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THE DUEL.

BY CYRUS COBB.

CHAPTER L

strength in the various games, which were so popular at that time. In wrestling, throwing the bar, and leaping, great skill and strength were necessary was the neight of ambition to the young men. As is well known, the maiden, who was acknowledged the fairest and best in the village, was chosen to award the prize; and it was one of the happiest days of the victor's life, when he knelt before the Queen to be crowned King of the games.

began with leaping. One after another came for-ward and took the leap. Many fine springs were with tremulous sensation.

it flew into the air, hurled, by a lightning like mo the sneer-lines issuing from those fixed nostrils tion of his arm, falling many feet beyond the best were deep and dark. His thin mouth was tightly of his competitors. The quiet expression of sneer- and nervously compressed, while the veins in his ing satisfaction, which followed his own efforts, as forehead swelled almost to bursting. Hate, rage well as those of the others, did not tend to sooth and revenge burned hot in his soul. the disappointed and ruffled feelings of the van-

matched themselves against him, with the same He shall die before I ooc her him." apparent case, which attended his former victories. Thus he mu.
The last opponent was hurled to the ground, and his soul.

Jem English stood on the green, the victor of the The continued efforts and successes had excited him. He now burst forth with utterances of defiance. He defied any person in the throng to come forward and throw. him. No one answered the taunting invitation. He moved toward the Queen. At this moment, the form of a stranger appeared on the green, and confronted the boaster.

manners.

"My name is of no importance, I have come to throw you."

. The confident and almost indifferent tones of the before him was athletic, and one glance was suffi-tiont to assure him that a hard tak was in waiting. But he was excited with rage and a now doubtful riumph, and he "closed" with his adversary.

The first grasp sent a dispairing chill through his

truggles to the last. He clasped those wiry finears deep into the arms of his antagonist—set his aited for the stranger to move first.

tighten with painful vigor.

least motion. Not a tremble could the gazers-on perceive, as those two forms confronted each other: uddenly that of the stranger bent, and Jem English was hurled, with terrible force to the earth. A loud shout went forth from the throng. Jem his rival by his own individual powers. He dared not venture it. At length he formed a plan, which with rage, amid huzzahs for the "King of the he thought would be successful."

Games. nor thrown the bar!"

The stranger picked up the "bar" with a smile,

"The leap! the leap!" was cried by the excited

Six or seven steps only, were run, and the stran-

stood far beyond Jem's mark. The beholders were astonished by this feat. For long leap, the impetus of the leaper obliges to move forward after landing, in order to prehis balance. But here was a man who could d in his place, after reaching far beyond all rs. The shouts which rent the air then, could ard in their excitement of delight, and grasping

crowning maiden. Kind sirs!" he cried, striving gently to disen-s himself, "I do not wish to take the prise from man yonder. I only wish to teach him that a er may not always accomplish his boasting!

ope he will remember my lesson!" I will remember it, to your cost !" muttered the

to the crowning stand. The people joined with the judges in a simultaneous cry of—

"Crown him! crown him!" He could not refuse now, so he suffered himself to be led to the stand. His appearance was pre-possessing. His countenance was open and hand-some; his form, tall, and finely proportioned. The On a bright day, during the reign of James the strength of that form had been well proved to those Second, the inhabitants of a small village in the whose eyes were now upon him. All gazed with north of England, met on the green to witness the admiration—all, with the exception of Jem Enholiday sports. All the most active young men of glish, were heartily pleased to see him approach the village were there, to try their agility and the queen.

Queen to be crowned King of the games. ing queen, suffusing itself over her entire counte-At nine o'clock, the trials commenced. They

ward and took the leap. Many fine springs were made, and as one more successful than any before, was accomplished, a shout from those who looked on, told of their deep interest in the result of the games.

There was one, however, who far out-leaped the rest. He was one of those withy, agile persons, whose wiry forms appear as though they could assume any shape whatever. His face was dark and tather handsome; although the suspicious sneer which pervaded its expression, was repelling. He leaped with remarkable case and agility, placing the length of his spring far beyond that of the best before him.

with tremulous sensation.

Jem English fastened his eyes upon them with bitter jealousy. He loved Helen Irving with a passion all-absorbing. She had never encouraged his advances, which had been lately made with extreme pertinacity. She disliked him. He was doggedly persevering; he exerted all his powers to accomplish his wishes. He had long looked forward to this day, when he should be crowned as King of the Games, by Helen Irving: He knew his powers, and looked upon the thing as certain. How he was disappointed in his calculations, the reader already knows.

As he stood watching the progress of the crown-

As he stood watching the progress of the crown-His success in throwing the bar, was the same. ing, his eyes scintillated with hate. His nostrils The wiry nerves of his fingers closed upon it, and expanded and quivered in their very fixedness;

"Curse him! I will be revenged—the vagaquished.

Dond! He's dangerous! Ha! they are making
The result of the wrestling was the same, as love already, are they? He never shall do it! I
every one had expected. English threw all who swear he never shall do it! She must be mine!

Thus he muttered forth the fiendish thoughts of

The villagers returned to their homes. The stranger walked by Helen's side. Jem English looked after them with his jealous gaze.

"He is accomplishing what I have been working years for. It shall never be!" he hissed.

The stranger's famous exploits were the chief

"Jem English—I suppose that is your name"—
said the stranger—"I have heard your taints and defiances, and I have come out to teach you better

the strangers namous exploits were the chief theme of conversation in the village for days afterwards. His name proved to be Claud Herbert. He came from a distant town to dwell with an "My name is Jem English," replied the other, just arrived at the outskirts, when he perceived the throng of villagers, who were witnessing the gentle friend, what may your name he?"

aunt, whose home was in the village. He had just arrived at the outskirts, when he perceived the throng of villagers, who were witnessing the progress of the games. He joined them out of aunt, whose home was in the village. He had curiosity, and the incidents which I have related followed.

Claud and Helen were "in love" before they left tranger struck Jem English aback. The form the "green." Three weeks from that time they before him was athletic, and one glance was suffiwere plighted lovers. The whole yillage was delighted. They affirmed that there was never a better match. Helen was a great favorite, and as regarded Claud, he was a favorite five minutes after he was first seen. The shrewdest of the spectators ready depressed feelings. But he was one who predicted the results of that day's crowning. They protested that, when the King of the Games was crowned by the Queen, they looked very much like friends."

Jem English brooded over his villainous plans. But he did not move. He grasped Jem English Claud Herbert was his rival—his successful rival, ith much strength, though not with all his power. English soon perceived his mistake. He had, from the very first, used all his strength of grasp, and fore the whole village by a detested rival. He bervously too. He slightly relaxed his hold, and longed for vengeance. Nothing less than the very the same time felt the grasp on his own arms death of the man would satisfy him. He could not hope to get him out of the way, by any other For a few moments they stood fixed, without the means. For the rankling of his heart at the green," he might have forgiven him. But for winning the heart of Helen Irving-never!

He brooded long over his plans. He was too much of a coward at heart, to attempt the life of

There were two or three deprayed wretches in "You lie!" he fairly shricked in his rage. "He's the village—who he knew would do anything for soe "King of the Games!" He has neither leaped gold—even murder. He was fully able to pay for any work done for him, his father having left him, "He shall try it! he shall try it!" was shouted by will, considerable property. The instant his plans were completed, he sought out the worst two The stranger picked up the "bar" with a smile, wretches, he could find, and cautiously made and, with little perceptible effort, plowed up the country with little perceptible effort, plowed up the country with little perceptible effort, plowed up the country with little perceptible effort, plowed up the known his errand. The ruffians were startled at the idea of murdering a man in cold blood, although hout of applause answered the result. wickedness. But the temptation of gold was too strong to allow any "qualms" of conscience to in-terfere. The offer of a large sum of money, to kill their man, and then leave the country, was accepted, and the plans were matured.

A few nights after Jem's bargain with his tools Claud was approaching the village by the main road. He had been to a neighboring village on business; and being detained, did not commence his journey homeward until the night had quite been heard for miles. The judges rushed well advanced. He had just passed a dark spot on the road, when his downcast eyes caught the by his hands and arms, they bore him toward movement of a shadow in front of him. He sprang like lightning to one side, and the next instant, a club grazed his shoulder, and struck the ground with a dull, heavy sound.

Claud's presence of mind came like a flash of light By one blow of his powerful arm, the assassin fell like a log to the earth.

A blow-from another club came down unon t-fallen object of the stranger's remarks. "You'll Claud's left arm, and it was a broken, useless limb. the day you ever came in my way ? The judges would not listen to the stranger's strength into his right; arm; and his doubled fist was a locken, to the stranger's strength into his right; arm; and his doubled fist was disliked by them; they had heard, with hittelness, his thankings terrible force; hying him at his feet, a lifeless: With you with defiance. So they persisted in dairying him mass.

Claud, fearing that there might be more of the lage with all possible speed. He there aroused some of the inhabitants, who with the constable, proceeded quickly to the scene, and secured the ruffians, one of whom was just recovering from the effects of Claud's powerful arm. It was the first one he knocked down. The other did not open his eyes, until they had returned to the village, and used means to bring him too.

Bitter was the rage and disappointment of Jem English, when he learned the failure of his plans, for the reader will readily comprehend, who the intended assassins were. He was filled with the most intense fear. He well knew the character of the ruffians. He knew that they would not hesitate to tell the whole secret, if by that means they could make the matter easier for themselves. This he determined to prevent.

He immediately contrived to see them in their prison. He promised to use every means to aid in their escape, besides paying them the price agreed upon, if they would keep perfectly silent in regard to him. He promised to pay the ruffians after they had escaped; for he well knew the treacliery of the men. They swore to keep his part in the affair secret, and he left them. He kept his word. One morning, the cell of the jail was found empty. The assassins had flown—they were never seen in the village afterward.

Finding his murderous plans defeated, Jem English set to work with the pertinacious energy of late, jealousy, and revenge, to discover a new method of operations. His hated rival must die.
This was now the all absorbing thought of his life. If one plan had failed, then another more sure must be discovered. Long he brooded over the matter. He was despairing of finding a means of accomplishing his hellish end, unless he should attempt it himself, when circumstances threw in his way the very tool.

An itinerant teacher of fencing happened into the village. The instant Jem heard of him, an idea shot through his brain like a flash of fire. "Herbert shall fight a duel! he shall fight the

Curse him!-Pll see that a bit of cold steel is put through his heart!-Ha-ha! a brilliant

thought!—It shall succeed?"

The character of an "Riverant macing master."
in those days, was generally book! thus, Jem well knew. He thought that he could depend upon the co-operation of the one who had come into the village, in the attempt to rid himself of Claud; he was not mistaken.

The "professor" entered quickly into his plans.
The offer of a large sum of money was not lost on a man of his stamp. He was one of the very lowest of the profession. Cold, heartless, and debased, he exulted in the thought of killing a man in cold blood, when he could do it through his darling art, without danger to himself.

"Well"-continued Jem, after he had made known his business, "I depend upon you. Mind

"Oh, never fear me!" interrupted the fencer, pardon !- be satisfied!" smiling grimly—"I'm your man. But has he grit enough to stand up before cold steel?"

"Never fear that—I've been baffled once, by his grit." Jem here related the circumstances of his former attempt on his rival's life.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the fencer, "he has got the grit; there is no mistake about it. But if he is such a fellow as that, we have got to be cautious; for I am sensitive about having my head broken, before I can have a chance to run him through after the approved style." "That's very true, we must work cautiously. It's

this very high blood that I intend to operate upon. You must insult him and make him fight." "What kind of a swordsman is he, do you

know P" "Not remarkably expert, I suspect. His father was a soldier, and he picked up some hints in the fencing line; but you can fix him to a charm." The professor chuckled, and rubbed his hands

together with a slow, sleeky motion.
"When shall we commence operations?"

"As soon as possible. The sooner the better. Curse him! he must be put out of the way as quick

as you can do it."
"You'll help me of course?" "Yes; but I must work in the dark. Helen Irving must never know that I had a hand in his death; for I am determined that she shall be mine. I have sworn it."

"Well, well, the girl you can see to afterwards I'll fix the young chap in double quick time." Thus the villains conferred together. We will leave them.

CHAPTER III.

There was great bustle in the adjoining village. The yearly fair was held in that place, and people from all the surrounding villages flocked in, at an early hour, on the opening day. It was a happy time for the country people. Old friends met, and new friends were made. The young, those in the prime of life, and the aged, all enjoyed the ever welcome fair. Games and sports were carried on with great relish.

"Claud, are you not going to throw the bar ?" inquired a friend, as Claud stood watching the progress of the games.

"Not to-day,"

"You are generous, Claud." " How?"

"Seek not to conceal it. You leave it to others because you would not rob them of the prize-Jem English never forgave you."

Claud's countenance overshadowed. " Mr. Claud Herbert, I believe." Claud turned, and confronted the fencing mas-ter; he did not like the looks of the man. "I am Claud Herbert."

"Ah, yes. You do not enter the lists to-day, Mr. Herbert P" "I do not, sir."

Ahl probably from a good motive, sir. Would you consent to putch the bar, sir?"

"Do you desire it?".

"Yes, sir."
"I will."

They entered the lists. A shout went up from Claud's friends, when he appeared on the ground. The fencing master threw first. He did well,

pitching the bar beyond any former efforts.

Claud followed. As the iron plowed up the ground far outside of the fencing master's throw, a loud shout from the interested throng expressed the general satisfaction.

A group of persons have pretty correct intuitive perceptions of character. The people who surrounded the lists, liked Claude at the first glance. The fencing master, on the contrary, was disliked. The whole appearance of the man was repelling. The cold, stony eye, and almost expressionless face, were by no means attractive. The only expression, perceptible, was supercilious and coldly malignant. The sword by his side, indicating his profession, added to the disagreeable effect of the man's appearance.

"Your manner of throwing the bar was unusual Mr. Herbert. I think I never saw it thrown in exactly that manner. Is it customary?"

Claude reddened at the willy insinuation of un-

"Do you mean, sir, that I was unfair?"
"O, no, sir! no, sir! I only mean that it was

very strange way of throwing; that is all."

Claude did not like the tones of the man's voice; he grew angry.
"What do you mean to insinuate by that, sir?"

" Nothing." "You know better, sir!" exclaimed Claude, growing more angry, "you are insinuating before these people, that I was unfair!"

"O, no." "You lie!"

Claude was startled by his own impetuosity. The malicious expression of the man before him, together with the cold and passionless, yet subtly insinuating tones of his voice, worked him up to anger. The instant the lie escaped his lips, he was

Jem English started; a grim smile broke through that evertlasting sneer.

The fencing master laid his hand on his sword; but before he could draw it, Claude's friends were

between them.
"Lef me to him-let me to him!" cried the former, his face livid with well-assumed rage, "Sat-

isfaction !-he has called me a liar." "I readily ask your pardon, sir," returned Claude, forcing his way to the foaming man.

"Your blood I want," he hoarsely whispered, "nothing but your blood!"—he tapped his sword handle with his snakey, quivering finger-this is the

only apology?"

"Do you mean, sir, that you wish me to fight?"
"Aye sir! to fight!" "Never!"

"Ha! a coward!!"—hissed the livid fencer. "Bewase, sir," cried Claude, quivering with nothered indignation. "I have publicly asked your

And he strode from the scene, fearful to trust himself longer in the presence of the wily man.

His friends followed, and entreated him to fight.

They urged upon him the consequences, if he did not; he would be branded as a coward! Claude smiled. "Do you think me a coward?"
"By no means," was the answer, "but others

will—think of the disgrace." "My friends, the disgrace of being called a

coward would not compare with my disgrace in the sight of God and my own conscience, if I should kill a man in cold blood."

"You object to duelling then!"

"I do. I believe it to be a cruel, cold-hearted practice, and never will I encourage it."

His friends left him, hopeless of accomplishing their wishes. They were deeply disappointed by the behavior of Claude. They were much attached to him, and were far more sensitive than he, to the idea of his being branded a coward.

Their fears were not vain. The words-" Herbert is a coward—he dare not fight "-circulated throughout the village. Claud could not avoid hearing these reports.

His warm and sensitive spirit was galled, but he relied on the strength of his principles to bear him through the trial For it was a trial, a great trial, to a young man, possessing a warm, gener-ous, impulsive nature; to be thus misunderstood, and branded as a coward; for doing that which he considered his duty. Even some of his best friends doubted his courage, and glanced at him with suspicion. He struggled manfully with his feelings, knowing that right was with him.

Jem English strove, with all the bitterness of his hate, to circulate the reports of Claud's cowardice, embellishing them with coloring of his own. He succeeded well in his malicious designs.

Before the afternoon had passed, Herbert was generally shunned. Suspicious glances; and significant shakes of the head, indicated the sentiment of the greater portion of the people. A few-a very few-appreciated his motive for not fighting, and he felt grateful to them for their sympathy. All this could Claud have borne without much

bitterness of feeling; but, an incident occurred, that cut him to the heart. He was walking alone through the village-having

left Helen with her female companions, in order to spare her the mortification of seeing him shunned, when he met her brother, William. Happy to meet one, whom he could rely upon as a steadfast friend, he approached him, with the warm smile of a relieved heart. But how keenly was that heart chilled, when William turned aside with a glance of contempt, and passed on without deigning to utter a word. This stroke cut him to the very soul. The sneers

of all the rest, he could have borne; but to be treated in this manner by the brother of Helen was to much. In the bitterness of his heart, he strode on. he hardly knew where until a short street led him suddenly, into an open green, where a number of persons, were collected. He turned hastly to retreat, when those snakey fingers were laid on his shoulder, and the next instant the fencing master

stood before him, smiling grimly. That smile drove to desperation his tortured soul.

"Regone vile wretch-away from my sight!" "The fencing master again smiled with that grim expression, and then reaching forward his head. spit full into Claud's face."

"Like lightning moved that corded hand-and the throat of the fencer was compressed in its deadly gripe. His eyes met those of the insulted man, wild with aroused fury. His face blanched with mortal fear,—and then grew black.—He was choking—that death-like, almost insane clutch on his throat was tightening—tightening. His breath stopped below the throat, and his eyes protruded from their sockets. Not two minutes longer could he live, under that dreadful, vibrating clutch, 'He was moved slowly, as by vibration, while those burning eyes were fixed on his, gleaning with in-

sane passion. With great difficulty, Claud was taken from his victim.

"Fight him with the sword!" was shouted by the throng.—"Give him a fair chance for his life!" "A sword!—a sword!" shricked Claud—raving with fury.

A cat-like hand reached forth from the crowd-

and Claud stood with a rapier in his grasp. The effect of the clutch on the fencing master's throat was still plainly visible. On seeing his antogonist armed with his own favorite weapon, he

recovered courage and stood on his guard. He fancied that his foe would approach him with the impetuosity of rage and inexperience. He was mistaken. The fires of intense fury still raged in Claud's veins; but it was with that subtle intensity,

which belongs to the mad-man. He approached cautiously, and immediately both stood on guard,—their swords crossed. The fen-cing-master now felt secure; he had his antagonist at his rapigr's point. How he had longed all this day for this moment. He could now kill his first man, and claim the reward, promised by Jem Eng-lish. His eyes sparkled with ill-concealed delight. He did not intend to run him through at once; he

now had an opportunity to exhibit his skill as a professor of his art, which he determined to use.

He made a skilful feint. The answering parade was executed by his opponent, like lightningwhile those eyes never for a moment withdrew their fiery gaze from his. Once more did he make a feint; it was one of his favorites. With the same lightning like motion, it was answered by parade.

The fencing-master, grew pale. "My God!" issued from his brain, in unspoken words—"I have

been deceived! He brought all his energies to the work. It was no longer play. He gazed long and fixedly into the eyes of his antagonist.—Not a motion could be

perceived by the surrounding group.
Stillness—oppressive and deathlike,—pervaded that intensely excited throng. The dropping of a pin could have been heard. The only sound, was the throbbing of their own hearts. The only motion-

the slight quivering of those cold-shining blades. his right arm-and made his last feint. The same almost invisible motion met in parade. He was in despair .- His eyes-for a second-wandered to that point of the quivering rapier-he fell, run

through and through.
"My God! I've killed him 1"—shricked the recovered Claud.—and fell fainting to the earth.
"The spell was broken. Filled with alarm the

by-standers rushed to the prostrate bodies, and every possible means were used to bring them to life. spark remained. The fencing master was not killed. The rapier had passed through the right lung, wounding him dangerously, but not mortally. He revived first. "I'm a dead man," he uttered-"Oh, curse you,

Jem English! this is your doings!" The startled group looked hastily around-Jem English had disappeared

"What mean you by that?"—they exclaimed in breath. "Curse you-Curse you!"-raved the wounded nan-" where are you, Jem English ? "

"He's gone!" answered his inquirers-"but what has he to do with this affair?" "Everything-Oh! my breast!-curse him!the treacherous wretch! He gave me to under-

stand that he could not fence!" The truth flashed through the minds of the throng in an instant. Jem English had set the

fencing master to pick a quarrel with Claud, and then take his life in a duel. They questioned the wounded man, and found out through him, the villianous attempts, which had been made on Claud's life.

And nearly had he succeeded. Claud was de-lirious in fever for many days. He continually raved about the duel. "I've killed him-I've killed him "he would shriek-" Oh God forgive me ! knew not what I was doing! Oh I've killed him! wretch that I am !"

Thus he raved, until all expected he would die. Oh, how bitterly did those men, who scoffed him, and called him a coward on that day, repent of their share, in causing this dreadful misfortune. They were well satisfied now, that he was not a coward-but it was too late. More bitter than all, was the self-accusing conscience of Helen's brother. Claud often referred in his ravings to that meeting, which occured but a few moments before the duel. He could not bear to witness the agony of his sister, as she bent over the writhing form of her lover. His conscience told him, that he was one great

cause of all this suffering and anguish. At length the fever turned, and Claud was saved. Helen was constantly by his side, until he had en-

tirely recovered. One year from that time, they were married i. so date the chronicles of the village.

Jem English was seen leaving the village the morning after the duel; he never returned. He sent a man to dispose of his property: but his own where abouts were not known. The fencing-master was kindly tended until he recovered, and then dismissed from the village leaving the villagers in utter abhorrence of his profession. From that. time they detested duels, and never again did they question Claud's courage.

THE RETREAT

TWO'S COMPANY, AND THREE'S NONE.

Mr. Dearlove was a retired tradesman, who having spent fifty years of his life in close application to business, determined to enjoy the remainder of his time by indulging in such pleasures and enjoyments as ample means could command, and a rational taste counsel.

He began his shop career at the age of ten, and he left it off just as he had reached his sixtieth year, which, to use his own words, was a pretty long innings; but then, he had scored well during the term, and at his banker's, in cash and securitics, he had to his credit, in round figures, 100,000/. And with that sum he felt that he might fairly do the genteel and the comfortable.

He had one daughter-a pretty, graceful girlin person like her mother, who had been dead some years, and bearing the same name, Frances, pleasingly abbreviated into Fanny, or still more

contracted by her father into Fan. Fanny Dearlove had had nothing to do with the shop. She had received an excellent education at a ladies' school at Highgate, which she quitted at the age of eighteen, to make her father's evenings pass pleasantly, by her performance on the piano, or of some pretty songs which she sung with taste,
having the advantage, likewise of a particularly

She was a very nice girl -kind and amiable, engaging in her manner, and, as we have said, very pretty in the face. The servants liked her, and spoke well of her. That said much in her favor, and whenever her father said to her, "Now, Fap, pipe up!—give us 'My soldier love,' or 'Adoo, my native land, adoo,'" she never potted, or looked cross, or said, "Why do you like such stupid old things P" or commenced singing, "I cannot give my hand," or some other song of that class. She did what she was told to do, and did it cheerfully, and that is a merit which cannot be too highly prized.

One night, when Dearlove came up stairs, at the close of business, he said,

"Fan, how long will it take to pack up, bag and baggage, and be off from this?"
"What do you mean, papa?" she said, in the greatest astonishment.

"You shall hear," he answered.
.Then he informed her that he had that day completed the sale of his business, and had likewise, purchased a pretty little cottage on the borders of the New Forest, Hampshire. "A snug place, I can tell you, Fan," said he."

" Nice house-plenty of rooms for us-good gardens, flower and k tchen-grow one's own taters and cabbages, peonys, plums and pumpkins-paddock for the pony and cow, and all that sort of thing—forest close at hand, and beautiful walks into the bargain. I bought it well, and I mean to enjoy myself there for the rest of my days, unless something I don't expect should turn up."

Fanny cheerfully assented, set to work, and helped pack up all the more valuable articles, and, in less than a week, they were out of the old house in Watling Street, and into the cottage on the borders of the New Forest, in Hampshire.

For a week, Dearlove was wonderfully busy in setting things to rights. He was a little perplexed at first, for he had, on seeing monthly roses trailing up the porch in front of the house, changed the name of the dwelling from Ebenezer Cottage, that which it had hitberto borne, to Rose Cottage; but there happened to be no less than seven Rose Cottages in the vicinity, so that all his letters and parcels went the round of the seven before they reached him; they were thus delayed some time, and the superscriptions were covered with recommendations to try every house but his. Then he changed the name to "Dearlove's Fancy!" upon which all his letters were returned to the writers, with the specified reason, "No such place known."

.Urged by Fanny, he changed this name to "The Retreat," and signified the alteration to the postman, whose memory being quickened with halfacrown, duly delivered to him every letter, whether addressed to "Rose Cottage," "Dearlove's Fancy," or the "Retreat."

Mr. Dearlove bought a handsome pony and a pretty four-wheeled phaeton; he bought, likewise, a cow and a calf, a pig, cocks and hens, ducks and geese, and stocked his fish-pond with trout, carp, roach, dace, chubb and bream, and other freshwater fish. He hired a gardener, and a man to look after the horse and cows and to help the gardener, who had more than he could manage in the two gardens; and then he had two servants, and a boy for knife-cleaning and errand-running. Altogether he fancied he had made his a model retreat

He was full of designs for additions and alterations, and was incessantly consulting with a carpenter and builder, to erect and place "this, you see, here;" or to remove and convert something so that it might stand excellently "there," and be a capital alteration. To all of which the carpenter would reply, "Yes, sir," those, in fact, seeming to be the only words in his vocabulary. At last, all the alterations and new erections were finished; graperies, conservatories, something or other to please Fan or himself, all were out of hand; and business being ended, now would come the enjoyment of it.

-He commenced with the fish-pond; but that soft-hearted Fan had so fed the fish that they would not touch his bait, turned up their noses at his gentles, swam round his hook, and made faces as they jostled against it; so that the float bobbed. and up sprung the tackle into the air, while Dearlove cried.

By Jove! a near touch that! I'll have you next time, my fine fellow. Fan, such a splendid bite just now!"

-But patience and such skill as he possessed were unavailing, and at the end of the day he had caught nothing but a severe cold, which confined him to his room for a week. He gave up fishing.

1 As soon as he got rid of the cold, he paid a visit to the paddock to see how his pony was going on. He knew it to be rather shy, so he approached cautiously, with such success as to be able almost to touch it, when up went the heels of the beast, flinging out directly at him. A desperate leap backwards alone saved him from a fearful kick. As it was, he tumbled on his back into a pool of flaid which had drained from a stack of stable manure, and settled in a hollow place, just where

He rose, shaken by his fall, and on no good terms with his pony, when at this moment he heard the angry lowings of his cow. The little beast of a calf he found close beside him. It had created its tail like a barber's pole, and was performing wonderful evolutions, as though under the influence of a powerful stream, of electricity. Its out its hind-legs violently, or leaped with all four out its hind-legs violently, or leaped with all four of the world in such an extraordinary fashion, that Behrloye boutton has the four transfer of the fashion.

love, as a proper object on whom to expend its thought of the girl who kissed him under the mis-rage. It haded its sides, and reared lustily ere it commenced the assault—as the Indian brave yells On Wednesday night Harry and Lucy Forester his war song previous to attacking his enemythen off it started, making straight for its master, The intent of the animal was so apparent, that he came to the conclusion to at once change the glittering eyes and dancing curls.

venue, and away he ran. The cow, perceiving this Harry was frank, witty, and high-spirited, with venue, and away he ran. The cow, perceiving this

excitement mined so much on him, that he had but a few yards discriminating girl would call "a nice fellow." start on reaching the paddock gate. To his horror Plenty of plans were broached from which pleacarefully secured it when he entered the paddock, had a month's vacation, and he expressed his deto prevent the cow getting out. Would that she termination to make the most of it. Accordingly broken her neck down a chalk-pit! However, he and shooting, and pedestrian excursions. Lucy dare not stop at the gate, or the cow would have Forester exerted herself to her utmost to keep old or tenderness; so he had to run round and dodge with him, sung to him, and was at all times so the cow, until it grew bewildered, and made a des-sprightly that the old fellow was never contented perate lunge forward; then he dashed across the unless in her company. paddock again, having the greatest difficulty in avoiding the infernal calf, which, in its insane freaks, Fanny. It seemed as though the intention of Mr. swooped here, leaped there, and darted into some Dearlove had been reversed—the school friend of other place, as it seemed, all at once. The cow Fanny being his most constant companion, and her having recovered sight of its quarry, made right af-ter Dearlove, who was going at his best speed round ments of Fanny. the paddock, in hopes to reach the gate in time to open it. In the midst of the chase, there made its open it. In the midst of the chase, there made its open it. In the midst of the chase, there made its open it. In the midst of the chase, there made its open it. In the midst of the chase, there made its open it. In the programme, and all seemed very appearance a spiteful cur, which, afflicted with the crown that Dearlove was trespassing on his own original intention should be restored. In the vigorously as he fled.

The old gentleman having completed the circuit of the paddock, neared the gate once more; utterly these accidental separations? exhausted, and there must have fallen, to be gored and worried by the vicious brute in pursuit of him, tween Harry and Fanny, then? had not the laborer, in charge of these animals, suddenly opened the gate, and entered the pad-

servant, and pausing not in his career, until safe in his own parlor. The sturdy groom, in the mean-time, rigorously introduced the toe of his boot to hands to his heart, urged her very strongly to anthe notice of the dog, lifting him about twenty yards swer a question that he had just put, in very earat each kick; and, without loosing any time, bela-bored the shoulders and ribs of the cow with the bored the shoulders and ribs of the cow with the clare that she parted gently his hair, from his white handle of a pitchfork which he carried, until the forehead, which she kissed; and then, in a low, animal concluded that to remain longer in that part murmuring, fluttering voice, she made a confession of the paddock was not to her advantage, so made to him, which had the effect of making him fold tracks for the spot where the calf—yet the victim his arms round her, and press her to his heart. of some insane hallucination—was throwing up its Perhaps they were longer that evening than usual hind legs and hopping about, as if on the hot ashes of an active volcano.

Thus far, "The Retreat" had not proved that blest abode of peaceful happiness he had expected. The situation was pretty; the air fresh; the provisions—at least, the vegetables—such as he had not been in the habit of getting in London; but here were other things, essential to a pleasing contentment, which he yet wanted.

One of these was society. He had had plenty of it in business; he had none now, save that of nis daughter. At first, the change was agreeable; subsequently, it began to grow oppressive, and he found himself moping. What was worse, his Fan was moping too. It was true, that she busied herself among her flowers; worked most perseveringly at her embroidery; sang, and played on the piano; walked in the forest during the balmy summer evenings, with her father; and wrote very, very long letters to her school friend, Lucy Forester; but there was no disguising the fact that she was growing silent and listless; her usually garrulous tongue was by degrees confined only to monosyllables. Her father perceived it, and grew restless, irritable and peevish.

The truth was, the place was most insufferably slow. Such neighbors as there were, Dearlove did not like, so that father and daughter were thrown entirely upon their own resources, which, unfortunately, were soon exhausted.

before he admitted it to be, to try some mode of infusing a little life into their unmistakable duliness. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, he said to his daughter,

"Fan, who was you writing to all day yesterday ?"
"To Lucy Forester, papa."

"Hem! Why you crossed and re-crossed your sheet of letter paper! What the deuce could you have to say to her?"

"Oh, I don't know, hardly. I told her what we had been amusing ourselves with during the last week, and how we had been enjoying ourselves."

"Hem! aha! to be sure-yes-but, Fan, I could have done it in two lines, at the outside. Let's see! what did we do last week? Get up and go to bed again! I remember nothing else. · Fan smiled.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "there was something nore. You know it was last week that Jilt, the more. pony; bolted with you; upset the milk-maid and her two pails of milk; killed a goose; turned over the donkey-cart and the vegetables in it; scattered a flock of sheep; bore you in triumph through the village horse-pond; and Quixotically trying to leap the five-barred turnpike gate, broke both shafts of the phæton, and was seized there, looking dissatisfied that she had done no more!"

"A beast!" muttered Dearlove through his teeth; "but I have got rid of her. "I'll have no more of her; I have got a quiet one now, I think. That was not, however, what I was going to talk about. Who is this Miss Forester?"

"You have seen her several times in Watling Street. Do you recollect last Christmas her seizing you round the neck, and kissing you under the mistletoe ?"

"Aha! is that her, Fan ?"

"Yes, papa." "A nice girl—a very nice, laughing, chatty girl! Have you invited her down here to see us?" "Not specially, papa: I have awaited your per-

mission. "Fiddlestick! Has your letter gone?"

" No." "Then open it, and tell her we shall expect to see her here on Wednesday. No denial will avail her. We can take no excuse."

"Thank you, dear papa.";

"By the way, has she got a brother?" "Hem! a-oh, yes, papa! Harry-Mr. Henry

Forester!"

"Ah! was in Banbury, Smallorex and Co.'s P".

"Yes, papa. He is junior partner, now!"
"Nice fellow, too! Like his sister, full of life?"

"Yes, papa 1 or althou branning will ill make ,

" Makes himself very agreeable ?" has the start protect

"Oh, yes, papa !"
"Wonder if he could drop down for a week for

were snug in the bosom of "The Retreat," laughing and chattering with Dearlove and his daughter.
Lucy was certainly a lively, laughing romp, with

dastardly act, bellowed fiercely, and increased its a free, open, manly expression on his features; pace; while the calf betrayed the wildest delirium, bright, clear, hazel eyes, and deep brown hair, almost tumbling over head and heels in its frantic which seemed to be always in good order; he dressed well—a little fast in style, perhaps, yet Dearlove ran well, but the cow ran better, and gentlemanly withal; and altogether was what a

he found it fastened; he remembered that he had sure and amusement were to be derived. Harry had got out-he at that moment wished-and had there were walks, and rides, and drives, and fishing, hoisted him over in an instant, without ceremony Dearlove in good spirits. She laughed and romped

ground took part in the chase, and tore after the strolls by moonlight into the forest glades, there flying proprietor. Quickly overtaking him, it com- seemed to be a perversity in fate; for, by some menced fiercely nibbling at his heels, receiving oc- unaccountable accident, or by some wilful whim on casionally, however, in return, a wonderful kick on the part of Lucy, the two couples were sure to the muzzle from Dearlove's heels, who lifted them separate, and perhaps not rejoin each other until just near home.

Was there any courting going on, to account for

Between Dearlove and Lucy, certainly not. Be-

Well, we are not eavesdroppers, nor are we spies; but we happen to know that one bright moonlight night, during one of these pleasant ram-With a wild yell of joy, Dearlove bounded to the bles, Master Harry Forester, while wandering opening, dashed through it, almost upsetting his alone with Fanny, after speaking to her in a nest language, to her. Truth further bids us dein finding their way back; but, however this may have been they found old Dearlove in the clm avenue, near to the cottage, scated on the ground, while, as usual, Lucy was rattling away, with the endeavor of preventing his noticing what she inwardly felt to be the provokingly long absence of Fanny and Harry.

"It may suit you romantic people," she said, "to wander together where one can

Stems thronging all around between the swell Of tuft and stanting branches; who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree tops, through which a dove
Would often best its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

I repeat, this is all very pleasant for you, but Master Walter and I make pur suppers. Less romanuo than you, we are it was tath of famish; and, leaving gushing rills and the melody of nightingales to those who like them, we are desirous only of discerning the beauties of lamb and cucumber.

There was a general laugh, and they returned home to supper.

The whole of the rest of that evening Fanny seemed very dreamy, and very fond; for she, until they retired for the night, kept Lucy's hand in hers, not unfrequently placing her arm round her waist, and laying her head upon her shoulder.

When the girls had gone to bed, and Dearlove Dearlove did not like to confess that the experiment so far had proved a failure, and determined, cigar and cold brandy, the latter clearing his throat, as if with some difficulty, said, "I am sorry, sir, my time is up to-morrow, and that I must leave such happy and charming society."

"You must go, then, Harry ?" "Yes, sir, I must! Business, you know, must not be neglected."

"Certainly not! But your sister is not com-

pelled to go?" "By no means; but, you know she is wilful, and has made up her mind to go back with

"Well, well, she will come again by and bye. I

hope she has enjoyed herself?" "There can be no doubt of that!"

" And you?" "I, sir! God bless you, I never liked anything

half so well before!"

"I am pleased to hear.it." "Your genuine hospitality-"

"Tush! tush, boy!"
"And your daughter's graceful kindness will

never be obliterated from my memory."

"Nice girl, Fanny, eh ?" "She is an angel, sir !"

Old Dearlove rose and took the hand of Harry, and gave it a hearty squeeze.

"You are a young man of sound discrimination. She is a treasure, Harry Forester !"...

"That is clear enough—a prize for any lucky fellow fortunate enough to obtain her. I never before met with a young lady who so completely united in her own person all the qualifications admire in woman.

"Ha, ha! You really admire her, then, Harry P" "Admire her, sir? I-love her fondly-devotedly love her!"

A change passed over the features of Mr. Dear-

"Eh?" he ejaculated, gravely.

Harry in yet stronger terms repeated his decclaration.

Old Dearlove looked graver still. "Does does Fanny know of this, Mr. Forester P" he asked.

ester ?" he asked.
"She does, sir!" said Harry. "This very night I found leave-taking very much harder than I anticipated; and, though I had not intended it, my heart gained the mastery, and I confessed to her that I loved her dearly and truly; and I begged her to make me the happinst fellow in the world, by accepting my heard." accepting my hand."

"And she Fanny Miss Dearlove-"Referred me to you sir. And I am glad of this opportunity of acknowledging my affection, and of praying your consent to our union." "She Fanny Miss Dearloys did not reject

your offer P" your offer?"

"Reject it? No, sich On the contrary, she

Bearloy: Existential for the country fashion, that the Bearloy: Existential for the country fashion, that the filter with something the filter with the filter with

my house, that you might pass those hours anatched from business with pleasure to yourself and profit to your health. I weldomed you reely, and treated you with open frankness and hospitali-

"You have, indeed, sir!" said Harry.

"And how have you returned it P" cried the old man, sternly. "By basely taking advantage of the opportunity to lay siege to the heart of a fond, foolish girl: and, by winning it, rob me of the only treasure I really valued in life—Nay, silence for I do not wish to hear another word from your line. have heard too much from them already. My iream of happiness was centred in the passing my future life happily in the society of my child. You have rudely awakened me from it; and all I ask of you now is to quit my house in the morning, and never let me see you in it again."

"My dear sir! I pray you to consider—"
"Not a word! I distinctly and decidedly reject for my daughter, and for myself, your alliance; and I beg of you not to compel me to be guilty of rudeness in my own house by persisting in attempting to change an opinion which is unalterable. There

your light, sir! I wish you good night!"

Early the next morning, Harry and his sister leparted, taking leave of Fanny, who was all tears; out without seeing Mr. Dearlove, who confined himself to the room for that morning with a severe headache. So Harry and Lucy Forrester left; and The Retreat" returned to its accustomed quiet. More dull and sombre than ever it appeared to those left behind, although old Dearlove did get up a little gaiety for his daughter's benefit, but with out achieving his object.

He had, after the departure of their guests, held conference with Fanny; told her all that passed between him and Harry; and his own fond scheme, that she should live with him for the rest of his life, themselves for themselves, away from the cares and turmoil of life, as happy as it was possible to be.

Fanny made no reply—no dissent; not a sign that his selfish plan would now, if carried out, break her heart. She merely said to him, as she left him to go and weep in her bed-room, that she would try to prove to him all that he wished her

He tried to make her, and wished her to be, lively and cheerful. But that she could not be. He took her to different places of note—to wateringplaces, inland spots, famed for splendid prospects; he purchased trinkets, and dresses, articles for home amusements,—worked very hard indeed, to try and rob her of that pensive gaze, those pale cheeks, and listless manner,—but without success. She endeavored to comply with the wish he entertained; for she appreciated the efforts he made with that purpose. But she had "a silent sorrow," and it would make its outward sign.

She grew thinner and paler by degrees; and she found herself soon fatigued if she attempted to walk much. Old Dearlove grew fidgetty, and then alarmed. He consulted with an eminent physician; and almost fainted to learn that she exhibited a predisposition to consumption:—"She has something preying on her mind that must be removed, or she will die"

Dearlove bore her back to "The Retreat;" and he was delighted to find that she seemed pleased to get back there. But she did not improve in health; and she took to strolling alone in the wood; and it was palpable that she frequently wept.

One night, as they were parting to retire to rest, he held her in his arms, and kissing her, said, "Fan, my darling, you have been a good and dutiful child, and I love you for it more dearly every hour A tired woman sits hushing to sleep her nest."

Altired woman sits hushing to sleep her nest. I live. I have once more to put your sense of duty derstand me, Fan-

"Oh, pray, dear papa, spare me this trial!" she ried, with an affrighted look.

"Nay," he said; "after all, Fan, darling, It

suitor, she told him, would only undertake a hope-less task; and he only replied, "We shall see! we Early the following morning there was an arrival

and the moment she was dressed her father made his appearance at the door of her apartment. "Come, Fan," said he, "Mr. Lover has arrived. We will see him in the parlour, and get the business over at once. If you accept him, he can stay

the day; if you refuse him, the sooner he goes about his business the better. "His stay here will not be long," thought Fanny,

who looked pale and distressed. They descended and entered the apartment below. A young man was seated there; he rose up and advanced towards them. Fanny's eyes were upon the ground: she stood still and trembled as her father said, "Now, sir, I have fulfilled my promise. Here is my daughter, and you have my full permission to make her the offer of your hand, and my full consent to the union. If you are rejected, of course I trust a single reply will suffice

and you will retire."

The young man bowed; then he took the cold hand of the trembling girl, and knelt down before her, saying in a soft voice, "Fanny, my fondly beloved! in praying you to accept the offer of my sunlight of happiness, through the clouds of dishand and heart, may I dare hope you will not refuse me?" Fanny screamed. That voice! those words!

"Oh, Harry Harry! dear, dear Harry!" she all rows, while such words thrilled her whole being? but shricked. And the next instant, Fanny Dearlove and Harry Forester were locked in each other's arms while old Dearlove, overcome by his emotions, was obliged to embrace Lucy Forester, you to make your home beautiful with all its cares i who had come down here with her brother, and had stolen into the apartment to witness the meet- dens from the shoulders of the toiling woman you ing. Old Dearlove took some time to recover: and Lucy kissed him at least a dozen times, because she said, he was "a good boy now, and had restored

himself to her good books." Why, the fact was, Old Dearlove had to choose between Fanny married and Fanny buried: so he

chose the the former.

Fan soon got well, and was married to the man she loved. Harry retired by desire of Mr. Dearlove, from the firm of Banbury, Smallerex, and Co., and all three lived together at "The Retreat" as happy as doves. Lucy lived with them until she went and took a violent fancy to a quiet, modest young nephew of Mr Dearlove's inst three years older than herself—a fancy, indeed, that nothing but marriage could cure.
Desriove is still at The Retreat," and as happy

as a king, Happier! He found out his mistake long ago, and, surrounded by his daughter her husbond, and their children, rows that he has no belief in the provery that "Two is company, and there IS NONE. Lateria of the stage of the chertain

Round and Bouast .- A dentist presented a bill for the teath time to wrich skinflint. "It strikes me," said salinitist, it has to the ment of the state of the state of the said the said of the said th

TO THE BEE Odorous Asystler in clover.
Rappy huminer, England over:
Blossom kisser I wing thy way
Where the breeze keeps holden:
Thou art like the Poet, free!
All sweet flowers have sweets for thee,
Insect minstrel! blessed Bee,

Emburnt laborel, brisk and brown, Edinburnt laborer, ories, and prown, Everywhere o'er dale and fown; Spring's blithe purculyant, and page, Hormit holy, Druid sage: Pattering in a foxeloye-bell; Cloistered anug as in a cell; Fairy of the lonely dell.

Sometimes a small spot of shade By the daspling maple made,
Do I think thee, and thy note
Hum of cities heard remote:
Here and there, now more, now less,
Beems thy droning to express
Roontide lazy weariness.

What sweet traffic dost thou drive— Endicas nature is thy hive! Pasture after pasture roam— Vagrant! everywhere at home! We but see thy gorgeous bowers, Whilst theu spende t ati thy hours In the very heart of flowers.

Freshest feeling hast thou wronght
In me of old homebred thought;
Of dear homesteads flower-o'ergrown,
Well in blessed boyhood known;
In thy warm familiar sound
Years of summer youth are found,
Babbath, sunshine, without bound! Temples, nobler none, are thine,

wemples, notier none, are thine,
Where each flower thou mak'st a shrine:
Nor may any piligrim how
More devotedly than thou:
Gate-like petals open blown;
Wide for thee, and thee alone,
Where thou com'st as to a throne. Ah! how sleepy—thou I ween In the popples' bloom hast been; Or art drunken with the wine Of flushed rose or egiantine: Boundless revel dost thou keep Till o'ercome with golden sleep— Tiny Bacchus, drinking deep.

Cheery pilgrim, sportive fay! Bing and wing thy life away! Nover pang thy course attends, Lack of love nor feigning friends: In a blossom thou art blest. And can'at sink to sweetest rest. Homed where'er thou likest best.

"I LOVE YOU."

Who do you suppose said it? No. She was very beautiful, with her cheek of. rose hue, and the curling auburn tresses that the wind sports with so gallantly; but she did not say it No, that bright creature, by whose side stands a lover, looking so tenderly in those glorious eyes; nor yet the dimpled babe with cherub face lifted to the more mature but not less innocently sweet . features, with the holy light of mother glorifying

every smile.

Then, who do you suppose said it? Wrong again. Not that newly wed husband whose home for a few fleeting months he has aptly called heaven—full of smiles and tenderness, and oft-repeated vows flitting like birds of paradise in rainbow plumage—where a pretty white-robed being, with girlish matronly air, glides about the neat kitchen, making with her own hands the snowy bread. Where, when the odious shop is closed, he can come home, and, sitting with her hand in his, rove with a pair of brown eyes over his "Daisy," every little while stooping to snatch a kiss from the red lips so close to his cheek. Al-

A tired woman sits hushing to sleep her nestling babe. Beauty once made that face radiant, to the proof. I have had an offer of your hand made to me by a young man, good-looking and of good position, who has recently seen you. He will only be satisfied with your own denial. Now uncare. Perhaps, in that far off look of hers, she sees three little graves, green with as many sommers. Her home is very humble—all day she has toiled, and the fainting spirit almost surrenders to won't be much of a trial. You have simply to say is so weary. And every nerve tingles when the yes or no, when he asks you. I leave it entirely to boys come hungry from school, some with weepyourself. If you accept him I shall be very, very ing and tales of sorrow, that mothers must hear. happy. If you say no—well, we shall be as loving and happy as now. I only ask you to see him, darling, in the morning. Will you say yes, Fan, mouths, and then the accustomed, never-ending of the course of the cou Well, she did utter a faint "Yes;" but the new worn out creature wonders with a sigh if there

> At last she can rest her weary limbs in the old corner rocking chair. The babe, whose eyes close fitfully to a low lullaby, lies in his father's lap. He is a plain man, that good father, with an honest face and great heart, that would, if it could,

> take in all the care and sorrow of the households. The babe sleeps. With a rude gentleness he lays it on his mother's bosom, and as the ruddy fire-light plays over her careworn features, he looks upon her with eyes suddenly grown lustrous and beautiful. He lifts his great hand softly, till it rests on her shoulder, as he says: "I love you, dear Mary."

> . How the poor heart leaps into love, light, and rest! How vanish the cares that trod upon her very soul! She no more remembers the toilsome washing; she reflects not that the pretty babe. with its pink-flushed cheek against her breast, has worn her patience threadbare with its tears and unrest. She forgets that the broth was burned; that the children teased her; that the line broke, and that every limb in her frame ached.

What were these in comparison with the steadfast love that had burned for eighteen years in the pair, when beauty made her winning, and when the charm of loveliness was gone, and the freshness of She looked down upon him who knelt before her nught outside her home though she had many sor-

"I love you, dear Mary!" Ah! you long married husbands, who exact every attention as a duty-how much would it cost -I tell you one word of love will loosen great burcall wife. Try it. Go home some night, and look upon her with the eyes of long ago. For one little moment think what great trials ahe took into he heart when she married you. Then tenderly class her hand, and as she looks with wonder opene eyes, say to her in a low and steady voice, not can

lessly nor sportively, but carnestly—if and heater a love you."

Trust me, It will be to her, and to you both better than diamonds." seem broaded week of p

THE FOREST, ALL IN YOU

Rate in its depths the quivering aspen slumbers, And wild birds wate their sweet, etherial numbers, And tangled brist the errant pathway cumbers.

You brook that babbles forth some legend heary. Bang to our sires the same mysterious story.
When these gray elma were in their youthful giorg.

Hera, say the fided leaves of old romanecs, source of the real marieian wood his my site trances. And sawny brives joined hands in war-like dances. Then hanted arrangement of the land of the land that on thy bank reposes. Hiest be the kind that on thy bank reposes.

Suggestive or scharching .- And suther of &:)

defiance. So they presented in educal and mass.

Written for the Dunnyr of Light ANNIE WARREN: THE POOR SEWING GIRL.

BY EFFIE MARTONN. CHAPTER L

Good morning," said a gay lady of fortune as she tripped lightly into the sitting room of her neighbor. Mrs. Doles, one bright morning of Spring, "How do you do ? I declare, I have not seen you for an age. We are almost in despair of seeing you at our house again. But what have you for news? What is the latest style of bonnets? I have been trying for the last three weeks to make up my mind what to get. This the only subject on which we talk at home. Morning, noon and night we discuss the fashions. "I have almost decided to get blue, but then you know every one wears that; as to pink 'tis too common; now, what shall I get? Do tell me, for, actually, I can-

not sleep for the absorbing idea." My dear Mrs. Tiles," said Mrs. Doles, "I have been similarly perplexed and engaged of late. We cannot for the life of us decide what color of dress will be best for Amelia. You know she is now leaving school having completely finished her education, and going into good company, therefore I mean she shall devote all her time to dress and manners, and bid farewell to books and study.

Music, however, she shall pay some attention to, for her father is anxious that she should excel in that divine art in order to win applause and excite the envy of her old associates. Now, there are the Perkins' over the way, they profess to be such performers, and every one knows that they are not wealthy. What is the use of their trying to excel in this sublime art, as Amelia's teacher calls it. when they are only working men's daughters and

cannot attain to any fine position in society?"
"I am exactly of your mind," chimed in Mrs. Tiles, who had been listening with much interest and nodding assent to every sentence that had fallen from the lips of the loquacious Mrs. D. and who by the way had daughters who, at least professed to be excellent pianists, "I do dislike to see people of humble means pretending to an equality with 'our class.' 'Tis really provoking, isn't it? Now, one word in your ear, good Mrs. Doles,music alone will never elevate them to our position in society."

Mrs. D. responded with an emphatic "yes. "But to change, the subject," said she, "where do you suppose Mrs. Dwight purchased that elegant mantle she wore-last Sabbath? I could not keep my eyes from it during the whole sermon. I noticed that she rose at prayer, I suppose to display it, don't you?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. T., "she always sits at other times, for I was looking a few weeks ago to see of what material her dress was made of, but apartments at a hotel. she did not rise during the whole service. As we sit directly behind her I have an advantage over you for observation. We purchased our slips on account of its being so surrounded by the wealthy and fashionable of our city. I do not care to be located with the middle class in church as it only excites in them a foolish envy for our position and style of dress. When they only get a glange of us as we pass, the desire in them is but momentary and the remembrance of us soon passes from the mind."

Yes, fair lady, you are right, it is only for the moment, and scarce that, that the shadow of folly lingers in the minds of the true worshippers in God's temple. The gay apparel floats past them like a child's bubble and like that soon vanishes

leaving no trace of its gorgeousness.
"Well," responded Mrs. Tiles, "suppose we call on Mrs. Dwight and try to ascertain the price of the mantle. I should like to purchase one, that is if I can get a seamstress to work for low wages. As I have a great quantity of work, I think one dollar a week and board would be a liberal price, yet we should endeavor to assist the poor, so I'll give that. I can scarcely afford it however as I out my name to the subscription paper of the Foreign Mission Society ' for a large amount—the poor heathen-you know one cannot couple her name with trifles. I do think I have the good ignorance."

Good Mrs. T. could say no more, but overcome proidered muslin, exquisitely wrought.

Better were it that thy tears should flow for the wrongs at home, for the "poor heathen" at your of making a conquest, for none there will look own door. The fount of sympathy had better so beautiful as L. Dear me, Miss Warren! how gush forth for the lone orphan that toils unceasingly badly you have finished my frock—it is unusually within your own dwelling. She has never heard of ill-fitting. Mamma will surely discharge you if you God's love—though she feels it in her own soul do not pay more attention to my dresses."

there is a voice that whispers at midnight to the situation. How closely she kept at the work, orphans heart sweet peace and comfort, when, though famishing for the fresh air and the open slumber droops the eyelids, and the soul is passive, gentle footsteps linger near her couch, tears of pity fall on the sleeper's brow, and the soft breath of affection seals a mother's love with an angel kiss. Sleep on, fair one, for holy angels guard thee and the true gospel of peace, the message of

glad tidings rests on thy spirit.

"Really," said Mrs. Tiles 'tis past my dinner hour, I must leave you now. We have spent a very interesting, and, I trust, a very profitable morning together. Now such social conversations strengthen us for the storn duties and responsibile. as my daughters have a perfect horror of all kinds of sewing, and all needle work in fact except fine embroidering which they execute with exceeding taste. They are now engaged on some work for the society the avails of which will purchase a new chandelier for our house of Zion—they are always engaged in some benevolent occupation. Dea. Green says they will make model wives like their mother before them, and as the Deacon never

going down town for some new music which her teacher has ordered her to get."

CHAPTER II.

"A bright spring morning, what a lovely day," whispered a young lady of seventeen, and a shade

close folds of damask and the drapery of stately

Musing on the strange reverses of life, sat the busy sewing girl diligently plying the needle. She had known better days,—days when plenty crowned her-home embraced her: when friends gathered round and called her "dear," and "love' and obsequious admirers most fastidiously proffered her their aid when the least shadow for its want was visible. Why was she so lonely now? Why a "poor sewing girl," lonely, forsaken? Alas, it is too true, the path of poverty is narrow, it has no room for companionship.

Without sparing the time to raise her eyes she inquired of her mother when she supposed her brother would come home, and then sighed at his long absence.

At this point of our writing let us give the history of our fair one. Tis short, true, and has its like in very many communities.

A few years previous to the time of which we write wealth and the distinguished position it brings was theirs, and home and happiness. Fond friends gathered near, aye, such as the world calls "friends" but they proved rainbow tints that pass away when the night comes on. Mr. Warren wasa merchant of high repute. Hazardous enterprise in an evil hour crippled him, and he for a long time was tossed on an angry sea of trouble. The storm at length came. His weak and disabled craft fell beneath its fury, and he became a bankrupt. Disheartened and exhausted by his almost superhuman efforts to ward off the calamity, now that it had fallen upon him, he sickened and

Edward the only son was at this time travelling in Europe. Annie, the daughter, was at home. Both had been educated for high fashionable life and had received every indulgence which wealth and parental love could bestow.

Now, alone, the stricken mother and child were left dependent on the charity of those who once received charity from them. They had written to Edward, but before the letter reached Europe, he had sailed for home with bright expectations of happy scenes in reserve for him at the ever hospitable mansion of his father. Alas! the sun of to-day may be clouded on the morrow, and hopes that are fresh and green at dawn, may lie withered at evening. It was so with Edward.

Buoyant with the glad thought of being again at home, he privately entered his native place, and learning that a grand assembly of wealth and fashion was to take place that very evening, and thinking it possible that he might meet his sister among the throng of youth and beauty, he determined to assume a fictitious name, and surprise her by revealing himself to her at some happy moment. With one who had travelled with him to Europe, and who, for the purpose of seeing American life, had accompanied him to this country, Edward took

A single glance around impressed him deeply with a realization of the changes that had taken place since a youth, he left his home. Yet little dreamed he that that change had torn down his own home altar, and written the terrible word " Desolation," on the hearthstone of his boyhood's days.

He left, a youth. He was now a man with a dignity of look and bearing deserving the name. He was furthermore a "gentleman," in the true sense of the word.

Even had he given out his real name, his own companions would scarce have recognized him, so changed had become his personal appearance. He had become transformed during his absence, from the shy youth to the dignified man. The slight and fragile form had become full and robust. His every movement was graceful, and betrayed a familiarity with good society. In a word, his whole appearance and manners were of the sensational order, and destined to captivate in a circle of beauty, wit and fashion. Yet he was no fop-no mere fashion worshipper-no gilded sepulchre. He had a heart that throbbed in sympathy for the woes and grievances of the oppressed and afficted, and could recognize true merit, though others might pass it by unheeded. He did not worship at the altar of Mammon. Like him, was his friend-a counterpart of himself.

As the two were arranging their toilet at the honame with trines. I do think I have the good account the trines of the many trines at the no-cause at heart—the poor heathen, sitting down in the darkness. They never heard of the gospel. I fections, was sitting in a small room in the mansion of Mrs. Doles, finishing a costly dress for the fair Amelia.

When the last stitch had been taken, it was sent with her awakened sympathy for the heathen—
poor heathen—she raised to her eyes a richly emarranged herself in the gaudy material, accompanying the effort with the remark—
"Well, if I meet any strangers to-night, I am

God's love—though she feels it in her own sour.
Her lone spirit sighs for companionship. Go, waken in that sad one the soul that has its abiding place therein, and that act will, indeed, "send the poor, toiling one you thus upbraid was laboring place therein, and that act will, indeed, "send the task, because the elegant attire must be her at the task, because the elegant attire must be

CHAPTER III.

"Ned, don't give yourself such fascinating airsdeclare, some fair one will lose a heart to-night."

"When I meet with my standard of perfection, Ned, you'll find that Charley Stanwood can love, strengthen us for the stern duties and responsibilities of life. I do hope that you will favor me with a similar visit. Take your work and come and sit with me, I am always alone mornings as my daughters are engaged with their music and drawing. By the way, I wish you would engage that the stern way, I wish you would engage that the stern way, I wish you would engage that the stern way, I wish you would engage that the stern way, I wish you would engage that the stern way, I wish you would engage that the stern way. The same stern way in the stern duties and responsibilities and that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often intimate it may be. Fortunately I am not so that his heart is not of adamant, as you so often pert at love making, I fear the morrow's sun may

break upon my devotions."

"As for me," said Ned, "I shall be engaged before that time! That is, if I find a handsome face, and form to match.

In the brilliantly lighted parlors of Mrs. Doles, were gathered a happy throng. Two strangers were announced. They became at once the observed of all. Amelia Doles had, at the moment of his entrance, finished a song, and cast a look, somewhat admiringly upon Edward, who unconsciously returned it. There might have been a cause for the favorable response, for Amelia was by nature good looking, though art and fashion almost usurped the throne of beauty, which should be and could be more fitly held by nature. 1 201 20.

Amelia well knew how to use her power of fascination, and she employed it now. The conse-quence was that Edward became enraptured with her charms. During all the evening he had sought for his sister, but without success he found no

whispered a young lady of seventeen, and a snade of sadness passed over her features as she mentally exclaimed. "Would that I could freely enjoy the sun's bright rays."

He left the company, and repairing to his notes, but not to sleep. Where had his father gone? Why did he not see his sister? It was usual for her to attend such entertainments—but are name was mentioned. He was sun's bight rays."

Gentle one, cease thy repinings, God's luminary sheds its brightness on the blood as well as on the palace of the opulent. Through the not see his sister? It was the palace of the opulent. Through the not see his sister? It was the palace of the opulent. Through the not see his sister? It was the palace of the opulent. Through the not see his sister? It was have both learned to distrust the friendships of the half-crimson feet the pliant green sods of old those around us, yet here was the hitter lesson, the palace of the opulent. Through the hot to attend such entertainments but those around us, yet here was the hitter lesson, after all. It is a long story—that of happy days when the confiping tales as he sat in his father's dark cabin by the neat, simple most in the state of the pliant green sods of old those around us, yet here was patient of happy days when the confiping tales as he sat in his father's dark cabin by the neat, while present of the pliant green sods of old the not see his sister? It was have both learned to distrust the friendships of the sea round us, yet here was patient of happy days when the sum of the state of happy days when the same that his half-crimson feet the pliant green sods of old those around us, yet here was patient at the ping tales as he sat in his father's dark cabin by the neat, while property in the fire of the plant green sods of old the not see his sister? It was have both learned to distrust the friendships of the same half of here of the plant green sods of old the not see his sister? It was have both learned to distrust the friendships of the same half of here of the plant are some plant in the same half of here of the same h

country; it might be, success had crowned his efforts, and he had accomplished his long-cherished

Amid questionings and surmisings he fell into a doze. A dream came over him. He beheld his mother bending over his couch.. There was sorrow brow. Her dress was not as rich and gay as it once was, and looking closer he saw her clothed in the garb of widowhood. His sister stood beside him with a face as sad as her mother's, but vet a heavenly calm encircled it, as she welcomed him to her in which want dwelt.

Edward aroused himself from his state of Semi-Sleep. Was it a dream? And was that all ? It was. It was nothing but an idle vision thought

ne, and he knew that the sunlight would dissipate When morning dawned, the vision rested immovable before his mind. At breakfust he tried to be cheerful and to thrust the sad memory from him.

tangible cloud upon his sky. proceeded to the home of Amelia.

Miss Doles was not in the best of humor when tions in regard to a new dress, but left her room before she came in.

Amelia soon met Edward in the parlor, welcoming him with one of her sweetest smiles. The shall never seek elsewhere. So, fare thee well!" previous order to Annie was promptly obeyed, and to her and abrubtly entered as Edward seated him-

Observing a stranger she withdrew, when Amelia remonstated with her for her intrusion, and in her passion, forgetting the moment, her visitor exclaimed, "Miss Anna Warren, retire to my dressing so! Alas, that pride should have caused this! room and hereafter attend to my orders at a proper

That voice Edward knew though the face was concealed. The name! Yes, the name confirmed his suspicions. Forgetting form and fashion, he ex-

claimed, in the full joy of his soul.
"Good heavens! Miss Doles is that my sister? Will you repeat the name that I may not be misaken.

Suprised and agitated, Amelia answered: Mayville, That girl that so ill-mannerly came in and caused you such alarm is my sewing maid Miss Annie Warren. I have no further informa-

"My God!" exclaimed Edward, "then I am her and I must see that lady at once. I command her

At this Miss Amelia retired saying her maid was t his service, accompanying the remark with an insinuating smile such a one as he thought her inapable of presenting.

Annie, tremulous with excitement entered the fainting with emotion into his arms. No time must brother held sweet converse together.

It was not long before he met his mother and nurchased and furnished a home to which she was removed. But the mother scarthly none was soon to be exchanged for one in other conditions of existence. She had for some time been walking the upward path of life at the end of which stood a mansion in the skies, Now she felt willing to go, to be at rest, since the happy re-union had withdrawn all the shadows from her path.

The friend of Edward could not pass through such scenes unmoved. He was intensely interested in the home enjoyments of his companion—and, what is not very strange, equally so in the newfound sister. The result was that on a bright clear autumn evening the sound of music was heard in a new and beautiful mansion and the town was congratulating Annie and Mr. Stanwood on their happy

There might have been some envy, and there doubtless was, among a certain class who thought the poor sewing girl unworthy—but there was joy in two hearts, and who should say, nay?

There is a little mound in the church yard, and

little stone, white and pure beside it, with the simple inscription, "Mother," and thither Edward and Annie and Charley often are found training with loving hands the bright flowers and looking up with loving hearts to the parent who has passed

The trio fashionably religious and religiously fashionable ladies, Mrs. Doles and Mrs. Tiles still moan over the sad fate of the "poor heathen" and still forget the heathen at their very doors. Still phariseacal-like, thank God they are not left to perish, and still keep aching hands and weary forms bending at midnight that they may walk in fashion's ranks. Amelia yet remains unhusbanded, the spoilt child of a foolish mother who turns up her aristocratic nose at "poor sewing girls," and

pratingly talks of "God's mysterious ways."

The home of Mrs. Stanwood is the mission house of true, unostentations charity. She distributes her gifts liberally and yet justly—gives to all a fair remuneration for their services without regard to the conventionalities of society, and blesses all with the love of "a poor sewing girl."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE HEART'S SECRET.

BY ACLARE RITCHIE.

"Every heart hath its secret sorrow, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

I read these beautiful lines over again and again, they seem so soul-felt and so true. "Every heart least I think not, and I will tell you why I think has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not," and many are the tears shed inwardly that God hands vibrating here and there as if the retion alone can see. Well, we all go through the world moved by steam power, and the fate of the nation masking our faces with miles, when the heart depended on his arriving at a given point within within is growing old with sorrow, and beautiful eyes give forth glances of light unto the friends around, though the soul is crushed and bleeding. old Boston and so was my father before me, and I In southern lands, far away from me, roams a fair young girl with whom my early days were passed, who goes out into the world, with a sunny smile upon her face, a kind, pleasant word for all; but the iron entered her soul long ago, and the scar is there yet. The world says, what a sunshiny life that—hadn't any cigar in his mouth, nor the apis hers," and passes along, nover thinking that the pearance of having just disposed of a Sherry cobtempest-shock is greater for the sunshine that has bler, but it was very evident he wore an imported been. I said, "a fair young girl,"—no, she has suit, and one reason why he still clung to it with grown older now, but she was very fair then, and such tenacity was that a little way back in the track that image is ever with mean heart he

tempter came! In her sweet innocence, was it strange that when Frank Alden, with his bold, singular beauty, so dark and yet so glorious, came into our village, her pure heart should learn the lesson of love? Or was it inconsistent with the heart's feelings, that when the legends of foreign in her features, sadness hung heavily upon her lands were breathed into her willing ear, she should long to look upon scenes like those?

Agnes was very proud-not haughty of self, but longing for applause from the lips of the million. So when Frank "wooed and won" her, and the vows were exchanged, and he left for his home in home, not of splendor as he had expected but one the distant city, the proud spirit chafed and murmured at the "humdrum life" at home. Then there were years in which there were no tidings from Frank, till at last he came through our little village, on his way north, with his bride!

It would take me many hours to tell you of the trials that came to Agnes after that, how the wealth of years vanished away, and left poverty staring them in the face; how the father grew discouraged at his repeated losses, and gave himself up to desout yet it stood out in all its gloomy outline, a real, pair, then died; and the mother soon followed, and Agnes was left to struggle on alone. Out into Remembering that he had not questioned his the world, to battle for fame, the young girl went, newly formed acquaintance about his sisters, he and the heart-hopes were laid aside with the buried

"My heart is a sepulchre," she said to me, "and her visitor was announced, but seeing the card she therein lies all the fond hopes, cherished dreams, assumed a very amiable disposition. She had sent and fanciful imageries. I have formed of my future and fanciful imageries, I have formed of my future for her seamstress wishing to give her some direc- life. I shall never come back here again, Aclare, but I shall never forget you. You are the only being I have faith in, and now that all else has fuiled me, I shall look to you for the sympathy I

And we parted! I have never gazed on her she not finding her mistress in her chamber, and since, but the same she sought has been hers. being told by a servant that she was disengaged in They tell me she has not the young girlish beauty, the parlor and probably waiting for her, hastened as in days past, but is very haughty and dignified I can hardly fancy, as I sit here gazing down into the liquid depths of these eyes pictured forth in the miniature before me, that they have grown coldlooking, or that a stern expression has gradually taken the place of this winning smile. But it is

I meet Frank Alden in my everyday walks, but Agnes is not the only sufferer. Oh, no; Frank has grown old in his youth. I cannot say what caused the estrangement, but she came between them, with her "sweet eyes" and "low replies," and her dazzling beauty, and he could not withstand the temptation. But he has grown weary of that beauteous face, now that years have passed away, and he longs for the soul-sympathy which she cannot give. Ah, Agnes, the boy was truer "I cannot interpret the meaning of this. Mr. than the man ever will be. And yet, spite of all this, have we not been true to the old love Agnes? know that you will read this, dear girl, by a loney hearth; that when the flattering crowd has left your side, and darkness has glided into the festive hall, where you have danced and sung so gaily, brother, Miss Doles, my real name is Warren to night, you will glance over this, and recall the days of our childhood, when we were so happy together, and " Clare " will not be forgotten.

I have not called this up, Agnes, to add another drop to the cup of bitterness, which has been placed to your lips, full and overflowing. God forbid! Into my heart the dark arrow has been sent, and it has rankled there, but I've not passed oom, and at once recognizing her brother fell you by, in your great soul-weariness. "Tis the darkest hour just before day." If we meet not be lost and as soon as she had partially recovered, here on earth, proud, peerless Agnes, in the Heava carriage bore her to a room at the hotel. There enly Father's presence, there is joy for us. But Edward sat by her side and watched returning conmy spirit—it will go out to you, full of hope and sciousness till joy supplanted grief and sister and faith, while on the earth-journey below. Only look upward, for the quickening power. God's messengers will bear it unto you! As in the days of parting, when you wrung my hand in your heart-agony, "so fare thee well."

> HOPE'S GARLAND. Ere those remote and dreamy days When Greece lay in a golden haze,
> When poets, soulptors, sages wrought,
> And gave a nobler phase to thought—
> Ere-Athens shone in festal prime,
> "Twas said, "'mid ignorance and crime Twas said, "mid ignorance and crime Unhappy man is doomed to grope, With nought to cheer his soul but hope." A cherub left his native skies, With wings of light and pitying eyes, And wondered through this world of ours, Where bloom few amaranthine flowers; Looked o'er the earth in verdure flad, And wonters on our applies and its set. And wept to see man's spirit and;
> Then sought a bower where zephyrs played
> With blossoms twinkling in the shade,
> Where sat a maiden fair as more When dew-drops decked the flowering thorn, When aerial music wakes the grove To sunshine, harmony, and love; The blue of heaven shone in her eyes Of chaste hue, such as far outries The honey-blooms the brown bee seeks, And health's blush mantled on her checks! Her auburn hair with lingering flow Waved o'er a neck as white as snow, The rose and egi-intine entwined With green leaves quivering in the wind, Which softly breathed o'er that sweet face, Which Phidias would have loved to trace. Near and more near the cherib came, And kindled in her breast a flame, And round her gracef ! for livid wove Hope's sacred garland—Wenwin's Love!

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PIONEERS OF BOSTON.

BY EMMA CARRA.

There is no denying the fact that the pioneers of our trimountain city were a very close, calculating set of individuals. If any one wants evidence of this let him look at the Indian trail-like streets of puritanical old Boston, and I think after that he and I will be of one opinion.

Jogging along over the neck in the horse cars I look out on the open space each side of me where vehicles can pass each other without jostling and I exclaim mentally, How nice it is that such a multitude of human beings can move along in Washngton street and all have room enough to inflate their lungs with fresh air or give free action to their limbs! But when I get to Dover street and there leave the comfortable conveyance and pursue my way along the sidewalk towards the Old South, a change comes o'er the spirit of my thoughts, for as I try to elbow my way through the crowd of passers by I am jostled hither and thither like a mutilated ship left at the mercy of the waves.

five minutes: he hasn't that don't care consequential sort of a look that seems to say, I was born in have an inherent right here and shall appropriate as much of this little string of a sidewalk as I please, so stand aside, plebians, and make room for one of the direct descendants of a hero of '76.

No, he hadn't any such expression or manner as of time it had protected his little limbs from win-We have both seen sorrow since then, and we ter's cold and summer's heat, while pressing with

how free, for the word free embraced all that he thought it was necessary for him to know, and from this time there was no peace in old Barney O'Brien's cabin, till he consented that his son hould go to the great country of forests and lakes. Barney Junior felt sure when he gathered his fragmentary wardrobe into his linen bandanna and shipped on board the emigrant vessel, that when is bare-feet touched terra firma again, he would be in a land where gold was plenty and could be had for the asking.

Poor little Barney! you had still a lesson to earn, but you know it now, and you begin to think that the cabin, with its comfortable turf-fire, and smoking pot of mealy potatoes, and brimming pan of milk was not such a good exchange after all, and you weep sometimes as you reflect and turn away from your cross old uncle who dispenses pipes and adulterated whiskey from the cellar behind his little seven-by-nine window in an alley deserted by all you save and those who patronized him. Well, never mind, Barney, if you were disappointed when you first set your plump feet on our shores, there is hope for you yet, for you are young, and there is a great country out west, all ready to welcome you, no matter how tattered your clothes, or how broad your brogue; only give to her service your wealth of fast developing muscles, and she will yield you a rich return by-and-by.

Barney's occupation at present is to supply his mole's family with fuel, the relative never asking where he gets it press of business preventing him I suppose. The industrious youth has just received a donation from the master workman who is demolishing yonder venerable old pile to make room for a Jacob's ladder sort of house to be filled by the highest bidder on rents. The benevolent mechanic has told the lad he will give him all the fuel he can carry in his arms this once, so Barney is bound to try his strength, not seeming to mind about the length of the boards which vary all the way from one foot to six, and not for one moment taking into consideration that in no part of Washngton Street north of Dover Street are the flags wide enough for more than two to walk abreast comfortably, especially if they are ladies and patronize the fashions. On comes Barney boards and ill, and each one bustling with the strong old nails driven long ago by the muscular power of our fathers. There! the upper end of that longest board has sent one of Genin's best hats into the gutter. Barney receives an impetus on his back rom the bare headed dandy that makes him quicken his pace in the direction where I shirnk away to the window.

Another moment, and one of the pointed nails sends the coat of a benevolent old gentleman who smothers his grief at the accident giving only a little wholesome advice in return, and which I am sorry to say is wholly lost upon our hero, owing I suppose to the stranger's polite manner of speaking.

The next sufferer is a Washington Street belle who seems to have no visible purpose in clogging up this narrow footpath but to bask in the April sunshine and to show the pedestrians how much of lace and flowers, and gutta percha cord and flounces she can propel by female muscle alone.

Ha, ha, ha! I suppose a true philanthropist wouldn't compliment me for indulging in this soulcheering laugh at Barney's last mishap; but. I couldn't help it to see that honest little sprig of Erin get the projecting end of a board all snarled up in Miss Araminta's flounces, and after trying in vain for a moment to disentangle his gift hug his fuel tighter, and streak it down Washington Street with the speed of one striving to reach the cars in season after the last bell has rung. The badly ripped flounces of the perfumed belle still cling to the nails, and she also hurries in close proximity to the affrighted Barney. There! they have disappeared around the corner followed by a troop of uveniles and one policeman.

Poor Barney! you have no friends nor money to save you, so you will sleep on an iron bedstead in the station house tonight where you can dream of old Ireland at your leisure, and when you awake to-morrow sigh for the little cabin you left near the bog.

It is bright and beautiful to-day, and it seems as

if all Boston have come out to sun themselves. And oh! what a variety of faces there are !- grave and gay, benevolent and vinegar-like.

What a rush there are upon the men. I should think every one was on a five mile race, with a heavy purse at stake, so much for habit,

heavy purse at stake, so much for habit,
O, my! what a handsome man that is across the
way. I know he is handsome, though I haven't
seen his face yet. What a beautiful figure he has!
straight as an arrow—tall, commanding—wears a
handsome and well-polished boot. I wonder if he
is married. Well, if ever I get married, I mean to
have a man a that looks just like— Oh, my gracious! he has just turned round, and as true as I
live, his face and boots are both of a color.

There are two men who have just turn accident.

There are two men who have just run against each other, and scattered some fifty pamphlets on the sidewalk; no one responsible for it but the first settlers of Boston, who were too stingy in laying out the streets of the old colonial city, to give us room enough for comfort. I, for one, will never forgive them till I forget how many times I have had to step off the edge-stones to let ladies in crin-oline and flounces pass, or what risks I have run of life and limb in seeking the pavements and mixing in with moving omnibusses and drays, to avoid having my poor brains scattered by dandies revolv-

ing canes. Now I should like to know the reason why the good old conscienscious pioneers of the tri-mountain city could not have been a little more liberal in marking out the thoroughfares, when Washington Street was bounded on each side by cornfields. But after all, I suppose we ought to be charitable towards our forefathers while discussing this matter, for it is very evident that in after years they saw the wrong they had committed, and to make amends, they left the glorious old Common as a legacy. Oh, how I wish we could clip off a narrow strip from that spacious field, and widen Washington Street with it, so a body wouldn't feel all the time while passing up or down with the great rushing throng ever there, except at midnight, that if any of those Jacob's ladder buildings should tumble to the earth, he wouldn't be buried beneath the

Well, I have pushed, and crowded and edged my way along till I have reached State Street. Oh! you venerable old building that stands sentinel over the entrance! I wish your timbers of oak would never decay and that you would rest there forever. Palsied be the hand that would ever disturb you! Let one old landmark remain as our fathers left it,-never disturb it only to preserve it from decay. Let the generations that are to come after us not blush that this fast age was totally void of veneration.

Ah! here is a fruit seller's stand. Ought this to be to crowd us still more in this narrow thoroughfure? What do you ask a piece for your aples, sir ?

"Six cents, ma'am."

Go to! Do you think I have money to throw to the winds? Before I will give that price for an apple I will wait for one till apples grow again, and then I will go where I can get them fresh from the mossy old trees.

Out upon speculators! they should not be encouraged nor allowed to tempt little barefoot children with the sight of showy fruit that none

but a millionaire could purchase.





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IONE,

HERE AND HEREAFTER! BY W. R. HAYDEN,

Author of Clara Wharton; The Mad Lover, etc., ets. In our issue of the 28th of May we shall com mence the publication of a thrilling novel, with the above title. The number will be for sale at all the depots on Wednesday, May 20th. A very large edition will be printed, and agents will please send in their orders early.

ABUSES OF POWER.

The most intense longing of the human heart is for power and dominion. In the race for them millions of lives have been sacrificed, and millions of tender hearts have been crushed under the tread of the reckless and the unscrupulous votaries

Wars have blazed forth their deadly fires, quiet homes have been ravaged and desecrated, and all for the worthless bauble fame. To achieve great military renown and live upon the pages of history as a hero, has certainly a fu cination about it difficult for the mind to resist. And where such renown is acquired in defence of native land it is heroic indeed. But there are many other, more ignoble ways in which this craving desire after power manifests itself. In the iron will, with which the master lords it over the servant, the rich over the poor, the magistrate over the citizen. The candidate for popular favor will prate loudly of the rights of the people and philosophize in eloquent strains upon the wrongs imposed upon and suffered by them, until they are convinced that a champion has arisen valiant to do battle in their behalf; one who will not be hoodwinked and blindfolded by all the petty officers and rogues who hold office under him, and strong in that belief they go confidently to the voting places, and record their ballots in favor of the citizen's candidate, "the man of the people." He is elected to the much coveted office, the usual oaths and formalities are passed through, and then, what then? Either he stretches forth the strong arm of power himself, or lounges idly back in his seat and closes his eyes, while all around him, the myriad petty tyrants encroach upon the dearest rights of the citizen, using the authority of his office as a cloak for manifestations of petty e and annoying espionage.

We need not stray far from our own doors to see these assertions realized. At every corner of our streets we can behold men wearing the insignia of office lounging away their time, or strolling up the street with a kindred spirit upon either side. making offensive remarks, and crowding citizens in the pursuit of their various avocations from the footway. If a man in his honest indignation resents the insults and annoyances of which he is made the victim, before him looms up the severe penalties, incurred by interfering with, or assaulting an officer in the discharge of his duty. His duty forsooth, when is it that he discharges that? Let the dens of infamy and degradation which thrive and fatten under his fostering care speak for him. Let the known ruffians who pass and nod pleasantly to him speak for him. From those moral pest-houses from which arise influences which poison the atmosphere of society, from those harples who prer upon its life blood, let the answer come.

A known villain walks the streets, and traffics in the bodies and souls of men with impunity, the valiant guardians of the public safety, never interfere with him, oh, no! "He is an ugly customer," they say, and it is far easier for them to arrest the little bare-foot boy who is striving to earn a few pennies by the sale of a newspaper, than to venture upon the hazardous experiment of suppressing the primary schools and universities of crime. For all this there is a responsibility somewhere. There is an abuse of power somewhere. And when the people arouse from their lethargy, and not waiting for the encrosching tide to surge up to their very doorways, place themselves in an attitude of resistance, maving thus far and no farther, then, and then only, will the change come.

There are many honorable exceptions to be noticed among the officers. Here and there we can noint out one who is vigilant and faithful to his duty, but, like a single light, in an atmosphere darker than that of Egypt, the rays only serve to deepen the blackness which surrounds it. Servants of the people, it is time you should leave off prating of rights and wrongs, and act, act, act !

THE PRAIRIE,

This is the prairie broad, and wild, and free, Ocean of emerald has and moving light. When the meck grass with its green linger points To him who freds it, and the myriad flowers To him who reed it, and the myriad flowers of many huce—grass nestling flowers! strange buds! Often what large rewards of siness balm! White showers of insects float in the pure air. On glittering wings, so variously dyed. They seem the offspring of the gorgoous flowers. Gay birds, like winged flowers inspired with song, Four first their roundelays from morn to eve:
The robin, bard of birds, whose ardent hymn flating set upon its naulit breast of flame, floating set upon its naulit breast of flame, flating set the air the oriole, flating from a chy and sunshine larged to song, flaming lay most crafts, on the lensely tree, find then fled rocks it with his slighty hand, and frankling it with all the stars of houses.

Bulkitani ji lidara ini politim je set

MAY.

May morning dawned, with a balmy softness in the atmosphere rarely known in this cold climate. stead of looming up before the world a great hero The children were stirring with the lark, and the Common was radignt with their bright happy faces. As we walked among them and witnessed their merry sports we became almost a partaker in their youth What gladness and beauty children do create upon the earth. How their gambols and romps, and laugh ing voices, tend to rejuvinate the hearts worn and wearied with the struggles of maturer years. Who can stand and watch them and not stray back in memory to the joyous scenes when all was springtime freshness and beauty in his heart. When with an eager loving eye his soul drank in the inspiration of all kindly thoughts and actions; when for him the singing birds, the whispering leaves, the dashing waters, sang only of love and harmony and delight. When the future, whenever it was thought of, rose up sparkling with gems and brilliant fancies, which it seemed only necessary to reach forth the hand and gather.

Oh toll-worn man! Oh crime-stained wanderer! How does the future loom up to your spirits' vision now? Are there shadows, doubts and uncertainties obscuring the landscape? Does the way seem long, and the task seem burdensome? Look back! In that cloud which casts its dull, heavy shadow over your forward pathway, can you see no traces of your own work? Do you not read upon it the record of dark passions, which you have cherished and hugged close to your heart, until they have soiled and stained the leaves of its purity? You have toiled for wealth, for power, for fame! have you achieved them? Yes; let us stray back and see what they cost. Ah, it is a weary journey; all along the way lie the shattered ruins of the bright and the beautiful things you have crushed with your iron heel; home affections, loving hearts, pure charities, which performed would have glittered like countless diamonds upon the throne of God, all neglected, cast aside as worthless, in your race, after the beckening finger of Mammon. There lies the bright, pure love of your youth, like a rose torn ruthlessly from its stem in the dawn of its unfolding beauty; the friendships of your earlier manhood; the truthfulness and devotedness of your prime. And you have gained in exchange; what? Granite warchouses, heaped up coffers, and a stony heart. Do they repay you?

We have said it is all sunshine and music and laughter without-let us walk onward and behold another picture. See this dull, gloomy pile of stones. Look at the iron bars, whose shadows are reflected back upon the stony pavements within, and the still more stony faces of those who keen watch and ward over their fellows. Out of God's blessed sunlight, let us walk within the walls of this orison. See: there is youth, manhood, age. To them no loving voices ever come, save perchance, low and then one of those rare, perfect beings, who xist upon the earth, that we may not lose our faith in the angels. Some gentle, suffering mother, who breakes not her beloved in his misfortunes and his rimes, who whispers hope into his despairing heart, and sheds a halo of her own innate purity over his rime-stained soul.

Look at this young man who presses his white orchead against the bars and looks out into the ure atmosphere. See, a tear starts up to his eye lids. What are his thoughts? .. Ah! who can tell It may be that as a rosy child trips gladly along the street his mind strays back to the time, when his mother brushed the silken hair from his fair brow and taught him in accents which no after years of guilt could eradicate from his memory some simple prayer, the aspirations of which have welled forth a clear redeeming stream of purity from a heart choked and clogged up with the poison ous weeds of sin. O, stern man, believe it, none are all evil. You who hurl your anathemas against the law-breakers, have you resisted all the temptations which have beset you? Have you conquered all your evil passions ?. If so, you can join, in the bitter. vindictive cry against the criminal. But if not, if within your bosom, you yet feel the springing up of those bitter seeds, which if compelled to ripen and expand in the same atmosphere as that which it was his lot to breathe, would ripen into the same deadly fruit, then, speak more kindly of him, extend to him the hand of a brother, and if society requires that your erring brother be punished, let such punishment be tempered with mercy. at least let no vindictive feeling mingle with it. Remember on this glad May morning that he too was a little child once and that whatever may be his crimes, you cannot banish him from his portion in the brotherhood of mankind. God has not forgotten him, and Christ who exclaimed to the thief moon the cross " this day shalt thou be with me in paradise" did not exclude him from his great atone-

NAPIER AND THE YANKEES.

The valiant Sir Charles, who boasted so loudly at the commencement of the Russian war, and sailed out of an English port with his courage at fever heat but which courage had, like Bob Acres' cozed out at his fingers ends before his eyes looked upon the eagles of the Cuar floating in defiance; it seems don't In Ireland parties have been more evenly balanced like the Yankee method of fighting. In his new work entitled "Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier," he thus speaks of his experience while engaged in robbing hen roosts and frightening elderly ladies on the shores of Virginia English and Welsh boroughs

"Seven thousand men are at Baltimore, and we have no such force; still my opinion is, that if we tuck up our sleeves and lay our ears back we might hrash them: that is, if we caught them out of They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devil-ment, nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gunbarrels, everything that will do mischief. of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong, Man delights to be killed according to the laws of nations; and nothing so pleasant or correct; but to be dound against all rule is quite offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24lb shot in the stomach is fine; we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails, makes us die ungenteelly and with the cholic."

We think Sir Charles also objected to the manner support design and the support of th

for the obstinacy of human nature, his opponents seemed to disagree with him, and so Sir Charles inmust be content to plod on in obscurity or waken momentary school with the blast of his own trum-

METROPOLITAN RAILROAD. Early on May morning a line of forty-two cars extending over a mile in length preceded by an omnibus drawn by four horses decorated with red plumes tipped with black, and supposed to contain all the oponents of horse railroads, arrived from Roxbury. The cars were immediately filled with an army of children to whom the Company extended the privilege of a free ride, and preceded by the Germania Military Band were soon upon their way back. Among the cars were four open ones, tastefully festooned with evergreens and several new cars elegantly painted. The scene as the train moved up the street was one to be remembered.

The smiling happy faces of the children, the excellent music of the band, the large and influential "sidewalk committee" inspecting the operations combined to render the occasion a gala one.

Horse railroads are "an institution," and the sooner we see the track of the Metropolitan road from our windows, the sooner we shall be satisfied. Old fogies may grean about the injury to their property, and stubborn hack drivers complain of the difficulty of driving over the tracks-by the way, this latter class seldom lose an opportunity to drive on them-but the people are in favor of horse railroads and the voice of the people will prevail

"INTERESTING."

Another of the events styled "interesting" by the papers which breathe the Court atmosphere of London has occurred. We quote: "The interesting event to which the nation has been anxiously looking forward, occurred on Tuesday last, on which day, at a quarter before two o'clock, the Queen was happily delivered of a Princess." After a pompous array of the names of those present in her Majesty's rooms and the adjoining apartments, including Princes, Dukes, Chancellors, Bishops, Ambassadors, etc., follow these important bulletins:-

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 14, 1857,-3 P. M. The Queen was safely delivered of a Princess this afteroon at forty-five minutes past one o'clock.

Her Majesty and the Princess are well.

JAMES CLARK, M. D.,
CHARLES LOCOCK, M. D.
ROBERT FERGUSON, M.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 15, 1857,49 A. M. The Queen passed an excellent night. Her Majesty and the infant Princess are going on favorably.

LAMES CLARK, M. D.,

CHARLES LOCOCK, M. D.,

ROBERT FERGUSON, M. D.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 16,-9 A. M. The Queen has slept well. Her Majosty and the Princess

fortably.

James Clark, M. D.,

CHARLES LOCOCK, M. D.,

ROBERT FERGUSON, M. D.

We wonder'if the "Princess" looks anything like a baby-babies we are fond of-we can't say as much of royalty. -

-NATIVE CAMELS.

We have some camels in Texas to whom the natuthree having been three having been born under the stars and stripes. The Washington Star says they are thriving, and five or six more births are expected com the reports of the condition of the animals at present, and through the eleven months that the first importations have been on the continent, we may regard all doubts as to their acclimation dissipated, and that so much of the experiment is a fixed fact. The only remaining indeterminate point is the character of the stock that may be produced. For this, time will be re-

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

The Grand Duke Constantine has consented at Louis Napoleon's request, to prolong his stay in Paris from a week to a fortnight. The Grand Duke will visit London in the latter part of May.

The Emperor reviewed several regiments about to quit Paris. After the filing past, the Imperial Prince was taken in front of the troops in a carriage, and held up to the soldiers by his nurse.

The foundation-stone of the new building in Shaw's brow, opposite St. George's-hall, intended for a Public Library, has been laid by the founder, Mr. William Brown, M. P., who, after defray. ing the entire cost of its construction, estimated at about 30,000L, will present it as a free gift to the people of Liverpool.

Of the 654 members who will form the new House of Commons, 630 have been already returned, leaving 12 Irish counties to select the remaining 24 representatives. The English and Welsh boroughs, including the Universities, return 335 members, and have exercised their privileges by selecting 223 Liberals and 112 Conservatives, The English and Welsh counties have returned 56 Liberals and 103 Conservatives, there being a double return for Huntingdonshire; while Scotland has contributed 39 Liberal members to the new House of Commons and ohly 14 Conservatives. -39 Liberals having been elected and 42 Conservatives. The relative gains and losses by each party stand as under;-

Liberal Conservative Scotland Ireland at present

Total . . 27 Leaving a net gain of 42 seats, equal to 84 votes, their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. in favor of the Liberal party. The new Parliament will comprise 171 gentlemen who had no seats in the last House of Commons. Of the displaced On board members 103 voted or paired upon Mr. Cobden's a twenty-gun ship that we took, I found this sort motion, which produced the dissolution. Of that number 62 voted in the majority and 43 with the Government

It is not at all improbable that the French Republicans will ascertain their real strength at the approaching elections in France, by putting up M. Carnot as a candidate for the Legislative Chamber. According to report, they intend proposing him in Paris and in the departments. Some of the candiof defence made by the Russian Admirals in the dates are disposed to take the ceth of allegiance to Baltic. He evidently thinks that his opponents the Imperial Government, others refuse. The comshould act as the "coons "did with a certain great mistee of that party will probably be allowed to see himster a hershowledge the corn " and drop down, in Paris, but the prefects will not permit them to familiar Letters.

THE SABBATH,

Truly a holy and a blessed institution of Supreme love and goodness is the Sabbath. Rightly appreciated and enjoyed, it attunes the heart to go forth to its never-ending tasks with fresher confidence and with purer faith in an immortality of light and beauty. How especially consecrated it seems, when, after a refreshing morning shower, the sun breaks forth and laughs on the fresh green verdure, the opening buds and crystal dew drops of early spring.

Such a morning is this upon which we write. The awakening day was overshadowed with clouds, but long before the denizens of the city were stirring, brightly astover the ark broke the rainbow of promise, out from the gray masses came the lifegiving sun. With a glance from his fiery eye, he dispelled the gloomy shadows, and down, down, sunk sin and sorrow falling from the ransomed spirit. Then, over all, over the sleeping and the waking, over the poor and the rich, over the just and over the unjust, arched the cerulean dome, without a speck to sully its magnificence and glory. It was like one of those mornings of which the poet Swain, speaks so enthusiastically :-

"From the wild bee's humming, From the choral throng, Know we thou art coming, Bringing life and song; Oh! thou golden Morning, Brightest both of earth! Mead and mount adorning, Blessed be thy birth i"

As we walked musingly up the street, we met the worshippers returning from early Mass at the Cathedral. Each clasped a missal, as it were a jewel of immense price. There was no look upwards to the pure fount of all goodness; no, for man had said that the great Father could not be approached by the humble and the unlettered, and that to allow the thoughts to flow forth in free and unconstrained converse with nature was to incur the wrath of a revengeful and angry Deity. And so, to those, the printed letters in that volume were as inspirations traced by the finger of God himself. and the " Ave Marias" the only prayers suffered to gush from the heart. We wondered and grew sad.

But we walked on, up Franklin and through Bromfield street, and paused to look at the monumental stones of the burying-ground. We were lost in a reverie. Suddenly, one of the saucy squirrels sprang on to a tomb close beside us, and looking roguishly into our eyes seemed to say, "Wouldn't you like to know?" We walked on, and the little bees, as they dived into the honey-cells of the flowers, springing around the "great elm," seemed asking the same question, and the tiny fly buzzed it in our ears as he flitted by.

Yes, yes, we should like to know why, in this glorious world, where the most insignificant blade of grass, and the tiniest particle of insect life are marvels of perfection, superstition, bigotry and crime ever cast their gloomy reflections over the bright and the beautiful? We should like to know why the carnest struggler after the right, his heart warm and glowing with the love breathed into it from the lips of God, his soul expanding in the clear brilliant atmosphere of truth, should meet no until the delicate organization of his mind-s harp teous and obliging. formed and tuned to echo celestial melodies—is jarred and broken so that it emits only sounds of bitterness and sorrow?

We should like to know why the simple, trusting girl, whose only fault was overmuch love, is cast forth to die in a den of pollution and infamy, while he wretch who betrayed her, is courted, flattered and caressed by society, and dignified with the title of "Honorable!" We should like to know why the judge sits upon the bench and sentences to the dismal cells of a prison those who have committed no greater crime than those which he daily commits. Yes, yes, we should like to solve all the marvels and mysteries which surround us, and learn why. where all else seems so harmonious, man, alone hates, revenges and dies? But such knowledge is beyond our scope, and so we can only walk our des tined path in wondering, trusting hope.

The Sabbath! The day when toil ceases, when he knotted muscles relax, when the ledger is closed and the hammer is idle. There is music in the sound of its name,

> "To him, who for six days a week Can rarely call an hour his own, How sweet to watch the Sabbath break, And bless the light that Heaven hath thrown. Oh! welcome, more than tongue can name. The dearest morn that greets our soil, Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim, Which shute the busy world of toil,

Still wakening but for work alone; Oh! heaven, it is a blest reprieve To have one day to call our own :-One day to breathe a wider span, Unfettered by the bonds of trade, To leave the plodding world of man, And view the world which God hath made."

From morn to eve-from morn to eve-

CURIOUS MEDLEY. The Traveller contains a funny letter from a correspondent in Dover, N. H., under date of April 27th from which we clip the opening paragraph. He says :

"I rejoice as a religious man, that you combine the progressive spirit of the N. Y. Tribune with the sound Biblical basis of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce. An Oriental panorama and a woman from the Tarkish harems have just visited us for our diversion."

Here is, Religion, Fourierism, Bibles, Panoramas an I Harems mixed together in beautiful confusion. We should like to know, which was of the greatest interest to that "religious man," the "progressive spirit" the "Biblical basis," the "Oriental Pano rama "or the " woman from the Tarkish Harem." We "pause for a reply."

MARY

Fair blue-bells droop for gentle Mary, Pride of the sisterbood of flowers, ; With footfall light as stope of fairy On the weird earth in twilight bours?

The distant stars at evening weep, Now that the dim-velued syslids throw

Now that the dim-rolled cyclids throw A shadow o'er each azure doep.
That sleeps—how tranquilly below!
Doath friend her in the arms of fleep.
And granity took her guitaless breath;
Be gestly, we sough to work.
And translated Friends Twin death?

Cable. Editor's

Two YEARS AGO. By THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Bostons Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

The imprint of Ticknor & Fields is a sufficient guarantee of a good book, and when on the same page appear their names and that of Charles Kingsley, we only desire to sit down in some quist corner and read. Such a pleasure we anticipate with the volume now before us, on our first leisure afternoon; From hasty glances through it, it is easy to perceive that once embarked in its perusal it would be yery difficult to leave off. The author excels in his pictures of home-life. As an example of his style we make a short extract from the opening chapter.

"A beautiful October morning it was; one of those in which Dame Nature, healthily fired with the revelry of summer, is composing herself, with a quiet, satisfied smile for her winter's sleep. Sheets of dappled cloud were sliding slowly from the west; dispelled the gloomy shadows, and down, down, sunk long bars of hazy blue hung over the southern the clouds below the horizon, like the earth-robes of chalk-downs, which gleamed pearly gray beneath the low south-eastern sun. In the vale below, work white flakes of mist still hung over the watermeadows, and barred the dark trunks of the huge elms and poplars, whose fast-yellowing leaves came showering down at every rustle of the western breeze, spotting the grass below. The river swirled along, glassy no more, but dingy gray with autumn rains and rotting leaves. All beyond the garden told of autumn; bright and peaceful, even in decay; but up the sunny slope of the garden itself, and to the very window-sill summer still lingered. The beds of red verbens and geranium were still brilliant, though choked with fallen leaves of acacia and plane; the canary plant, still untouched by frost twined its delicate green leaves, and more delicate yellow blossoms, through the crimson lacework of the Virginia oreeper; and the great yellow noisette swung its long canes across the window. filling all the air with fruity fragrance.

And the good doctor, lifting his eyes from his microscope, looked out upon it all with a quiet satisfaction, and, though his lips did not move, his eves seemed to be thanking God, for it.all; and thanking Him too, perhaps, that he was still permitted to gaze upon that fair world outside. For as he gazed, he started, as if with sudden pain, and passed his hand across his eyes, with something like a sigh, and then looked at the microscope no more, but sat, seemingly absorbed in thought, while upon his delicate, toil-worn features, and high, bland, unwrinkled forehead, and the few soft gray locks which not time-for he was scarcely fifty-five -but long labor of brain, had spared to him, there lay a hopeful calm, as of a man who had nigh done his work, and felt that he had not altogether done it ill :- an autumnal calm, resigned, yet full of cheerfulness, which harmonized fitly with the quiet beauty of the decaying landscape before him.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE GLEE BOOK: Containing about two hudred songs, glees, choruses, &c., including many of the most popular pieces of the day; arranged and harmonized for four voices, with full accompaniments for the Plano, Beraphine and Melodeon. For the use of Glee Clubs, Singing Glasses, and the Home Circle. Boston Russell & Richardson. New York, Mason Brothers. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

To all who look upon music as an accomplishment, this volume must commend itself, as furnishing in compact space, the most favorite glees and choruses extant. It must meet with an extended and rapid sale.

THE HARMOSTAL AND SACRED MELODIST. By Ass Fits. Boston: Published by Bels Marsh. This is a good collection of popular songs and hymns, adapted to social and religious meetings.

REDDING & Co., have Harper's, Putnam's, Knickerbocker and other principal American, English and American Monthlies upon their counters, as also the Illustrated and other weeklies. Their supply reward from his fellows but sneers) and contumely, is always full and their reatment of visitors cour-

> We found upon our table this morning a bijou volume entitled "THE GOLDEN PRESENT." with a mark at the following stanzas; they seem so descriptive of this particular time, that we copy them.

MAY MORNING.

BY MRS. J. THAYES.

The bright May-morning's come again. With baimy air and showers.

And through the wood and in the glen.
Is borne the breath of flowers.

And music floats upon the air, And sighs along the plain,
The feathered songators everywhere
Pour forth their gisdsome strain.

Maidens and youths come hall the morn?
The birth of winsome May.
Come twine ye gariands to adorn
Your brows this bright spring day.

Blue violets are over all the plain

And cowelips by the brook—

Come. gather for love's fairy chain, From every dell and nock

And as ye twine your fragrant wreath. And sing your merry lay,
Let each young, thrilling bosom breathe
A welcome to sweet hiay,

MONUMENT TO A. J. DOWNING. The monument erected to the memory of the late

Andrew J. Downing. in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington bears the following appropriate principal inscription.

THIS VASE
Was erected by his friends ANDREW JACKSON DOWNING,
Who died July 2d, 1852, aged 37 years,

He was born, and, lived,
And died upon the Hudson River.

And died upon the Hudson River.

His life was devoted to the improvement of the national tasks in critical art,
an effice for which his genius and the natural beauty analyst which he lived had fully endowed him.

His success was as great as his genius, and for the dea th of few public near,
was public grief ever more stacere.

When these grounds were proposed, he was at ones called to design shem;
but before they were compluted he perished in the wresk of the steamer Horry Clay.

His mind was singularly just, penetrating, and original His manners were calm, reserved, and courteous.

His personal memory

belongs to the friends who loved him;
his fame to the country which honors and laments him. Secol Color Upon the Southern Front appears the following extract from his "Rural Essays"

The taste of an individual, as well as that of a nation, will be in direct proportion he the profound sensibility with which he perceives the boautiful in natural scenery.

with which he perceives the boautiful in natural scenery.

Open wide, therefore
the doors of your libraries and picture galleries,
all yo true Bepublicans!

Build halls where knowledge shall be freely diffused among
men, and not about up within the narrow walls of
narrower institutions.

Plant spacious parks in your cities,
and unclose their gates as wide as the gates of morning to
the whole people.

the whole people.

A OHARACTER.

A CHARACTER.

A vain old man, grasping at worldly gands.
On the dim verge of three score years and ten.
Saill mingling in the surble surfee of men.
Saill mingling for its false and mean rewards.
Hammon and Ombox, his soul's sovereign Lordie.
He worships on the grave of health and youth.
He worships on the grave of health and youth.
His dull care closed against the voice of trust.
And warning wisdom's sweet and mild activated.
And warning wisdom's sweet and mild activated.
And warning wisdom's sweet and mild activated.
He worship on the grave of Pools, he reigns.
The smalledest joys, and sortid pains.
The trail assured within that narrow round its miles with the party of the civated Boirt's nobler faith disclaim.

EVENING LEGIURE AT THE MELODEON

Mrs. R. M. Henderson lectured in a trance state at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening. ception—either that a male spirit was speaking In the evening, the subject chosen by a committee of the audience, was the passage of scripture-"For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets. and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch and, as standing far nearer to God, may properly that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." On the announcement of the passage, Mrs. Henderson called for the reading of the chapter, and after some delay, it was found and read. Mrs. Henderson then, in a clear, musical voice, opened the discourse, with a prayer which would do no question.

She said, that Christ, in this chapter, (which is the 24th of Matthew) was foretelling the destruction of the temple, and the second advent in which he should give a new inspiration to the earth, it was necessary to ask first, would Christ come again bodily, and second, who are the elect? Christ taught while on earth, the principles of truth and wisdom, and setting forth the trials and tribulations which should come upon his disciples, promised that he should come again and present in a tangible form the truths before revealed to them. Christ being the perfect man above all others, whe had lived fearless of the world, had followed truth, and laid truth be- in the world. fore his disciples so that they could not err, had said to them-" greater things than these shall ye do because I go to my father." The world is now culling out the precious gems of truth; it is progressing, and although many shall be deceived, the truth shall ultimately triumph. The gospel may be taught. and men take a broad leap from it into fanaticism; curious and amusing was the difference of scope léaving behind him the starting point, man may and dignity in the operation of the two minds. She rush onward into superstition. Christ, knowing looked at the subject through an open window, and he through a keyhole. She was severe, by the courthe spirit would live, promised that he would come again to the weary and the despairing, and to those who had shut out from their souls the light of immortality, and therefore as he saves them from their sins, he remains the Saviour now; he not only ligious commonplaces. Instead of the sonorous has been, but still is the Saviour.

Thus Christ returns again, and the thoughts he gives forth are adapted to man's needs, in this age. Man will no longer be fed with that which is mysterious and strange, but with the candid, open truths rious and strange, but with the candid, open truths satisfactory. The "Fox girls" and others have of God. The old edifices erected by the fathers are tried their spells upon me in vain. It has seemed crumbling to their foundations, because they are founded upon the sand. But the end is not yet.

The elect or the inspired are those who draw a more perfect inspiration as they move onward in TUAL DEMONSTRATION made by Mrs. Hatch; and existence. All Scripture is inspiration, but who shall say, when there were those among the writers but it was clouded by obstacles and prejudices ex- | gifts." isting in their minds, and the minds of those around them. We base bur faith upon natural laws, upon the Scriptures of the olden time and the Scriptures of the present. God has not set the seal of election upon any one person. How can God condemn a part and portion of himself to eternal condemnation. There may be false Christs now upon the earth, and men, instead of relying upon their own reasoning powers, hire some one else to think for them.

The church that is the most fashionable will draw the largest audience, and men-drink in the words of the preacher, forgetting that they are individually responsible beings, and so, hanging their faith upon shother's opinions, they know not when they start nor where they stop. Each denomination pronounces the rest all wrong, and where there are so many different opinions there must be a right and a wrong, but the false prophets shall give way to the inspiration which comes from higher spheres. All truth is an inspiration from God, whether it comes from the preacher in the pulpit, or the little beggar in the street. When men are divided to their right places by the gentle working of nature's laws, then will the truth come. Let men dare think and speak for themselves, and then shall the truth be revealed and the millenium dawn upon the

It was announced that a public Sirole would be held in the Melodeon, on Wednesday evening to which the clergy and the Faculty of Harvard were especially invited, and that answers to any theological questions would be given through Mrs. Henderson.

N. P. WILLIS ON SPIRITUALISM.

While the scientific gentlemen attached to Harto see some of the really fine minds in the country speaking openly, boldly and fairly of the heralds of the new doctrine.

We are not disposed to quarrel with the men of as truly as the other. Harvard, though we do love to laugh at their stupidity. They have done, and are now doing good service to the cause of truth. They, too, are but instruments in the hands of the great Disposer of events, after all, and in opposing with their stupidity these manifestations, they have aroused and awakened public attention and the press to an important subject, and they have done it in a manner which it would have taken the champions of the cause years to have accomplished.

wise men, we clip from the Home Journal, the accomplished editor's remark upon Mrs. Hatch, and a lecture delivered through her organism at the Tabernacle. Mr. Willis is a man whose opinion is entitled surely die?" to respect, and it would hardly do for Harvard professors to charge his encomiums of Mrs. H. to the once cited, and the word of the serpent thou shalt result of imagination.

Mrs. Hatch was introduced to the audience a few minutes after we took our seats in a pew of the Tab-brnacie—a delicate-fentured blonde, of seventeen or elguteen, with flaxen ringlets falling over her shoul-ders, movements deliberate and self-possessed, voice calm and deep, and eyes and fingers no way nercalm and deep, and eyes and fingers no way nergrous. The subject being given to her by a gentlethan in the crowd, ("whether man is a part of
flod,") she commenced with a prayer—and very on
rious it was, to see a long haired young woman standing alone in the pulpit, her face turned upward, her
delicate bare arms raised in a clergyman's attitude
on earth entered the spiritual world coil, and recol devotion, and a church full of paople littering etc. of devotion, and a church full of people listening at meh and make them commit sets of orime and tentively while she prayed! A passage in the Bible occurred to me :--

The your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak.

And if they will learn anything, let them sak their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the shared.]—Consummans xiv, 64, 28, 17(1).

very only and trilling clair; aborrens, it coul

objection to the propriety of the performance. The tone and manner were of an absolute sincerity of devoutness which compelled respect; and, before she closed, I was prepared to believe her an exthrough her lips, or that the relative position of the sexes is not the same as in the days of St. Paul. How was it with the Corinthians? Women are certainly better than we, in these latter days, speak for us, even in holy places—or so it seemed

to me while listening to Mrs. Hatch.
Upon the platform in the rear of the pulpit, sat three reporters; and the daily papers have. given outlines of the argument between the fair 'medium' and an antagonistic clergyman who was present. No report can give any fair idea of the "spirit presence," however-I mean, of the discredit to the most eloquent of our divines. Afself-possessed dignity, clearness, promptness, and
ter which she proceeded to explain the passage in
Believe what you will of Mrs. Hatch's source of inspiration-whether she speaks her own thoughts or those of other spirits-it is as nearly supernatural eloquence as the most hesitating faith could reasonably require. I am, perhaps, from long study and practice, as good a judge of fitness in the use of language as most men; and, in a full hour of close attention, I could detect no word that could be altered for the betternone, indeed, (and this surprised me still more). which was not used with strict fidelity to its d rivative meaning. The practised scholarship which this last point usually require, and the curiously unhesitating and confident fluency with which the beautiful language was delivered, was (critically) wonderful. It would have astonished me, in an extempore speech by the most accomplished orator

The argument was long, and, on the clergyman's part, a warm and sarcastic one. The reverend gentleman, (what is commonly described as a "smart man," with high health, a remarkably large and high forehead, and a lawyer's subtlety of logic), alternated sneeches with the "medium." for an hour and a half—leaving the audience, I thought, unani-mously on the lady's side. But, what was very age, skill and calm good temper with which she met his objections in the full face of their meaning only, disregarding their sneers; and he was severe, by twisting her words into constructions not intended. and by feathering the sarcasms thereupon with reobscurity and rhapsody of which the spiritualists are commonly accused, her argument was the directest and coolest possible specimen (my brother

and I thought) of fair and clear reasoning.

If you recollect our conversations on this subject, my experience in spiritualism has been always unto me that I was one of those to whom was not "given," (as the Bible says) "the discerning of spirits." But it would be very bigoted and blind not to see and acknowledge the wonderful intelled. how to explain it, with her age, habits and education, is the true point at issue. I think we should at least look at it seriously-if only in obedience to who denied their Lord and Master that they were the Scripture exhortation which closes the chapter not imperfect, they drew the inspiration of truth, on this very subject :- "Covet earnestly the best

> For the Banner of Light. MEETINGS AND SPIRIT DISCOURSES AT THE MELODEON.

> Yesterday forenoon (Sabbath) a free social conference was attended at the Melodeon on the principles and uses of Spiritualism. There was a pleasant unity in variety.

In the afternoon, through the excellent medium. ship of Mrs. Henderson we listened to a discourse, by the "ministration of angels." on the Origin and Creation of Man. We may call it a spontaneous outbirth of the spiritual sense of Genesis, such as one would adopt who had for years been a student of the wonderful revelations of the " Arcana Celestia" of E. Swedenborg.

The six days' creation with relation to the earthwere long and to us indefinite periods of geological formations and relating to man, successive states and conditions of progress from the germs of infancy through the developments of the childhood of the human race.

Man's physical organization was composed of all the final elements of the different kingdoms, mineral, vegetable and animal, beneath him. His spiritual was a seminal and human soul from the purest divinity of the Most High. That soul possessing all the Divine elements lodged in the proper material conditions, appropriated to itself all the ngredients essential to form a corresponding external human body.

At the close of the lecture and at the instance of the spirits various questions, put by different individuals, were answered, almost as if by omniscient readiness and adaptation—substintially as follows: Ques. After the given formation of the male

how was the female created? Ans. Deity in nature is dual. Hence the plural vard are sneering at Spiritualism, it is gratifying number, "Let us make man in our image." The literal sense of woman's being formed from the rib (extra) of man conveyed nothing intelligible. It was certain that one was made in the image of God

Q. What is meant by the fall of man?

A. Man, as a child, at first was aspiring, but ignorant of his own laws and destiny of being. Though his eventual destiny and victory was upward, his first natural desire of knowledge was downward, and outward, by following which he heeded not the interior, spiritual nature and command, and perverted his own organism.

Q. Who was the serpent?

A. It was the Spirit of Evil, the sensual principle As an offset to the sneers and scoffs of Harvard's in man, properly typified by the lowest of the animal

Q. What kind of death was signified by the language, "In the day thou catest thereof thou shalt

A. The connection from the Scripture was at surely die" was stated to be fulfilled according to the natural appearance of the letter, for he did not physically die on the day thereof, but by the spiritual sense he did die morally.
Q. If the devil is only the evil affections of

man, how could it be that the devils were sent into

madness. Those spirits, or evil affections, could as easily be sent into the swine, as the angel of the Lord could speak through Balsam's beast.

Q. Has there been any real fall of the human race and not rather actual progression? But my instinctive feeling, I must own, made no

. A Cumpton Symp.

the fall of man it is progressing in knowledge without progressing in wisdom. Whenever man is not wise as well as knowing, he may be said to fall. lacking the conscientious and benevolent control of his knowledge. Knowledge is of intellectual education, wisdom, the result of good will united with a good understanding, or true education.

hand and saying, Though we would longer remain to answer any questions, yet the time has been long and we must pass on. We must withdraw, asking for you the guidance of heaven that you may be enabled to investigate these things and learn their truth.

Dr. Gardner, who presided at the meeting, then alluded to the new phase of manifestation of spiritdrawing. There were two mediums in the State of Ohio, one at Columbus and the other at Cleveland. who upon retiring to a dark room, could see spirits and draw their portraits. He showed to the audience a pencil portrait, drawn in seven minutes. The form of the spirit, as given in the portrait, had been recognized and identified by three spiritual mediums, as being that of the same person. It was the portrait of some Indian living in the state of N. York prior to the discovery of the Continent by Columbus, and said to be an Arteo. It resembled the outlines of the Indian organism.

Dr. G. stated that if any had deceased friends whose portraits they wanted, they could signify it to spirits coming through 'ordinary mediums, requesting them to visit those painting mediums, at a particular time, and accordingly send a letter stating the fact and time of appointment, and were required to enclose one dollar. The address of one of the mediums is Geo. E. Wolcott, Columbus, Ohio.

Boston, May 4th, 1857.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VIOLNITY.

W. H. Porter.

TRANCE SPEAKING AT THE MELODEON .- Mrs. Henderson, the Trance Speaking Medium, will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon, (May 10th.) at 3, and in the evening at 7 I-2 o'clock. Subjects selected by the audience on each occasion. Those who are desirious of investigating the new phenomena should not fail to be present.

A Spiritual Conference Meeting, free to all, will be held on Sunday forenoon at the above place, commencing at 10 1.2 o'clock. Clergymen are particularly invited to attend.

MEETINGS IN CHAPMAN HALL, School St.-On Sunday afternoons, Conference Meetings, relating strictly to the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism. In the evening, Discussions of Philosophical and Reform questions. Circles for development in the morning at 10 o'clock. Admittance to all meetings. 5 cents.

In Charlestown.-Meetings will be held regulary at Washington Hall, every Sabbath afternoon. Speaking by entranced mediums.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at FREMONT HALL, Winnisimmet street. D CHIO. F. Goddard regular speaker.

IN CAMBRIDGEPORT .- Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, over Runday Attenden and avening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

Meetings also at Wait's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire streets, at the same hours as above. In SALEM. - Meetings in Sewall street Church.

for Tranco Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and AT LYCEUM HALL, regular meetings every Sunday

afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOOHEY. Notice.—Mr. Charles H. Crowell, the trance medium, will speak in Quincy on Sunday, 17th inst.

AGENUY IN NEW YORK.

Mr. S. T. Munson, Secretary of the " New York Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge." and late editor of the Christian Spiritualist, has opened a store at No. 5 Great Jones St., New York. for the sale of books and papers on Spiritualism and reform. Such a place has long been needed in that city, and no one engaged in the cause is better great, is daily on the increase, as such a place will be a public advantage.

Mr. Munson has assumed the agency of this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and supply present or back numbers. He will always have a full stock on hand, and furnish dealers with the Banner at publisher's prices.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

S. B. Brittan, recently of the Spiritual Telegraph, has issued the initial number of a paper bearing the above name. Mr. Brittan has been long and favorably known among Spiritualists, having from the earliest manifestations of spirit presence been a good paper, his long experience' renders him eminently fitted for the enterprise he has commenced. Success to the "Age."

THE HERALD OF LIGHT, A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE LORD'S NEW CHURCH. This new publication edited by the Rev. T. L. Harris author of The Lyric of the Morning Land, etc., is one of the ablest journals yet published, devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. Its salutatory is powerfully written, bearing the impress of the enlarged mind of the Editor. The magazine contains a continuation of that most noble poem, Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and its general contents are highly interesting.

B's.

The officer of the deck on board a man-of-war asked the man at the wheel one day-"How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of

"South-ayst," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add sir, to his answer.

"You'd better put a few more S's in your answer when you speak to me," said the huffy lieutenant. "Aye, aye, sir-r.," returned the witty Irishman. A day or two after, the officer called out again. " How does she head now ?"

s South ayst and be south, half south and a little southerly, sir-ree, your honor, sir," screamed Pat. shirt prospersion with the sense much some of

Dramatic and Musical.

EDWIN BOOTH AS HANDET.—After a series of unprecedentedly brilliant successes, Mr. Booth attracted a large and critical audience to witness his performance of Shakespeare's most abused character. Other questions were ready to be offered when So few actors are there who have any idea of the the spirits signified by the waving of the medium's part, and of those few, hardly one, possessing the requisite youth, face and form, to give effect to it, that we had almost despaired of seeing any approach to its delineation. The event of Monday night convinced us that the character so long misunderstood and barbarously treated by actors for the most part incapable of anything save inexplicable dumb shows and noise, had at last found a fitting exponent. When Mr. Booth came upon the stage, the Hamlet of our imagination stood before us, and as the play progressed, it was evident that we were by no means alone in our opinion that the Hamlet of Edwin Booth was beyond comparison the best personation of the character ever witnessed upon the Boston Stage. Those who missed the old machine "points" woulp occasionally object to this and that, but when brought down to an examination of the performance as a whole, few were willing to say that they could recollect its superior. So much has been written and spoken concerning Hamlet's peculiarities, that we should only be wasting words by entering into any analysis of the part.

Suffice it, that we could find no "loop to hang a doubt on," that the Danish Prince, banished from the stage, (at least since the days of John Philip Kemble,) had once more regumed his place in the front rank of Shakespeare's giant creations as enacted upon the stage. The more quiet passages were surpassingly beautiful, for example, "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." and for the soul, what can it do to that, being a thing immortal as itself." The clear modulation of the tones have hardly yet passed from our hearing.

KING LEAR, on Tuesday evening, and BRUTUS, on Wednesday, made stronger links in the chain connecting this new-risen genius to the enthusiastic approbation of the most experienced play-goers in

RICHARD THE THIRD, repeated by request on Thursday evening, drew another brilliant audience, and when we say that the portrayal of the character, exceeded that of the preceding week, we have said enough to class it with those rare pieces of acting to which the word "great" can with propriety be applied. In the first performance of RIGHARD. Mr. Booth seemed nervous in view of the much that was expected of him from what we have before called an exaggerated idea of the "immenseness" of his father but on this evening no trace of nervousness appeared, and consequently the greater triumph.

THE FAREWELL BENEFIT on Friday evening was the crowning point of this brilliant engagement. Tho seats were full, the aisles were full, and the lobbics were thronged with persons eagerly but vainly endeavoring to obtain a view of the stage. The plays were the IBON CHEST, and KATHERINE AND PETRU-

At the close of his performance of Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Booth was called before the curtain and amid a floral shower, delivered a few words of thunks to the andience, the press and the manage-

The entire audience remained through the Comedy. and left the Theatre with words of regret that Mr. Booth's engagement should close so soon. A warm welcome awaits him whenever he reappears in Bos-

THE NATIONAL, still keeps successfully upon its way, with little change in style of entertainments or audiences.

'At the Museum, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr. has succeeded Miss Logan. We shall speak of him in our

ext.
Murilda Heron and Camille, are the new, town excitement. Our appreciation of Mr. Booth having drawn us to the Theatre nightly during his engagement, we shall rest awhile and speak of Camille in our next.

Mrs. Barrow.-There are few ladies in the theatrical profession so universally admired and esteemed as Mrs. Barrow. Evidence has been given duradapted for the work than Mr. M. We congratulate ing Mr. Booth's engagement, that she has lost none our New York friends on the prospect of a depot for of her popularity. Of her Julie de Mortimer and the sale of works for which the demand, already Katherine, it is only necessary to say that they have not been surpassed. We consider Mrs. Barrow the brightest light of the Boston Theatre, to remove which would be to lesson our enjoyments of the play beyond measure.

Mr. Joseph Proctor, after a brilliant series of engagements at the West, has returned to his charming Somerville residence to repose under his own vinë and fig tree.

CHILDREN IN RUSSIA.

In the life of a Russian peasant there is a period anterior to all tunics, mantles, and even sheepskins, during which they live a kind of mummy life, only, engaged in an able and influential advocacy of the unlike the Egyptian, it is the first instead of the cause. It is needless for us to say that he presents last stage of their existence. For the youngest children are always swaddled, and rolled up tight in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their houses, an enthusiastic traveller thinks he has come upon some pagan tribes, having their idols and penates with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid up on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg. a third swung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot. "Why, that is a child!" cries the traveller, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad which was supposed to be a stone. "Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother. Having learnt so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveller wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat damped by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it was washed. "Washed !" shricks the horrifled mother, "washed! what, wash a child? You would kill it."

> WILLIAM C. BRYANT, of the New York Evening Post, and his family, sail for Europe next week, accompanied by Miss Estelle Ives, of Great Barrington, Mass. Mr. Bryant intends to make a long visit to Spain.

The Busy Morld.

Ice sells at Honolulu at forty cents per pound. CAIRO, Illinois by the census just taken has a population of 1756.

THE QUAREUS, have 715 churches in the United States with 283,000 attendants.

Maine, has 503 miles of rail road, costing 17,500,-

Public Lands.—There are nearly six millions of acres of unsold land in Michigan.

A BEET ROOT SUGAR MANUPACTURING COMPANY has been organized at San Jose, California with a capital of \$50,000.

said is 400,000L per annum equal to \$5000 per day. ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAIL ROAD STOCK, rates at \$187 per share being the highest railroad stock in the

THE INCOME of the Marquis of Westminster, it is

A LONG RANGE.—It is calculated that the guns cast at West Point for the new steam frigate

Niagara will throw a 130 pound shell four miles. HENRY ADAMS, the Free State Mayor elect of Lawrence, K. T., is a brother-in-law of Powers, the

sculptor. LIBERAL. The infant Prince of Naples has been christened with fifty names, amongst the first being

Gennaro Maria Immaculate. CHARLES BEECHER, of Galesburg, Illinois, is preparing a biography of his father, Rev. Lyman

Peable are now found in-fresh water clams! One worth \$1,000, and others of less value, have been found in New Jersey.

PEACE.—The Chippewas and Sioux, who have been for years at war, have buried the hatchet, and smoked the pipe of peace together.

FARREL,—the witness in the Burdell case, has been tried at Albany for illegal voting, and discharged.

Mr. David Hunt, of Mississippi, has given a donation of twenty-five thousand dollars to the Colonization Society.

STEAMBOATS.—The aggregate number of steamboats and barges built, along the Ohio river since 1849, is 662; there are now plying on the river 900 boats of all kinds.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC has a cattle herd that yields him half a million a year. There are three hundred thousand cattle. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS OF NEW YORK, comprising

less than a dozen papers, pay \$3,000 per week for telegraphic despatches. JOHN A. CHISHOLM, convicted of stealing a \$100 bill from a letter in the Columbia, Georgia, post office,

was sentenced at Savanah to ten years in the peni-THE SLAVE TRADE .- Several large vessels are now on their way from Africa to Cuba, with full cargoes of slaves—some with as many as seven hundred on

THE COST.—It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States \$12,000 000 annually; the criminals \$40,000,000; the lawyers \$70,000,000, and rum \$200,000,000.

A Large Difference.-Gas costs but 88 cents per thousand cubic feet in London and Liverpool; and in the United States the average price is \$2 50 per thousand. .

A SOLID CABINET,-Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet is "solid" in one respect—all men of fortune. Cass is worth two millions; Cobb and Floyd half a million each: Thompson a million.

WASHINGTON IRVING, with his accustomed liberality to his family connections, has made over the copyright of the "Life of Washington" to one of his nephews.

CAUTION TO SNUFF-TAKERS .- Died, in Prattville. Ala., Mrs. Mary S. Glenn, wife of William Glenn. The cause of the decease of Mrs. Glenn in the prime of early womanhood, was the intemperate use of

NICABAGUA. -- Advices from San Salvador state that the partition of Nicaragua among the allies has been finally settled. The native Nicaraguans are represented as consenting parties to the division .-Walker yet lives however.

STATE EXPENDITURES .- The current state expenditures of Massachusetts in 1841 were \$400,000. in 1851 \$642,000, and in 1856 they had grown to \$1,335,000. a sum greater than the aggregate expenses of all the other New England states.

CHEAP. The Montreal Mineree (Roman Catholle organ) has an article entreating subscriptions to the funds of a society for the salvation of infidel infants. It states that the agents of the society have baptized 329,338 infants, of whom 217,104 are already dead and gone to heaven. For 20 sous, according to the report of the missionaries, four children can be saved; for 1,000 francs, 4,000 chil-

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS .- The carriage road up to the summit of Mt. Washington is in a fair state of progress, and it is hoped will be completed the present season. The carriage to be used on the road will be of peculiar construction, so that the body of the vehicle will be level when ascending or descending the mountain.

THE MORMONS WILL PIGHT, -The Descret News, Brigham Young's organ, assumes a defiant and warlike tone, declares that the principle of squatter sovereignty shall be vindicated by the Mormons, and that under it the people of Utah have a right to choose their own institutions, without regard to the general government.

ARMY OPERATIONS.—Instructions have been issued from the War Department, ordering General Harney and troops immediately from Plorida to Fort Leavenworth. Col. Sumner, with a force of about 1,000 men, has also been ordered against the lows and Cheyenne Indians. On the restoration of peace in those quarters, he will proceed with his troops to Utah. It is estimated that early in June there will be at least 3,000 United States troops in Kansas under the command of Maj. Gens. Harney and Persifer. F. Smith. &

Company of the second

DEPARTMENT

SPIRITUALISM

JOHN S. ADAMS, EDITOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1857.

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

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

N. G., Bristol, R. I.-Capt. Wm. Miller is in the spirit world, and is very anxious to manifest, but cannot under present conditions. He has been here but a short time. Given by Olive Geyer.

JAMES, L., Ballimore.-The works of A. J. Davis can be obtained in your city, and by so doing you will avoid the expense of postage. Mr. Davis has a new volume in preperation, which will be ready in a short time.

W. R., New York .- We shall be pleased to render you such assistance as we are able. We cannot advise you what course to pursue further than to say, follow your highest conception of right.

BPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

Quite a marked change has become apparent in the tone of the public press in its remarks upon the subject of Spiritualism. This is to be expected in the natural course of events. It were impossible that so many thousands of believers in the existence of a means of communication between this and the spirit world should exist, without their influence being felt and made manifest. And its carliest prominent effect is seen in "the papers." For the press, after all its boasted independence and individuality, is much like the clergy who profess to be the teachers of the people, to show them the way to life and light, yet, in reality, follow rather than lead. The editor generally asks himself, will this suit my readers? and the minister inquires, whether this or that point may not possibly offend the musty dignity of some Judas, who holds the bag.

We have said the tens of thousands of Spiritualists have moved the press. Let us look at it a moment; let us see how this great power looks in the path of truth.

The Boston Traveller quotes the lines of Milton,

"Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth,

And on this as a text makes the following remarks: . The doctrine of Milt n is as old as the race. All religions are full of it, and in great measure grow out of it. Nor are Judaism and Christianity exceptions to the universal fact. In all the primeval records of whatever race, we find direct and open intercourse with the immortals. The ancient patriarchs talked face to face with visible angels, who, in the forms of men, became favored guests at their hospitable tables, and left their benediction with lessons of heavenly wisdom behind. It is neither easy nor necessary to discriminate between myth and fact in these ancient traditions. The veriest Gradgrind can hardly doubt that a belief, universal among all races and religious, has a solid basis of fact somewhere."

It then introduces modern Spiritualism to its readers, erring, however, in saying that we are having "a new form of intercourse" with the spirit world. It is but a resuscitation of an apostolic faith and practice, bringing mankind back to a natural life on earth, opening to every man the doors of the temple of truth, removing the priests who have stood at the portals dealing out God's free gifts at a salary of from two to ten thousand dollars a year, and saying, take these blessings directly from the Giver of all Good.

In alluding to the leading facts of Spiritualism, the Traveller says they are pretty generally admitted, and adds:

"The charge of deception and humbug has become absurd. The great majority of the people have witnessed its strange and unaccountable phenomens, under circumstances and in the presence of persons where fraud or charlatanry were out of the question. Inanimate bodies have been moved by unseen agency, and ideas communicated from unknown sources. And these things have occurred, and still occur, in innumerable instances, and before witnesses of undoubted veracity. These are facts, as well established as any facts can be by human testimony, and the scrutiny of them is constantly within the reach of all."

This is an admission we have always demanded, but one which even at this late day, after ten years of facts, few comparatively are willing to grant. The testimony of two or three, and that somewhat questionable, is received in-regard to the events of mear two thousand years ago: but the facts of today, occurring at our own firesides, sworn to by -three millions of our fellow men, is thrown to the winds, or attributed to juggiery.

At length the question assumes an importance that cannot be set aside, and those who once laughed at it, thought it weak and puny, an infant that would die in its cradle, are astonished to witness its growth, and ask, "How shall we treat it?"

To this the Traveller replies, giving at the same time a sharp home thrust at our learned neighbors at Cambridge:

"It is easy to cry deception and fraud; college professors can do that with as little effort as the variest boor in the streets, and with as little credit to themselves. But these facts deserve better treatment from reflecting men. They open a new field of investigation. There are laurels to be gained by the philosopher who will evolve the law and reveal the science of these phenomena. If they are dapiritual," in the sense of the sect receiving them as such, let it be demonstrated; if natural and legitimate products of strictly human faculties, let us miderstand the methods by which they are produced."

That the Spiritualists are not all "fools," " weakbrained creatures," "broken down men," and "dilapidated women," all of which wholesome epithets have been generously applied to them, is evidenced by this writer when he says,

it is attended by loss fanaticism and excitement of Che coarser religious elements, than has attended the birth of the sects generally, and is consequently loss adapted to produce any general movement of data in people; rather inclined naturally to skepticism than to opening hith; and its progress is attended by no popular entitudians—nothing like the spheriodic withouting of human entitions, called relayable lifetite him in fragment grown to a large

initial. Yet it has in a few years grown to a large maid respectable sest commanding attention by its numbers, intelligence and inflorance.

It posteleding its article the Transfer considers the subject antitle its represent treatment, and homestic that. It is callided to filming it with optimps as a humber without incurring as to the
amount of reality from which it grows. Property studied, it may lead to new discoveries in the laws

of mind and of animal life, that may prove of incal- MB. WILLIE AND HARVARD COLLEGE. tion-of the students and teachers of theology, into scorn."

The Journal, also speaks a word in favor of giving the subject a fair treatment. It is not so decided ject a fair investigation, must in his soul feel to be in its tone as the Traveller, yet exhibits signs of re. one, for he, by what he has done and is doing, is pentance for its many sins against it in days that drawing the attention of the whole civilized world are past, and gives promise of being able to defend to the question. Is spiritualism false, or is it true? the truth in the face of "a frowning world," if indeed, the world should continue to frown as it has done, which we very much doubt.

The Journal says, " We do not know that Spiritu alism may not be all that is claimed for it." This differs a little from the opinion of the press for the past five years and its opinion to a great extent now. The popular opinion has all along known that Spiritualism was "a humbug," a mere scaffolding of trickery; but this great god of the world "Popular opinion," begins to cogitate over what it sees and hears, and actually confesses it does not know but that it may be mistaken. The Journal further says:

"The phenomena of so called 'spiritualism' require the thorough investigation of men of science but instead of receiving this, demonstrations which have been witnessed by thousands of shrewd, intel ligent men are pronounced fraudulent, and evidence which would be considered overwhelming in any other case is scornfully set aside as worthless, while the host of witnesses arrogantly set down as fools, dupes or lunatics.".

Unluckily for those who determinedly oppose Spir itualism, they find that when they call its believers ' fools," " dupes," and "lunatics," they are conferring these dignified titles upon their own fathers, mothers, and nearest friends; even the very children of their own household, for so pravalent has the belief become that scarce a dozen families exist in any community that have not in their circle one who is, publicly or privately, a Spiritualist.

The "thorough investigation of men of science, is no more nor less than what the firmest believer has always asked for. It is, in fact, what has earn estly been sought from the time the first "mysteri ous noise" was heard, ten years ago, to the present, and just what, from fear of the consequence, these "men of science" have most pertinaciously refused to give it. They have willingly looked into everything but this, analyized east winds, solidified coal gas, put a pendulum to the earth, and discussed in the capital of this "great, grand, and glorious" re public, the all-absorbing problem, "why do roosters crow at midnight!" But a question involving the immortality of man, a theory that tells us where and how all that made that mouldering form we once leved so dearly, leveable, new exists, is thrown under the table as of too trivial a nature to be thought of, and the venerable scholar that suggests its consideration is laughed at and reported upon by committees that are mere farthing tapers to a rush-

Let the Journal itself speak:

"Here are a great mass of facts, standing out in the broad light of day, which requires scientific explanation, and most likely will addit of it, and upon natural principles. But scientific men, with but a very few exceptions, have met them by wholesale denials of the facts, and gross abuse of the witnesses."

And wisely concludes that.

"If this is the only mode which can be discovered of putting down the delusion, it will be very likely to grow and flourish beyond all precedent."

The paper from which we first quoted also takes this common-sense view of it, supposing it to be an error. It says,

"No error was ever killed by trampling upon it or despising it. Error must be dug up by the roots and its true character exhibited. If spiritualism will not stand scrutiny, it is high time that its pretentions were exposed. If it will, then let it be used like any other fact, and its laws and methods be learly defined. In this way, whatever may be the cault, error and fanaticism will be nipped in the bud, and their mischievous results averted from the ommunity."

We would call the attention of the Boston Courier, New York Courier, Harper's Weekly, and the opposition generally, to this only just view of the subject, even admitting it to be an error. The wholesale denun. ciation which has been directed against it has made converts to its faith. It has induced men to examine and to know personally whether it is indeed such a monstrosity of deceif, in order, that, if courinced that it is, they might be prepared to take a firm position against its advances. Nearly all the believers in spirit communion, have began their inquiries respecting it with the belief that they could spoken message in his soul. prove it a delusion, with their prejudices all against it as a reality. Such having been the result with hundreds of thousands, we have no fear of what it may be with those who follow after. Therefore we ask, we demand a hearing before we are condemned. We do not wish our kind friends in New York to put us in jail before we make a defence. And this defence shall be, not in words and endless argument, but in fucts. We are willing to be proved descivers, we are willing to have our religion proved cheat-if it can be done; but we are weary of mere talk, and slander, and groundless charges. We are weary of seeing one incident which by some circumlocution of words and occurrences, appears to the disadvantage of our belief, paraded with great show in the papers, while ten thousand facts remain in the columns of the journals of spiritualism unnoticed.

But from the first we have felt that we stand on sure ground, and that time would accumulate such an abundance of testimony to the truth that it would overwhelm all opposition. The two papers from which extracts have been made are taking the lead. and others will surely follow. We remember, and it is but a short time since, when these papers were among our staunchest opponents. But times change and men change with them, and so do editors. Thank God that it so, and take courage.

"If the whole world should agree to speak noth: "If the whole world should agree to speak nothing the my coming have known, only one short year ing but truth, what an abridgment it would make of speech! And what an unravelling there would be of the invisible webs which men, like so many compled. Henry, tell my dear wife and children, spiders, now weave about each other! But the contest between Truth and Palsehood is now pretty test between Truth and Palschood is now pretty Say to them, be patient, ever striving to be good well balanced. Were it not so, and had the latter and wise in all things, and life wife wise referthe mastery, even language would soon become extinct, from its very uselessness. The present superfluity of words is the result of the warflire.

culable advantage to the race. And here lies the The hasty action of the Faculty of Harvard Colobvious duty of men of thought and science, with lege continues to be the topic of conversation, and is leisure and every facility for the fullest investiga- effecting the object that was intended, in a very rapid manner. After all, we don't know but that whose domain the new faith will intrude, though we must thank Prof. Eustis for his obstinate refusal they hedge themselves about with triple walls of to accept as a truth what all his friends believe to be a truth, and what he, were he to throw aside his prejudice, and sit down honestly to give the sub-

Mr. Willis has offered to have a sitting in the presence of all his enemies, or any committee that may be appointed, and be bound hand and foot, and subject himself to every guard against the possibility of deception, that all the Faculty of Cambridge and all the committees that may be appointed can devise. After one of these offers, the medical gentleman who appeared as counsellor for Prof. Eustis, said to Mr. Willis,

"You don't suppose anything would take place, do you, under such circumstances?"

"I know there would," replied Mr. Willis.

" How do you know it?" again asked Dr. -"By my faith," replied Mr. Willis, "and also because I have been thus bound before, and the manifestations have been produced as well as ever."

And yet in the face of all this, the Courier publishes the following :--

"The friends of Mr. Willis are not only ungrateful, but unwise, not to let the matter rest where the Theological Faculty left it. Mr. Willis himself will not thank them for what they are doing. We have little doubt that he finds the officiousness of his friends and advocates very inconvenient. He will be the last man to ask for an-examination into his spiritualistic pretensions by a committee of compe tent and conscientious observers."

Now this writer knew very well that Mr. Willis instead of avoiding an investigation, has made every possible effort to obtain one. As long ago as April 15th, Mr. Willis, in a letter to a friend, said, want nothing done without the utmost colunness and deliberation. I have no vindictive feelings and not for the world would I countenance for one moment any action that can carry with it the least appearance of revenge on my part towards anybody. I am very weak yet in body. It is purely mental energy that is now keeping me from my bed. Mr.

--- communicated to me your proposition to him f r a test sitting, I cordially acquiesce in it, and all its conditions. I am strong in mind now, and very strong in my faith, and trust in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice." Does this look much like an unwillingness to meet an examination?

We have reason to suppose that the Courier writer is very nearly allied to Prof. Eustis and his counsel, and, like a lawyer with a bad case, employs groundless assertion in place of sound argument, for the plain reason that he has no basis on which to build the latter. All the facts are against him. The testimony of a thousand witnesses is ready to sustain Mr. Willis. Are all these thousand deceived-? They have seen a piano weighing nine hundred pounds lifted entirely from the floor and moved in the air. Was mar dodo with air. Willis's foot! That foot which the Cambridge University so affectionately grasped! They have seen a guitar rise from the floor without a hand near it, and heard it played upon with all the skill of an experienced player. Was that done with Mr. Willis's foot?

Surely, when this matter comes to trial, and the evidence is all footed up, it will take something more than the science and learning of Harvard College to demonstrate it all as a humbug or to make it anything else than what the Spiritualist declares is

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

Sometime since a gentleman of this city prostrated by disease called a friend to his side and made some inquiry respecting Spiritualism, and promised his friend that if it was possible for him to communicate to him after his decease he would

do so. The promise was made without much thought of being able to fulfill it; but when the friend left, the sick man revolved the subject in his mind and gradually became convinced of the possibility of a return after it had been said of him that he had "departed this life." A short time subsequent to this, as he became conscious of the near approach of his hour of change, he said, alluding to this friend, "Tell Henry _____ and would have said more, but he grew weak, and expired with the un-

A few days ago a friend of ours called upon Mr. Mansfield, of this city. Mr. M. felt inclined to write, and taking a pencil, a long communication was written, signed and handed to this person with a request that he deliver it to Henry Clayton. Mr. Mansfield was unacquainted with all the

From this communication we are permitted to make a few extracts :--

FRIERD HENRY-I am happy to avail myself of the opportunity which presents itself through this medium at this time of making good that I promised you only a few days prior to my exit o this my spirit home.

Just prior to my departure, you, my friend Clay-ton, called on me, and the subject of Spiritualism was by you introduced-hence, the request you made of me, viz., that if I could communicate to you I would; and the more I tho ght on that I had promised you the stronger my belief, was that I should be able to talk with you again.

I lingered for a short time after you left me; but as the fatal hour drew near that was to launch me into the dark and mystical future, God did, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, show me the step that I was next to take-and oh, my dear friend then it was I requested them to say to Henry o o but my strength failed me, and I passed from earth to the spheres.

Henry, say to all my once earth-mates, for give me for the past. I am now trying to make amends for the past, and through the kind assistance of God and my precious spirit friends, I trust yet to make my mark among the inhabitants of Richard, the husband and father that was, is not far from them, but about them, even in their midst. ence to the future. They may must with orderes, and I dare may, affictions, while they remain in the form, yet count it all for good, floor, at the farthest, they will be called to come up higher. And Azerom. to you, my friend Henry-I thank you many times

for the attention you gave me during my last mo-ments on earth; and as you have not me to lavish your kindness on, please extend it to my dear family. What you do for them, by way of alleviating their many wants, will, I trust, be placed to your credit in the great book of life; and when you are called to leave the mortal part as I have, I hope to be able to meet you on the banks of the river which now separates us, and with a noble band of spirits scort you to the celestial realms.

. RICHARD TOWNS.

INEVITABLE PROGRESSION.

Our readers will doubtless remember the interest ing incident related by Lord Lindsay, who, in the course of his wanderings amid the Pyramids of Egypt, found in the hand of a mummy, proved to be two thousand years of age, a bulbous root, and being interested in the question, how long vegetable life could last, took the root, planted it, and in a few weeks was astonished by the appearance of a beautiful dahlia.

We mention the fact as a good illustration of the truth, that all things contain within a germ of beauty and life immortal.

The germ of Soul within man is perfect goodness for it is of God, and therefore how can it be otherwise? Circumstances may hold that goodness captive for a time, may fold around it the black and unsightly mummy cloth of Egyptian darkness, but omnipotent will, made manifest in the laws of universal and eternal progression, and shall be at some future time loosed from the grasp of what to our finite vision may appear to be an inexorable fate.

As spiritualists, particularly those who have by instructions from higher spheres been led to renounce dogmas and creeds, and feel our souls exulting in the realization of the actual fulfillment of a promise made centuries ago, "The truth shall make their hands behind them, and the cords passed you free," this incident comes home with a double through holes in the seat, and made secure on power and meaning. Our souls have long been bound in musty parchments and the mouldy decrees of antiquated councils, and since our release we have felt how dark and hopeless was our situation, closed fast in the hand of the great theological mummy. room, on several occasions a hand and arm was An unseen hand has been extended from a higher been made, protected with a slide, which was not state of existence, and we have been taken out of only seen distinctly by all in the room, but by that dark and oheerless prison. We have been many of us, touched and grasped very sensibly, and warmed by the sun, and cheered by the light of on one occasion, the door being partly open two truth; and our angel friends are waiting and it. At other times three instruments were played watching to see our souls bud and blossom with higher thoughts, and holier deeds, and loftier purformed by our best musicians. The doings of Friposes. Shall they wait and watch in vain?

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK.

The friends of spiritualism who have been in the habit of assembling weekly at Dodworth's Academy, have adopted an organization, in which they desire the active co-operation of others.

It is called the New York Spiritual Association, and comprises all those who are willing publicly to main part of the room clear space. avow their co-operation. Its purpose is the development and propagation of a scientific, philosophical and reformatory spiritualism.

The management of its affairs is entrusted to an Executive Committee, to be chosen every year, and to consist of not less than twelve persons. Monthly meetings of the Association are to be held for the purpose of consulting as to the measures best calculated to advance its objects.

Its purposes are to be carried out by means of Lectures, Conferences, Conventions, Libraries, Reading Rooms, Publications, and such other instrumentalities as may from time to time be deemed ad-

Membership consisting of those who are willing, by enrolling their names, publicly to avow their cotee, and become thereby full members, without other test or condition, and without the imposition of any

The Executive Committee are anxious to have this invitation as generally accepted as possible, for they attach much importance to a general participation and interest in the affairs of the Association, and they believe that much of its usefulness will depend on that. The Committee is composed of the following individuals :--

Ab. D. Wilson, M. D., Mrs. Mary F. Davis, A. J. Davis, L. T. Warner, M. D., Mrs. Mary B. Hawley, Ira B. Davis, R. T. Hallock, M. D., Mrs. R. Hallock, George H. Jones, J. W. Edmonds, W. S. Court ney, Frederick G. Carnes. The Committee will desire to carry out the other objects of the Association—such as a School, Relief Society, Library, Reading-room and Publications—as rapidly as the means can be procured.

INQUIRIES OF T. P.—MIDDLEBURY VT. First Question. Are all mankind the offspring of the same parents?

ANSWER. In the beginning God, or the Superior intelligence, created all things, ponderable and etherial, visible and invisible, vegetable and animal Man, the superior animal, created he also; but the animal man passed through many inferior degrees f progression ere he was fashioned in the image of the Superior Intelligence, God, or ere he became cognizant of his own superior power. Adam was doubtless the first man who/received knowledge of his God, and of his near alliance to that God, hence he was the first fashioned in the image of the Superior Wisdom, and from him all the nations of the earth generated. SECOND QUESTION. Was Christ the Son of Joseph

the carpenter?

ANSWER. No, Christ was not the son of Joseph He was the legitimate son of the high priest, who was privately married to Mary, in the hilly country, His [the priests] own personal safety, and that of blary and the unborn child, demanded secresy therefore no record was made of the facts we now give you.

THIRD QUESTION. What was his mission to earth?

ANSWER. His mission was to do away with the old Mosaic law, and to establish a new commandment or law, for he saith, a new commandment

give I unto you, that yo love one another.

FOURTH QUESTION. Was his sufferings and death sacrifice or an atonement to appears an offended

Answer. No. His cathly temple fell a sacrifice to the darkness of the age. The Light abone in darkness, and the darkness; comprehended, it not. Therefore the darkness destroyed the earthly temple, but Tailed to destroy the Light; for the
Light was the Word and the Word wis with Ged.

Light was the Word and the Word wis with Ged. and the Word was God. Hence it was not subject a few remarks from King were made, in substant of destruction that the first test of the te

Recent Events in Spicitualism

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

astonishing spiritual manifesta. TIONS IN OLEVELAND-REPORT OF A COMMITTED OF INVESTIGATION.

We the undersigned having visited the rooms of Mr. Davenport during his visit here for the past six weeks, feel it & duty as well as a pleasure to give to the public a true and faithful statement of the phenomena we then witnessed and which we believe were no other than what they claimed to be namely; spiritual manifestations, for reasons here after mentioned.

At the first circle held after the arrival of Mr. Davenport and his two sons, Ira and William Henry, we were advised by the controlling spirit to form a select circle, and meet at least once a week without any change of members, for the purpose of harmonizing the minds of those who attended and thereby render conditions favorable for extraordinary physic cal manifestations.

An attempt was made to form such a circle, but our endeavors to comply with the rules by which the members would derive any advantage over the public circle, was found to be somewhat difficult. Saturday, the 28th ult., we were informed by

King" the presiding spirit, speaking in an sudible voice without the assistance of the trumpet that if we strictly observed the required conditions he would be able to produce manifestations. For the benefit of the distant reader it is perhaps

proper to give a brief description of the hall in as sure as there is a God, it is subject to his which we assembled for witnessing these phenom It is about 30 by 50 feet, on the third floor

from the street. On one side of this room, elevated on a table, is placed a box large enough to hold fife or six persons comfortably. At each end of this box is a seat formed by a board extending across from side to side, and made fast at each end.

while the room was lighted and the mediums tied the under side, thus depriving them of any chance whatever to use their hands or move from their position where seated.

While the mediums were in this condition, the door of the box being closed and a light in the hands and a face were seen distinctly above on at once, and a variety of tunes produced, some day evening being of the most extraordinary character, we shall be obliged to confine our report briefly to a description of them.

Friday evening, April 3d. We assembled at the room and took our seats according to instructions, not in a circle as on other occasions, but in straight lines across each end of the room, the company being about equally divided in two sections facing each other, the box before spoken of in the centre, on one side, leaving the opposite side, and all the

The mediums took their accustomed positions in the box, and were in a few moments securely and firmly bound down to the seats by the spirits. The light was then brought in and a critical examination made by several gentlemen-from the circle-of the manner in which the mediums were tied, who pronounced it to be well done, as good or better, than they could do it themselves. The mediums in this condition, even if they had

any desire to practice deception, could by no means

whatever obtain the use of their hands without assistance from a third person. To guard against this seemed to be the next object of the controlling spirit. Though all the company as one were honestly investigating, and from a thorough acquaint-ance of all the members with each other not the slightest vestige of suspicion could for a moment have place in their minds, that any one of their number was capable of practicing duplicity, or deception on this occasion, yet the most rigid precaution was observed by the spirits to prevent operation, all are invited to hand in their names and address to some one of the Executive Committions were being made. We were required to set alternately a gentleman and lady, then by passing a cord through the button-hole of each gentleman's coat, and bringing the two ends to the centre, tax or burden, except what may be voluntarily aswhere they were held by persons selected for that
purpose in each section of the company. Besides this, a silk ribbon was passed along through the hands of all the company, to equalize the magnetic currents. All the company were then requested to join

hands, still holding on to the ribbon, except a man who was reserved for the purpose of using the violin. With these conditions it was impossible for any one to leave their place without detection.
All things being arranged satisfactory to the presiding spirit, the light was extinguished, and immediately the manifestations commenced. Mr. D. was asked by the spirits to play. He asked what shall I play. Answer.—"Play for a cotillon."
Mr. D, led off with a lively air, and immediately the violin, banjo and guitar started from the box. all keeping exact time, though on a lower key, so that Mr. D.'s violin could be distinctly heard above the other instruments. While the instruments were thus keeping time with the violin in the hands of Mr. D., they were at the same time floating through the air in all directions, sometimes with the velocity of lightning up to the ceiling over head; then gently before and close to/our faces, sometimes stopping for a minute or two in the lap of a lady or gentleman-then passing on to the next and the next, giving all an opportunity to satisfy themselves that they were not deceived as to the locality of the music or the instru-

While all these manifestations were going on others were being produced of a still more incomprehensable nature. "King," the presiding spirit, seemed to be passing with the velocity of lightning from one section of the company to the other, is distance of 50 feet) talking and shaking hands with the gentlemen, and making himself very agreeable with the ladies. All his attendant spirits, not en gaged with the instruments, were apparently enoying themselves, dancing a cotillion. could not see the evolutions; but, one thing wa certain, they kept perfect time to the marion changes, and gave remarkable evidence of their presence, as we could distinctly hear their fer stepping to the music, causing the floor to sprin and vibrate equal to a company of 20 or 30 person) all in motion at once.

This part of the exhibition, which lasted about fifteen minutes closed with a display of light passing from the trumpet at an elevation of te feet at least from the floor, riging from one side the room to the other, and with the velocity lightning, and a sound very much resembling th exhaust of a high pressure steamboat.

Here the manifestations ceased, light was call for, the mediums and circle examined immediatel scats precisely as when the light was and all were found secured in their respect!

A dark lantern which had been brought by company, which was done. The judges or insp tore resumed their places; order was restored wh

to destruction. He has you not small so it is follows.

Mortal, these several questions propounded to us, we have anisotred as concludely as possible, and in strict accordance with views gained in the spirits which spirits produce physical maintenances and would seem to those unacquainted with the lawy which spirits produce physical maintenances and trifling affair; whereas, it con very casy and trifling affair; whereas, it co

This Report is signed by thirty-five well-known residents of Cleveland.

Record of Facts.

JOSEPHUS A SPIRITUALIST. It appears that Josephus, the Jewish historian,

was not unacquainted with Spiritual phenomena. such as are exemplified in some of their main features at the present day. Speaking of the wisdom of Solo-mon, he says, "God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons. . . And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons so that they never return. And this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing people that were demoniacal in the presence of Vespasian and his sons, and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring, that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through the nostrils (a magnetic process)..... And when Eleazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such a power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had gone out of the man; and when this was done the skill and wisdom of Solomon was showed very manifestly." (See Jos. Ant. B. viii.: chap. ii. § 5.) We find in this latter sentence another parallelism to the movement of physical objects by Spirits at this day.

STONES MOVED BY SPIRITS.

Dr. G. F. Moulton, of New York; writes to the Spiritual Telegraph, that while traveling with a friend between Unionport and Morrissania, it occurred to them to inquire whether there were any Spirits in the solitudes of nature which surround them; and for the purpose of deciding this point, they got a large, flat stone, weighing some 150 or 200 pounds, and laid it across another in a tipping position, as a substitute for a table. They seated themselves by the side of it, when, Mr. M. being a medium, the stone began to tip freely, and without any jar, seeming as light as a cork; and by the use of the alphabet it was immediately spelled out, "Let the beauties of nature inspire your love for God." The Spirits said they could move stones more easily than wood, because of their peculiar electric and magnetic properties. The Spirits communicatingalso stated that there were many strange Spirits present, who had never witnessed the operation of moving ponderable bedies in that way before, and were much amused and interested in what they saw.

THE SPIRITS IN SYRIA. The Sheik Bechir is a personage of acquirements;

he has a store of history and literature; his conversurerior to that of his countrymen, and he has, to complete the superiority, the fame of a won der-worker, and the advantage of interview with the spirits of another world! Who can resist such proofs of power as these? He will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, which, on the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of all beholders! A stick, at his bidding, will move unnided, from one end of a room. to the other! A New Testament suspended from a key by a string, will turn violently round of itself! An egg boiling in the saucepan will be made to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance ! A double-locked door will unlock itself! But the following trick seems to us the strangest of all. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one empty and the other filled with water, the empty jar, on the recital of certain passages, will move across the room-the full jar will of itself pour its contents into the empty one, which will return to the place whence it came !- Churchill's " Mount Lebanon."

TRANSPORTING PHYSICAL OBJECTS.

Mr. L. C. Barnes, of Fairhaven, writes concerning some convincing manifestations which he witnesse at the house of Chauncy Barnes, in that place. One of the three mediums who were present, on becoming entranced, clevated his eyes and said there was something in the air. Others looked, but could see nothing: but presently a large gimlet fell at their. feet, which was known to have been in an upper room, in a closet, a few minutes before. The same medium soon after became again entranced, and said he saw a Spirit descending the stairs with something in his hand. They again looked, but saw, nothing; but presently a piece of soap fell on the floor, which was also known to belong to a room up stairs.') This same article was subsequently conveyed to another room by the Spirits, and placed under the carpet. On afterward passing through the hall to another room, our correspondent heard a rattling on the floor, around him as if made by falling bullets; but on getting a light he found that a large number of cigars had been scattered at his feet. The cigars had likewise been brought from the room above. Many other remarkable demonstrations occurred on the same evening; and Mr. B. was forced by these means to give up his previous skephicism in respect to the interference of Spirits in the affairs of men.

STRONG INCIDENTAL PROOF Mr. Robert Briggs, of South Adams, Mass. states

among other remarkable facts of his experience with the spirits, that being once in the presence of Miss Barah Mason, a speaking medium, he steptly thought of his mother in the spirit world, and wished for communication from her. Now his indicated white in this mother, which have the lone part of my mother with the world, was a Quakeress, of which her the mother world, was a Quakeress, of which her the mother world, was a Quakeress, of which her the mother world, was a Quakeress, of which here the mother world in the special my mother sorrowing, I can but ayangthis with her this mother, who had passed into the spirit, world long before she (the medium) was born. However, the medium, without a word being spoken by

Che Messenger.

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

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

Those 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 alteration by us.

A Vision.

Spirits frequently prefer to present themselves before the medium in such manner that they are distinctly seen and easily described. At such times they converse with her, and she reports their thoughts or conversation. In the sitting of which this is a report, such was the case. The first presented was

ANTONIO NOWELL.

I see the queerest looking old man here you ever saw. He says he has just come to the spirit land, and wants me to ask you if you suppose his friends know he can come back. He is short, rather thick set, and stoops a great deal; says he was born in Portugal, and died of old age in New Hampshire, He says his name is Antonio Nowell. He has a son living near you, by the same name.

He has many friends on earth. He has lived in

this country many years; represents himself to me as he was in his earthly form. He is stooping over, and has a cane-leaning on it; he is very rough looking. A great many little children are gathered around him. They seem to be glad he has come. He says he has dear little grand children on earth. Here is a beautiful little child, who calls herself his child. She says he will communicate something

THOMAS AKERMAN.

Here's a child who has been trying to talk to me the last five minutes. He says he has been in the spirit land about seventeen years; that he was run over when about seven years old by a horsecart about seven in the evening. His name is Thomas Akerman; he says he has got brothers and sisters, father and mother on earth, as he sup-

He sees some of his friends near you sometimes, and they will know who he is. He is very beautiful and very bright. He speaks of a brother William. Says he is W's. guardian spirit, but cannot approach very near him yet.

ALFRED HUNTING.

Oh, where have I seen that face before? It is a young man with a fur cap, fur cuffs and collar to his coat. He says he presents himself to me in the dress he once wore when on earth. Now I see the coat plain, and a vest, fancy buttons, green, with some design on them; there are four of them. He has a breastpin, surrounded with seven brilliants, and a heavy gold chain. He's got brown hair-not light nor very dark; blue eyes, round face, laughing expression, little whiskers, small nose and mouth, with something in it representing a cigar, Why does he come to me so? He says—"Because I want you to see me as I was on earth." He is short, thick-set, and good looking. Oh, now I know who he is. He has taken off that awful looking fur cap, and now I know him. His name is Alfred Hunting. He wants to send much love to his friends on earth, and wishes to know if his friends ever received his watch. It's a large gold watch, and he shows me one like it. I guess he loved fun better than he did work. He says that's true. He wants me to ask you what

port you're bound for, and where you expect to tie He has three here with him, both taller than he is; but I cannot see them so clear as I can him. He wants to ask his brother if he remembers the time he got his ears and hands froze going over to East Camb idge? Also, if he recollects getting his

check burned with a cigar? Then he says, "Good bye-tell him I'll call again." Oh dear, how he has changed. He says, "You now see my spirit form; before, I drew material about it in order to be recognized. He is now all white. Oh. how strange!

Here is an old man who desires to talk with me. He says his name is Kidder, and he lived in Woodstock, Vermont. He has been in the spirit land a few years, and wishes his friends to know he can communicate. I cannot understand him well, and he says he will come again.

CHARLES JOHNSON.

I see Charley Johnson here. He wants to send a rord to Isaac B. Rich. He wants to tell him to watch well the tender blossoms which have just come up-he knows where. He wants to say that he is often with him, and hopes some time to find a medium there that he can manifest through. Tell his father, mother and friends, that if he does not manifest to them, it is not because he does not desire to. Leaves his respects for you.

James Hanson to his son, J. H., of Haverhill, Mass.

I can't do much : I thought I could when I first came, but it's no use. I have been here three years coming July, as nigh as I can reckon time. I died in Lawrence of what I called pleurisy, though I hardly knew what they called it. I died very suddenly among strangers, without one near friend to say farewell.

Everathing looks so strange here and incomprenensible that I cannot control either myself or what you term the medium. I lived in many places-in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine and in Rhode Island, but now I live in heaven. Notin a supreme heaven, but in one fitted for me and such as me.

I wish to thank the doctor who attended me; he was very kind, and promised to send my message to my friends, which I have learned he did as agreed for since that time my companion has come to me. He lives in Lawrence, but I do not know, his name they called him to me. Oh, how I wish I could talk to my children-my children! I was a boot maker by trade. I have eight children on earth My name was James Hanson, and my bones lie in Haverhill, Mass., where I have a son, James Han-The state of the

Ellen Wilkins, Boston,

I wish to communicate with my dear mother and was told if I came here I could. Oh, my dear mother is unhappy, and I camet rest. A short time since I was with her, and when sorrow came I would wind my arms about her neck, and kiss away her teers. Now she seems alone to me. Oh, if mother would only be happy, if I could only speak with her, and comfort her weary soil, how happy I should be. She often thinks of me, and when she fancies herself slone! I am with her, and she says, "Oh, if Ellen were here, I could bear all this." I have a father also in the earth life. I would I could speak with him, for he needs counsel from the angels who so often visit him. But I cannot commune with my dear, dear mother; I have no means of doing it, and this is, the first time I ever spoke. But oh, I'll send her a message, and I know she will receive it with joy, and it will do her good. Oh, my mother, my mother, how I wish I could talk to you! I cannot rest.

I passed from earth to heaven just as I was blos-

soming into womanhood. Oh, could I have remained to cheer the lonely path of my mother! Yet I am

her child. It is not for myself I weep, but for one who is dearer to me than self-my mother. Oh, think it not strange that I come to you as I do. If

I were permitted to tell you all, you would not wonpublic ears. Well, well, good sir, I have already trespassed too long; I only wish to make my dear mother happy. It is for that I return. I come to you because I cannot commune with her. My name s Ellen Wilkins. My mother and father live in Boston, on Tremont street. . I used to know the number; 1 think It is 284; it is near that, if not that number. Go see the plate upon the door. Then you will prove me true.

Wallace Hurldburt, formerly clerk in the Boston Post-Office.

My God! I am so glad to get here. I want to tell you all about myself and I want to communi cate, and I will do it. I am glad to see you be- his own reason. Rum is a good servant but a hard cause you will do me good. My name was Walter Hurldburt, and I died in Indiana street, Boston, a little over three years ago, and was buried on Forest Hill. I left a wife and one child, a little girl named Mary Walter H. My wife's name was for his mother, who is an old lady. Nancy. Oh, I have so long tried to communicate! was clerk in the Post-office. I was in that office, am pretty sure, in '52.

I have friends in the East, in New Hampshire and Vermont, My wife's sister has lately come to me. She died of disease of the heart, and her name was Jane. Ask them if they don't remember me at the office. I was out of work sometime, expecting to get well, but got worse.

·Tell my people I am happy that I have no desire to return. How I happened to blunder in here this morning is more than I can tell. I have been trying to communicate for two years.

My child has since my death come to me, and oh, we are indeed happy.

This is all I have to say to-day, and glad enough am to say this. It seems like a volume to me, hough only a few words.

The above was communicated to us April 20th. Four days after we received the following explana-

Soon after I left you an old man came and asked me if I had given you everything true. To-day I met him again, and he wanted me to return and see if everything was right. Now I mean to give you what is straight and right, but I am confused. They thought I was out of my head before, I passed off, but I am more disposed to think myself so now What did I tell you was my child's name? Mary Walter? So I did. Well I will see whether that is correct. That child was born only a few weeks before I died. They say I am wrong in my first name, Jane says my child was named by herself, and she named it Mary Wallace. I remember all my friends, You can't bring one that I loved on earth but I shall remember him.

They don't have any coffee here, nor any clears, When I get back I remember these things. As for drinking, that never hurt me, for I never drank chough for that. I think everything elso I gave you is true. I do not know why it is I made these mistakes; but the truth is, I have been in a dark place; that is, everything round me has been in confusion. Since I was here, I have often thought myself on earth, and then I have found out that I the pearls they lay at your feet, was dead; then everything was doubtful, dark and When I dwelt on earth, my mission was cast was dead; then everything was doubtful, dark and confused to me,

Charles Clark, Boston.

You don't know me, do you? Well, I don't know you. I came to see you because I wanted to, and because I want to talk to my father, too. Do you know my father? His name is Clark. My mother won't let me talk to her, but I can talk to you You guess my father's other name. No, that's not it. Guess again. No, no, that's not it. Well, I'll tell you. It is Atkins. I want to come to him, and tell him how I feel, and all alout it. I want to see my mother and tall to her. I went to see wanted to let her know Charley was there. I want to tell father he must not be unhappy so much, He sells things close by you; but he lives a long way off, as many as five miles. It's the plains. He sells trunks and bags. Don't you know where Well, it's close by, but he has moved. He used to be in a little place; now he is in a big place, and I see him sometimes in a little room where there is a big book and a high stool, where he writes. you. I see him in a little room—where there are father. I would have him rejoice in the light, and lots of books, sitting in one big chair, with his persevere on through the thorny path of earth feet in another. Then I see him where there are a life, for beauty and joy awaits him in the life begood many lights and music, and where people all yond. laugh, but sometimes they cry-it's where people come out to make folks laugh, and I see him laugh, too, but he can't see me. I have got an Aunt Car-oline, too, here on earth, and she's so good! Why don't you go see her? She's my father's sister, and she's got a daughter, and her name's Carrie. go to see her often. Aunt don't know much about me; she's got lots of pretty things and a dog.

My mother don't know I come; my father does, though. Somebody they used to call Sophia, helps -she used to be at my father's house. She and I live together, now. She's good. She says you like to have children come. You go see my father. Don't you know the place they call Elm street? I don't know the figures now, because they have fixed it all over. It used to be 5. Was you ever blind? Somebody I know was. I want you to tell my father how much I love bim, and that the vision he had is coming true, but not as he thinks. I was there, tell him; I know all about it. Tell him not to worry about it. He isn't happy all the time. That don't make me unhappy; but I don't like to see him so. He hasn't got any Charley, now. He loves me dearly, and I do him, too.

Caroline Plummer, Portsmouth, N. H. Caroline Plummer wishes to communicate to her husband and friends.

Have been in the spirit land about five years near that. I died at sea, of fever. My companion is on the water; he is a sea captain. He has two companions here in the spirit land. My maiden name was Gookin. I refer to my brother, who lives in Portsmouth, N. H. His name is William P. Gookin. Tell him Hannah is here and is happy. " of his

James, Messo, Newburyport.

Who will hear me? I wish to speak to my friends but they are not here. My name was James Messo. I used to live in Newburyport. I passed to the spirit life nearly seventeen years ago. I think it was in 1840, because they were looking for the end rard to date, but give it to you as night as a control true religion:

Now I wish to say to my friends, that, during my true religion:

I would say one word to my dear Catholic friends.

I would say one word to my dear Catholic friends. gard to date, but give it to you as nigh as I can. I long apparent absence, I have been ever near them and wish to manifest to them. I was a confectioner by trade. A great many know me well, but I cannot tell you much about them. Carter, who was a stage-driver, used to know me. I think he is on a railroad now.

Henry Foye, Boston.

How do you do, Mr. Editor ? Old Henry Foye is not dead yet-no. After a man's body has been under ground between three or four years, he ough to be dead. I did not do right on earth, conce-quently I am not as happy as I should have been had I done as well as I knew how. I have been to you before—some six months ago; but did not do much. I died here in Boston, over at the Mansion House, in Hanover street. Yes, I am sure I know

eyer, the medium, without a word being spoken by
Mr. Briggs, was presently influenced to know this medium well. I know the land when she spoken from the sand, when she spoken from the spoken

rum business. It's no use-the drunkard has got to stop drinking, unless he wishes to be miserable. We spirits are doing our best to root the devil out der. What I should give her would not be well for of the land, and he takes his quarters in the rum bottle.

Now there's G-- and his boys, who are just as good people as ever lived; but they have got into the rum business, and it's hard to get out. The old man used to live with me when he was a boy; kind of brought him up. The youngest one. -d, is a medium, and has got some good ideas about spiritualism, which I wish he would put in practice. A mighty good-hearted boy he is.

Then there's friend S—Il. He has mixed many a glass of death for me. He was not wholly to blame, for I was old and ought to have been wise enough not to have drank it. He is too good and smart a man to be in the rum business. I must tell him so, and if he don't believe it, let him use master.

. I have a son who is in a music store up town, He, too, has a pretty good idea of spiritualism, and had a long time ago. I want him to look out well

It seems rather strange to be talking to you, but so it is. Well, I have given you about all I can, so I'll travel.

John Alton.

'I am all unused to controlling the earth mediums' In 1721 I sailed from England in the brig Helen, bound for this country. I was wrecked off the banks opposite where the Esquimaux Indians reside or dwell. All on board perished with the exception of myself and a lad, a nephew of mine. We were saved, and saved by the old chief who has spoken

to you. When we first came among them we were worshipped as coming from the Great Spirit; but after we learned a portion of their language we taught them different, and were kindly treated by the chief and all his subjects. I lived with them near ten years-it may be over, it may be less. Then I passed on. My disease was what I suppose would e called consumption in these days. My name was John Alton. It was I who brought the old chief hither at his request. It was I who poorly interpreted what he gave you. I am striving to pay the debt I owe him, and beg the assistance of those who are more fortunate than I was when I lived on earth.

Margaret W. Clements.

We who chanted praises around earthly altars, now chant praises around a heavenly altar. A few years ago, and I dwelt on earth; a few

years ago, and I wept over a father's grave; a few years ago, also, loving ones wept over my grave. ·How sweet, how solemn, and how impressive the chant that raises my spirit from its earthly tabernacle to its celestial home! And now I return that I may bless, that I may counsel, that I may draw some wanderer to the path of right.

The company that attend you at this hour, all come bearing anxiety upon their brows; they all have loving friends, who once wept over the form of clay which held the loving spirit that hovers so near them. Receive these anxious ones and scatter

among the lowly, and I sought to fulfil that mission by wandering among the dark planes of earth life, ceking the unfortunate to raise them to my own plane of thought.

My name was Margaret Wilhelme Clements, and I passed away in Liverpool, England.

Sophronia S. Butler.

Many anxious faces gather around you; and although peace is written on each brow, yet I see anxiety there also. A thousand gems sparkle in the future for you. Oh, child of earth, practice long suffering, forbearance, patience, and you shall reap the reward at the end of your earthly pil-

Remember that love's labors will not always go unrewarded. When I lived on earth I sought to accomplish a work of love, but ere my wish was half finished, a bud came and the blossom faded. Uh I have dear ones in the earth life, and I daily seek to add some tiny joy to them. I daily seek to wipe away some tear of sorrow. Sometimes I am known and recognized at the home. Oh, how sweet are those moments, when they cluster around the little I see him Sundays, too. I know when Sundays altar and call for the dear ones who have gone become. Do you know why I see him? Well, I'll tell forc. I have a word of comfort to offer to my dear

> I do not approach you because I cannot approach my own in nearer communion; but because I wish to add my mite to the ten thousand that have been thrown in the great scale of love. And to a com-panion say an angel's blessing over attends him. Joys innumerable will be scattered through his earthly life by an unseen hand, and when the hue of change comes, may it be like one laying down to pleasant repose. Peace and happiness are my por-tion in the land where now I dwell.

I have been but a short time away from a form of earth. During that life I was called Sophronia, you may call me Sophronia S. Butler. For reference J. Spear, Melrose; or John M, Spear, my father.

Seth Gay of Cambridgeport, to Charles Bruce.

[Written.] I can't speak, though I want to. I have been here one year—died in Cambridgeport of in-flammation of bowls. Left a wife and children; and I promised to come if I could. Tell them I am happy and wish all my friends to be so too. Tell Charles Bruce I thank him for all his acts of love. Tell him his Julia helps me much. I will do better BETH GAY.

Bridget Mungan, to her Catholic Friends, and Maria L. Favor, both of Lowell.

It is much easier to come than it is to do well after we do come. I have friends here with me, and they urged me to come: I hardly know why. I have been in the spirit land about eight years. I came here not by disease, but accident. I was killed by a runaway horse. I was a Catholio, and be-longed to the choir of the Gorham street church in Lowell. I have many friends in the place where we now are, and I have many in Lowell, where Heft parents. When on earth I believed the Catholic religion to be the only true one; but I find that all religions avail but little here; that now I am told the only religion that will procure us pleasure in of the earth in three years! I and not sure in rethe spirit life is to do unto others as you would they should do to you, and I know this to be the only

> If they have an enemy, they should be at peace with him; and if they think we come from the devil, or the evil one, they should be at peace with him. They should not be cowards, and refuse to investigate this new light. If it be true, let them adopt it in the church; if it be false, they should seek to expose it. Now, they should say nothing about it, because they know nothing of it.

> My name was Bridget Mungan. Ask any of the Catholics here, or in Lowell. They will know me The following communication has positive reference to that of Miss M., and we give it in connection :-

Good morning, sir. I sent the above spirit to communicate, and I will give you the proof of her truth. Do you recollect Johnny Favor? Well, he was my brother. I used to know this medium well. I know

How I wish all of my friends would get out of the [herself and the children. I worked in the mill at Lowell. My disease they would call consumption, I suppose. Poor Fanny! She came all the way from Boston to see me, and I could not speak. But I am

quite happy now. I was just coming out of the mill, and I, with all the crowd saw the horse running away. My name was Maria. I was not Irish, neither was I Catholic. This girl was very handsome, and a great many people thought much of her, for she was a very fine girl. Oh, how my mother would love to hear from me, if she could only believe; but she don't know

much about it.

How I wish I could talk to Dr. Burnham, and tell him he has many dear friends around him who wish to manifest. I mean the young doctor. He used to tend me when I was sick. Good bye-give my love to Fanny. You must print my name. I am Maria L.

Anna Maria Groton, formerly of New Hampshire.

I have been in the spirit life near two years, and I am very happy. My name was Anna Maria Gro-ton. I passed from earth after a short illness of a few hours. Sixty-one souls on board that vessel passed to eternity-all nearly at the same time. My companion was master of the ship, and he said to himself when I passed on, "I care not now if every one on board perish—all is nothing to me." I stood beside him and heard him utter these words. did not suffer much pain, but gradually fell away

and sunk asleep, waking in the spirit life.

Five months after my spirit left its mortal tenement, that tenement was consigned to the tomb. No, he would not bury me beneath the blue waves; he knew my wish was to repose beneath the green sod. Oh, I wish him to know how often I am with him. Yes, he brought my body home to New Hampshire, and just five months from the day I passed to the spirit life, I beheld my body consigned to the tomb.

But you are a stranger to me, and so are all these spirits here. My husband's home is on the ocean. Tell him I am satisfied with that which has so lately taken place. My father for a long time held an office under government; but for reasons just and good I withhold his name.

My companion has a friend in your city, although she knows me not, yet she will know him. Her name is Parker. I cannot tell you where she lives. have many relations and friends. I shall be recognized, and perhaps it will reach my own dear, dear father. Yes, they say it will.

From a Father whose child on earth is wronged. To Asa Fitz.

My friend, I am not as happy as I could wish. I once lived on earth. My home was in England. I came to this country with my wife and one child.
My wife soon passed on, leaving me with the child. stopped a few years, I think not more than two, and then I left, leaving this child, about four years of age, an orphan. She is now near 25. I left her an ample fortune, but she cannot get it, and she is unhappy; I might say she is in poverty, and I wish to expose those who are unjust to her for their good, and for her good. But I will not expose them if they will only do right. This child has one true friend here in your city. He has advised—he has sought to be counsellor and protector to my child. She does not listen to him as I wish she would—she fears him. I would not have it so. I would have her place perfect confidence in him, for I am sure he is worthy of her confidence. Tell her her friends in New York are deceiving her; tell her her friends in Brooklyn are deceiving her to a certain extent. Tell her sho must be wise herself, and live up to her highest conception of good.

I would beg of this dear friend to continue in his labors of love, and seek to restore my child to her former self-now she is not herself; tell him I am with him, although he cannot see me. A father's blessing will be upon him. Inquire of one Asa Fitz, of Boston. Call my daughter Ada-that will do. F. is on Washington street. I cannot tell you the exact location. He will know me. Call me William -my sir name I cannot now give.

To Dr. Pike, of Boston, from his Mother.

My dear son, I am very happy, and would not eturn to earth to dwell. I did not find the spirit life as I had thought-all was different. Oh, if I could have had the light you have, I should have seen and understood. I was told of this by one of my children-cannot now tell which-but I could not believe it. My dear son, investigate and you will find it no humbug, but living truth, which cannot and will not die out. Oh, tell all my dear one how happy I am.

The good friend who helps me to write is the husband of Olive Sawyer—they used to live a short distance from me. She had a cancer taken out of her shoulder a short time ago. He is here—she is on

Oh, how beautiful all is around me. I will often come to you in the night, and when you least think of me I will stand by your side. Oh, how I longed to see you when you were away; but that grief is all

They tell me you are going to practice again-it is well. You have a dear companion—give her blessings from your mother in heaven. HANNAH PIKE.

Albion Kidder.

I wish to send a word to my friends. I have been in the spirit life a little over two years, as nigh as I can recollect. I have often communed with my friends: not so well as I could wish: however. My mother is a Spiritualist and a medium, I have many friends in Boston, and wish to let them know I can communicate, and shall be happy to do it if they will only give me an opportunity. My mother lives in Malden. Her name is Cutler.

Seven years ago I kept what was called a piece shop in Court street, under the arm of like & Kidder. have sisters, or half sisters, who are mediums. The companion I left on earth is also a medium. Poor child! she has seen much trouble since I left. My disease was consumption. I was sick only a short time.

I am very anxious to communicate to all my friends, and, knowing no better way, I come to you to knock at their doors, hoping to gain admittance sometime or other to their souls. I presume you understand my desire.

My namo was Albion Kidder. For reference, you may write to Dr. Cutler of Woburn. You will be likely to receive a direct answer. Or go to the man who let the upper apartment, of building corner of Court and Sudbury streets to Pike & Kidder; he will recollect it.

J. Blanchard of Boston, to his Wife and Sons.

I have been in the spirit life a little over three years. I died of consumption, and since my death, there has been much trouble in regard to property. I left. I am anxious that that estate should be settled, that my companion should be at rest, and my sons also. I would have my sons deal justly with their mother, and I would also have that mother deal justly with the sons.

Unhappiness dwells within the household; and she fears I did not do by her as I wish I had done. Tell her to be at rest; she has enough, and to crave no more. I rejoice that I have left the straggle I passed through when on earth. I rejoice that I am My God witnesses that I am happy in my free. spirit home; but I cannot rest without returning with a bit of advice to those unhappy ones.

'I come, to a stranger, and through a stranger, that I may carry conviction to those who will not hear me. Be happy, oh, my friends, and seek no longer for unhappiness. Mr. Editor, you have been conversing with J. Bladchard, late of Garden Court St., Boston,

Pearls.

Softly! She is lying With her lips apart. Boftly I She is dying Of a broken heart.

Whispert She is going To bor final rest Whisperl Life is growing Dim within her breast

Gontly ! She is sleoping : She has breathed her last Gently! While you're weeping She to heaven has passed.

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

> They are the rich whose treasures lie In-hearts not hands-in heaven not here; Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh, And mercy's tear.

They are the poor who rich in gold. Confiding in that faithless store. Still tremble for the wealth they hold, And thirst for more.

Wholesome sentiment is rain which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

> Our lives like passing streams must be, That into one engulphing sea Are doomed to fall: The sea of DEATH whose waves roll on O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne And swallow all I

Courtesy is the only true mark of noblity.

What is beauty? not the show Of shapely limbs and features. No. These are but flowers. That have their dated hours To breathe their momentary sweets, then go, Tis the stainless soul within That outshines the fairest skin.

It is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the least value generally circulates the most

The weeping son, like one Whose milder temper doth lament the death Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up The shore, embraces him, kisses his check Goes back again and forces up the sand

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet-those he receives, nearest his heart.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN AND HUSBANDS.

Gentlemen: In a Banner of earlier date I said a few words to wives, and at that time I told you if you wouldn't read that sketch you and I would have a little talk at a future day: taking it for granted that you didn't read it I shall make no further allusion to it, only I will say that out of respect to your kind consideration in not reading what I said to them, the ladies must not read a word of this sketch which is penned for your par-

We will commence away back with courting days. Don't now as soon as you have left the chool-room imagine you're a full grown man in intellect and energy and can support a wife with case: have a little common sense and listen to see if you can ever hear your father say anything about how much ready money it draws from his business to keep square with the butcher, the grocer and the baker. Listen to see if you ever hear him complain of how fast dry goods' bills amount up and wonder how so many pairs of shoes could be worn out in his family. I don't want to frighten you nor try to make you think it would be better for you never to marry. O no, nothing of that kind; but wait, wait till you have had some experience in the ups and downs of life. Don't be too fast, and then if in selecting a wife you make a poor bargain you will not have so long to endure the affliction; and if you make a good bargain you will never be sorry that you waited.

When you are older don't make it a rule to fall in love with every pretty girl you meet and make presents promisciously to Mary and Jane and Kitty and Nelly and every other girl that has red cheeks and sparkling eyes; if you do, don't wonder if they all club together and call you a fool, and say among themselves that you make a very good beau to flirt with but they should as soon think of trusting their happiness to the keeping of a brainless weathercock as to engage in a life contract

To pet an imperial, have the barber curl your hair funcifully, smoke aromatic cigars, lay out spare shillings in confectionary, partake of cysters and ices, and appear in the atreet every day with your dickey and shirt bosom faultless and snowy is all very well before marriage; but don't be so blinded, gentlemen, as to suppose there can be such a state of things after the honeymoon has waned. O no, then comes the practical part of life, and what formerly supported the nonsensical extravagances will now have to go to pay the butcher, baker and grocer and merchant; so don't hurry about getting married—wait till you own a house as I have said elsewhere, and then you wont have a diserrecable old landlord calling on your pretty. wife in your absence and claiming as a right one half of every month's salary.

Don't always dress up in your holiday suit to go courting, not unless you intend to always dress nice after marriage; if you do, believe me you will cometimes in the future be reminded of the contreet in your habits of now and long ago, and justly too; for after a man is married what right has a Christian to move around in his family with a

of a customer, (that is good advice and comes cheap would pass the same way five minutes later. Don't

as if they thought they were. I have seen men of sense on every other subject but conversing with the girls, sit side by side in mixed company, and poor wife supposing all the while that it is the exwhen they could converse in an undertone, they treme press of your business that sends you there would speak of politics and statesmen, of mechanso early: and don't for mercy's sake if you have ical inventions and the fine arts, of commerce and one particle of conscience remaining bolt into your agriculture, and I have seen females sometimes home at dinner hour like some starving hyena draw near, hoping and anxious to catch a few whose whole energies are bent on one point, vizwords of sense, such as men utter to each other, but no sooner did they see one of the opposite sex approach, than every particle of intelligence seemed to leave them, and they began to talk in this wise:

and your dancing was absolutely divine! did you know that you are the belle of the evening? / Pon out of their offices, stores and shops, as if they my word, he will be a happy fellow that will get were being pursued by demons—neither looking you for a wilc. Isn't the music very fine? Allow me to offer you my arm for a promenade. I shall be most happy to escort the most beautiful girl in the room—it is so pleasant to be so envied as I know I am by my own sex, when you will con- may obtain a kiss for a reward, she is either quickdescend to walk with me."

our good old vernacular should ever be tortured more nor less than a counterfeit of what a true into such sounding words as those! If ever I con- kiss ought to be; and straightway he aims for the template doing some awful deed, it is when I hear | dining room, and then commences a scene. Oh, men talk that way to those who ought to receive | dear! for the credit of humanity, I wish I could instruction from every word uttered by masculine draw a veil over it; but it won't do. I cannot affacts from the great world without.

Just to think of it! men talking to grown-up girls that are so soon to become wives and the heads of the domestic circle, as though they hadn't land' thinks perhaps her husband has not been wit enough to comprehend a common sense re-mark, and then a few short years after, when all speaking of poor folks' tables now,) roast beef; this flattery has ceased, as cease it will, young wives close the teeth on that twice, and that disappears and mothers are expected to step right from the ball-room and gay circles, where they have been so way they can; and so goes each course for dinner, petted, to the domestic hearth, and almost instant-topping off with puddings that come upon the ty to settle down into sober matrons and industri-topping off with puddings that come upon the table and are gulphed down while their tempera-ture is about twice that of Shadrach's furnace. Oh, iday style of life they led, to devote all their mor- my poor old grandfather of revolutionary notorietal lives hereafter to tend sick and cross babies, ty, what would you say if you were back here to getting up savory dishes to please their husbands' see these men-these business men-who have palate, mending old coats, darning stockings, pol- the credit of being men of sense, committing sushing dickeys, &c., &c., with no prospect of relief, | icide in this awful way ! save by death, for the daily round of domestic duties always comes with each revolving sun.

perience can testify to, that it is no matter with diet was the wholesome vegetables he both sowed what care you have prepared a dinner to-day, the and reaped on his own-darm; added to these same exercises will be as necessary for to-morrow's were the beef he raised in his meadows and the comfort, as though you dined yesterday on ginger- pork that was fatted from the corn-crib and potasnaps, or had a general fast. I cannot account toe patch at home. for this law of nature on any other principle, but

of discretion and bought you a house and have the or discretion and bought you a nouse and have the Now, Mr. ——, if you will reflect a moment price of the first year's expenses of married life I think that you will be convinced that after analaid by, you marry some sensible girl. "O Lord!" conda like filling your stomach to repletion you says the penniless counter jumper and some others cannot sit quietly back in your chair and appreciate about as promising; "I shall never get matted if a home, a wife. No, no more than a gorged I have to wait for these things:" let me whisper in serpent; for you will feel uncomfortable not only your ear, young man, that it would be a thousand in body but in mind. per cent. better for you if you never would, if you are going to rush into matrimony with only money enough in your pocket to pay the parson for re- in preparing dinner to please you for your owing peating the ceremony.

Allow me to tell you that it is my honest opinion wives in our land we shou'd find that in a far husband with no where to rest from toil and povtween that young man and his wife, for there are all in every home happy if penury or sickness have always too many busy bodies ready to pour a bitter no hold there. draught into the minds of both him and her. Says one, I told you ought not to have married her. I knew you would never be happy with her, she is wish her to treat you; let her arrange every thing so extravagant. (Poor woman! she may not have spent for clothing five dollars of her husband's earnings since they were married; but both are proud spirited and wont tell that she earned her new bonnet and silk with her needle; not but what her husband loved her and would have been glad to have dressed her in silks, &c., but his own Sunday suit is growing rusty and he has no prospect of replenishing, so he gets nervous and says hings that in courting days he never imagined he could, and would give a farm the next minute if he had one to spare if he hadn't said it now:) and then they will tell him that she could not have loved him much or she would not have left his ittle hired tenement from which they always had to move when pay day came and gone home to her father's larger house.

They are right there-she ought not to have lest him. He didn't deceive her, she knew he was poor with nothing in reserve and no prospect of ncreasing prosperity in the future; so if she married a penniless young man under those circum- then would come want; in short I do not believe stances let her stay by him as every good wife would and do the best she can for his happiness and thereby make herself and him happier than they ever could be asunder. "Go things as they will let her stick to him still and death be her only physician."

I guess I must say a few words in particular here to wives though they wont read it, but their husbands can tell them what I say. If you marry a poor man and find the grim old master poverty pinching you awful tight don't stop to murmur or epine-rest assured that wont make it any better: so roll up your sleeves and go to work like a woman of true grit and believe me your husband will be are a merchant don't let Mrs. Lisbon have a fifteen ashamed to be outdone and will soon be experied ashamed to be outdone and will soon be exerting carry it home for her so you can sit in her parlor ladder: and if any one either friend or foe ever ad-black eyes and is not so faded as your poor jaded vises you to leave your husband for any crime (poverty is no crime but a great motive power) less than he will sometime, believe me you will rue the day assault and battery the use of a pistol in your case would be excusable. Now do take this advice, that is all save the pistol.

Well Mr. —, for I will club all husbands as chance and then question your wife about where one man, we will suppose you own a house and she has been every time you come into the house have a few hundreds or thousands as the case may and find her with a fresh cheek as though she had be, invested in some business that looks as if it just come in from taking a bath from the sunlight would reward you in the future. Now marry some sensible girl; be sure and get a good one or you wife closely about where she has been and what

drink your coffee so hot that every swallow you Girls are not fools, though some men seem to act take will bring tears to your eyes, for fear that

something to eat. Why, just look at Washington Street at noon, ten minutes after the Old South has struck twelve. Wouldn't one unacquainted with the facts think "Why, Miss Anna, you look charming to-night, that all the inhabitants of Boston had gone, or were going stark mad? There they come, rushing rows-dinner being the mark at which they aim.

If the wife sees him coming, and opens the front door to let in her husband, thinking thereby she ly thrust aside with a nervous-"Is dinner ready, "Oh, spirit of my grandmothers! to think that wife?" or is given a half-way kiss, that is nothing lips, as men have far greater opportunities to glean ford to spoil a sketch to spare the feelings of gormandizers.

nandizers.

First in order comes soup, that disappears so soon that the wife very frequently makes a mistake

O good old man! may I ever venerate his memory and remember that he lived on this earth Yes, it is a lamentable fact that every one's ex- almost a hundred years and that his principal

No city fed pork for me-bah! I could a tale that he who framed it did it to keep us busy and thereby prevent us from doing more mischief.

Well, young man, after you have come to years

Well, young man, after you have come to years

Well and definition in any other principle, out though for what would Boston be without pork and beans Sundays?

But I am digressing.

you will reflect a moment Now, Mr. -

You will think of every debt you owe and blame that poor wife who has spent the whole morning them : you will think it is her extravagance that has brought you in debt when it is the expense that if we could read the secrets of all the unhappy you will put on your table, and you will try to retrench in the wrong place—say, give up hiring a greater majority of cases the cause was that the parties entered into matrimonial expenses and duties to seed in order to keep himself from duties to seed in order to keep himself from parties entered into matrimonial expenses and duties too toon; the husband's purse was too light and his judgment not sufficiently mature. He caught the bird but he had no cage in which to place it; so he moves about from spot to spot with no home and no permanent abiding place till like Noah's dove the young wife often roves with her husband with no where to rest from toil and poverally the state of the erty, and at last becoming discouraged she returns tend to you my sympathy, but it is the thought that to the ark of childhood to weep and mourn over disappointed hopes: after that I wouldn't give a farthing for all the happiness there will ever be be-

Be moderate in all things ever treating your wife with the same respect and kindness that you would wish her to treat you; let her arrange every thing always appearing satisfied with her efforts to please you, and when the hour for dinner arrives entirely complete your toilette before you step out into the street, and then walk neither too fast nor too slow towards your home. If met at the door by your wife greet her pleasantly; don't give her the idea that you look on your home as a kind of restaurant, and then when you take your seat at the table let your food be of a mild temperature and never forget what the Bible says about gluttons. When dinner is over don't bolt from the house as though you had just received intelligence that your office or store was on fire; but sit a little while and converse in your family, not allowing the accumulation of money to engross every hour of your life when not aleeping. Some little accident may bring adversity and in a moment as it were strip you of all the wealth that years of devotion has amassed, but it is not so with true affection, so make the former secondary to the latter; but do not understand by in extremes.

Don't be always pleading poverty to your wife. If you are really poor she will find it out quick enough without your saying a word about it, and if you are not poor always bear in mind the awful fate that awaits liars.

And now a word about the girls Don't you after you are married be inviting Miss Jane or Miss Susan or Miss Anybody-else on the sly to go to the theatre or opera with you while your poor wife stays at home and tends the baby and sits up to wait for you to come home from the office. If you and chat with her, just because she has pretty you were anything but an honest man.

Don,t laugh and talk and walk and put your arm and air, Whenever I hear a man question his

home. Don't turn your house into a domestic a favorite as soon as the fruit is known. restaurant; love your wife just as well when the rose disappears from the cheek, have confidence that she will always do right till you are forced to believe otherwise by actual observation. Treat all mankind well and show your appreciation of the in all straggling growth, and remove every leaf and effort I have made to give you good advice by flower, as soon as the least symptom of decay is taking every paper where you see the sketches of perceivable, washing them occasionally with

> THE FIRST FLOWERS. BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

For ages on our river borders
These tassels, in their towny bloom,
And willows stude of downy silver,
Have prophesied of spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters Smiled on them from their pebbly hem; And the clear carel of the robin And song of blue-bird welcomed them.

But never yet-from smiling river, Or song of early bird, have they Been greeted with a gladder welcome Than whispers from my heart to-day.

They break the spell of cold and darkness, The weary watch of sleepless pain; And from my heart, as from the river, The ice of winter melts again. Thanks, Mary! for this wild wood token

Of Freya's footsteps drawing near; Alm: st, as in the rune of Asgard, The growing of the grass I hear. It is as if the pine-trees called me From celled-room and silent books, To see the dance of woodland shadows,

And hear the song of April brooks.

As, in the old Toutonic ballad
Of Odenwald, live bird and tree,
Forever live in song and beauty,
So link my thought these flowers and thee. The small bird's track, the tiny rain-dron Forever mark the primal rock; Who knows but that these idle verses May leave some trace by Artichoke?

And maidens in the far-off twilights Repoat my words to breeze and stream, And wonder if the old-time Mary. Were real, or the singer's dream

Agriculture.

KITCHEN GARDEN .- Now is the time to prepare the soil, procure seeds and plants, such as will in due time, furnish your table with delicious vegetables. How much better for all who can to supply themselves from their own gardens, than to be dependent on the market. In the one case they are fresh and nice, while in the other they are often in- the kind? ferior, having been too long from the garden. The time requisite to secure these luxuries, by those who ample to keep a small garden in excellent condition; and besides, the morning exercise and air will improve both health and taste, and render less irksome the business hours that intervene.

GRAPE CULTURE.—A hill-side, sloping toward the south, south-east, or east, is deemed the most fasubsoil, or one not retentive of moisture. Grapes cilman, or anything of the kind. If I am a ragmufare less liable to rot on dry than on wet soils. Mr. | fin, I haint sunk myself that low ither. When my old

less than two feet. It is important that the ground | under the city government of Philadelphy." be thoroughly under-drained to the depth of four

In planting hill-sides, 8 feet by 5 is deemed near of the cuttings. Each of these should contain four haven't done anything." or more joints.

After planting keep the ground clear of weeds, stirring the dirt occasionally around the plants to air, and that 'ere wessel is full of waccurr." promote their growth. The second year after plantng, cut down to two or three eyes, and the third year to four or five. The third year they will begin to bear. After this, pruning should be done in immortality." the winter, before the first of March. Sammer the ends of the bearing branches. Remove no did to get furniture. leaves from the bearing branches. Tie the vines to . The SPEAKER who "took the floor" has been arthe stakes with straw. Clip the ends of the bearing rested for stealing lumber. branches two or three joints above the grapes. This serves to perfect the fruit.

In stirring the ground use the cultivator or small plough, working in fertilizers. Well decomposed stable manure may be used to advantage. The stable manure may be used to advantage. The vine may be cultivated on the sunny side of buildings to good advantage. Every family that has a place to live may but in a grave cutting, and some place to live may put in a grape cutting, and somebody coming after, if the planter fails to eat of the fruit of the vine that his own hands have planted. will enjoy the luxury, and have occasion to bless the memory of the planter. We have nothing fur- Place. ther to add to what has already been published concerning the different varieties.

is known at home by the name of Newman's Thornless Blackberry, and is as free from thorns as the common blackberry which it resembles in size and shape of stem, being perfectly round and smooth. The stem of the blackberry, however, is red and green. Both vine and berry of this variety have their peculiar advantage over the New Rochelle—the vine is cultivated and handled "without gloves," and the berry does not become brown after rich. and the berry does not become brown after pick-

The "thornless" vines require staking similar to the Antwerp raspberry to sustain the fruit, and the picking extends from four to six weeks, according to the season. I visited Mr. Newman's plants.

April 25.

Boston.

B by those it was a man as married was right and as a constraint or more around in his family with a straint or more around in his family with a straint or more around in his family with a straint or more around in his family with a straint or more around in his family with a straint or more around in his family with a straint of the vall aptracts would be counted as of the vall aptracts would be counted and have placed your pretty or more and the affections of the vall aptracts would be counted and have placed your pretty but somehow she has grown homely since I will be girls—how they and, what they wore and and have placed your pretty but somehow she has grown homely since I will be an an more an around an alliance. Well, start the mean may be talking (I am addressing young are married and have placed your pretty but somehow she has grown homely since I will be asset to the fitters and the straint of the control homely since I will be asset to the straint of the control homely since I will be asset to the fitters and the straint of the control homely since I will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will prove the control homely straint and all appears and the since the control homely since I will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will prove the control of the start will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will prove the control of the start will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will prove the control of the start will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush and strain the crush will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will be asset to crush an elephant? No youngest they fade, but the crush will be asset to crush and strain the crush will be asset to crush and strain the crush wi

who are pleasant to their mothers and industrious at of the other kinds of blackberries, and will become

HOT WATER FOR HOUSE PLANTS. A Writer in the

Boston Cultivator says:-"The way to have healthy plants, is to shorten water from the fine nose of a watering-pot, held high above them, thus giving them the benefit of a warm shower at any time or place.

But the thing of all others important, is to water them with warm water at all times; yes, hot to the touch, even beyond what is supposed to be prudent—and its only necessary to watch the re-sult on the health and vigor of the plants, especial ly when in bloom, to be convinced of the virtue of this 'grand specific.'

The writer says he has fuschias now in bloom, mere cuttings about six inches' in height, not. one failing out of seven, or even more cuttings, planted in a single pot aud watered with hot

flashes of fun.

A FAIR HIT.—The following amusing account of the "man who didn't want an office," is taken from. one of the good papers published in the city of "brotherly love." It is an evidence that pride is the last element which forsakes a man.

"A thing of shreds and patches," about as much like a man as a camel is like a whale, was hauled out from under a pile of lumber, near a new building in Eighth street, and conveyed to the station house under the imputation of vagrancy. When, at the proper time, he came forward to defend his reputation against the charge of loaferism, the following conversation took place between him and the · Mayor's deputy :"

Deputy. Come, sir, give us your name.

Prisoner. John Covington Smith. Deputy. How came you to be skulking under the lumber pile last night?

Prisoner. I'm obleeged to hide myself, day and

Deputy. Hide yourself? Pray, what for? Prisoner. I'm afeered of being made an aldernan, or one of the "detectives."

Deputy. Who wishes to make you anything of

Prisoner, Why you see, old gentleman, I've been kicked out of the alms house twice, and been tuck have the ground, will hardly be missed from the up for small prigging three or four times, so my business hours. A couple of hours in the morning, 'quaintances talks about running me for some sort before breakfast, and an hour after test will be of office. But I don't care about sarving the public in that capacity, and so I tries to keep out of the scope of public obserwation.

Deputy. By hiding yourself under lumber piles? Prisoner. Exactly so. I stows myself away anywheres to awoid sich testimonials of public gratitude. If I've done anything for the good or glory vorable position for planting grapes. The soil most of my country, I don't ax no reward. I don't want desirable is a dry, calcareous loam, with a gravelly to be made an alderman, a policeman, a city coun-Williamson, a cultivator at the West, prefers a soil father died, he guy me this good adwice :- "Jack." of a grayish black, breaking up into lumps, deep, says he, "remember that you are one of the Smiths, with a reddish yellow subsoil, resting on lime. You sprung from an illustrious family. Don't disgrace your ancestors. A little boozing, or prigging, The mode of preparing the soil is, to trench to or loafering, won't hurt your reputation much; but the depth of three feet, if the soil will allow, not don't you, my boy, don't you accept of any office

> The Deputy Mayor, with a faint smile, ordered Mr. John Covington Smith to be set at liberty.

DIDN't HE CATCH IT?-My wife tells the truth enough, while on level ground, 4 by 7. This will three times a day, remarked a joc se old fellow, at let in the sun and air, and give ample space for the the same time casting a very mischievous glance at roots to feed. For planting, dig a hole from 12 to her. Before rising in the morning she says-4.0 18 inches deep, and put one, two, or three cuttings dear, I must get up, but I don't want to." After in a hole, and if they grow, remove all but one the breakfast, she adds-"Well, I suppose I must go to following spring. In filling the hole, put in some work, but I don't want to;" and she goes to bed vegetable mould, as being well suited for the rooting saying "There, I've been fussing all day, and

EXPRESSIVE .- A lecturer thus describes his aparatus: "Now, gentlemen, this ere wessel is full of

THE GENTLEMAN who "fired at random" has lent his rifle to a youth who is determined to "aim at.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says pruning consists of removing suckers, pinching off he did not find it half so hard to get married as he

Adbettisements.

MISS M. MUNSON, CLAIRVOYANT, 5 Hay-

MRS. R. H. BURT, WRITING, SPRAKING, TRANCE and PRESONATING MEDIUM, 5 Hayward May 16 DR. W. R. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MED-

HOAL MESMERIST, 5 Hayward Place. May 14. 4

T V. MANSPIELD, MEDIUM, FOR THE ANS-

. WERING OF BRALED LETTERS, No. 29 Exchange Street