARGARET FOX. (Signed),

#### "April 11th, 1848."

Mr. John D. Fox gives a certificate corroborating is wife's statement in every particular, and says: I do not know in what way to account for these noises, as being caused by natural means. We have searched in every nook and corner in and about the house, at different times, to ascertain, if possible, whether anything or anybody was secreted there that could make the noise; and have never been early manifestions in this country as presented in able to find anything that explained the mystery. It has caused us a great deal of trouble and anxiety. Hundreds have visited the house, so that it is impossible to attend to our daily occupations; and

A BOOK-KEEPER'S ERROR FOUND BY A SPIRIT .--- A merchant on the dock, who does not care to have we could hardly tell where it was. This was in the his name published as a medium for spiritual comevening just after we had gone to bed. The whole family slep in the room together, and "all heard the munications, but who gets spiritual responses by noise. There were four of our family, and some-times five. The first night we heard the rapping purpose, informs us that an error had occurred in we all got up lit a candle, and searched all over the his books, which he and his book-keeper had rehouse. The noise continued while we were hunting, and was heard near the same place all the time. It peatedly looked through the books for, but had was not very loud, yet it produced a jar of the bed- failed to discover It. He was sitting by a table in steads and chairs, that could be felt by placing our his counting-room, a few days since, when, by an was a feeling of tremulous motion, more than a sud- apparent uncasiness in the table, he perceived that den jar. -- It seemed as if we could hear it jar while some one wished to communicate. He invited a bywe were standing on the floor. It continued this stander to come and put his hands on the opposite night until we went to sleep. I did not go to sleep side of the table, which he did, when the table until nearly twelve o'clock. The noise continued to be heard every night. On Friday night, March 31st, it was heard as usual, and we then, for the first time, called in the neighbors. Up to this time we had never heard it in the daytime, or, at least, we did not notice it at all during the day. month of September. On examining the account for that month an error of nearly twenty dollars was would not mind it, but try to get a good night's found. Some of our most respectable citizens were rest. My husband was here on all those occasions, present at the time, and know the facts to be as

NOTICE TO AGENTS AND OTHERS. Individuals to whom gratuitous copies of this aper are sent, who have acted as agents for Spiritual or other publications, are authorized to obtain subsoribors, remitting to us the names, with the amount of Club price, for which see page 4, retaining the balance as a remuneration for their services.

A SFIRIT SUBGBON .- In Horst's collection of trials from lameness, occasioned by a distorted bone .bone became straight of itself. The child waked her for mercy-never till then. mother and brother, and asked if they had seen and heard the angel that had been with her. It ap

peared to her that something had stroked her bone, whereon it became straight; and, from that time. her lameness ceased.

# The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. COMAST, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of meeinges from departed Spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. These communications are not published for literary merit. Truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted —only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated without atteration by us Banner of Light

#### Thrilling Interview with a Spirit.

The following will be read with deep interest. It bears with it a lesson of vital importance, not thought it best to let her come. only to individuals, but to the community at large. A few remarks in relation to it will be found in another column, under the caption, "Unseen Incentives to Crime."

"I wish I hadn't drowned myself. I don't know how to relieve myself of the unhappiness I feel. They tell me to forgive, but you might as well turn heaven into hell, as to ask it."

Here, then, we remarked, may be found the cause of your unhappiness. You cannot be happy so long as you obcrish hatred in your breast. Your first duty is to forgive all who have injured you. "I once thought I might forgive, but now it's

mpossible." Not impossible, you didn't mean to say that.

Anything that is right, it is not impossible for you to do. But do you not know that by refusing to exercise this Christian virtue, you are adding continually to your unhappiness? "I know I am making myself trouble, but falways

did." What terrible wrong then is it that you will not

forgive, when you know you are injuring yourself by refusing so to do? "Broken promises and false heartedness are what

I have to forgive, and which I never will," It is no wonder you are unhappy, for in order to be happy, it is necessary to cultivate that principle

of God which dwells within us, which is love. You, it seems, are acting entirely the reverse. "God has been banished long ago from my soul, and

hatred has taken his place. When I see the cause of all my mortal sorrow filling a suicide's grave, then I panish hatred-not till then. Yes, he shall drink of the same bitter cup, and I will hold it to his lips; yes, he shall know that although dead, I can be revenged."

sentiments.

ecome nothing."

Bhe is in heaven, where her child never will be.

I was given to love once, but it was a flower whose fragrance brought death."

been different to you.

ery to God in my anguish, and did not a heavier bolt fall upon me?"

we should all obey and love.

"I had but one, and my own hand coldly drank its heart's blood." You did not destroy its life?

"No. I am told it lives yet, in heaven, where its mother never will."

. Do you think the ties of consanguinity are over severed? Do they not think of you even if they are in heaven?

"Do the angels think of the devil?" Have you seen the devil?

"No-I see the element of evil dwells in the souls for witchcraft, we read of a girl who had long suffered of all men. Mark me, mortal ! he who now lives on earth, shall feel and know that the actress lives. Ho shall fall by his own hand; then will I seek for Nothing was found efficacious, till, one night, the pardon of the God I have avenged; then will I suo

Mark me! when your ears are greeted with the sound-another actor has passed on to the suicide's grave-remember her who now speaks to you, and that she will sue for pardon. I must be gone, for devil as I am, I would not injure the frail forms of those who tread your earth in suffering—they are women. (Alluding to the medium.)

Immediately after the above, the medium was entranced by another spirit, who said :

I have been here all the time. Why, you have had such a beautiful face talking to you, and such a dark form ! I never saw anything like it before. Did you not feel bad? I did. She went out of sight in a moment. My name is Tommy Churchill. They told me I might come, because I was so very quiet. They told me to tell you it was better for her to come ; it will be right in the end. Have you scen my mother lately? Why don't you go to see her? My father would not be mad if you was to publish what I told you.

Did anybody know this spirit? Nobody knew her-nobody ever saw her. I heard her say she had been round the medium two or three hours, and she must come and would come, and they

#### Frank Nichols to his Mother.

I never spoke to a medium previous to this: I never wrote through one, but I have communicated in other ways once, I may say twice ; but not clearly but once. I was 17 years old when I left earth, and I am more than happy in my new home. But really 1 do wish to manifest to my dear friends. especially to my dear mother. Ob, she is so dear to me! I cannot rest in my home, because she is in darkness. I have a little sister. She is a medium. I have more than one, but I speak ot this one on account of her medium power. Three days after my death I presented myself to her; she saw me as plain as she will see me when she comes where I am. Oh, how I wish I could manifest. again. How I wish they would take away her fear, got mighty smart, got provoked with his brother so that I can make known my presence. But the and cleared out. I'd much like to see him. tear, and she fears, and that destroys my chance of manifesting. Pray how can I go to work to manifest in safety to them? This little sister's name is Harriet. Oh, my dear mother, I am so often with her, and I so desire to manife t. I died of quick consumption, but did not suffer much. The doctors called it hemorrhage of the lungs. I have been here two years lacking a day or two. I was not sick long enough to lose the run of time. I want that sister to sit for manifestations alone or in company it matters not which. My name was Frank Nichols. I lived in Taunton, Mass. Died there.

Yes. I know Dan'l Russell ; he will be very likely to know of me.- Some of the Russell family are away in the west. If they don't know me refer to Harriet Nichols. I don't know how my folks will receive this, but I hope well. My mother was a christian

#### From William Gavitt, formerly of Salem, Mass.

But a few years have passed since I was numbered among the inhabitants of earth. I was past the meridian of earth life, but had not attained to old age. All spirits are anxious to manifest to the inhabitants of carth. Some have more anxiety than others; I am tot over auxious, but I am desirious of manifesting. I have friends near you; I have friends a long way from here; I have ene-mics, but I wish then all well I have many friends in Salem, Mass. I was engaged in trade friends in callent, autos, and in assure you, my friend, I am anxious in regard to those I call my had cultivated that flower aright, and not allowed friends, and also in regard to those I call my ene-the weeds of carth to have choked it, it might have mies. I would openly ask forgiveness for any error mies. I would openly ask forgiveness for any error I may have committed in my journey through earth life. I am happy, I am satisfied—I found the spirit life to far exceed my highest anticipations. "To my dear, dear friends, permit me to drop one word or two. As they value their happiness in the sphere they are hastening towards, I would beg them to seek light now, while they have so ample an opportunity. You, the spirit present, and the medium, are all strangers to me. Nevertheless, I have a word for the inhabitants of earth, and L must give forth that word. I am Wm. Gavitt, formerly of Salem, and now of the spirit life.

I expected then to be drawn to the other world, but no, I wasspared.

I remember about eight or nine years previous to my death, standing upon the deck in the midst of a hunder-storm, when with one flash of the electric fluid every man was swept off but myself. Again I was spared.

I have seen much of the earth-life, and now I am at home, and return to earth to give my friends a faint iden of the home they do not know anything about as yet.

My parents, especially my mother, live by prayer; a very pious woman she was; but she fails to understand religion as it should be understood; I am well aware my friends will not receive me directly. I intend to approach them by way of others, and I am sure I shall succeed in the object I have undertaken.

You do not know as I ever lived on earth, for I am a stranger to you, a stranger to her, whom I speak through, and as proof seems to be requisite, I will do the best to convince you that I once lived on earth. You may call me Capt. James Dennett. Write to Moses Harvey, New Bedford, or to Elder Howe, of N. B.

## David Cutler, a Bostonian of the Olden Time.

May I be allowed to ask what place I am in Boston? That is just where I want to be. It seems to me as though I have been a spirit for a long time -but I suppose it is not so long as I think it is. Boston! Then it has changed since I was last here. My name was David Cutler ; when I lived in Boston I lived on Queen street, second house from the corner. No one knows me here, and I know no one. I know I am a spirit—how long I have been away from this town? The last thing I recollect? Well 1 supplied the men that worked on the Governor's house with ale. Hancock was his name. I kept a porter house, second door down Queen street. I was an the right hand side looking towards the water. I drank some. I had two children, David and Polly. David used to carry the ale. Polly used to put it up. I sold a great deal that time, for the men worked hard and they wanted a great deal to drink. They tell me I have descendants here now, but I don't know where to find them. My father came from England, but I was born in Boston, in King street. Perhaps I have got the two mixed up -but the old folks lived near the church. Ben Franklin lived close by-almost next house to where I was born. I played with him-more than I did with any body else. It appears to make that I did printing. I bought candles of his father. That after I set up for myself. I was pretty young, only 13; got married when I was 19. Why don't I see Ben, if he is dead? I used to be acquainted with all the children, particularly with him. I hear he

You ask how came I here ty you? I was looking and told this was Boston. I have descendants here and have been to see them, but I can't do anything. there. I don't know the name of your streets, so ] cannot tell where. There is a little feller here who says they live in Prince street; but I don't know where that is. The building has a black door with a big knocker on the door. House large with small windows. This little chap says go out of Hanover street, take the right hand and go a little ways and you 'll come to the house. Now I'll tell you something on my own hook. The name on the door is

my own. I was 31 when I died. Well when are you going to find out if I am true. I have been away too long for you to find many of those who know me.

This friend says all spirits have to progress on earth, and I have got to come back. I think this must be my resurrection. Now if you don't attend to me, when I come here again I'll stay, for I am not going to sleep as before.

We made some inquiries as to the correctness of the above, and subsequently received the following: Ldon't know whether these are relatives of mineor not, but this little fellow says they are I dia not mean to say that his name was David Cutler, but the last one was right. Well I told yov I should come to see if you had got me safe out of difficulty, and I am satisfied so I'll leave.

From George Williams, formerly of California.

Good morning. One George Williams desires to communicate. I am drawn here by hearing the name of one who is not related to me; but as the old earth name sounds familiar. I came in answer to it. I have been in my present position nearly five years. I passed away in San Jose, California. It is not anxiety for my personal friends that brings me here this morning, or that leads me to communi-

woman. My friend, I am sorry to find you harboring such "I am a friend to nobody-I am alone, self has

Have you no mother on earth?

'Yes, once I hal a mother; I have none; if she had been on earth, I should not be where I am.

Wherever that mother is she must have her child, and must be unhappy to some extent at his misery. If you love her, you should seek to make her happy.

But we are taught that God is love, and if you

"God ! you believe in him. I do not. Did I not

Yes, I believe in a God of mercy and of love whom

stated. The communicating Spirit was that of an early acquaintance of the merchant, they having been clerks together, in another city, in years gone

by.-Age of Progress.

Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit mounts. Every holy aspiration is a chariot invitnoise and tried to make a similar noise by snapping ing the soul to fly onward. Each loving thought is a wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal and sublime.

APT SCRIPTURE REFERENCE BY A SPIRIT .--- At Green. point, L. I., a gentleman recently received a communication which was of such a nature as to render him anxious to know from whom it came. He accordingly importuned the Spirit to give its name, and once. She then began to be startled, and I said to on enforcing this demand, the Spirit, through the the noise, "Count ten,' and it made ten strokes of raps and alphabet, referred him to Genesis xxxu: noises. Then I asked the ages of my different child- 29. Turning to that passage he read as follows: "And Jacob asked him, [an angel] Tell me, I pray. thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?" The family, who are the mediums, declare that they were entirely ignorant of the existence of any such passage in that

> A MINISTERING SPIRIT MOTHER, -- A young girl, called Ludwiger, in early childhood had wholly-lost her speech, and the use of her limbs. The mother, on her death-bed, committed the care of this helpless girl to her other daughters, and they punctually discharged their duty till the wedding day of one of suddenly remembered their neglect, and, hastening

you that the only sin I ever committed was under the shadow of its branches."

Was it love, or something which is too often misaken for it?

" Folly always lingers in the very core of love. now it—so you will." Suppose you had loved, and had strict regard to

ight? " So I did."

How then did you fall?

"How? I'll tell you how. He to whom I gave the wealth of all my love betrayed himself and me also. He led me to an altar that was false; to a priest that was not one by law. Did I sin? I only repled like a captive blindfolded. I did not sin in he act; when I found the vows were false, and that which should be sacred was not, and myself better fitted for hell than heaven, my love was then turned to bitter hate, and revenge was the only boon I asked for in the future."

But is there not a better revenge than that which you seek.

"What better, pray? Should I seek to east roses at the feet of my destroyer? Never. When hell and heaven unite, I may-not until then."

Do you know about the life of Christ? "I know what your Bible teaches of him."

He suffered, and yet forgave. "He was a Christ,-I am no part of one." He was a man.

"And I am a woman-so we differ." He was human.

"So am I, therefore subject to faults."

And he forgave even on the cross, under the most cruel torture.

"Because he was Christ; because he was pure; because he was well guarded and had friends both spiritual and mortal. I had none, and only return to express my bitter hatred against all mankind on earth.

I wish you would see differently, for I should like to see you happy. "I shall be happy when I accomplish my mis-

sion."

If you have suffered wrong, how will another wrong perpetrated by you make you happy? "When I have accomplished my mission, I shall satiate my hate and be satisfied.

I am in hell now."

But why do you wish to cause misery to this nan's friends? Others then he must suffer, and how much greater is your sin than his.

me to a path of love, for the blood of my own offspring cries out against him, and I fling it back to arth to be living coals upon him."

I am sorry to see you so obstinate. "Was the heart of man ever open to grief?"

Are they all aliko? "They were when I lived on earth. Have I not bause to hate?"

There is no injury that can be inflicted which is an excuse for hatred, Therefore I say you have not.

Have you a child? A viteshing of each and almost in a moment. I was drawn fatho

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From B. B. Mussey, late of Boston. Gentlemen-Although my spibit is hardly free from the pinions of earth, yet I gladly return and commune with you. I am sure that my spirit hath form; I am sure I am here in your presence as much as at any time during my earth existence. 1 am interested in that which now absorbs your whole attention, and I hope often to send messages through the columns of your journal to my friends on earth.

Oh, God of Wisdom, my spirit is continually crying, give me strength. Aid me, O, Father of spirits and mortals, to become what I might have been while on earth. I am free from the body of death. My soul exults in the loving kindness of God, the Futher of all mankind.

One word to the kind friends in the earth-life : one blessing to those who bestowed so much upon me. Oh, say to them my spirit often stands beside them since it has been free from earth.

Gentlemen, you are strangers to me, though I think I have met you in my earth life; but I am not sure. Offer prayers daily in my behalf; and I, in return, will use my powers to advance yours, and yours are those of all mankind in love and wisdom. Hereafter I may visit you often. The diamonds I now bring are covered with dross ; soon, I trust, the dross will vanish, and they shine with brilliant light. Let no eulogy be accompanied with my name. but a simple prayer that I may ascend to the sphere of wisdom.

Gentlemen, I am with you for the cause of truth. BENJ. B. MUSSEY.

#### A Whaleman of New Bedford.

How pleasant the word home sounds! And especially to the mariner, who has been tossed upon the mighty ocean for many, weary months. T is now sixteen years since I left the ocean of carthlife and arrived safe at homo, and I assure you I found a pleasant port. I have friends on earth ; it is for them I leave for a time my now beautiful home. Yes, I am in hopes to do them good ; they were always ready to greet me with open arms when "He who heaped misery on me shall feel the fire I returned to my earth home, and I can see no rea-of hatred ere my work is done. So try not to bring son why they should discard me now. I have aged parents on earth ; soon they will come to me. I would not have them come without a better knowl-édge of the future. I have two brothers and one sister; I have a companion, and one daughter. Now you must know I feel very anxious about these dear friends. My father was a carpenter by trade : my brothers followed the same calling, and I was master of a whale ship. After being married a short time, I left my friends and sailed for the Indian ocean; I had been many voyages previous to this, and many times I have stood almost clasped in "You say no? you are a fool—for you cannot ap-the arms of death, and yet my time to pass on had preciate my wrongs. I have placed them before you in a plain view, and you coldly look upon them and ask me to love. I have been have long enough." sk me to love. I have been here long enough." a dozen companions. I threw a harpoon at a noble Before you leave the medium, one more question. whale, and forgot to unloose the cord from my wrist, and almost in a moment I was drawn fathoms deep.

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cate, but I am anxious for my acquaintances. Perhaps it will be well to rank them friends. I have an aged father in Boston; I have two brothers and three sisters. I knew but little, if anything of this light before I passed away, but I am happy, and wish all my friends to investigate for themselves. It is not well for one to investigate for his friends ; let it be an individual work. As 1 advance in happiness and in wisdom, I will return to earth with choice gems for my friends, and especially for my dear, dear father. His eyes are scaled to this great truth, but not closely sealed, for the faith he leans upon is spiritual. I have many things I might give you this morning in regard to myself and my friends, but it would not be advisable. I come to awake now ; bye and bye I shall come to add new light to those whom I desire to awake from moral death sleep.

#### QUAINT EPITAPHS.

In the cemetery in Concord, Mass., may be found the following :---

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves. I will as God "God wills us free; man wills us slaves. I will as God wills. God's will be done. Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died Nov., 1773, aged about 60 years. The born in a land of slavery, he was born free; the 'he liv'd in a land of liberty, he lived a slave, till by bis honest, the 'stolen labors, he acquired the source of slavery, which gave him his freedom, though not long before his death, the grand tyrant gave him his final emancipation, and set him on a footing with kings. The's slave to vice, he practiced those virtues without which kings are but slaves."

In another town, near the city of Boston, is the

following :---

10110Wing :---\* Here lyes our Captain, and Majon of Euffulk was withall, A goodly magistrate was he, and Majon GENERALL, Two troops of hors with him here came Such worth his love did crave; Ten companyes of Foot also mourning marcht to his grave, Let all that read be sure to keep the faith as he has done, With Obrist he liver new crowned, His name was HunrHEEX ATHERTOR, He died the 16th of September, 166L."

In a burying-place in Westminster, Vt., is the following patriotic effusion :---

- "Hore Wm. Fronch his body lies For murder his blood for vengeance cries, King George the Third his Tory crew Thro' which a bawi his head shot through, For Liberty and his country's good, Lost his Life, his Dearest blood."

Agawam-" In memory of Mr. Elnathan Baldwin, was suddenly killed by the wheel of a wagon on the 18th of July, 1812, aged 40 years. Useful in life, and lamented in death. 'The cup that my heavenly father giveth me, shall I not drink it?'

Come all ye weary travelors Pray stop and drop a tear, As I traveled, I made a full stopffiere."

In Hadley may be seen the following epitaph :

"In memory of Chester Smith, who was instantly killed by he upsetling of a load of wood, Jan. 25, 1810, sged 18 years. Buddenly Death throw, forth his dart, The faint arrow pierced my heart; When health and vigor crowned my day, Alas I my soul was snatched away,"

Visit Springfield cemetery, and this inscription

ou may read :

"In memory of two sons of Ellis Russell, drowned May 23, 1783. Header, boware, and venture not too far, To save one drowning issues my fate you share, The second I ventured in to save A brother drowning, brought me to my grave." A B Contract and Bart

# Pearls.

# And queled edes, and jewels for portainer. That on the straighted for Sager of all Time.

Work on and win! Bhall light from nature's depths arise, And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies. Bit down with fate, and idle fall ?-No-onward. Let the Truth prevail! Work on !

Every great poem is in itself limited by necessity,-but in its suggestions unlimited and infinite.

Hark! the rushing show! The sun awakened avalanche ! whose mass, Thrice slited by the storm had gathered there Flake after flake, in heaven defying minds As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth Is loosened, and the nations coho round, Bhaken to the roots, as do the mountains now.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning ; let the mind be con-Stantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent foolings. This will scarcely over fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

- Bpring-flowers renew their wild perfume, But ere a second spring they fly; Our life is longer than their bloom Our bloom is sweeter,-yet we die.
- Yet stars like flowers have but their day. And Time, like stars, shall cease to roll; We have what never can decay, -A living and immortal soul.

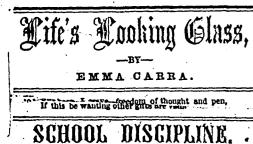
There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed.

> There's many an empty cradle, There's many a vacant bed, There's many a lonely bosom Whose joy and light have fied. For thick in every graveyard The little billocks lie-And every hillock represents An angel in the sky.

A modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and generous actions. He is like the concealed flower springing rom an humble stom, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume.

> An antelope, In the suspended imposs of its lightness, Were less ethereally light: the brightness Of her divinest presence trambles through Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew Embodied in the windless heaven of June Amid the splendor winged stars, the moon Burns inextinguishably beautiful; And from her lips, as from a hyacinth ful Of honey dow, a liquid murmur drops, Killing the sense with passion : sweet as stops Of planetary music heard, in trance.

- Life is short; and that portion of it which one human being devotes to injuring, punishing and destroying another we are inclined to think will pay but a poor dividend on the final settlement of differences."



O, what a rush! There they come, poll moll ! the quickest on the foot gets to the open air first and mow for a shout that fills every fibre of his lungs with the pure air of which they have stood so long in need. Well, I will sit here over across the way a little while and rest me and perchance too I can catch some new ideas; I am sure I can, if variety of features will give me food for reflection. See that tiny little paled cheeked boy that stands spart from the rest. How his large eyes roll from side to side, as if they were cager to grasp at one effort an entire view of God's earthly possesions! His companions call him little Billy the book-worm, and such words harshly spoken always sink to his heart's core for he knows there is no help for him. His right arm is too weak to defend himself even from those of more tender years; so he studies on, bearing in silence the taunts and jeers heaped on him by the more athletic. Little Billy, allow me to ask you a question : I trust it is a civil one. Are you now fitting yourself for the arduous duties of life on this terrestrial ball when maturer years shall come, or are you preparing yourself for an early residence in that land of which no history is written save by inspiration? Is it a fond widowed mother that places those neatly fitting patches on your worn jacket and robs herself of sleep nightly that you may wear tight boots and go comfortably clad to school? I opine it is, for your look as if you have a mother, and you look too as if that mother has double duties to perform. God grant that you may live to bless her and that in future years if you go out into the great world you will never be ashamed to shield from harm her who so faithfully devotes the best years of her life to you now. Billy, no one has told me where you live, but I think I can guess. It is in a little narrow court near by, for tenements are cheap there and they are near the school house too. Your mother thinks of this and says mentally, I had rather carry my wood and water up another flight of stairs if I can only make Billy comfortable. He will not have far to go when school is done before he can refresh himself with the food I have toiled. to get when he is absent. This is all right, little boy ; your mother does no more than her dutyshe should make sacrifices for you or she is not a true mother. But if you live in future years you have a duty to perform in turn-see that you don't forget to do it; for she will be old and feeble then .--the friends of her childhood and youth scattered or dead, she will have no one to lean on but you the child of her early love to whose benefit she devotod all the energy of those years when she might had she neglected you provided for the future.

day, and will again so long as man strives to dive no deeper than the surface.

Harry inherits none of his noble father's democratic qualities; you can learn that by a glance at his curling lip and the lordly air he puts on as he keeps aloof from boys that wear coarser fabrics. His proud gait, in short every movement of his half developed form stamps indelibly on your mind the fact that his father owns and occupies a handsomer house than any other man in the fashionable street where it stands. Grandson of the old shoemaker! If I were yonder pale boy, the son of the widow, and you should ask me to change situations in life with you. I should answer no; for I would sooner live with a noble loving mother and receive her counsel daily though she dwell in a garret and subsisted on daily though she dwell in a garret and subsisted on the coarsest food or be compelled by circumstances to clothe me with the coarsest fabrics, for I should know that by and by I should reach an hotorable manhood where our happy country allows dil-an equal chance in the great condities for substances. equal chance in the great conflict for success. You will grow up petted, carressed, and be taught by your proud ignorant mother that your father's words that you are a native. I wish that every edwealth is sufficient to make men respect you. She will not encourage you to cultivate your naturally dull intellect, so few will be the themes and difficult problems that you will solve. Were your fu- ferings of their fellows as mere trifles would then ture career as bright as your noble father would be instrumental in doing more good. have it, perhaps the pale half orphaned child might do well to exchange with you, but we know it will not be, for is not a mother's influence the strongest ? I know it is, and that is why sitting here and look-ing across the way I have attempted to turn proph-severe punishment I never should dare to carrya

Ha! little fellow, I saw you then, and do you know it gave me the heart-ache? for the boy is the type in miniature of what the man will be in is the type in miniature of what the man will be in future years. I saw you move slyly to the side of a compagion and gently draw from his pocket a toy that you must have known he valued, and ap-propriate it to a secret pocket of your own, and af-ter when it was missed I heard you deny that you had seen it; but you are too young not to have a tell tale free that has exposed you, and now as then tell-tale face that has exposed you, and now as the never see a villain have a pen any more than he rightful owner grappled with and forced his toy does the telegraph wire, for it talks too loud, and is from you I hear the noisy group that surround the battlers, give you a name that I fear will follow you in future years elsewhere than at the school house; and then thoughts like these bring other reflections and involuntarily my head turns and I glance at yonder prison where five hundred men who once were boys like you are buried from the great world with no one to minister to them save those who guard their bolts.

With a cold shudder I turn away, and though I strive against it I ask myself the question, Is there any one among that merry laughing throng who will in the far off future occupy a cell in yonder gloomy building ?

To day there are many emaciated forms within that pile of stone whose prospects in their early true man? One that will remember that those years were as bright as yours, but pleasure in forbidden paths phantom-like lured them on till, they have human feelings, in spite of the great wrongs were too far steeped in crime to save themselves from ruin.

See the monitor! how lordly and important he ooks as he turns from side to side and watches the innocent gambols of his mates that he may discover some trifling misdemeanor to report to his teacher, and thereby show how faithful he has been. I never fancied a spy-his is an occupation to say the loost that never will exalt him. I have but little faith in that teacher's power of governing who has not influence enough over his scholars to keep them from violating any wholesome rule necessary to be obeyed, and if the teacher has such an influence he will need no spy to watch over those under his charge when they go from his sight for prisoner may move with a snail-like pace over the

If that stern teacher could once more be a school way he is remanded to his cell by his sin-harden

partner to rightly interpet his thoughts. She well I know the history of each. No State's prison knew by the arch look he gave her that his mind discipline in school hardened them in childhoodhad taken a leap backward some fifteen years when her father a good old fashioned shoemaker who used to live away down among the swamps of Nar-nganset toiled so hard to keep her in a little coun-try school till she could read and write, sufficient education in his mind the old man would say, for graduated from the school house on the hill side, a shoemaker's daughter. It is not our purpose to and not one of the number has done ought to sully tell now how the honest old shoe maker's child be his or her name. Often have I heard of their came the wife of a whole-souled man worth half a standing foremost in the ranks among the good million, for many a pretty face without a noble and the true ever trying to benefit those who need heart to reccomend it has made conquests before to- friends. But there sounds the master's bell, and now every voice in that yard is hushed as suddenly as if God with one stroke of his power had made them all mutes. See how they file in like a funeral procession : one after another, they disapear till that great piece of tomb like architecture holds them all again and confines them to their dull routine of duty. Alas! is there no pleasanter way to teach our children? Were Washington, Franklin. Jefferson and a host of other good men taught in this way? We opine not. But the yard is empty now, so we will move on. EMMA CABBA.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

PRISONS.

Why, why, why! Mr. Editor, how dare you speak right out in that way? Proof enough in those itor was such a brick as you are when speaking of wrong; we would soon see a different state of things in society. Those who now treat the suf-

You have spoken my sentiments exactly, but being of the opposite sex I am constitutionally a little timid, and now and then I keep back a pistol in my pocket to protect myself with, for fear it would go off and hurt somebody. In short, the only weapons I have any fancy for fighting with are my pen and tongue, and if the assailed would does the telegraph wire, for it talks too loud, and is heard by too many, and the wielder of it is often

too prying into his secrets. O, I tell you, Mr. Editor, if those damp walls that hedge in the narrow cells in yonder five hundred thousand dollar prison could speak, it is my opinion that they would unfold tales that would cause the cheeks of outsiders to blanch. I have not the State Prison statistics at hand, but I have been informed by Mr. Spear, that apostle of the present day, that within the tomb like piece of architecture, so near us, there are now confined five hundred human beings, all subject to a one man power. Ought not the utmost care to be taken when selecting one from the busy world without to fill this office? Ought he not to be a good and over whom he presides are human beings, and they have committed?

It does not make men better to half feed and half clothe them and then shut them up in dark, damp cells, solitary, without besk or pen to relieve the tedious hours of dungeon life. "Why they can have books," are the Warden. We know they can if you will condescend to allow them the privilege, and have humanity enough to place the un nate und guilty ones where sufficient day light can creep in to enable them to decipher their pages. But any little violation of prison rules is usually deemed sufficient cause for the withholding of all privileges from the convict. Faint and weary from long confinement, and from breathing fetid air, the a few moments to catch a breath of the fresh air. | labor that brings him no remuneration, and straight-

that in every human being at the heart's core there is a vein of purity, though in some it may for-ever lie dormant. Under present rules when a prisoner has served out his time, the huge key grates in the lock, and he steps out into the sunlight with no one to care for him, or provide him with food or employment till his energies can be brought into proper activity; so he roams about hither and thither till temptation comes again, once more he falls and then the public cry—we knew it would be so! there is no use in trying to reform such

should be a solution of the second term of term fellowmen. I would have every prison have a library filled with the best of books and not a sectarian crystal drops that rushed up and trembled on her book among them. Each prisoner should have long lashes! They were the first tears that the wife a catalogue and choose what volumes he wished to read and have them exchanged as often as he pleased. There should be a good old fashioned his answer, and after a few moments' silence she Bible minister address them every Sunday. Preach-ing as Jesus preached, to make men better, and not to show how many outbursts of eloquence there can be crowded into one short sermon. Every prisoner should be treated like a man and I would have a man to treat him so. I would have no biped that thinks more of a bottle of old Burgundy than he does of the reformation of a human soul, to rule over a reformatory institution.

And above all other means of reform I would prize a school connected with the prison, where those who are laboring under the curse of a poor education can gain a knowledge of books while confined there, no matter how many years he may have lived ere the prison key first turned on him or if his first lesson there be in the alphabet. A knowledge of the right kind of books will always tend to elevate the mind at any period of life from the cradle to the grave. Why, says the reader, if prisoners should receive all these advantages you totally unhappy, for everything was new and nice have named it would be impossible to get prisons and it was a pleasant thought that she was mistress have named it would be impossible to get prisons and it was a pleasant thought that she was mistress enough to hold the applicants. Bah! man loves there; and then she would often say to herself as his liberty too well to barter it for all the favors that could be heaped on him inside a dungeon wall. There, Mr. Editor, you freed your mind and now I have done the same, but it is my candid opinion cover a multitude of faults." that if by any freak of fortune either you or I should have one of those strong bolts turned on us we shouldn't fare any the better for what we have said. Never mind, there's a good time coming, so it is no matter if we don't get our deserts in this EMMA CABBA. world.

## EARLY MARRIAGES.

One of America's noblest sons has spoken zeal ously in favor of early marriages, but should he not have qualified his words a little by saying such marriages should depend somewhat on circumstances P

There is a class of young men that the responsivilities of married life can never seem to affect,

marriage making them neither better nor worse. They glide through the world with about as much steadines of purpose as nature gave them at she became the wife of the mechanic, and now here the outset of life's journey; no ambition to be is the contrast when she has been ten years the ranked among the good and the true, and letting wife of a shiftless man. The bloom has all faded all the great powers with which the Creator has endowed them lie dormant. Nothing arouses them sallow. The once laughing eye has retired so far from the lethargy with which they have environed from the outer surface that the expression is lost themselves. They are born, they vegetate and die -a kind of human squash, that would not be missed if they were to leave this world at life's nost usoful period.

If such a one marry, to him it makes but little difference whether his wallet is in a collapsed state or its sides swelled to repletion : his wife's feet may be encased in three dollar congress gaiters or she may wear fifty cent slippers-her Sunday suit may be composed of silk or calico, it is all the same to him. If she ask him for the means to support a home comfortably, he will give it to her if he has it; if he has it not it is all the same,—the answer no is ough he thought the wife of his bosom had no

industry in some useful evocation he could, and I handsome, and his being a special favorite among believe in most cases would, show to the world the girls was proverbial. One qualification or disqualification that Ezra possessed seemed to be entirely overlooked by his fair associates, and that was -allow me to use a phrase that can be understood

by everybody-latiness. The day that Laura Milburn became Mrs. Erra Bennett she had laid by from the proceeds of her industry quite a sum of money; but it was not the possession of this that made the young mechanic choose the fair girl for a wife, for though he was lazy he did not possess a mercenary heart,

For a few months after the marriage the youthful couple boarded in Laura's former home, and then Mr. Editor, I would have all prisons built strong and high, but I would have them filled with sun-light and fresh air. Wholesome and plain food should be dealt out in sufficient quantities, so that discharged prisoners should not look emaciated and heather with their built to be dealt out in sufficient quantities and heather with their bound be dealt out in sufficient quantities are built to be dealt out in sufficient quantities and heather discharged prisoners should not look emaciated and heather built to be dealt out in the should heather with their built to be dealt out in sufficient quantities are built to be dealt out in sufficient quantities and heather to be built built to be dealt out in the should heather to be built built to be dealt out in the built heather to be built built to be built built to be dealt out in the built built to be dealt out in sufficient quantities and heather to be built built to be dealt out in the built built to be dealt out in the built built built to be dealt out in sufficient quantities and heather to be built built to be dealt out in the built built built to be dealt out in the built built built to be dealt out in the built built built to be dealt out in the built built built built built to be dealt out in the built built built built to be dealt out in the built buil remembered to have shed; but she did not wish her husband to know that she was dissatisfied with said cheerfully.

"Well never mind, Ezra; if you have saved nothing from your earnings in the past, that is no sign that you will not save something from them in the future. I will draw a part of what I have laid by, and then at some future time perhaps you can

replace it." "Yes," drawled the husband; and as Laura booked into his face and saw with what indifference he spoke she began to think that heretofore she had only looked at the surface in making choice of a life partner; but possessed of wisdom beyond her years she wisely concluded that to repine now would but add to her misery. A fortnight later and Laura was mistress of a

neat little tenement, and the earnings of her girlhood had supplied almost every article of its furniture. And now in spite of Ezra's habit of staying at home two days after working one she was not her husband playfully touched his lips to her forehead, "Well, if Ezra is not quite so industrious and frugal as I wish he was, he is kind, and that will

Just so, Mrs. Benneit; but it wont pay house rent nor keep the coal-bin full. It won't cancel the butcher's bill, nor cause the grocer to roll in a barrel of flour. No, Mrs. Bennett; but I wish for your sake and many others' that it would.

Mrs. Bennett had been a wife long enough to be called mother by a family of four children, and Ol didn't her careworn face and form show in what sphere of life she moved and made herself useful ? I never like to waste ink in describing beautiful heroes or heroines-it is a worn-out theme; and every time I see a tale begin with lengthy remarks on auburn ringlets and eyes of jet, teeth pearly white and soft hands, I invariably whisper to myself, These are emanations from a soft and exhausted brain.

But what have those remarks to do with Mrs. Bennett? exclaims the reader. Nothing, only such a picture though rather highly colored would describe the beauty of the fair shop girl the day she became the wife of the mechanic, and now here from her cheeks, and now they are sunken and ere it reaches you; her form which a few years back was so symmetrical is stooping and decrepit, and no art could restore it to half its pristing

beauty. Does Ezra mourn over the wreck of his former it whether he works or not-tells his smart but half sick wife not to fret, for who knows but that some rich old fellow may die and leave him a few thousands?

But this is poor consolation to the mother who realizes that her four children need new shoes given as pleasantly and with as little ambition as periodically, and that as the seasons come around,

There stands the son of one who is worth half. a million and yet his child goes to the free school, but he would not if his proud mother had her way.

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"Alfred," she says with a look of contempt toward her husband, "How can you so disgrace our son as to send him, to be educated among the poor and lowly ? Why, it is disgraceful to see him at recess playing side by side with low-bred mechanin children, catching their low phrases and when school hours are over playing with them in the streets, I should think you would appreciate our vast wealth better than this, and give our children. the benefit of it.

Alfred Horton is a true American,-he loves American ration is a true American,—he loves his country and his country's institutions, and as his dashing and inshionable wife finished speaking he gently laid by the paper he was reading and in antis of every effort to control his mirthfulnes he herein into a loud large that rung through the broad rooms of his mansion and led his aristocratic 

boy and compelled to sit cramped in a narrow seat overseer, and more severe tortues inflicted. "What long hours every day solving difficult problems matter," say they, "he is only a convict. Nobody while every muscle in his tiny frame ached from in- cares for him, and if there did, why his cries canaction, believe me, when he escaped if it were but not be heard outside of the prison; and if he dies for a few moments from such severe discipline as a victim to discipline, why there will be no quesjuveniles now have to undergo, he too would like tions asked, his absence will only make room for to jump and wrestle and join in mimic battles with-out stopping to think whether his companions in storms at the midnight hour have battled around these sports belonged to this division or that.

Well, after all the modern inprovements that mates of yonder gloomy cells, and wondered if they this fast generation brag about, I cannot see that too were turning restlessly from side to side and schools at the present day are so much superior in listening to the war of the elements without; but discipline to that good old school kept long ago by my opinion is that none of the music of nature Madam Dawley. There is one short period in my history the memory of which no future darkness them in that tomb teeming with life, save the can blot out, for there it rests green and beautiful clanking of chains and the drawing of bolts, or the like the casis in the desert to refresh and cheer. curse and the oath that is heaped on them without In my carly childhood my companions and I as we tripped with light hearts down the wide green path by the road side often stopped to gather wild flowers by the way or bathe our warm faces in the cool brook that rippled by the meadow fence.

If the great eight day clock in the corner had struck nine a few minutes before we hung our little checked sun bonnets on the peg in the entry, we to meet with dark frowns or see our teacher with great world outside, the wrongs done them there. ing our gift of fresh flowers to our beloved teacher porter of Bacchus. Neither do I like to see him

contained. Reader, you may have obtained your where the condemned might be kept from again education in a city school and always been subject mixing with the world, till such times as the best to modern discipline and yet prefer that mode to judges of character and the physiognomist should any other; if you tell us this we do not doubt that pronounce them reformed. If that time never such is your choice, for God in his wisdom has same, then let the convict remain in his prisonmade a great variety of minds : some can endure home till God frees the spirit from the foul clay and some cannot,-you I presume are one of the that fetters it. The proceeds of the condemned former. As long as life remains memory will at ones labor going to support the helpless beings he times cling to that little red school-house on the often leaves in his former miserable home. I would hill-side. I remember the mossy old apple tree have the prisoners' labor at some useful employin front of the flat stone step where my companions ment in which no sharp knife is needed, and then and I used to gather in the shade at the hour of if they have no wives or helpless children who noon and draw forth our little baskets filled suffer for the necessaries of life, let the proceeds of with food fresh from the pantry at home .- their toil, the pittance that they are allowed for There we ate, and chatted, and studied, and be- each day's labor, be one-half given toward the supneath the cool shade prepared ourselves for the port of the prison or put into the State's treasury, pleasant duties of the afternoon. No spy was set where it is not needed, and the other allowed to to watch our every movement, that he might report accumulate as a fund, a certain portion of which be any little delinquency, and cultivate in himself a given to every prisoner when his term of service love of gossip. The fell tale, as we used to call shall have expired, and he is shout to go out into. him in those good old times, was always an object the world. to say the least, not to be loved. Years have passed away since that happy group of little boys would not drive them to bommit crimes spain, that

my window, have I turned my thoughts to the in-

stint, by those who have lived a fast life till it has blotted out all sympathy for those who suffer. Now, Mr. Editor, don't infer from what I have said that I wish to make the place for the keeping of con-

victs one of entertainment and wordly profit to themselves. O, no. Neither do I wish the guilty to go free ; but I will tell you what kind of officers I hate to see stationed within a prison to preside did not as we opened the school room door expect over those who have no chance to report to the uplifted lash ready to punish us for being two min-utes late. No, with light hearts we passed in, greet-to toe as though he had lived fast from his boying our companions with happy smiles and extend- | hood up, and most of the time been a firm supwho welcomed them and in such a manner that it gave us pain not to make her happy in everything. Step by step mentally we explored the paths that led to lore and all was harmony as we went, for we loved our teacher and loving her we loved our books and tried to become masters of what they contained. Reader you may have obtained your erhor the condensed mission. In short, I would see a prison made scure contained. Beats of what they erhor the condensed mission made scure

right to call on him to bear the necessary expenses of the family.

Reader, did you never observe that such miserable specimens of the masculine race generally get good wives? Yes, those that will suffer and toil in the husband's looks. He wore a heavy moustache ilence, hiding their husband's faults, --often speak. now, and the whole contour of his rosy face looked ing in his praise when they know well that their slightly more matured; but his spirits were as words ought to be clothed in censure.

Such men lose nothing by marrying young, for if they don't have a parent or a wife to provide them with a home they never will have any. But oh ! don't such don't care sort of men bring misery on their wives? Just imagine to yourself a quiet, pretty and industrious girl in her teens get here merely as ornaments. Mr. Bennett never re-tmg chained for life to a being that hasn't ambition formed—of course he never would; for he like quiet, pretty and industrious girl in her teens getenough to care whether she who has placed all her many others was constitutionally lazy, and for such hopes of happiness in this world in his keeping there is no cure save the sickle of the Great Reaper. ives in a house of beautiful architecture or tails hard to support a fifty dollar tenement.

I never look on the wife of such a man but I am taking the best care she could of her children and I hever look on the whe of such a man out 1 am led to exclaim with the prophet of old—"Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep "—weep in sympathy for hier dark future. What has she to encourage her?" secrets of her home within her own breast; what Nothing; for with the easy going husband, the fruit of her toil is received as a matter of course. I have before my mental vision the history of one whose life-contract rendered her miserable till life drew near its close.

I am speaking of Laura Milburn now, and perhans a short sketch of her married life may make some of the young readers of the Banner a little lot in some pleasant village. Show him this article, cautious on whom they bestow their hand when for here is a life picture, and then say to him they pronounce at the altar that word so full of there is too much at stake in matrimony to risk s meaning and big with the happiness or woe of the life partnership with one who heretofore has been future. Laura was young and fair, and though her able only to support himself. EMMA CARBA. detract an iota from the ring of her happy laugh, for the knew that when her employer of a Saturday night placed in her industrious hand her weeks pay there was no one to share it; she was as free as the mountain air-she could lay it out in ribbons and silk, or she could drop it into her little ornamented tin safe till the small sums added each weel joined in a whole began to look bulky, and then Laura would deposit it in an institution for safe keeping.

The young tailoress always dressed neatly, and there was such a finish to everything she wore that it were hard for a casual observer to tell whether she were dressed in silk or calico, Her demeanor was always so modest and yet cheerful that in the shop she was called a model git! She had never known sorrow, and the inexperienced said they were sure she never would, she carried such a light heart and joyous smile. "Had the fair young girl remained where she was and not scoepted the prof-fered hand of Erra Bennett, prehaps the prophocy of her mates might have been fulfilled. None but the experienced could have imagined at

passed away since that happy group of little boys and girls used to play together on the hill-side, and that part of the old trees that shaded the school children has been hewn down; but the fibres that supported it is buried deep down beneath a rich man's massion that has long stood on the home of the old tree. Those boys and girls are all costbered now but

e wintry blasts are to be kept from reac tender forms.

We have mentioned a few of the changes that took place in the personal appearance of Mrs. Bennett, but time and hard work and care made no such havoc in buoyant and he seemed just as determined now, as long ago, to make of life one great holiday.

But there ! the longer I write about him the more vexed I get, for I hate with all the energy I possess all persons male or female, who are lazy and lounge away life as though God placed them Mrs. Bennett toiled and struggled to overcome the

ills of her lot in life, hiding her husband's faults and

And now a word of advice to the girls and I shall say no more at present. Never marry a young man who don't take a bath and perform his entire toilette every morning before the sun rises, nor even then if he ask you to become his wife, unless he has in some bank the price of a house



No. 29 Exchange Street, Boston. 25 As Mr. M. devotes his time to this is is absoluted accompanied with the small fee he charges. No letters will be hereafter attended to unless accompanied with \$1. (ON DOLLAR.) and three postage letter stamps.

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