

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. I.

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DORA MOORE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

CHAPTER I.

THE IRISH CABIN.—PEGGY MOORE.

It is a fearful thing to live,
And fearful 'tis to die.

There was sorrow in the cabin of Martin Moore, for he, the husband and father had taken the fever and was like to die.

The door stood open, and the sick man turned his eyes to the fresh green grass, and to the potato field which he had the week before planted. "Och! Peggy, me darlint, and shant I be in glory before the Murphies come up?"

Poor Peggy, who was moaning and wailing in a corner, did not reply, but taking her apron from her eyes, looked up with a frightened expression at her husband. She thought his mind was wandering. Her two children stood, one on each side, holding her dress tightly in their hands. Dora, the elder, was a pretty flaxen-headed, blue-eyed little girl, some eight years of age. Jemmy was but an infant of fifteen months, and very unlike his sister, for his eyes were black, and his hair, even at that age, dark and curly. The children saw their mother in trouble, and wept from sympathy.

"And shant I be calling Father Doherty?" asked Peggy, as she went to her husband's side.

"No, Honey, it'll do me no good to see his rivenance, no harm to him though, I'll confess my sins to God, and trust his mercy."

"He's daft mad!" said Peggy, and she threw her apron over her face again, and wept aloud.

"Shall I say the Ave Marie?" said Dora, who had some idea of religious consolation being needed.

"Which! Which!" said Martin, "I'm better now. Come nearer Peggy, I want to talk to you while I've the breath to spare. Bring Dora and Jemmy. Oh! Peggy, darlint, 'tis swate to look upon ones own childer; but 'tis bitter to think of leavin' 'em in a cold world without a roof to shelter, a sod of turf to warm, or pratees to eat."

"Martin aggra," said the wife, "and what makes ye talk so? Hav'n't we a clane cabin and a cow, and two pigs, and the pratees not eaten up yet, and ye're better ye said, your own lips said it."

"Only better for a shure, my swate Peggy, and the rats behindhand, and I've worked hard, but 'tis all in vain. Ye must lave the cabin when I'm gone."

"I wish I might die with ye," said the poor wife. "Where shall we go and what'll become of the childer!"

The poor man groaned. "God bless ye, and God help the poor innocent craters. If I could only have gone to Ameriky last year, I shouldn't have caught this fever, and may be left ye with plenty."

A spasm came on, and Martin could talk no more. His wife exerted all her skill, and Father Doherty at his request did come, notwithstanding the wishes of the dying man that he might not be sent for. He was a tall, venerable old man, much beloved by the poor people, for he was very kind to them in trouble. He was standing by the bed, waiting to shrive Martin, when the latter who had been insensible for some minutes, opened his eyes and saw the priest.

"No thank ye Father Doherty, no offence if you please, but I'll confess my sins to God."

The priest turned with a look of astonishment to the wife.

"I would ye so Father," she said, "clane mad he is—it's the fever."

Little Dora had climbed up on the other side of the bed, and taking her father's hand said—

"Don't die, please don't die Father, and leave poor little Jemmy and me."

"Och darlint, your swate voice is like a bird's in spring. Good-bye, my colleen—I'm going to a better world than this."

"Take Dora with you father," and she laid herself down by his side. But the death struggle was coming on, and the priest bade Peggy take the child away. The two children went into a corner of the room, where Dora hugging little Jemmy in her arms, tried in vain to soothe his cries. The neighbors gathered to the door, and the priest stood in perplexity near Martin, who with the little strength he had—drew a Bible from beneath his pillow, and clasping it in his arms, looked up to Heaven with a peaceful expression. Peggy begged him to hear the priest, but he shook his head, pressed the hand of his wife and died.

"And ye will say a prayer for his soul," said the women, who stood near, to the priest.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "Poor Martin was not in his right senses. The Lord forgive him."

The house was soon filled, and the "wake" served, in some degree, to divert Peggy's mind from her troubles.

It was not until the third day after Martin's death, when the funeral was over and she had returned to her desolate home, that she fully realized her loss. Martin Moore was a kind husband and father, and a good man. He had more learning than most of his neighbors, for he could read and write, and his cabin—no matter how poor, for it boasted of a slated roof, was more comfortable and better furnished than most laborers.

Martin had read O'Flaherty's History of Ireland, and firmly believed himself a descendant of one of the ancient kings, who ruled the country before the invasion of the Danes. His mother too, was an O'Neil, and Martin delighted to tell the wonderful adventures of the brave chieftain. Little Dora was his most attentive listener, and was early inspired with a great reverence for her ancestry. Whether it was the gentle blood that ran from such a distant fountain through her veins, or a mere

freak of Dame Nature, who sometimes flings her loveliest flowers on desert and moor, I know not, but Dora was a child of uncommon beauty and promise. "She took wonderfully to a book," her father said, and as for fairy stories, her little head was full of them. She would often collect a group of ragged, bare-headed and bare-footed little children around her, up by the old castle, for there were the remains of one in the village, and keep them with open mouth in a daze for the hour at a time. Jemmy was stout and cheerful of mien. He was a sturdy, rough-looking baby, liking nothing better than to roll in the dirt and make mud pies, but he was the special charge of Dora, and her love to him seemed greater than that of the mother who bore him.

When he was hurt he ran to Dora, if he was sleepy he climbed into her lap, and she sang him to rest; at night they lay in the same bed, and separated only when Dora went to school, for the Master forbade the children to be in the schoolhouse, for she said she could study just as well with Jemmy in her lap.

Peggy Moore had none of her husband's "love of learning" or pride of ancestry. In their courting days, Martin had taught her to read, and she could spell out the lessons in her prayer book, which as she was a devout Catholic, she did faithfully every Sunday. But she never cared to increase her knowledge, though she was very proud that "her boy knew writin' like a clerk," and made no objections to his teaching Dora. Her greatest pleasure was in hard work, and, if the truth was told, she did about as much towards raising the pratees as Martin himself, while she spun flax, and wove flannel in the house, and took all the care of the pigs and poultry. They had two cows, and Peggy took especial pride in her butter, to be sure most of it, as well as the poultry and eggs, went to pay their taxes, but nevertheless she delighted in having them good. Their house was of stones piled up without mortar, unless we dignify the mud used in some parts of it, by that name. They had a milk room, and a chamber in the attic, and were far more comfortable than their neighbors.

Martin had kept a good supply of turf for their fire, and the large hole in the earth, where they stowed their potatoes for winter use, was generally well-filled. Their farm contained eight or ten acres, and the rent amounted to twelve shillings an acre, which, until Martin's sickness had been prominently paid.

It was the evening after the funeral. The neighbors had left, and the weary children had climbed up and cried themselves to sleep on the high-backed old-fashioned settle, before the fire.

Poor Peggy sat down on a three-legged stool before the burning turf, and leaning her elbows on her knees, and her head on her hands, gave full vent to her grief. Tears relieved her, and as she sat looking at the glowing fire, she was soothed, and began to think more clearly.

She was a hard working, common-sense woman, and thus she reasoned. "It's no use giving up to it, Martin has gone and all my tears won't bring him back again. I'll just see what can be done for the childer. Our home must be given up, that's clear, for if Martin and I together could unless just pay the rent, I can't do it alone and so much behind hand now." She thought of his last words, "I wish I'd gone to Ameriky."

She thought too of her cousins from Killaloe who had gone there and earned money enough to send for their parents. They wrote home of the plenty to eat, of the call for laborers, and the good pay received. Peggy loved her home, the rich green pastures of Clare, its smooth hills, and the deep blue water near which she lived; she knew America couldn't be half as beautiful, but there was work there; she was strong and healthy, and could earn money to bring up her children and send them to school as poor Martin would do, were he living. Yes, she would go to America.

There alone by her desolate hearth Peggy resolved to seek a new home. It required no little resolution, for she must leave her children behind until she could earn money to send for them. It was only with great difficulty she could raise enough to pay her own passage, and then she knew it would be more difficult to obtain work, if she had them with her. But her heart was made strong, and she repeated her Ave Marie, and lay down with her children beside her, resolved to commence the execution of her plan the next morning.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Long before the children awakened, Peggy had milked the cows, fed the pigs and chickens, and was just putting the boiled potatoes in a wooden bowl in which was laid a clean linen cloth, when Dora said "Is it you mother?"

"And who else should it be colleen?"

"Oh Mother! I have had a dream, I thought you were dead too, buried up in the cold ground, and none but Jemmy and me left. We were cold and hungry, and Jemmy cried, and I couldn't sing to hush him—the music choked me and it stopped right in my throat. Oh Mother I'm glad it isn't true, come and kiss us both mother. See how quiet Jemmy sleeps, but he will cry for father when he wakes. Do you think he's got up there? It's a long journey arnt it mother, up to heaven?"

"Poor Peggy felt very weak, and her resolution almost gave way when she looked upon her children. But she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, and said bravely,

"Hush avourneen, don't wake the darlint, but jump up and have some breakfast; the pratees are hot and the milk is fresh."

Dora did as she was bid, but said in a whisper, "Mother I feel so heavy here, and she laid her hand on her heart."

"Arrah now my precious, and shure don't you think your mother's heart is heavy with the black trouble-thats come upon her?"

Dora threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her. "Mother I'll help you all I can now Father's gone. I'm growing strong every day and I can soon milk the cows, and dig the pratees. And Jemmy will be a great boy soon, and take care of the farm."

"Well Honey eat your breakfast. I'm going to Killaloe to-day, and you must take care of the house and Jemmy."

Like all little girls Dora was delighted with the idea of being housekeeper all alone. Her duties to be sure were not quite so numerous as would be those of a Yankee girl. But Peggy's kitchen was neater than most ground, for a corner of it was not as is common, devoted to the pig. He had a little sty hollowed out of the side of the hill, while a broken chair served as a door to keep him in; to be sure the hens and geese walked in uninvited to eat the potato skins that dropped upon the smooth earthen floor, and the cows often stood at the ever open door, looking very sociable, as if they enjoyed listening to the music of Dora's voice.

It was very unusual for Peggy to leave her children a whole day at a time. Though she went to Killaloe to sell her eggs and poultry, she generally chose those days when Martin was at home and Dora when her mother told her to watch Jemmy and not let him fall into the fire, had a great sense of her responsibility.

It was six miles to Killaloe, and Peggy had ample time, as she trudged along that bright spring morning, to mature her plans.

Killaloe is a little seaport town, at the lower extremity of Lough Derg, and when she came in sight of the blue lake, and saw a steam vessel ploughing its waters with emigrants on deck bound for Dublin, and from thence to America, her heart sunk within her. But she thought of Martin, how he used to read the newspapers and tell Dora about the free government, and the schools where the poor little childer could attend, equally with the richest of the land. Yes he would say, "larning costs nothing, and food is abundant, and what's more Dora avourneen, every man is king by his own right." At this Dora opened her blue eyes very wide, and Peggy would say, "Shut Martin! Och! don't you be for telling such blarney as that to the colleen. If every man is king, where be the people?"

And then Martin would try to explain, though his own knowledge was too limited to render his explanation very lucid, the rotation in office, and the system of voting.

"Why thin it's a quare country," Peggy would reply, "and I'd rather live in ould Ireland with the blessed queen that was born and bred to the crown to reign over us, than have any boy that knows no better nor you nor I, put on the gould crown."

"Och, Peggie, but there's no gould crown at all, at all; the president is just for all the world like any other man, and just as Ryan wrote to Larry Burke, (and I saw the letter with my own eyes), that he spoke to the President himself. Pat was working on the road, and the great man comes along, taking his morning walk, and when he saw Pat, what should he do, but make a bow. So Pat off with his hat and says 'The top of the morning to your majesty,' and the President smiled and says 'Not your majesty my good fellow.' And that Pat answered. It would be no arthly dacancy to call your honor 'my lord,' becase we're all lords here sir, and I would be for putting you below myself."

"May be you'd like Ameriky Martin, said Peggy but I love ould Ireland, and the country must be poorer than you tell for, if they can't give the king a real gould crown, and a red coach to ride in."

"Ah, Peggy avourneen, ye don't take to larning, when Dora gets through. 'Reading made Easy,' why then it's herself can understand the maning of 'free country. But Peggy darlint, there's plenty of work there and gould to pay."

This last, Peggy could comprehend, and she thought of it now as she watched the steamer making its way into deeper waters, while the passengers were like mere specks on the deck.

Peggy had a brother at Killaloe, and it was to his cabin she bent her steps. It was not as neat or comfortable a place as her own home. It had a thatched roof which was old and leaky, the door to the cabin hung upon one hinge, the single room was shared in common with the pig. But still Dennis Murphy was a "forehanded" man judged by the world around him. He had some money laid up and it was for a portion of this Peggy wished to exchange her feather bed, (for she had a good one), which she had filled from the plucking of her own geese, and some blankets of her own spinning and weaving. It was rather a hard bargain for Peggy, as Dennis' wife was a brawling close woman, and on no consideration would they trade at all unless Peggy would consent to refund half her passage money in gold when she had earned as much, in America.

"And now Dennis" said the widow, "it goes agin my heart to leave the childer, and Jemmy nothing but a baby yet—but may be you'll take them till I send for the darlints to come. You shall have all there is, barring the rint, and I promise ye my first earnings to pay up for the trouble."

"And why shouldn't I take 'em? P shure arn't they my own sister's childer? Dennis Murphy ain't the boy to let his kith and kin want, when there's fault and plenty."

Dennis' wife was not quite so hospitable, but the thought of the household gear which would come into her possession, kept her from making objections. "Shure and we shall be a houseful with my own two childer, and one more expected."

"Och! mayvourneen, said Dennis, and there'll be no blessing on our own, if we turn poor Peggy's childer upon the ould world."

"God be wid ye Dennis for spaking so, it's a great comfort now I've made up my mind to put the big salt sea between me and mine."

But there's wark a plenty and good pay I'm tould in America, and wid God's blessing I'll send for the childer in half a year."

With the aid of her brother, Peggy made her arrangements to be in Killaloe that day week, to bring the children and take her departure to Dublin.

Before she returned that evening, she purchased with a mother's tact, two red checked American apples for Dora and Jemmy.

When she came home the little girl was hushing Jemmy to sleep in her lap, but the apples made him open his black eyes, and he was very eager to taste one.

"Shutop and look at it Jemmy," said Dora. It came all the way from Ameriky, they're a dale finer than we get here."

"There's a plenty of those like to be had for the picking, I'm tould where those come from," said Peggy.

"Wouldn't we pick 'em then Jemmy darlint?" said Dora, "if we were there?" Mother I wish Father could have gone to Ameriky and taken us with him."

"And would you be for laving dear swate ould Ireland?" said Peggy.

"Father said it would be better for us," remonstrated Dora.

"May be it would be better now for us, I ain't sartin," said Peggy.

"Could we go? mother!" said Dora, "I should like it."

"Whisht awoushla—put Jemmy to bed, he's sleepy, and we'll talk about it."

Peggy sat on the three-legged stool, as was always her custom, when she had something of importance to think about or to say, and Dora upon the floor at her side, curling her little bare feet under her, for it was a cool spring evening, and throwing back her luxuriant brown hair, looked up with much curiosity to her mother. The cat sat winking very demurely at the heap of turf ashes, and warming herself on the hearthstone which had not yet grown cold.

"Come here Pusheen," said Peggy. Kitty came very gravely and perched herself upon Peggy's lap. "Ye're almost like one of the childer; ye'll miss the bit of sup, and the froth of the pail, when yer mistress is gone."

"And couldn't we take her too?" inquired Dora, "shure and she wouldn't be much troubled, and I'd keep her out o' harm's way."

"No, no, they don't like any childer aboard the ships if they can help it, and I'm shure they'll not be for having Pusheen in her old age, and then the poor cratur luvess ould Ireland as well as meself. Och! colleen, it will be better leaving the ould hearthstone to go among strangers, and if it weren't for you and Jemmy, I'd lay my bones beside Martin. (God rest his soul) 'neath the green turf of your church yard."

Dora did not reply, the mention of her father brought tears to her eyes; she drew nearer to her mother, lay her head on her knee, while Peggy with one hand on the now dozing cat, which was curled up in her lap, and the other on Dora's head, fell into a musing silence.

"Indade, indade," she at last broke out, "Dora machree, ye'll think ye're mother's a poor foolish ooman, but it's hard to lave the green fields, and clear waters, and the singing birdies of one's own country, and go where you must lave your bones among strangers; it's hard to quit the ould spot where your father and I lived so many years, and, and 'tis shure Peggy covered her face with her hands and wept."

"An shure I would take Jemmy and I be wid ye to comfort ye?" said Dora, as she rose and threw her arms around her mother's neck.

"Och thin it's no use to be bating about the bush, I'll out with it Honey—Dora, I must go to Ameriky without you, and aim the money for you to come to me."

Poor Dora dropped her hands to her side and stood, the picture of sorrow, as she gazed upon her mother, her blue eyes wide open, but tearless.

"And Jemmy, mother?" she at last gasped out.

"Jemmy must stay wid you Dora. Will ye be mother and sistren too, to the darlint?"

"And are we to live here mother?"

"No, no, Uncle Dennis will take ye into his cabin, but ye must watch over Jemmy yerself darlint."

"I will, I will, mother," the tears now coursing down the little girl's cheeks, "but won't ye be after sending for us quick dar mother?"

"There'll be no sun in the heaven for me darlint till you and Jemmy come, and no rest for my bones till I've aim'd the money. Take it ay, colleen, and help me to bear the bitter trouble, God and St. Patrick know my heart, how it aches at the parting."

"I'll do my best mother, and when Jemmy cries for ye, I'll sing him to sleep with one of ye're ould songs."

"Ye're a jewel, mayvourneen, God bless you," and Peggy kissed her daughter and bade her go to bed; but when she went to the side of her cot some two or three hours afterwards, Jemmy's black curly head lay upon Dora's arm, and two tear drops rested on the little girl's rosy cheek.

"Take Mother! bless my babies," said Peggy, "and Holy Pater on my poor heart, that's like to burst with the bitter sorrow."

CHAPTER III.

THE PARTING.—MICK NOCHER THE FIDDLER.

"The single annals of the poor."

It was a pleasant May morning, when Dennis Murphy came with a horse and cart to convey Peggy, the children, and what remained of the household stuff to Killaloe. A ride was a great treat to the children, and Jemmy's eye sparkled at the thought, but poor little Dora could hardly

keep the tears back, as she moved about trying to aid her mother. A new tenant was to take possession of the place the next day, and as the cow and pig were distrained for the rent, they remained.

Brindle was brousing in a pasture near the cabin, unconscious of the change, but Peggy called it to her and patting it gently, bade it farewell with a tear in her eye, nor did she forget piggy. The latter had been let out of his sty, and was eating cold potatoes from Dora's hand. "Poor piggy" said the latter, "who'll feed you now Dora's going?"

"Arrah and it's a jewel of a pig it is," said her mother as she seated herself on the green grass to watch it playing with the children. The cow and the pig, and pusheen—they seem almost like childer to me it's hard to lave 'em."

"Don't fret Peggy," said Dennis, "it's the nature of us Irish to love the poor dumb bastes, but Peggy aggra, I'm thinking ye wont like the snakes and toads of Ameriky."

"Holy Mother! exclaimed Peggy "ye dont say there's sich things there!"

"I'm sartin sure," added Dennis, "but you mustn't lave Ireland widout seeing St. Patrick to keep 'em from harming ye. Ye know he blessed 'em all out of swate Ireland."

"Ay! many's the time I've heard Martin tell about it," said Peggy, "but I ain't half so feared of the varmints, as I am of being cast away in the salt sea."

"Whisht, don't be distrustful, we'll give the priest a doushure to pray for ye; but it's a heavy load and a long way for the ould mare; will ye be for riding now?"

"No I'll not ride at all, Dennis, put in the gawls and I'll walk on by myself."

"And I'll not lave ye, for I mane to walk part of the way myself."

"Then go on," said Peggy, "and I'll overtake ye at the turn of the lane."

Those who have left the home of their early years for a strange land, can understand Peggy's wish to be alone when taking her last leave of the cherished spot. She walked round the house, took a look once more at the green pasture, where the daisies were springing up in their summer beauty, nor did she forget, as her last act, to turn aside from the path, and kneel once more at Martin's grave. It was near the old church, over which the ivy twined in a green old age; there was nothing to mark the grave save a rude cross, which Peggy herself had placed there. She knelt down. "Och! my poor Martin, the bright beams of heaven never shone on a better boy than ye, and God and the holy saints know, I wouldn't lave yer grave only for the sake of the childer."

Just then some one came out of the church, and Peggy, hearing footsteps approaching turned to see who had intruded upon her. It was Father Doherty. Peggy rose and curtsied, then knelt to ask his blessing, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"I heard you were going Peggy, and I called to see you, but not finding you at the house followed you here. You do well to go to America, and I trust you may be prospered. I see nothing but sorrow and trouble for poor Ireland. If the crops prove no better this year than the last, there'll be more mouths to feed than potatoes to fill them. Go and my blessing be upon you."

Peggy offered the priest money to pray for the repose of Martin's soul.

"No, no," he replied, "you need it all yourself, keep it, and I'll pray for ye all the same."

Peggy still knelt. "God bless yer rivenance and may ye never know want nor sorrow," then seizing his gown she said, "If I might make so bould with yer rivenance, and ye'll forgive me, and lay it all to a mother's love, but if ye could promise to spake a kind word to the childer once in a while, it may be, 'twill keep the sorrow from their hearts, and I shall have more comfort by the way."

"Yes, I promise you to look after the lambs," said the good priest as he gave his hand to raise her, "and Peggy you must be true to Holy Mother church when you get into the land over-run with infidels. Have you your Prayer Book?"

"Now the saints be praised that I can say 'yes' to your rivenance, I have it here in my bosom, and I'll be thrue to the Church and not forget to pray to the Holy Virgin. Yer rivenance needn't fear that Peggy Moore will never be for consorting with the murdering protestants."

"Well then, Good bye, and a pleasant voyage to you Peggy," said the priest. The widow made a low curtsy, and wiping her eyes walked on with a lighter heart. She soon came up with the slow travelling cart, and had scarcely reached the bend of the lane when she heard Jemmy's voice in merry laughter.

"See the birdsens! see the birdsens!" he cried. And indeed every hedge and tree was full of those sweet songsters, for which Ireland is so much noted.

Never did the sun shine brighter, or the soil more rounded hills, and green pastures of this beautiful island look more fresh than on this morning. No wonder her children turn, even in a land of plenty with homesick hearts to this bright green of the sea.

Pity that man should curse what God has rendered so fair!

Rain and sunshine alternate rapidly in Ireland, and her changeable skies are fit emblems of her impulsive children. The next morning there was a heavy mist on the lake, and a slow drizzling rain drove the children into the cabin, though the door still swung open on its one hinge.

Peggy's wooden chest was packed, and she sat near the open door waiting for the hour when the boat should start. Dora was sitting at her feet, leaning her head upon her mother's knee, but trying to keep back the tears and hush her sobs, lest Jemmy should cry too.

The little ferry, unconscious of the loss he was about to sustain was playing "Go Go" with his cousins. Suddenly the mist began to clear away, and on the lake arose a column of dense black smoke, and a hissing sound, heard at intervals, gave notice that the steamboat would start that morning.

"Jemmy come here" said Peggy. The little fellow, always delighted with permission to sit in his mother's lap, came running towards her and she clasped him in her arms, rocking herself to and fro as if to hush her own sorrow.

Jemmy was not rested from the fatigue of yesterday, and he leaned his head upon her bosom and was soon asleep.

Peggy brushed back the dark curly hair from the chubby brown face. "Och, darlint and its yer father's blessed face ye have," and her tears and kisses fell upon it.

"Time we're starting for the boat," said Dennis.

Peggy clasped her child closer, while Dora without uttering a word still leaned her head against her mother, watching her gown in her little hands, with the tight grasp of a drowning person.

"The good God in heaven knows I wouldn't have ye darlins, if it want for yer best good. Keep a good heart Dora, and I'll arn the money on the quick and send for ye to come to Ameriky. Teach Jemmy to say his prayers, and it nint the likes of ye to forget yer own, but remember to pray for yer mother mavourneen whin she's on the big sea."

Dora still clung to her mother's dress but spoke not; her mute sorrow went to her mother's heart. Dennis and his wife were taking Peggy's chest from the cabin, Dora and her mother were left alone for a moment.

"Here darlint" said Peggy, taking from her bosom a silver crown piece to which a green ribbon was attached. "I'll hang this on yer neck; God in heaven grant yer need may not be sore enough to use it, but we don't know mavourneen what is sore us. It will buy bread if ye're starving, I'll have it as my last gift."

Dora knelt as her mother placed it on her, concealing it beneath her frock.

Then Peggy laid little Jemmy on his cot bed and knelt a moment, while her fingers counted her beads, and her lips murmured a prayer.

"Come Peggy, avourneen said Dennis, I hate to call ye from the childer, but sorra a bit of time we have to spare; the boat is spluttering and puffing as if it were out of patience already."

"I'm coming," said Peggy, and she kissed her little boy once again, and taking Dora's hand they hurried to the lake. The clouds had rolled away, the sun shone bright and clear, and the water rippled gently to the shore, as Peggy and Dora, neared the boat. "All aboard," shouted a hoarse voice. Peggy had no time for a last adieu; but stepping upon the plank was soon amid the crowd upon the deck of the boat. Dora kept her eye on her mother, till she could no longer discern her figure, and then hiding herself behind a rock she gave full vent to her sorrow.

It did her good, it is not natural for children to suppress their tears, and her poor little heart had been full almost to bursting. Now she sat upon the sand, then leaned her head against the rock and let tears flow freely as they would.

She was away from the crowd that had gathered round the pier. Dennis Murphy's cabin was about a mile from the town, but near the river, or rather the broad lake formed by the widening of the Shannon. It was a pleasant and retired walk, and Dora who had lingered behind her uncle and aunt on their way home, sought the shelter of the rock, that she might be alone with her grief, which was the more violent because it had been so long repressed. In all the abandon of childish sorrow she threw herself on the sand and wept aloud. Thus absorbed, she heeded not the sound of footsteps, and indeed the sand hardly gave back the echo of an old man's tread, who was seeking his own usual resting place.

The new comer was somewhat of an oddity, at least in the appearance of the outer man. On his head he wore a light colored, broad brimmed beaver, that had evidently from its quality, once seen high life, but had for so many years shared storm and sunshine with its present owner, that like him, it looked worn and battered with long and hard usage; it was ornamented with a green and red ribbon fancifully fashioned into a rosette upon one side. A plaid coat with loose sleeves, familiarly called a "josey," drab velvet breeches shining with the gloss of wear, and fastened at the knee with pewter buckles, ornamented with paste jewelry; a long scarlet vest, worsted hose much darned, and a pair of stout brogans completed the attire of the intruder. I should not say completed, for whoever saw Mick Nogher the Fiddler, without the "darlint of his heart," as he called his fiddle, swung over his shoulder!

He stopped suddenly when he saw Dora. He knew the child and guessed the cause of her tears.

"My poor colleen," he said to himself, "no wonder her heart's heavy, but its the way of the sex to drown sorrow in salt water; faith I'd prefer the whiskey; but the troubles of childer are short lived, passing away like the mist up the mountain. In troth I'll give her something that'll be better than the priests blessing or holy water," so stepping a little one side of the rock, just out of sight he tuned his fiddle and struck up, in somewhat of a cracked voice to be sure, but in good time:

"I'm now going to a country where
For poor rates I'll be free,
For poor Ireland's going to the dogs
As fast as fast can be;
So pray my friends don't stop me,
There's luck for you and I;
I'll send the bright gold back to you,
So darlint—don't you cry."

"I've labored hard in Erin's Isle
My family to keep,
But nought I know but misery,
Ye've often seen me weep;
So pray my friends don't stop me,
There's luck for you and I;
I'll send the bright gold back to you,
So darlint—don't you cry."

No sooner did Dora hear the song, than she started to her feet, afraid that she had been seen in her retreat. She brushed back the hair from her forehead and stood listening whence the sounds proceeded.

Peeping behind the rock she saw the old fiddler glancing at her little tear wet face, merely acknowledged her presence by a little extra scrap of the foot and flourish of his bow, and proceeded with his song.

Dora loved music; her father had played the fiddle in their little cabin, and she had often danced to its music on the earthen floor. She could sing the old Irish songs which he had taught her, and though she had never been told it, her voice was full of melody, as the skylark of her own island. Her little heart ceased its sobbing, she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron and standing just out of sight with her ear inclined towards the old man she listened to the beautiful ballad of "Kate Kearney," forgetting all the world besides. She forgot even her bashfulness, and before the conclusion of the song she had drawn near to the old man, and was seated on the sand, looking earnestly up into his thin, wrinkled face.

"There I knew it would be good for the colleen, nothing in the world like music, whiskey, and tobacco to take trouble out of the heart; such a slip of a gal as ye, don't know about the virtue of two of them, ye're too fresh from heaven, where they feed on music. And so darlint, they tell me that Martin Moore, your dad, has gone to a better world. Don't cry now, for I wanted to talk about him. He was a nice lad, brave at the dance, and light of foot in the dance. I taught him myself."

and not a boy in the county of Clare could bate him, saving Mick Nogher himself. He had some queer notions, they say about mass and confession, and may be too he learned those from his auld master; but any how, I often discoursed to him about the world above, and I believe if the priest didn't show him the way, he'd find it by himself."

"He read about it in the good book," said Dora. "Aw and I don't doot it, he was a scollard, Martin was, and he's gone, colleen, where he'll have a hope of gould. Poor ould Ireland has almost forgotten the harp, but when I was a lad I had a brow one, and it hangs now in my cabin. I'll play on it for you some day."

"And may I bring Jemmy?" said Dora.

"And who's Jemmy?" said Uncle Mick. "My little brother, and may be he's crying now, we put him to sleep so that he wouldn't know when mother went away."

"Poor little fellow!" said the old man, "who takes care of you now your mother's gone to Ameriky?"

"We live in Dennis Murphy's cabin—Uncle Dennis you know."

"Aw and a clever lad, but Biddy Murphy don't take kindly to the fiddle, and such folks hain't got the rath Irish blood in them. Never a bit or a sup does old Mick get in Biddy's cabin; but there's the steamboat. I'm off for Clare Castle, they'll need me at the dance—the soldier's dance; for all their fine music they can't do without Mick Nogher's fiddle. I'll be back next week, and if ye have trouble and want a song, come to the rock after the boat comes in on Monday."

Depositing his fiddle in its well worn green bag, Uncle Mick went his way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMFORTER.

Little Dora found some difference between the neat cabin of her mother and that of Biddy Murphy. The pig shared one corner all the time, and the hens roosted near him at night—the earthen floor was seldom swept, and a pile of matineé almost filled up the doorway outside. Peggy had left a little bedstead, and some blankets for her children, and Dora took a deal of pleasure in keeping them neat and clean. There were also a few plates and some cups, which had been brought from home, and placed upon the dresser; but Biddy averred that it was all a waste of time to use them, and they were kept for show; while the family ate their potatoes from the hand, and drank their sup of milk from tin cups.

The potatoes were not all in the ground, and Dora was kept busy for some days out of doors, helping her uncle in the field; little Jemmy sitting by the side of the hedge watching his sister. There was a school near; but as the little boy was not admitted, Dora could not go. It was a great grief to her, for she had learned to read, and had acquired from her father a thirst for knowledge. She had a few little books, but her only chance for reading was in some secret corner of the field, or behind the great rock near the river; for Biddy said "larned folk were lazy folk," and she'd have no reading in her cabin. Dora did not forget to be at the meeting place with Jemmy, when Uncle Mick came from Castle Clare, and the old man remembered his protegee, for his pockets were filled with nuts and apples for the little ones. This time Dora danced on the sand to the music of the fiddle, and the old fiddler declared he would give her lessons, and not take a ha'pworth for pay.

"And how do you get along with Aunt Biddy?" "Oh, pretty well," said Dora; "but I wish she would love Jemmy better."

"And did she make that ugly bruise on his face?"

"She kicked him out of the cabin, yesterday, because he was in her way; and he fell against the side of the house."

"Poor little gawls; but your mother will send for you to Ameriky, some day, and then ye'll have nice times."

"And how long will it be, Uncle Mick," said Dora.

"Oh, ye must have patience, three or four months—may be more; but it's a brave place to 'arn the gould, and yer mammy I'll ne'er forget ye." "And where's your cabin, Uncle Mick? Ye promised I might come and see you there."

"And ye shall, darlint, when Biddy will give you leave; but its many a weary mile from here; and Uncle Mick, like the beasts of the wood, only seeks his shelter in storm or cold. All the bright summer I wander about, sometimes sleeping with the fairies on the hill-side, sometimes with the ghosts and banshees in the old castles, and often on the hay in the barn. When winter comes, then I've got such a shelter for my old bones, as ye couldn't find out of swate Ireland, it ain't built by man. No, mavourneen, God himself made it for Mick, the fiddler, out of the solid rock."

"Oh, how I would like to see it," said the girl. "And ye shall, some day, darlint; but I must refresh my mind a little; and as I see ye have your knitting, (ye larned that from Peggy Moore; there are few so busy women as she,) ye may sit on the sand while I read."

He then took a book from his pocket, and commenced reading. At the first pause, Dora ventured to say—

"Why, Uncle Mick, I can't understand at all."

"I suppose not, mavourneen; but then it's grand old music, ain't it?" I call it organ music—like what we hear in the big cathedral yonder, at Limerick. I love to read it by the ocean, and here by the lake; it's Homer's Iliad, darlint. It's the language which our forefathers spoke; for didn't your father ever tell you, Dora, that they came from the land where they worshipped the sun and fire, and not paltry gods of wood and stone, like the ould hathen across the channel?"

"Yes, yes," said Dora, her eyes sparkling; "and didn't he speak about the great round high towers, and tell me that on the top they used to build holy fires. Don't ye know Uncle Mick we're come from the O'Neils?"

"Devil a bit ye need tell Mick Nogher of that. Don't I know yer whole ancestry? And do ye think it's every dirty scrawl in the road that I'd speak to. I knew the blood of the O'Neils was in ye when I saw ye here before."

"And will you tell me about them as father used to?" said Dora.

"Aw, child, I can discourse by the hour of the ancient O'Neils, and O'Connors, the O'Briens and McMurrighs. But Dora, mavourneen, it makes my heart sad to think of ould Ireland in her ancient glory, and poor Erin with the tyrant's foot on her neck now."

"But father said there were better times coming," said Dora.

"They won't come till my old bones are rotted in the ground. Dora, I see every day strong men seeking work and finding none, and growing faint and despairing for want of the bit and the sup. The pratee has begun to fall us, and if the crop fail another year, what will become of Ireland?"

"God is good," said Dora.

"Yes, but I sometimes think he has forgotten our land, now we have so few brave chieftains to fight our battles." Och, mavourneen, when John O'Neill tried Ulster, there wasn't a pratee in the land, but not a cabin but was supplied with food. Troth and shure wasn't it a proud day when he

went from his castle with three hundred men; not one less than six feet high, each strait as an arrow, and bold as a lion? I say wasn't it a proud day when they marched to London, with their noble leader, to see Queen Bess? And she who loved to look on a braw lad, gave them a bonny welcome."

"They stood before her with unbowed heads, but their long hair waved in flowing curls upon their shoulders, and over their orange-colored vests they wore coats of mail, while by their sides hung the old short swords, and in their hands flashed the broad battle-axe. Aw! the dawsy soldiers now fight with the cowardly powder, and it's been the ruin of ould Ireland. If we could fight out battles with the axe and shillelagh wouldn't we be for bating our enemies? But, Dora, machree, if the O'Neils had had their rights, ye wouldn't be lading yer pratee in Biddy Murphy's cabin, ye'd be lading of the ould castle, with 'silken hose and satin shoes,'—ye mind the ballad—on these little bare feet of yours that rest now in the white sand, like two little birdeens in a nest."

"But, Uncle Mick, I'd rather run about barefooted with you, when you visit the fairies, than sit down in a castle."

"Och, darlint, always speak in a whisper when you talk of the little folks; ye don't know much about the fairies, or ye wouldn't want to live with them. I'll sing ye a little snatch from a song that I keep for the quality folks. I larned it across the channel."

And the old fiddler flourish'd his bow and sang—

"And see you not that bonny road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfin land,
Where you and I this night maun go."

But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For if ye speak word in Elfin land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to yer ain countrie."

Oh, they rode on and farther on,
And they waded through rivers upon the knee,
And they saw neither the sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea."

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was no stern light,
And they waded through red blood to the knee,
For a blude that's shed on earth
Runs through the springs of that countrie."

Dora had dropped her knitting; her fair face was turned up to the old fiddler, her hair thrown back from her forehead, while her large blue eyes were brimfull of wonder and admiration. Little Jemmy had fallen asleep, his head pillowed on her lap, and his naked, chubby legs and feet resting in the warm sand.

"Is that all, Uncle Mick? Can't you sing more?" said Dora, eagerly.

"There's 'my jewil'!" said the old man, laying down his fiddle. "I knew ye'd tell the true gould—that's one of the real ancient songs, that stir even my ould blood. It's a lang song, and ye may larn it some day when I'm resting here," he added, while he took from his bag an old tattered book. "There, the likes of that can't be found in all Ireland, but I couldn't let it out of my sight."

Dora took it eagerly and was soon absorbed in the ballad of "Thomas the Rhymer." Uncle Mick, in the meantime, had lighted his pipe, by striking fire from two flints which he carried in his pocket, and leaning against the rock, was enjoying the bright sunshine and the view of the lake. Dora was so interested in her book that she heeded nothing else. The old man was replenishing his pipe, when his eye fell on little Jemmy. The child was sleeping, but very restless. Uncle Mick stopped his smoking, and laid his hand on the child's head. It was very hot; the cheeks were flushed, while his feet were cold. Now and then the little fellow would start as if frightened in his sleep.

"Dora," said the old man, "did Jemmy cry much when Biddy kicked him yesterday?"

Dora started, laid down her book.

"Did you ask about Jemmy, sir?"

"Yes, darlint. I guess his head aches from the bruise, yesterday."

"He said his head ached this morning, and he couldn't eat his pratee. I thought the air and warm sun would do him good."

"You must take him home, darlint," said the old man, "and put him to bed, and if he is no better tomorrow, send for the docther. I'm thinking, maybe he's taken the small-pox; it is about here. Have ye had it yerself?"

"Yes, sir; but mother was afraid about this for Jemmy. What shall I do, Uncle Mike?"

"There's no trouble, if ye send for the docther in season, and be sure, darlint, and not let him scratch his face; it's chibby and fat now, but if ye're careful it needn't be spoiled with the ugly disease. I'll help ye to take him home."

On the way he gave Dora sundry directions about taking care of her brother.

"I shan't be this way again for three weeks, and then I'll call to see you," he added kindly.

CHAPTER V.

TROUBLE IN THE CABIN.

Uncle Mike left the children at the cabin door, for Biddy Murphy's was one of the few places in all Ireland, where he was not welcomed.

"Och, auntie," said Dora, as she bore Jemmy in her arms to his bed, "there's trouble, I fear. Uncle Mike says maybe Jemmy is down with the small-pox."

"The small-pox!" screamed Biddy, "and if he's ailin' with that, it's not that good bed shall be laid under him," taking quickly as she spoke, the comfortable little bed which Peggy had left for her children.

"And what will I do?" said Dora. "See how sick he looks and how he moans."

"Get some straw. I'm no for throwing away things. Who knows when your mother will send the pay for the trouble of two more gawls in my way."

And she went out to the field without so much as one kind look or word to the sick child.

"Shop a minute, auntie, and maybe ye'll send for the docther, and hell cure Jemmy on the quick."

"Send for the docther! And who is to pay, Dora Moore? Never a docther crased my door, and I'll not begin now. This comes of the high notions ye larned from Martin Moore, yer father."

And again she turned to the field. Dora did not call her back, but laying her little brother upon the floor, she prepared some straw for the bedstead, and soon made him as comfortable as the place allowed. He grew rapidly worse, and all night Dora watched beside him, recalling the old fiddler's directions, and following them as far as she was able. Once during the night the poor little fellow had a convulsion, and Dora thought him dying.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, "Jemmy is going!"

Dennis Murphy was aroused from his sleep and came to Dora's assistance. It was soon over, and the child lay back exhausted, crying in a feeble voice.

"Mammy, take little Jemmy! Mammy, take Jemmy!"

"Dodo's here—Dodo's here," said the sister, and she bent her head over him, while he raised his hand, stroked her cheek, and was comforted.

BY EDWARD CLARE RICHIE.

THE GREAT ROMAN EMPEROR HADRIAN.

"The eye—and the sun-god links to rest
Thro' the glowing gates of the distant West,
In his regal robes of many a fold
Of purple and crimson, gleam with gold.
He seems to linger yet he goes,
And over the scene fresh radiance throws;
The lake and forest are beaming bright,
Beneath the last rays of his golden light.
He is gone—and the sombre twilight grey
Enfolds all the realm of the god of day.
But the night-queen comes with her starry train,
And the lake and forest grow bright again;
The trees, and the water, and rocky height
Are glowing beneath her soft silver light.
While low from the forest, clear, sweet and shrill,
Bonds the plaintive notes of the night-pool will,
Like a soft the bat fits noiseless by,
The thrills that wanton upon the lake
In scattered fragments of silver break,
And deep in its image expanded far,
Sleeps the mirror's bloom of many a star.
Deep shadows lie darkly about the shore,
When the trees hang thickly the wavelets o'er;
There the fire-gleams o'er the waters dark,
Like the tiny light in some fairy's bark,
And shies and the fern and feathery brake,
That fringe the banks of the peaceful lake.
Oh! how he looks like the moon to glide,
In my light canoe o'er the sparkling tide,
While the circles shine round my dripping oar,
And spread till they break on the distant shore.
When the peaceful beauty that lingers there,
From my soul doth banish all earthly care,
And my spirit charmed with that witching spell,
Mid scenes like these would forever dwell."

HADRIAN.

The great Roman Emperor Hadrian was a generous patron of the arts and sciences, in all of which he was himself a proficient, and which flourished during his reign. He delighted in the society of learned men, and admitted also to his intimacy the first artists of the age; and, at his table intellectual enjoyment took the place of the gross and sensual indulgence for which so many of his predecessors had been notorious. His biographers have thought it worth while to record the only dish for which he showed a preference—a pheasant pie. In general, he did not drink any wine at dinner, but he was no cynic, and promoted cheerful conversation.

But Hadrian's bane was his ambition for passing as a universal genius: his desire of being pre-eminent in every branch of knowledge, and every accomplishment. He encouraged learning, and promoted merit; he was fond of engaging men of talent in argument, of contending with them in composition on poetical or scientific subjects, and of propounding questions; as, for example, in the college of Alexandria, and on other more private occasions; and he delighted in solving those proposed to him. He was unwilling to retain professors in situations for which they had not sufficient capacity; yet he was peevishly impatient of the reputation even of those whom he had himself brought forward, if it came in competition with his own. Amongst several whom Spartian mentions as having felt the effects of his displeasure, was Favorinus, whom he had particularly distinguished; a Gaul by birth, but, by his own account, a Greek in requirements, and one of the first philosophers and orators of his time. How he fell into disgrace we are not informed, unless it was on account of his reputation for astrology, a science to which Hadrian was partial. The author first quoted has preserved an anecdote of him, which shows that he was something of a courtier. To some of his friends, who upbraided him with yielding to the emperor in argument, when he had the best of it, he replied, "You deceive yourselves, my friends. Would you not have me believe in the superior learning of a man who is backed by thirty legions?"

This Favorinus had sufficient address to escape punishment also; he had refused to discharge some public trust at Arles, his native place, and the matter was carried before Hadrian, who was little disposed to acknowledge his exemption. Favorinus came into court, and protesting that his master, Dion Chrysostom, had appeared to him in a dream, and commanded him to serve his country like a good citizen, withdrew his suit and promised to obey. The emperor was much displeased, but was obliged to pardon him. When the Athenians, threw down his brazen statue, which had been erected in their city, he exclaimed with great unconcern, "Socrates would have been glad to get off as cheaply." Dionysius of Miletum was less discreet. Hadrian had made him a Roman knight, given him the government of a province, and procured his admission into the Academy of Alexandria; but having afterwards patronised his rival, Heliodorus, and made him his principal secretary, Dionysius could not conceal his pique and mortification, and observed to him, "Caesar may bestow honors and favors upon you, but he can never make you an orator;" a remark which Hadrian did not forgive. This unfortunate jealousy, so unworthy of a great mind, made Hadrian act inconsistently, and tarnished the glory which his magnanimity otherwise would have deserved. He forgot, as emperor, the injuries he had received as a private man; he gave no ear to the accusations of treason which had been pardoned by Trajanus; but the same prince, who on his accession to absolute dominion, had generously met his bitterest enemy with a reassuring salutation, was not proof against the taunt of a rival in knowledge.

Apollodorus, the celebrated architect, who had planned most of the public buildings of Trajanus, was conversing with that prince on architectural subjects, when Hadrian joined in the conversation, and made some not very sapient observation. "Go and paint thy gourds, for thou truly art ignorant of these matters," cried the petulant architect. Hadrian was at that time in the habit of amusing himself with this style of painting. When, afterwards, he had the power in his own hands, he passed sentence of banishment on the unsuspecting Apollodorus for some trifling offence; and still bearing in mind the contempt he had shown for his skill in architecture, and desirous to prove to him that a beautiful edifice could be raised without his assistance, he sent to him, in his exile, a plan of the Temple of Venus and of Rome, which he had built himself. It was a noble building, and was one of the objects which attracted the admiration of the Emperor Constantine, when he came to Rome; but it had great faults. Hadrian desired Apollodorus' opinion, and the architect, not intimidated by disgrace, gave it sincerely. He wrote word to his imperial rival, that he should have made his temple loftier and larger, that it might have been a more conspicuous object from the Via Sacra, which it overlooked, and have served as a receptacle for machinery, which, secretly concealed there, might have been suddenly introduced with great effect into the adjacent amphitheatre. The emperor, who, were in a sitting posture, and were too large in proportion to the temple; "for," added he, "if the goddesses should rise and wish to take the air, they could not get out." Hadrian could not forgive the boldness of a rival architect, who had opened his eyes, and those of the world, to a mistake which it was too late to correct; and Apollodorus paid for his triumph with his life. This temple, of which part of the vault remains, had stood amid the wreck of the ancient city, as a monument of Hadrian's weakness; it was crowned an eminence by the side of the Via Sacra, close to the Coliseum; and every Roman, drawing his pointing it out to the stranger, as the work of a royal architect, relates the tale of his fall.

SOUL WHASPERINGS.

BY CLARE RICHIE.

"I wonder where God is!" said a little child, as he stood gazing up into the heavens; and the moon looked down and smiled, radiantly upon him, and the twinkling stars mingled their lesser light with hers; but the child sobbed, that he could see naught else, besides!

"I wonder where God is!" said a fair girl, as she sat in her bridal robes, waiting for him, to whom her young heart was pledged; and she shuddered, as she thought of the soul he had given, and which she was bartering for gold!

"I wonder where God is!" said a young man, as he came out from a dark den of vice and iniquity, for the memories of other days came crowding around him—of a time, when he learned to say "Our Father who art in Heaven," at a mother's knee. Leave me thus! For, out of evil, good may come!

"I wonder where God is!" sighed a weary, heart-broken man, as she kissed the cold brow of her last loved one, and struggled back to her dismal home, with soul, all crushed and bleeding!

"I wonder where God is!" said a weary prisoner, as he sat in his gloomy cell, waiting for the dread morrow, which should be the last to him, on earth! "I wonder where God is!" and he bowed his head, and wept!

"I wonder where God is!" moaned a dying man with locks hoary and white with age. The "unbidden Guest" had come, and claimed a thought for Him, who, with a Father's care, had watched over all his children alike!

"I wonder where God is!" I said, as I thought of the sunny days of the past, and of the cloud which had suddenly overshadowed it! "I wonder where God is!" In the whisperings of the nodding leaves, in the forest-wood; in the running of the little brook; in the billowy swell of the mighty ocean—in our souls!

And the whistling wind murmured "with me!" And the lilacs, green and fresh-budding, swayed gently to and fro, against my window, sighing "with me!" And the soft Spring-rain, came, down, patter, patter, against the window-sill, but the burden of its song was still, "with me."

Yet nightier in its tone than aught else, was my soul, which rose up within me, with a deep long yearning for Heaven, repeating the voice of nature, "God is with me—with me." God everywhere!

FREEMASONRY.

The history of freemasonry in Great Britain is said to have commenced about the year 287, when Dioclesian and Maximilian, joint emperors, sent their admiral, Carausius, against the Saxon pirates, who, on account of the peace with the Picts, had gained a formidable victory, wherefore he was made Emperor of the British Isle, and being a lover of the arts, appointed Albanus master mason, who built the palace of St. Alban, and fortified the town of that name. St. Alban was not only the first master mason in Great Britain, but he was the first man who suffered martyrdom, being beheaded in a general persecution of the early Christians. In 303, the Empress Helena girl the city of London with a stone wall, and after this period masonry began to be encouraged; but in 684, a horrid period was put to the progress of architecture, by Hengist, King of Kent, who, in his bloody congress, murdered 300 British nobles, many of them great artists, and encouragers of masonry.

Pope Gregory I. who was a great encourager of the art, sent Augustin and a colony of monks into Britain, who converted Ethelbert, King of Kent, and, in return, was made first Bishop of Canterbury, the Cathedral of which was first built in 600; in 602, the Cathedral of Rochester; in 604, the Cathedral of London; and, in 605, the Cathedral of Westminster; four cathedrals in the short period of five years! The clergy at this time made architecture their study, and the mason lodges, or assemblies, were usually held in the monasteries. In 680, Bennet, Abbot of Wirral, first introduced stone and brick; formerly, wood was the chief material. Many of our ancient worthies filled the masonic rank in succession. In 857, St. Swithin was grand master; in 937, St. Dunstan filled that office. Several of the Bishops of Exeter, the famous William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester; Beauchamp of Salisbury; Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury; Walsfleet, Bishop of Winchester; Cardinal Wolsey, and many other dignitaries, were all master masons.

CONTENTMENT.

Napoleon, when at the height of his power, happened to be at Amiens, and as he was crossing the public square to leave the city, amidst the acclamations of all the inhabitants, who had run in crowds and almost blocked up his passage, he cast his eyes over the immense multitude, and discovered, in one corner of the square, a stone cutter whose attention had not been on moment drawn from his labor by all the splendor of the spectacle. The singular indifference of this man excited the curiosity of the Emperor; he desired to know something of him, and spurred his horse onward, and stopped directly in front of the man.

"What are you doing there?" asked the Emperor, with the pleasant tones which distinguished him on such occasions.

SPRING.

From the frosts of Winter waking
With a burst of gloe,
Spring the rainbow-tinted flowers,
In the wild-wood free.

With a loving message freighted,
Early violets glow,
With a smile of recognition
Nature's sunny face.

Fragrant lilac clusters bending
O'er the hopped-clad earth,
Delicately tinted blossoms
Springing into birth.

Neath the life bestowing sunshine,
Deeper red than rose,
Shed their petals in glory;
Thrilling strains arise.

From the cool and leafy bowers,
Held from mortal eye,
Nestling 'mid the unseen flowers
Melodies that vie.

With earth's loveliest things of triumph,
With the adoring hymn,
That the soul of faith and poeth
In the twilight dim.

See the sunshine kiss the wavelets,
Joyous they respond,
Unto that maternal greeting
With a whisper fond.

Onward leap with childish gladness
Murmuring music sweet,
That like messages from Eden,
Could our bosoms greet.

If we listened to the breathings
Of the wind that sighs,
Bought the beautiful and holy
On the spring decked ground.

Human heart! the flowers are blooming
And the skies are bright;
And the newborn buds of feeling
Blossom in the light.

Of a true heart's sunny shelter
Where love's altar glows;
Guarded by a host of angels
From intruding foes.

Spring is there, with wealth abundant
Would its glory spill
Deep enshrined within all bosoms
Ever with us dwell.

LUCY;

OR, THE

BLOSSOM IN THE WILDERNESS.

Do you ever form an estimate of the character of people from the physiognomy of their houses, reader? I do. And so when the stage swept round the corner, I looked out eagerly, for, as the driver had told me, a little way up the road stood the house of Philander White. His wife was my mother's own cousin, and I was just thirteen years old when I went there to make my first visit. There had been some quarrel between the families many years anterior to my visit; and though my mother and Mrs. White had never participated in this, the feud of their ancestors had doubtless evolved something of coldness between them.

But to cut short a long introduction. I had been an invalid all the previous winter.

When the soft April days came, to which my mother looked forward so eagerly, they brought no bloom to my cheek, no vigor to my step. My constitution seemed to have lost all its elastic power, and the doctor said—"Send her into the country, Mrs. May. If that doesn't help her, she is lost to you."

Just before this, Mrs. White had heard, through a mutual friend, of my illness, and the very day the blunt physician gave his opinion, brought a letter to my mother.

"For the sake of our old love, Jane," it said, "let all that may have come between you and me, at an earlier time, be forgotten. The grass is springing green on the hills of Meadowbrook, and now—in this late May—is the time for Jennie to come to us. There is a prophecy of health for her in the soft wind that is lifting the edges of my paper as I write. We know she is your all, and we will be very tender of your darling. Will you not trust her with us for a single summer?"

And before another week had passed, my trunk was packed and addressed: "Philander White, Esq., Meadowbrook."

I looked out of the stage as I said, and there I saw the pleasant white house, with its green window blinds, between the shrubbery in front and the garden behind. My heart was gladdened in a moment when I saw the gentle voiced woman and the fair, dark haired girl, who rushed out on the broad, front steps, and, kissing my cheeks, said "Cousin Jennie, you are very welcome."

But it is not to tell you of that summer, though I look across the long years to its green picture in the Mayland of my memory, that I have taken up my pen.

Suffice it to say, that the mountain breezes of Meadowbrook did their work well; and when, in the early Autumn, my mother came for her child, she could hardly identify as her own, the rosy cheeked girl that rushed in, with her curls dangling about her face, and putting up her rosy lips for a kiss.

I think it must have been nearly two months after my domestication at Aunt Myra's—for so I called my mother's cousin—before Uncle Charles Brace her husband's brother, visited us. He was a minister, and Cora and I anticipated the gentleman's advent, with anything but pleasurable emotions.

Our preconceived notions of the gentleman's elongated visage and solemn puritanical manner, which we regarded as necessary concomitants of the profession, soon vanished before the beautiful kindness of his smile, and the winning gentleness of his manner. He was Uncle Phil's youngest brother, not more than twenty eight at that time; and religion had deepened and harmonized his fine poetic temperament without checking the outflow of that undercurrent of humour which sparkled through his character. "Uncle Charlie" was soon our companion in our rides and rambles, and our confidant in all our girlish plans.

"You don't really mean so, Uncle Charlie?" and Cora's bright face was lifted from the roses and geraniums we were weaving in to a bouquet for the parlor mantel. "You don't really think what you just said, that in every heart there is some fountain, some blossom in the human wilderness of every soul?"

He put down his paper, and came toward us. "I haven't a doubt of it, my little girl. The story I was just reading of the hardened old man who tried because the child gave him a 'bunch of marigolds,' corroborates my remark. The light that is in us cannot quite become darkness; the heart that might bring forth a fruit, a hundredfold for the harvest of heaven, will never yet become such a desert but some good seed might take root therein."

"I don't believe it would, though, in Farmer Keep. You don't know him as well as I do, Uncle Charlie. He's one of the richest men in all Meadowbrook, worth thousands and thousands. He's an old bachelor, you know, and lives in that great red house on the road to Woodbury—you remember? Well, he never goes to church; he never gives a penny to the poor; he never loved a human being, or did a kind thing in all his life. Now, don't you think Farmer Keep—why, Grandma Deane, how do you do?"

The old lady, whose entrance put this sudden period to my cousin's earnest peroration, came lowly toward the arm-chair Cora drew out for her. She was the oldest person in the village. The hair under her cap, white as hillside snow, imprisoned the sunshine of four score and ten summers. But she still retained much of the physical and mental stamina which, owing to her active temperament, had made her a vigorous woman for many years.

"What's that you're saying, child, about Farmer Keep?" said the old lady, with a pleasant smile, as she pinned her knitting-needle to her waist.

"Why, I was telling Uncle Charlie what a cold, hard kind of a man he is. You've always known him, Grandma Deane. Now, did he ever do a good thing, or ever love anybody in his life?"

"Yes; he loved once a young girl, I remember."

"Farmer Keep loved a girl, once?" repeated Cora, with a half contemptuous, and wholly sceptical curl of her berry red lip. "She has forgotten," she added, in an under tone, to her uncle and me. Grandma Deane was slightly deaf.

"No, I haven't forgotten either," placing her hand on Cora's hair. "I have held Lucy Reid on my lap too often, and rocked her cradle—poor, little motherless thing! too many times to forget."

Cora's look of incredulity had given way to one of curiosity. "Grandma Deane, won't you tell us all about it? Jennie and I will sit down on this big stool, and I know by that look in Uncle Charlie's eyes he wants to hear too. Come, Jennie, let the flowers go!" and my vivacious cousin established herself on the stool at the old lady's feet.

Grandma Deane slipped the yarn round her little finger, and commenced—

"Let me see, it can't be more than forty-three years, this summer, since Justin Keep came up to Farmer Reid's to let himself out as a hired boy for the harvest."

"Farmer Reid's house stood a little on this side of Stony Creek. There's nothing left of it now except the chimney, that looks out, gray and cold, from the green grass all about it; but, fifty years ago, it was a fine old place, with the lilacs in front, and the hop vines running all round the back. Lucy was hardly three weeks old when she lost her mother. Her father never married again, and the child grew up there in the old home, as fair and sweet as the flowers about it."

"She was just turned fifteen when Justin came there that summer. He was a shy, strange, awkward sort of a lad, and the neighbors all said, 'Farmer Reid would never get the salt for his porridge out of him.'"

"He had been bound till he was eighteen, to some man a long way off, and he had not a relation in the world that he knew of, nor a suit of decent clothes, when he came to Farmer Reid's."

"But for all this, Justin proved himself a sharp boy; and the farmer, who somehow was never very fond of the 'plough—I always thought his wife's sudden death hurt him—found that Justin was a real prize."

"At first he was gloomy and silent, doing his work, and taking little notice of anybody; but he could not stand it long before Lucy. I would like to have seen the heart which that girl's smile would not have thawed."

"She was just like a bird around the old place, singing from morning till night; and her blue eyes, that were like her mother's, seemed always sparkling with one laugh, while her red lips were with another. I never wondered why her father doated on her as he did; and, of course, Justin was not long in the house before she tried to make friends with him."

"Poor fellow! it must have seemed very strange at first; for I don't think anybody had ever given him a kind word till he came to Meadowbrook."

"But he made ladders for her flower-vines to run up, and got shells for the borders, and propped up the dahlias, and did a thousand other things, which took them out into the garden after supper, and made them the best of friends."

"Lucy had a playful, childish way about her, that made her seem much younger than she was. Then she was small of her age: so, at fifteen, she didn't seem a day older than you, Cora."

"Well, she rode on the top of Justin's hay-cart, and helped him to husk the corn in the barn, and pretty soon the neighbors noticed a great change in Justin."

"He got a new suit of clothes, and his face lost its old dark look; and after harvest, Farmer Reid made him an offer to stay all winter."

"So Justin stayed, and, taking Lucy's advice, went to the district school; and, though he had no education before, he surpassed many an old scholar that winter."

"Well, Justin stayed with the farmer four years. Then he had a good offer in Hampshire, and he agreed to accept it for the winter only."

"Lucy Reid was grown into a young woman by this time, and a handsomer one these dim eyes never looked on."

"I don't know how it happened, for Lucy might have had her choice of the young men for miles around, but somehow she took to Justin, and, when he went away, they were engaged to be married in a year from that time."

"Why, Grandma Deane, you are not going to stop now?" cried Cora in alarm, for the old lady had laid down her knitting.

"No, my child, and she removed her spectacles and wiped her eyes. "But the rest is a sad story, and I must hurry over it."

"I don't know exactly how it happened, but, that winter, Lucy's father got into a terrible lawsuit with Squire Wheeler. There was some flaw in the title, and people said it was plain that the old man must let the farm go."

"They said, too, that he would never survive it; and better, perhaps, would it have been if he never had, than have kept it as he did. But, one day, Squire Wheeler, to all the neighborhood's astonishment, rode over to the farm."

"What he did there was never exactly known, but in a little while it was rumored that the lawsuit was withdrawn, and, that, in spring, Lucy Reid was to be married to Stillman Wheeler. And so it was. One bright March day she went into the old church yonder, and was married."

"He was a good looking man, but not over smart; the neighbors whispered, and I always thought it was his money more than anything else that did the business."

"But Justin, Grandma Deane—what became of him?"

"There was a dark look about the whole matter. Lucy was made the victim of some terrible falsehood. I never blamed her father, for the thought of losing the old farm seemed completely to shatter him."

"I only know that Squire Wheeler and his son were at the bottom of it, and that Lucy Reid went to the altar believing that Justin Keep had been false to her."

"Dear me! How dreadful! Did he ever come back?"

"Yes, the next May. Lucy had been a wife two months. Justin had not heard of her marriage. She was at home, visiting her father. When he met him at the door, she fell down in a fainting fit."

And streaming eyes, the young wife kneeled to the only man she had ever loved, and pleaded for the life of her husband, that he promised for her sake to spare him."

"But from the day of Justin's visit, Lucy Wheeler was a changed woman. All the light and gladness of her being seemed dead in her, and she moved about the house pale and quiet with a look of patient suffering in her once sunny eyes, that made my heart ache to behold."

"And her husband! Did she ever tell him what she had learned?"

"I think not. His father and Lucy's father died in less than two years after the marriage. The Squire was much less wealthy than people supposed. The next spring, Lucy and her husband removed to another place, and, somehow, people lost sight of them."

"And Justin?"

"You know the rest, my child. He became a moody, unhappy man, asking no sympathy and giving none. But he was always smart at a bargain, and in a few years he had laid up enough to buy William Platt's farm, when his son moved to the north."

"Ever since he has added acres to his lands, and hundreds to his money; but, for all that, he's a man soured toward all his race—a man who was never known to give a little child a smile, or a beggar a crust of bread. I have sometimes thought his heart was like a great desert, without a tree to shade or a stream to gladden it. And yet it bore a bright blossom once; and believe me, for I have seen and known much of the ways of man, it is so always. The heart may be a great wilderness, but in some of its byways there has grown a flower."

Cora and I looked at each other and at Uncle Charlie. Just then Aunt Myra came in. She had been out, and had not heard of Grandma Deane's visit.

But Cora stole up to her uncle, and, winding her arms about his neck, whispered, "I shall believe it always, Uncle Charlie, now I have heard that story about Farmer Keep, that there is a blossom in the wilderness of every heart."

It was a sultry August day in the summer which I passed at Meadowbrook. The wind, low and soothing as the hush of a mother's voice at night-fall, crept up through the corn, and among the rye and wheat field that lay broad and green about the dwelling of Farmer Keep. There was no poem of flowers written about the front yard; no graceful, harmonizing touches of creeping vine or waving curtains about the old red house; and yet it had a quiet, substantial, matter of fact physiognomy, that somehow made a home feeling about your heart.

I think it must have been this unconscious feeling which deduced the course of the girl, who stood at the point where the two roads diverged, and gazed wistfully about her that afternoon.

She seemed very tired, and her coarse straw bonnet and lilac dress were covered with dust. If you had looked in her face, you would not have forgotten it. It could not have seen more than fifteen summers. It was very pale, and its sweet, sad beauty made you think of nothing but forest flowers, drenched with summer rains. Her eyes were of that deep, moist blue, that rolls out from under the ebb of April clouds, and her lips, ripe and full as meadow strawberries, had that touching sorrowfulness about them which tells you always that the heart beneath is full of tears.

The girl's clasped tightly a little boy's by her side. The resemblance between them would have told you once they were brother and sister, but his life could not have been more than a third of hers. The little fellow's large eyes were full of tears, and the bright curls that crept out from under his hat were damp with moisture. He was hungry, and tired, and motherless. What sadder story can one tell of a little child!

"There, Bevy, cheer up. We'll go to that old red house there, and see what we can do. Don't it look nice, with the great trees in front?" said the girl, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness, as she quickened her steps.

"Yes! But am I tired, Lucy. If I only had a big piece of bread and butter!"

"Well, dear, I'll try and get you some there. It don't seem like begging to ask for it in the country."

A few moments later she opened the broad back gate, and went up to the kitchen door. Farmer Keep's housekeeper—an old woman, with a yellow whitecap, and check apron tied over her linslee woolseyirt—answered her knock.

"Do you want a servant, or do you know of anybody rounder that does?" timidly asked the girl.

The old lady peered at her with her dim eyes. "No," she said. "There are but four of us—Farmer Keep and the two hired men, and me. It's harvest to just now, though, and I think you'll find enjoyment in the village."

"Thank you, Benny here, my little brother is very tired, for I've been walking since ten o'clock. Can you let us come in and rest awhile?"

"Sartinly, y' can."

The sight of the little child touched the heart of the old man, and they went into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, and sat down in the rush-bottomed chair while, with a glowing cheek, the girl cast about her mind for the best manner in which to present her petition for food.

Before she had decided, the master of the house suddenly entered the kitchen, for it was nearly dinner time. He was a large, muscular, broad-chested, sunburnt man with a third, gloomy expression on the face, where sixty years were beginning to write their history. He stood still with surprise, gazing on the new occupants of the kitchen; and the boy drew close to his sister, and the girl threw a timid, frightened glance into the gloomy face.

"You don't know of anybody round here that wants a serv, do ye, farmer?" asked the old woman. "He's a girl wants a place; and as she's walked long way, I told her she might come in and rest a bit, before she went to the village to try her luck."

"No," short answered the farmer. "Dinner ready?" and a rich man turned away, without one gentle word or kindly look at the homeless children whom he had brought to his door.

"Lucy, Luc don't stay here, I'm afraid!" and the little boy's curls quivered as he turned his face from the farmer's.

"Lucy! Lucy! How those little trembling tones went do into the man's hard heart! How the dead day of his youth burst out of their graves, and ried through his memory at that low, broken, wail!"

He turned and looked at the girl, not sourly, as before, but in a kind of eager, questioning interest.

"What is y' name?"

"Lucy Wheeler, sir."

"He staggered back and caught hold of the nearest chair."

"And what's your mother's?"

"Lucy Reid. She used to live in Meadowbrook, and some here to get work, for she told me to do so b're she died."

"At that moment the angels looked down, and saw the seed it had laid for two score years in the heart of sin Keep spring up, and the flower blossomed in the wilderness."

face to the light. He could not be mistaken. It was the one framed and hung up in the darkened room of his soul. The blue eye of his Lucy looked once more in his own. At that moment the little boy pushed up between them, and gazed wistfully into the man's face. Farmer Keep sat down and took the child on his knee. He tried to speak, but instead of words, great sobs came and heaved his strong chest. The trio in the kitchen gazed on him in mute astonishment.

"Lucy's children! Lucy's children!" he murmured, at last, in a voice whose tenderness was like that of a mother. "God has sent you to me. For her sake, this shall be your home. For her sake, I will be a father to you."

Five years afterwards Cora wrote to me: "We are having fine times now. Dear cousin Jennie, and mamma, want to know if you do not need to renew your rosy cheeks among the dews of Meadowbrook. Uncle Charlie is with us this summer, and as you were here also, my happiness would be complete."

"Lucy Wheeler—you remember her—has the place in my heart next to yours. Her disposition is as lovely as her face, and that is saying a great deal, for its rare, sweet beauty does one good to behold it. Farmer Keep seems to worship her and Benny. He has changed man now, and goes to church regular as the Sabbath. He has spared no pains or expense in Lucy's education, and she will be a most accomplished woman. She is here very often, and I have my suspicions that Uncle Charlie—'importe'; I will not trust this to pen and paper."

"But, oh, Jennie, what a lesson has all this taught me! How it has deepened my faith in God and in humanity!"

"Now, when my heart yearns over the wretched, the sinning, the outcast, I remember always there is a flower in the wilderness."

For the Banner of Light.

THE LIGHT OF THREE.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

I'll think of thee, when bright Aurora's warning,
Betokens glad the near approach of day.
When memory and consciousness are dawning
And dreams of night are blent with gleams of morning,
Brother, I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee when happy birds are singing,
Filling the air, with their glad melody;—
When thankful human hearts are heaven-ward springing,
And praises to their God and ours, are bringing,
Brother, I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee, at morning, noon, or evening,
In sickness or in health, while'er I may be;—
If waking choirs, at light, their notes are pealing,
Or dusky hues of night, the day is stealing,
The pleasant twilight shades to us revealing,—
Brother, wilt think of me?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DOWN ON THE SHORE.

Down on the shore—on the sunny shore!
Where the salt small children play;
Where the tide me bright under boundless light,
And the surge of the gleaming strand;
Where the children wade in the shallow pools,
Or run from the froth in play;
Where the swift little boats, with milk-white wings
Are crossing the sparkling bay,
And the ship in full sail, with a fortunate gale,
Holds proudly on her way.
Where the nets are spread on the grass to dry
And asleep, hard by, the fishermen lie,
Under the tent of the warm blue sky,
With the shining waves on its golden floor
To sing their lullaby.

Down on the shore—on the stormy shore!
Beset by a growling sea,
Where mad waves leap on the rocky steep,
Like wolves upon a traveler's tree,
Where the foam flies wide, and an angry blast
Blows the curling off with a screech;
Where the brown seawrack, torn up by the roots,
Is flung out of fishes' reach;
Where the tall ship lies on the hidden shoals,
And the sea is full of the marks of the beach;
Where sails and straw through the village spin,
And a cottage fronts the fiercest din,
With a sailor's wife sitting sad within,
Harkening the wind and the water's roar,
Till at last her tears begin.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

Shakespeare has conferred eternal and world-wide celebrity on the insignificant town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Pilgrims from every land have visited in the spirit of the profoundest reverence, the scenes of the great bard's boyhood, the spot where he first drew breath, and from which his immortal spirit took its heavenward flight. It is therefore not in the least wonderful that the English people should have endeavored to preserve, as nearly as possible in its original state and appearance, the house in which the most illustrious Englishman that ever lived was born. It would indeed have been both wonderful and disgraceful if the nation had been indifferent or careless on this point.

The following description of Shakespeare's house was written by the late Hugh Miller of Edinburgh whose recent tragical death, cast a gloom over the civilized world. He visited England for the first time in 1845, and prominent among his desires was to see the place where Shakespeare lived. He says—

"A scattered suburb introduces us to a rather common-place-looking street, of homely brick houses, that seem as if they had all been reared within the last half century; all, at least, save one, a rude, unsightly specimen of the oak-framed domicile of the days of Elizabeth and James. Its walls are encrusted with staring whitewash, its beams carelessly daubed over with lamp-black; a deserted butcher's shop, of the fifth-rate class, with the hooks still sticking in the walls, and the sill-board still spread out, as if to exhibit the points, occupies the ground floor; the one upper story contains a single rickety casement, with a forlorn flower-pot on the sill; and directly in front of the building there is what seems a rather clumsy sign-board, hung between two poles, that bears on its weather-beaten surface a double line of white faded letters on a ground of black. We read the inscription, and this humblest of dwellings,—humble, and rather vulgar to boot,—rises in interest over the palaces of kings."

"The immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." I shall first go and see the little corner, his birth-place, I said, and then the little corner his burial-place: they are scarce half-a-mile apart; nor, after the lapse of more than two centuries, does the intervening modicum of time between the two events, his birth and his burial, bulk much larger than the modicum of space that separates the respective scenes of them; but how marvellously is the world filled with cogitations which employed that one brain in that brief period! Could it have been some four pounds weight of convoluted matter, divided into two hemispheres, that, after originating these buoyant immaterialities, projected them upon the broad current of time, and bade them sail onwards and downwards forever? I cannot believe it: the sparks of a sky-rocket survive the rocket itself but a very few seconds. I cannot believe that these thoughts of Shakespeare, that wander through eternity, are the mere sparks of an exploded rocket,—the mere scintillations of a little galvanic battery, made of brand alumen, like that of the torpedo, and whose ashes would now lie in the corner of a snuff box.

"I passed through the butcher's shop, to a little gloomy kitchen behind, and then under charge of

the guide, up a dark, narrow stair, to the low-browed room in which the poet was born. The floor of old oak, much worn in the seams, has apparently undergone no change since little Bill, be-frocked and be-booted in woolen, prepared from the rough material by the wool-comber, his father, coasted it along the walls in bold adventure, holding on, as he went, by tables and chairs. The ceiling, too, though unluckily covered up by modern lath and plaster, is in all probability that which stretched over the boy. A man, rather above the middle size, may stand erect under its central beam, with his hat on, but with certainly no room to spare; and it seems more than probable that, had the old ceiling been changed for another, the new one would have been heightened. But the walls have been sadly altered. The one window of the place is no longer that through which Shakespeare first saw the light; nor is the fireplace that at which he stealthily lighted little bits of stick, and twirled them in the air, to see the fiery points converted into fiery circles.

There are a few old portraits, and old bits of furniture of somewhat doubtful lineage, stuck round the room; and on the top of an antique cabinet, a good plaster cast of the monumental bust in the church, in which, from its greater accessibility, one can better study than in the original, the external signs affixed by nature, to her mind of largest calibre. Every part of the walls and ceiling is inscribed with names. I might add mine, if I chose, to the rest, the woman told me; but I did not choose it. Milton and Dryden would have added theirs; he, the sublimest of poets, who, ere criticism had taken the altitude of the great writer, whom he so fervently loved and admired, could address him in the fondness of youthful enthusiasm, as 'My Shakespeare'; and he, the sympathetic critic, who first dared to determine that, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, Shakespeare had the largest and most comprehensive soul!

"Messrs. Wiggins and Tins, too, would have added their names; and all right. They might not exactly see for themselves what it was rendered Shakespeare so famous; but their admiration, entertained on trust, would be at least a legitimate echo of his renown; and so their names would have quite a right to be there, as representatives of the outward halo—the second rainbow, if I may so express myself—of the poet's celebrity. But I was ashamed to add mine. I remembered that I was a writer; that it was my business to write—to cast, day after day, shavings off my mind—the figure is Cowper's—that went rolling away, crisp and dry, among the vast heap already on the floor, and were never more heard of; and so I didn't add my name. The woman pointed to the album, or rather set of albums, which form a record of the visitors, and said her mother could have turned up for me a great many names that strangers liked to look at; but the old woman was confined to her bed, and she, considerably less at home in the place, could show me only a few."

THE PASSIONS.

The passions are in morals what motion is in physics; they create, preserve, and animate; and without them all would be silence and death. Avarice guides men across the deserts of the ocean; pride covers the earth with trophies, and mausoleums, and pyramids; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundation of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together—all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions, shaking his frame, dissipate all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rend in pieces that colored veil with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Aeneas saw the gods themselves at work, so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!

WESTWARD HO!

Some thousands of years ago a celebrated Chinese philosopher, (Confucius,) pointing to the West, prophesied that from thence should come the hope and regeneration of the world. The idea, it may be, gave birth to Bishop Berkeley's celebrated line:

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way."

Certain it is, whether it be to Christianity, or to the progress of art, science, and commerce, that we look for the march of civilization, the West has steadily expanded into a broader and brighter field of human development and triumph, while the East, which was erst the "Garden of God," and the paradise of man, has as steadily receded into darkness and inanity. Slowly and surely, from as far back as we can trace history, the great empire of the world has been tending westward. It has crossed the last ocean, discovered the furthestmost hemisphere, and soon, pushing itself against the shores of the Pacific, will pause and rise to a power, intelligence, and splendor, in all that is ennobling and happy to man, such as the world of the past has never known. The day-star of nations and of the race is no longer in the East. Brighter than the sun, the adoring Magi worship, the West reveals its light, which is ere long to react and illumine the earth.

GROW BEAUTIFUL.—Age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crow-feet and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and grey hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping feet, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through these faded windows, as beautiful as the dew-drops of a summer's morning, as melting as the tear that glistens in affection's eye, by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind; by cherishing forbearance toward the foibles and follies of our race, and feeding day by day on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels.

He that flings the colorings of a peevish temper on things around him, will overlay with it the most blessed sunshine that ever fell on terrestrial objects, and make them reflect the hues of his own heart; whereas he whose soul flings out of itself the sunshine of a benevolent disposition, will make it gild the darkest places with a heavenly light.

HAPPY the man who beholds displayed in nature's beautified fields the loving kindness of a benefic

Banner of Light.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

R. G. B., Burlington. In another column you will find your queries answered under the head of "Our Messenger Department."

SPECULATION IN FOOD.

Already the vampire speculators in the necessities of life are about their work. You can trace their withering path by the ominous hints of their organs, the rich commercial papers in the various large cities, respecting "wet Springs," "long Winters," "blighting of the crops," and other like cheering announcements. And know you not that this is the first movement of that infernal machinery which they use to suck the life-blood from the poor and the defenceless? Know you not, that from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there exists a great combination of harpies who coin the lives of the people, little by little, into huge warehouses, stately palaces and accursed gold. Before the husbandman's eyes are gladdened by the first green blade springing up from the ground, upon which he has toiled in hope and patience, the emissaries of the rich and therefore powerful, dealers in bread-stuffs and articles of food of whatever nature, that are absolutely necessary to the life of man, are scouring the country, their footsteps more blighting than the iron hoof of Alaric.

They creep into the farmhouse, after having found out at the village tavern, or the town clerks the precise amount of the mortgage upon the farm, and with fair lying words and specious promises, they wheedle the farmer by the show of an advance upon the coming crops out of his independence, and the just reward of his toils.

They go to the frugal housewife and contract in advance for all the butter to be produced during the season, for all the eggs, which she can spare from home-consumption, and too often, the children, lack their usual allowance, in the desire of the matron to realize the advance money offered by the satellite. The choice puddings and custards which were so wont to brighten the eyes of the little ones in anticipation become less frequent, because the demon Mammon has come among them, and wherever he strides, home-pleasures and affections wither beneath his tread.

The tale these harpies tell in the rural districts, is a widely different one, from that they impart to the dwellers in the marts, where they intend to drain the last copper from the toiler, for a mess of pottage. To the producer they have no words of the coming season, but those which promise plenty and cheapness, and from the farmhouse where they have negotiated for the entire crop to be raised at a price barely sufficient to carry the producer through to another season of toil on the one side, and winding upon the other, they will go to their hotels and write to their employers, the "mercantile princes," of their success in hoodwinking old farmer So-and-So—boasting of the superiority of the city adventurer over the tiller of the soil who free of guile himself, thinks all men are so. Straightway in their organs, those rich commercial papers, whose circulation is confined to the cities, and larger towns, where dwell the mechanics and the laborers, whom they intend to fleece worse even than they do the farmer—appear "letters from our correspondents" all pointing mysteriously to the failure of the crops, and the season of want and starvation, which is about to ensue. And so the web of the spider Wealth is woven about the fly Poverty, until his toils and struggles become useless, and he has naught to do but die, that his tormentor may fatten his already overgrown person, upon his carcass.

There is but one remedy for this wholesale swindling in the necessities of existence, and that is, in bringing the producer and the consumer together. Woe to the producer study and learn the markets of the cities, and occasionally visit them, he would be convinced that he could dispose of his crops to better advantage to himself by personally meeting with the buyer, in the marts of trade, than by selling to those, whose six story granite warehouses are already filled to repletion with the staff of life which they would rather see spoil and grow sour in the lofty store-rooms than consent to lower the prices from the starvation point down to the necessities and wants of the people.

Let us then have a free interchange of thought between what may be called the two producing classes, independent of those who have been wont to stand between and collect a toll, as barbarians, and more unjust than the old pirates of Algiers. Do not believe these oracles that are sounding in your ears. The season never opened better. The grain crops and the fruit crops are represented by all the country papers as the only papers which are reliable in matters of this kind—promise abundantly, and plenty will be all the land. Let the growing crops come as they should before the consumers, untrammelled by the hand of speculation and fraud, and the result will be no cause for the cry of

scarcity and famine, and a useless class will be driven to the place rightfully theirs—which is that ceasing to play the part of the locust, devouring the grass already grown—they should strip off their broadcloth and work to make it grow.

THE SHOWER BATH.

Do not misunderstand us. It is not that morning bath, which gives you strength to go forth to your labors, invigorated and refreshed. Oh, no, the world is the same, but what a different significance they bear. A revolt has lately taken place among the convicts at the Sing Sing prison, New York State, and here you will see the result.

"Forty of the prisoners who tried to escape from Sing Sing, were subjected to the shower bath punishment; and in addition to the showering, the ringleaders were placed upon the bread and water diet, in a dark cell, or dungeon. The ringleader received the inflation twice, with the Cryton hose full in his face."

Does that remind you of the rack, and the thumb-screw, and the dungeons of the Inquisition? Perhaps you will say, "Oh, they were only State Prison birds, and it served them right." Now let us ask you: Are prisons to be considered as dark vindictive institutions, nursing hate and revenge, until they burst forth in some startling and overwhelming crime, crushing down the safe-guards of society, and sweeping away the defences of the law?

Or, should their managers, while using all vigilance as to the security of the prisoners, look upon the institutions as aids to the reformation of those who are consigned to their guard? Should not kindness be first tried upon them? And do you believe there exists that human being upon the face of the earth, on whom the words and acts of gentleness, at the proper times and seasons, are wasted? No, no! however dark may be the sin-stained soul, however long it may have waded through a sea of infamy and crime, there still exists within it some pulse that will beat quicker and better, some impulse of good which will leap up responsive to the kindly tones of human sympathy.

The very cause of the revolt and insubordination of the convicts of that Prison, which casts its dark shadows over the clear waters of the Hudson, is used as the punishment of that revolt. From the Sing Sing and Auburn State Prisons, the shower bath and other like infamous engines of torture and madness, have never been banished. And here in our own State, although artfully concealed and kept from the daylight, the same instruments of ignorant, brutal and revengeful men, have been constantly in operation. For the slightest offence or fancied disobedience of orders men have been felled to the earth as a butcher would knock down an ox in the shambles. The slightest murmur as to their treatment, has consigned them to the dungeon and the shower bath.

And think you these outrages tend to make rough men more gentle? To transform the tiger into the lamb? Do they not rather crouch away in the darkness, and writhing under the pain of body and soul, nurse their dark passions, until they are transformed into devils?

Ho! Men of the People, forever prating of Liberty and Progress, turn your attention to these stone walls—drive out the brutal wretches who gloat over the sufferings, and laugh at the agonies of their fellows, and in their stead, place MEN, true men, who realize their duties, realize the true aim of society in its punishment of the erring and the criminal, who combine with firmness and decision, human sympathies, and enlarged understanding, to know, and judge the wants of their fellow mortals, and you will have accomplished more towards the bringing on of that "good time," you so lavishly promise, than all the flowery harangues and wordy discourses of rights and wrongs, ever uttered from the lungs of men.

In the old ages of darkness and superstition, when men were accustomed to look upon every poplary as his master, this treatment of men might have answered, but it is far different now, and if the rulers persistently close their eyes to the fact that criminals have been educated and taught to feel a different position, and possess the same elements of pride and revenge as themselves, we may expect from some of these dark prisons an outburst which will startle and confound the community.

Listen, Rulers and Judges! The thunder has been slumbering, although your indifferent ears have occasionally heard a muttering like this from Sing Sing. Wake up to your duties, before the earthquake bursts forth in its desolating fury.

TRUTH.

Colossus-wise, Truth lifts her charmed brow,
Lavishly beautiful. The freed earth now
Awakens from its sleep; the better day
Royally dawns on earth's sin-weary way.
All the wild oracles of Hate go darkling down,
Hope, with its star-gemmed hand, extends Love's crown,
Traditions the gloom, while clear and high,
New sun-robbed Faith, smiles on the arching sky.
Resplendent Truth! when man to thee shalt turn,
In Heaven's high temple shall the life-light burn.

FOR HINGHAM, HO!

The new steamer Nantasket has made its appearance in our waters. In a short time the tide of travel will set towards the seashore, and it is only necessary to say that the Nantasket is one of the trimmest, swiftest crafts, which has floated upon Massachusetts bay, and Captain A. L. Rouell, as popular a commander as ever stepped upon a steamer's deck. Hingham and Hull, will be the great attractions this season. The new boat, and its commander are twins—fair to look upon.

DAILY PAPER IN TEXAS.—A daily paper has just been started in Galveston. It is the first daily journal ever printed in the State.

MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—Extensive preparations are arranged at Bangor, for the annual fair of the Maine Agricultural Society, which it is intended shall commence in that city on September 29.

HIGHER WAGES.—The journeyman house carpenters of Philadelphia are agitating for an increase of wages. They now receive \$1.60 per day, and demand \$1.75.

WATCH FACTORY IN ROCHESTER.—An establishment for the manufacture of watches is to go into operation in Rochester, as soon as the requisite arrangements can be made.

Familiar Letters.

THE SQUIRRELS.

We have made friends with the squirrels. We like them vastly, and we think our attachment is reciprocated. We know it is so by a portion of them. There's one bright-eyed fellow in particular, who regularly runs out from its chosen home, the Granary burying-ground, whenever we pass it on our early morning walk around the Common. He will sit there on one of the tomb, and talk to us, say, we are not ashamed to own it, teach us. His lessons are pleasant ones, and we rarely play truant from them. Yes, little tutor, there is no deceit in that merry twinkle of your eye. You never purse up your brows when we have passed, not your head knowingly, and say, "He's a good fellow," and then follow with that ominous "if" or "but." Oh, no, little tutor, you are willing to romp and play with us, and you are sincere. You never slander us as we pass out of your sight.

The worthy Mayor Smith was laughed at, jeered and quizzed unmercifully, by those who can see no beauty in animal or vegetable life, unless its libelous portraiture, is stamped upon copper, silver or gold, or forms vignettes upon dingy looking paper, bearing mystical numbers and letters, and signed "Timothy Grab'em, President, Solomon Hold'em, Cashier." But it is our opinion that very many city officials have committed much more silly—not to say hurtful—acts, than did the good Doctor, when following the example of the dwellers in the city of "Brotherly love," he introduced upon our public grounds the saucy rogues who spring from limb to limb of the old trees, or perched on grave-stone or fence post, crack the walnuts thrown to them by the delighted little children. Ah, it is worth something to watch the pleased faces of the boys and girls, even if the squirrels served no other purpose. But they do serve another purpose. They serve to make us the selfish piddlers through the dusty streets, over the stony pavements of the city, realize that God has not entirely forgotten us. That the innocent and the bright yet have an existence and are no myths. They lure us back to our early days, and speak to us of purer pleasures than those in which we now seek forgetfulness of sorrow.

In Coleridge's exquisite poem of the "Ancient Mariner," even the most loathsome of God's creatures serve as an illustration of the power of love. In the midst of his deepest misery, the mariner looks down upon the burning sea, and as he watches the gambols of the water snakes he blesses them in his heart. He says—

"Sure some kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unawares."

Instantly the load falls from his back, and the sorrows fade away. Yes, the true part exults in its communion with all God's creation. It has scope to bring all His creatures within its kindly sympathies. Very true are the words of the mariner,

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

We wish to see our friends, the squirrels provided for, and we should be glad to see more of their brethren and sisters enticed from the wild life of the forest, to that of the city, not to be civilized, but to civilize.

Will not our present Mayor follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, and do something to increase the comforts, and add to the number of our forest friends?

Editor's Table.

THE PORTFOLIO OF GERALD MASSEY. COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME. BOSTON: TICKNOR & FIELDS, 1857.

Conspicuous among the poets of the present age, stands Gerald Massey. It need not be said that this great genius arose like a giant from one of those dens of the vilest slavery the world has ever witnessed—an English factory—vilest—because it chains down to unceasing toil, the little child, almost as soon as it can step alone. Born in the month of May, 1828, the poet at eight years of age, rose at five o'clock in the morning, and toiled in the factory till half past six. God's blessed sunlight had not illumined earth when the child commenced its toils, and had withdrawn its smile ere they were ended. And yet hear him: "I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood, and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight as in God's own presence-chamber." What a nature to be cooped up where the birds never sang, the flowers never blossomed, and the woods never waved. But the freed bird soared away from its prison bars at last, and its song of freedom is now flooding the world.

The volume before us is one of the series of "blue and gold" commenced by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields with Tennyson's Poems and followed since with Longfellow, Hood, etc. We cannot refrain from making some extracts from "LADY LAURA," one of the later poems, now first published in this country.

The story opens with a description of the scenery and time:

Midsummer Morn her silvery gray
Rain-well uplifted fold on fold
And purple light, and tops with gold,
The white-clouds kindly and soft away
O'er violet-shadowed hills that stand
In cloudy crowns, and soft attire
In a fragrance of fire
Midsummer Morn flows slowly and kind

From a most glowing love-like picture of nature in her merriest gladdens, the poet changes the scene; and you can almost see the gloomy factory walls looming up against the sky, and the wan faces of the little ones pining in their toil;

Did you mark how vacantly they eyed this land of loveliness,
The flower of Sleep into their eyes your heart would ache
The morning glory of the garden, their pomp, and pageantry,
Flame in their shadowed eyes, as if some soul comes up to see.

Then he paints with words, the words, "Lady Laura," the Saviour, who came to the world of misery and toil.

She's a light on the cold hill-tops that divide
The poor from their neighbor Rank;
The first bright wave of a anguish tide,
And the last, the last, the last, the last,
Hearts climb with the roses up,
Their blessings to breathe, and their pride to pour,
In many a brimming cup.

This Saviour-Seraph walking, in her holy mission,
visits the factory, and amid the haggard faces, one especially attracts her charity:

She sees a prayer for rest and air
In every face, but in his eyes
Alone, are childish memories,
And his the only spirit there

That waves the Seraph-wand of fire,
To fright the Serpent flickering near.
One jewel in that dark mine and clear
It flashes as she brightens nigher.

And then,
The Lady Laura took him, in her kind and queenly way,
From out that cruel iron world, to the tender human day,
There all the faded bloom of life like a banner rich
unfaded and luxuriant in the air of a glad and glorious world.

And so the factory child enshrines her image in his heart and worshipping her, grows up.

One of the silent Poets of the world who find no word to utter their soul's soul of love, like the shy night-bird, They teach their hearts in music; die in sorrow's solitude. One Autumn eve he sat beneath the Beauty of the Wood, Where Birds of Thought so often brought his love ambrosial food; When all the spirits of the flowers stole forth 'till the hush of night, And all the greenery slumbered in a dream of light.

Is it a vision? or the pure pale face
Of Lady Laura, blossoming from the trees?
—She speaks; he scarcely hears;
So loud the blood goes singing through his brain:

"I am no longer mistress at the Hall;
False friends usurp my title and my lands,
And keep them till the Law shall do me right.
I leave to-morrow morn. I think you have
And shall rejoice to see where you will fall.
The mounting spirit to rise where you will fall.
She paused; he raised his eyes to hers, and saw
The unuttered something that could not be told,
Her rustling robes thrilled all his life, and soft
Her fragrant footsteps died upon the night.

Here follows a thrilling canto, as his thoughts go back to the time when he saw her a missioned Angel "in the Silk-mill, stand complete in beauty," calling up her bright deeds of love and charity

—while all his heart
With rich love trembled as 'twould break for bliss;
Like shaken dews in jewelled cups of Morn!

He mourns over the "happy times that wave their sad farewells," and sits down walling in despondency over the past:

Sudden a thought struck new life thro' him as strikes
Land on the shimmering foam who gives up lost!
He would die for her, he would die for her,
For her, and help her win her rightful throne;
He sat not down on shore to mourn his woe;
Not his heart to wait when he might work.
That night he passed; but from his death-bed rose
A star, to sting and sparkle in his soul,
And light him to some crowned accomplishment.

"O mighty mystery London," is the commencement of the fourteenth canto, and a vivid scene of its mirth and sorrow, its crimes, vanities, and dark phases, lit up at times with lustrous rays flashing from some great heart, is pictured with wonderful power by the poet. Through all the busy whirl, of beckoning temptation, the love-protected keeps his true and holy aim ever in view.

Above that wilderness of life he often sat alone,
Watching the surge of his soul, which ever and anon
Revealed the proud wave-weather: Hope for ever battling
on!
And ever thro' the dark the Lady Laura's star-shine shone.
Ah, the dear night was all his own, then life rose starry-
towered!
Full blown with its folded Spring, his shut heart bud-like
restored.
Upon the stream that pines all day, the calm of Heaven doth
rest,
And the star of love, tho' far above, keeps bridal on its
brest.
Pure, pained Loveliness! she walks a world of wrong and
guilt,
Yet nigh looketh in his face with the same sweet patient
smile.

And so steadily working on, he faithfully toils, bearing

A lonely life, a lonely lot;
He climbs the mountain day by day;
But finds beside the stoniest way
Love's wild rock-honey, and faintest note.

At last the summit is reached, his pure ambition is joyfully fulfilled, the crown long-sought is won, and

To-day 'mid fall of palms the Victor stands;
His brow is beauteous by Lady Laura's hand.
He conquered! To her feet he brought the prize:
Twin worlds of bliss rose throbbing in her eyes.
Sparkled her smiling soul like that of a child,
And, smiling, all her luminous body smiled.

A flood of music and poetry follows, welling out from the depths of a great loving human heart, wonderful in its entrancing melody:

They built their little world, wherein the Poor
Might grow the flower of Hope, and fruit of Love;
And human trees, with outbreath arms of cheer,
Might mingle music, wreath in blood and bloom.
And in their branches nest the birds of God,
That in immortal beauty might be loved;
But come not down to build while boughs are bare.

Were "LADY LAURA," the only poem in this exquisite little volume, the seventy-five cents which it costs would be as the down of the thistle beside it; but its three hundred pages sparkle and glitter with jewels of great price.

JOHN HYDE JR., formerly a Mormon elder, is lecturing at San Francisco, upon the enormities of the religion of Joe Smith, and Brigham Young.

A COTTON FACTORY is about to be erected at Concordia, LA.

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, the leading surgeon of England, enjoys the comfortable professional income of \$85,000 a year.

A JOINT STOCK COMPANY propose to erect a hotel at Havana, Cuba, at a cost of a million dollars, on a plan similar to that of the St. Nicholas of New York.

DR. CHAPIN'S SALARY.—The salary of Rev. Dr. Chapin, pastor of the Broadway Universalist Society of New York, has been raised to \$6000, which is an increase of \$1000.

BALANING.—In the procession which escorted Mr. Buchanan to the Capitol on the day of his inauguration, Mr. Bernhisel, of Utah, was one of the Marshals. It is supposed that this position was intended to be a sort of counterpoise, in the social scale, Mr. Buchanan having no wife, and Mr. Bernhisel having nine.

THE PRESIDENT, and several members of his cabinet, have accepted an invitation to join, about the first of June, a grand excursion, in honor of the opening of the Patheburgh and Marietta railroads, by which an air line is secured from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi river. The governors and senators of Virginia and Maryland have likewise accepted similar invitations.

Lady Franklin has purchased an Aberdeen clipper for the service of her late husband, and given the command to Capt. McClintock.

Dramatic and Musical.

Miss Heron has concluded a two weeks engagement at the Boston Theatre, and the critics, disposed to cavil, because she was awarded the palm in New York, have been forced to succumb to the popular judgment.

CAMILLE, attacked by the same people who applauded the broad jests, and sly, hypocritical shrewdness of "Neighbor Jackwood," was nevertheless, an undeniable success. There is a proneness in this atmosphere, to strain at a gnat, while, at the same time, a camel is swallowed with the same facility which attends the consumption of a cherry-cobbler, on a hot day in July. We cannot say that we are particularly partial to the French school of plays or actors, and we would much prefer an old English comedy, tragedy, to any of the new pillerings from French authors.

Yet, what the gods (sometimes of the gallery) send us, we must endure. And Camille is by no means the worst play of its class we have witnessed, and that, too, in this critical, literary law-giving city of Boston. Its notoriety has been chiefly created by the war made upon it in certain quarters, by men, who, either too ignorant or too bigoted to see and judge for themselves, follow the lead of some self-appointed guardian of the public morals, as a flock of sheep troop after the old bell-wether. We did not intend to speak of the play. Miss Heron's performance of the character is beyond criticism; it was Camille. Any man of the world—we do not mean the mustachioed, brainless fops, who imagine that a woman is impressed with their magnificence in a moment—will realize the character.

MEXIA was yet a greater triumph. In many of the scenes, Miss Heron's tragic acting excelled anything ever witnessed upon the Boston stage, with the exception of the peerless Rachel.

BIANCA FAZIO, played for the "Farewell Benefit," on Friday evening, set the seal of complete triumph upon the engagement of Miss Heron, and the audience testified their approval by the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Heron was frequently called before the curtain, and at the close of the play, not contented with one appearance, during which bouquets and wreaths rained upon her, the spectators insisted upon seeing her the second time. Thus has closed, in the past four weeks, two of the most successful engagements ever played in Boston. The opening engagements of Edwin Booth and Matilda Heron will long be looked back to, as bright spots in theatrical reminiscences.

A word of Miss Heron's faults.—We are not of the class who endeavor to dim the lustre of genius, by throwing upon it the critical light of a tallow candle; genius is sacred, and genius Miss Heron possesses. We will only say, there has existed but one Rachel, and she pre-eminently great, because she eschewed the grimaces and shrugs of the French school. Every movement of hers was grace; the wave of her hand, the motion of her finger, was the "poetry of motion." Miss Heron never can hope to approach her in these characteristics, and being in herself competent to her position, she should, as far as is possible, avoid imitation, not only of her, but also of other eminent actresses of the French school, in which, evidently, she has been an earnest, observing student.

The Boston Theatre is drawing towards the close of the season, and in view of the ceaseless endeavor made by the management, to place every play upon the stage in a style of unexcelled excellence, it is only just to say that Mr. Barry and Mr. Wright are deserving of the highest encomiums of all lovers of the drama.

The company, although not brilliant, are entitled to great praise, for their unvarying correctness in the words, the good taste they display in dressing their parts, and earnest attention to the business of each play, in which they are cast.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Barrow, than whom, no better actress is connected regularly with a theatre, is to play "The World's Own." We wait for it with impatience.

We shall speak of the new star—Miss Avonia Jones, in our next.

THAT VILE TRASH, entitled "Boston Boys and Boston Girls," was too vile, even for the gallery of the National, and after a few nights struggle, was withdrawn. Miss Lucille and Miss Helen are capable of better things, and we hope to see them differently employed.

MR. JAMES W. WALLACE, has played a successful engagement of two weeks at the Museum. He is an established favorite, and many of his performances are of a high order. William, in Black Eyed Susan, is not one of them.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT, one of the most classical actors living, commenced an engagement on Monday, appearing in Hamlet. We shall have more to say of him hereafter.

A LETTER FROM LONDON, received by the Europa, states that James E. Murdoch, the American tragedian, who has been playing successfully in England had left London en route for Rome. Mr. Murdoch is in excellent health and looking better than at any time during the past fifteen years—a pedestrian trip in Wales and a short residence at the wells of the Great Malvern having almost rejuvenated him.

G. N. W. Z. A.

"Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land."

Amid our editorial duties, we have been gladdened for a moment (for it seemed hardly more) by shaking the hands, and hearing the voices of a memory hallowed fraternity. There is, a certain earnestness, and—although we don't like French phrases—abandon in the mainly greeting of a Zeph. Ah! the old remembrances throng upon us. Can wander back in thought to the past. But future is all that remains to us. In that, we retrieve what we have lost, and struggle upward the hill where Hope stands with smiling brow.

It is not improbable that Palmerston may tempt a little Reform bill, in order to disarm the army, navy, and militia, railway, and certain rank, schoolmasters, and officers of a certain amount of educational training.

PHILADELPHIA has two hundred and fifty acres of ground devoted to Park purposes, within the city limits.

LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS

New York, May 11, 1887.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.—My attention has been called to an editorial article in the Boston Courier, of the 8th inst., and I beg the use of your columns to notice it.

I rejoice to perceive such minds giving attention to this subject, for out of that attention, whatever may be the form it assumes, must grow a nearer approach to the truth and the good sense of that whose existence can no longer be ignored. And it has long been a cause of regret, that the intelligent and educated men of the country so pertinaciously refused to look into the matter at all. Now that it is becoming otherwise, we may be assured of an adequate exemption from the folly and fanaticism which were but too common in the earlier advent of spiritualism among us.

The article to which I refer, gives an interesting account of the spread of the table-tuffings from London and Paris to Athens in 1853. It refers to Prof. Faraday's experiments as showing that it was the "unconscious pressure applied by the circle through the arms and the hands," that caused the table to move. It speaks also of "experiments" involving the same principle, having been tried in this country. It relates an incident occurring in the writer's presence in Paris, tending to show the same thing. It tells of Liebig's advice at Munich, the Capital of Bavaria, to "place the hands under the table and not on it," and that the advice being followed, no table would "budge an inch or a hair's breadth." It tells also of some experiments with Mrs. Hayden in London, where the interrogator drew "exactly the response he intended." It refers to the answers produced by touching certain letters or names, under such emotion, and in such manner as to indicate to the cool observer, what the proper response ought to be, and particularly refers to the case of two brothers, where the coolness of the one prevented the self delusion of the other.

In all this, I have no doubt that the writer of the article, in every respect correct. In my own investigations, I have repeatedly witnessed kindred manifestations, and some still more marked of the same character, where I did not until months afterwards discover the presence, or the influence of the mind of the medium or the investigator. So distinct has this been to my perception, that I long since came to the conclusion and announced in my introduction to my second volume—published two years ago—that "I know of no mode of spiritual intercourse, that is exempt from a mortal taint—no kind of mediumship where the communication may not be affected by the mind of the instrument."

Take my own mediumship as an illustration. The visions which I have, are, as I have remarked, impressed on my mind as vividly and distinctly as any material object possibly can be, yet in giving them to others, I must rely upon and use my own powers of observation, my own memory, my own command of language, and I not unfrequently labor under the difficulty of feeling that there is no word known to me that is adequate to conveying the novel idea communicated. I am often conscious that I fail, from poverty of language, in conveying the sentiment I receive with the same vigor and clearness with which it comes to me. So it is also with what I may call the didactic teaching through me. Sometimes the influence is so strong, that I am given, not merely the ideas, but the very words in which they are clothed, and I am unconscious of what I am going to say until I actually say it. At other times the thought is given me, sentence by sentence, and I know not what idea or sentence is to follow, but the language used is my own, and is selected by myself from my own memory's storehouse. And at other times the whole current of thought or process of reasoning is given me in advance, and I choose for myself the language and the illustrations used to convey it, and sometimes the order of giving it. But in all these modes there is more or less of myself in them, more or less of my individuality underlying it all. It must indeed be so, or why should I speak or write in my own tongue rather than in a dead or a foreign language unknown to me?

I have noticed the same thing in the Doctor, and more than all that, I have observed in both of us, that our communications not only at times contain what may be called Americanisms, but expressions peculiar to our respective professions.

It is, therefore, rarely that either of us can say that the communications through us are precisely what the spirits designed they should be, and as they designed them; and consequently it will never do to receive them as absolute authority, however agreeable they may be, or however consonant to other teachings.

It is not an easy matter to account for this, but it is easy to know that the fact is so, and as easy to observe that it is at times true of all mediums. Sometimes it is more apparent than at others, owing to many causes over at work around us; sometimes it is owing to the physical condition of the medium, and sometimes to his mental state; sometimes to the atmosphere; sometimes to locality—some localities, such as high and hilly places being more favorable than such as are low and swampy; sometimes to the condition of those who are present, whether in a state of harmony or discord, and very frequently to the state and condition of the spirits who are professing to commune, and their aptitude to the task.

Thus I have known a spirit, who on earth had never learned to read and write, to be unable to communicate through a writing medium. So one whose education here had been imperfect, would spell badly and use bad grammar, and one knowing but little of our language would speak in broken English; and one, Lord Bacon, for instance, who in life had been used to a different idiom from that now prevailing, would yet speak in modern English Americanized, with here and there a relic of the expressions he had used in the old time.

There is another cause, and that is, the passiveness or otherwise of the mediums to the influence at work with them. Sometimes they resist with a very determined will, and it is impossible for others, and often even for ourselves, to know when the operation of that will is entirely overcome, or how much of its influence may hang around and stain the communication with its taint of mortal life. Sometimes timidity and diffidence will color, and sometimes vanity and fanaticism distort the teaching of the spirits. Often the want of confidence will warp them; for, strange as it may appear, there are mediums who are not spiritualists, and who, unaccustomed to the examination of their own minds, cannot discriminate between their operation and the spirit-influence; and as often an overweening credulity put away that which was designed to be plain and straightforward.

An admonition, that even from the vagaries of Spiritualism, in its infancy, some truth may be elicited.

I, however, as I have said, early found these difficulties, which are now made so much of, and if I had found nothing beyond this "mortal taint," as I have termed it, I for one would long since have abandoned the whole matter as worthy only of a passing notice. But what then? Is it true philosophy to reject a proposition, because the instrument, ally through which we derive our knowledge of it, is not to be implicitly relied upon? We are every

day in our courts of justice trying to arrive at the truth, through human testimony, though we know full well how liable it is to be warped from its propriety by passion, by prejudice, by corruption, and by incapacity. No man in his senses would say that we ought not to attempt to convict a murderer, because his crime was committed, and the links of iniquity, and could be established only by the testimony of witnesses equally abandoned and profligate with the accused. In history we are seeking the truth through the testimony of witnesses from the severe probity of Thucydides to the romance of Macaulay. In nature and art, we are in like manner aiming at the truth, through testimony both animate and inanimate, often far from being reliable. Shall we, because the testimony we are obliged to receive is not infallible, therefore cease our inquiries, or utterly reject a truth, because we cannot at once and without toil, demonstrate it?

But I did find something far beyond that, and the error of the Courier is, that it has not gone far enough to find it, as it easily might, but bases a very important conclusion upon very insufficient premises, and comes to a determination, without such a thorough investigation as would enable it to know that it is right.

The conclusion the Courier arrives at from its premises is, that the whole matter of spirit intercourse is a delusion, in some instances perhaps a designed one, and in some an unconscious one, and it speaks of opening "the eyes of those who are all ready to yield their reason captive."

Now, the eyes of those deluded ones are not to be opened by any such process as this: for there are thousands and tens of thousands in our country, of less intellect and education, if you please, than this writer possesses, who are able to detect the fallacy of his reasoning at a glance. They say, at once, "Why, this man has not investigated the subject he is talking about. He has seen a little—a very little—and from that has jumped at a conclusion, which a very little patience and perseverance would have shown him was wrong." While intelligent and educated men would say, "This is no way to get at the truth. This man has seen nothing, but what the mortals present might have done, but others equal to him in equanimity and mental power, have witnessed things which mortal man could not create."

Let that writer take this simple proposition, which has now been witnessed by multitudes of people in this and other countries, and explain it, if he can—INANIMATE MATTER MOVING WITHOUT MORTAL CONTACT, AND DISPLAYING INTELLIGENCE!

It will not do for him to deny the fact, for if there is any value in human testimony, its existence is established by irrefragable proof. It is this among other things, which darkens our vision, as he would call it, and until he can give a satisfactory explanation to the ear of good sense, he cannot hope to open our eyes to the delusion.

But all this relates merely to the manifestations through inanimate matter, which is the most inconsiderable part of spiritual intercourse. Strike out of existence all the rappings—the table tippings and the like,—and that which is left behind, is far more important and interesting.

Let us see. When the Arctic was destroyed, her disaster was communicated to four different persons, who were unknown to each other, and that at the instant it occurred, and long before the news reached the shore.

It often happens that I am told in the morning, before I leave my home for my office, incidents which are going to occur during the day or week, and which do happen accordingly.

I am often told of persons who are coming to see me, whose existence even, is at the time unknown to me, whose purposes are revealed to me—in respect to some of whom I am warned, and in regard to others, am encouraged. And I know of no instance in which the event did not realize the prediction.

The late war in Europe was known here a year and a half before it broke out.

A power of attorney, from California, was needed in one of the eastern towns, by a certain day, which was too near at hand to send by mail and get an answer. The message was sent by spirit power, reached California two days before the steamer sailed, and the document was sent by that steamer and arrived in time.

A little over a year ago, two circles were formed, one in Boston, and one in New York, who used to meet once a week, at the same hour. Through their mediums, those circles conversed with each other. They kept records of their conversations, and upon exchanging their notes of them, they were found to be always strictly accurate.

But why pile Ossa upon Pelion? These are a few—a very few, only—of many cognate incidents. You have them in abundance, in your midst, accessible to every one.

Take your Mr. Mansfield, of No. 29 Exchange street, who has now answered, and with entire correctness, thousands of letters, sent to him, sealed and enclosed in envelopes, so that their contents could not be known to him.

Take one of your mediums, resident in your city, with whom it is of common occurrence, that she describes persons who have died, as being bodily present before her, and with such minute accuracy, that their friends at once recognize them, though she had never seen the persons while living, and never even heard of them. Nay, more, she refers, as coming from them, to incidents in their lives, which had actually occurred, but of which she could not have been cognizant.

I repeat, all this is but little—a mere drop in the bucket of this great matter, which is in our midst. And yet, I ask the Courier, how it can be explained upon its principle, of the unconscious workings of the hand, the arm, or the mind, of either medium or spectator? How, indeed, explain it, except upon the hypothesis, that there is an intelligence from beyond the grave, dealing with us?

Does the Courier believe the Bible? "I know that thou believest." It was the spirits of Moses and Elias, whom Peter, and John, and James saw attending upon Jesus, and it was the spirit of one who proclaimed that he had been "one of his brethren, the prophets," whom John saw in the Revelation. What has happened to man, pray, since then, which has made him incapable, to-day, of what occurred to him in ages past?

The difficulty with this writer in the Courier, with Professor Faraday, and many others who have fancied they have exposed the delusion, is that their conclusions are rather the result of their wishes than of their reason, and that they will not investigate to a point where they can be certain of a conclusion. And it is a remarkable fact, that among all the great number who have thus exposed it, not one had ever indulged in more than a superficial examination, and that among the much greater number, equally capable and intelligent, who have thoroughly investigated, not one has yet been found to pronounce it otherwise than a most solemn and important truth.

Surely, with the candid mind, this single observation is entitled to some weight.

How many ages passed, after man began to examine the starry heavens, before he finally comprehended our planetary system. In the meantime, all sorts of wild and absurd theories were built upon imperfect data—many things were rejected as fables, which more careful examination showed to be facts, and the fancied movements of the heavenly bodies formed one vast aggregation of inextricable confusion.

Time rolled on—man continued his observation, and transmitted them down the stream of time, till the human intellect grew to grasp the stupendous whole, and that which at one time was rejected by the wise as incomprehensible, and by the pious as blasphemy, is now received by the whole civilized world as a truth and is comprehended, even by our children. Such is the result in the material world of patient and long-continued investigation, and man's mental advancement.

Why may we not profit by the example in the spiritual world?

J. W. EDMONDS.

For the Banner of Light.
REV. T. STARR KING AND THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Mr. Editor: A few Sundays ago, a Rev. divine of this city, preached a sermon on "The meaning and methods of communion with the spiritual world." We earnestly wish our Rev. Bro. could be induced to publish this sermon. Every spiritualist would accept with heart and soul his truly beautiful definition of the spiritualism that centres in God, while the keen sarcasm with which he assailed some parts of the faith, that is so precious, not only to many of his own congregation, but to a very large portion of the christian community, bears with it, its own condemnation.

His discourse was brilliant and witty, but our admiration of its merits as a composition, was mingled with deep regret, that one whom we had looked up to for years as guide, teacher and friend: who had ever seemed to us the embodiment of all that is noble and true, and whose liberality and justice, towards those who differ from him in belief, had ever shone as bright jewels in his character, should so assail a cause of which he is manifestly ignorant, and we ask no stronger proof of this ignorance than is presented us throughout the discourse to which we refer. These remarks may surprise our Rev. Brother, as he is a man of high claims to have examined largely the subject on which he wrote. If he has not investigated thus largely, then most certainly, his position is wholly unjustifiable. If he has, then we can only regret the unfortunate circumstances that attended his investigations. If his sermon presents to us the result of his own personal experience, then we can only say, that he must either have been most unfortunate in his choice of mediums, or must have carried with him that spirit of captiousness and unbelief that at times rendered it impossible for Christ himself to do his "mighty works."

We regret that our memory will not allow us to quote more largely from the discourse above alluded to. But in the hope that our brother will yield to the earnest wish of a large number of his parishioners, and give his sermon to the public, in printed form, we content ourselves with a single point that made a vivid impression at the time, because our own experience, so thoroughly refuted it. "The fatal mark of impotency and folly on all systems of communications claiming to be especially spiritual, is that they deal with particulars, and bring us in contact with persons that talk weak sentiment and publish items of news."

Our own experience in spiritualism, or spiritualism, as it is indefinitely termed, has been rich and varied, and extending over a long period of time. We have tested the various systems of communication. We have witnessed almost every form of manifestation. We have received innumerable written communications, given under such circumstances as to render it impossible that the medium's mind could have operated in their production, for his eyes were not resting upon the paper; they were written with almost incredible rapidity; many of them lengthy and in no case faulty in orthography or syntax, and during their execution the medium was fluently conversing upon topics totally foreign to the subject matter of the communications so mysteriously flowing from the pencil within his grasp. These all claim to be especially spiritual, and none of them bear "the fatal mark of impotency and folly" of which our brother speaks. More of them deal with "particulars of dress, manners and customs of the inhabitants of spirit land," but all inculcate the highest moral truths, all speak the inestimable worth of purity and goodness, and the importance of living out the divinity within. Elevated in tone yet touchingly beautiful in simplicity, they have stirred the deep founts of spirituality in our own souls, as no pulpitory could ever have done. And why? Simply because we believed them to emanate directly from the beloved one, over whose signature they were written, and whose earthly form has passed forever from our sight.

From our youth up, we have been accustomed to sit under the very droppings of the sanctuary. And we love it still. Memory clings fondly to its sacred associations. Yet no sermon however brilliant and powerful, no prayer however fluent and beautiful, ever so moved the deepest springs of our soul, and made such strong and lasting impressions therein, as have these simple and beautiful messages from those around whom the tendrils of our heart cling with a strength that death had no power to weaken.

Permit us to offer a brief extract from one of the

communications to which we have referred, that it may speak for itself.

"There is truth dearest, in this beautiful mission, pure, holy, soul-elevating truth. It is the mission of angels, God's dear chosen angels to work with this willing spirits for the purification and comfort of his earthly children. Jesus, the dear Saviour said he would send the comforter, and he did so.

Yes, dear—this is the comforter, and what more holy comfort can earth's stricken ones have, than that angels should come to them from the bright realms of glory, to reveal to them that the stone is rolled forever from the door of the sepulchre, and an angel, all radiant, points to the open path, down which came the dear loved and lost to pour healing balm into the wounded breast of the mourner. I was ready for the great change, and it came, to usher my spirit into the true life. Oh, strive for the holiness of heaven now, in the earthly life—for only as your interior perceptions unfold, can you see God. He must be discerned through your own spirit. Cultivate love and charity, and let your love flow forth in deeds of gentleness to all about you; then shall you hear in your soul the song of angels giving peace to your entire being. All holy and loving influences will be about you to aid in this effort, and as your soul becomes a channel for streams of holy, purifying influence to flow through towards your fellow beings, you shall also hear, within, the voice of divine love, saying, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' May God's peace abide with you, and rest upon your soul, as gently as the natural dews of heaven rest upon the dear little flowers, causing it to expand as they do in beauty and perfection."

We shall be happy to resume our pen at some future time, and give your readers extracts from communications more remarkable as literary productions than the above, and also facts that have from time to time, come under our observation.

Yours truly, AMICUS.

MRS. HENDERSON AT THE MELODEON.

On Sabbath last, free Conference met, as usual, in the morning. Several important facts, philosophical, points, and practical uses, of spiritualism were considered. Among other things, how are we to account for the absent, identical spirit of an entranced medium, while, at the same time, the bodily presence of that medium is with us as the channel of spirit-communication. This was the case with Mrs. Hatch. Her own spirit was seen, communed with and identified at Cincinnati, while at the same moment, we were receiving spirit-discourses through her bodily organs, at the Melodeon, in Boston. Various theories were suggested. The most consistent and conclusive was, that the mind is twofold—internal and external. Internally, she was carried by some spirit to the circle in Cincinnati, while externally, including the material body, she was the organ of another communicating spirit in Boston.

The preservation of individual identity was another point considered. The best view seemed to be, that the more we advance toward the divine sphere, in the likeness and image of Deity, the more distinctly we also enjoy our own consciousness of identity, involving more the sense of state and condition, than of time and place. The possession of both internal and external consciousness of angelic and divine presence, seems to be the highest and best state and condition of inspiration.

In the afternoon, through Mrs. Henderson, the subject was, *The Philosophy of Spirit-Senses*, involving reply to the questions previously given out, as follows:—

It was first stated that spirits well know the anxiety of mortals respecting the appearances and realities of the spiritual world.

Spirit-forms, it was said, corresponded with the material organizations. In the case of clairvoyance, you see the spirit-forms and scenery. You see the interior world, as with the external eye you see the material. You hear, in the disembodied spirit state, what others do not hear. If conveyed to some distant earth-scene of war, you hear the booming of cannons and the clash of muskets.

Respecting deformity in the spirit world, it was, for a greater or less period, according to its departure from nature, the same as in this material world. But in the order of progress, it was entirely removed.

The deformity was never a freak of nature. It was the result of hereditary and other causes of departure from the laws and course of nature. To great extent the imperfections are carried into the spirit world. But its real life is within and beyond it. You cannot comprehend it now. Still the deformity is there recognized, yet far less thought of than here on earth. From the prevailing divinity and instinct of nature within, the spirit puts off the unnatural deformity, and constantly develops in the renewal of immortal youth. The old passes away, and all things become new. Now you see as through a glass darkly, but hereafter face to face. When you leave the earth life, you greet the beautiful angels in their radiant joy. You wonder that you once thought so much of deformities.

With respect to sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, &c., if on the same plane, we commune with them, even as we may do it on earth. In their state and plane of harmony we surely may sit down with them in their spirit-home. They now bear back their messages to you on earth, if you are not too low. There must be the same state of wisdom to ensure the intimate communion of life. There is positive demonstration of reality to elevated and pure states.

As to the surroundings, particular states call forth corresponding scenery; the creation of order of beauty, and of harmony, respecting flowers, &c., is at your will and demand. It is nothing imaginary or vague, but more real than anything you can see or teach in the material world. For all the ultimate objects of the material world are but the outbirths and correspondences of the more creative and substantial realities of the spiritual world.

Inquiries from the audience:

Q. Does the idiot advance?

A. Not naturally—yet eventually comes forth in purity and integrity, showing the common elements of universal mind; but it may be after very many years, as mortals count time.

Q. Are the senses real? (before answered.)

A. Yes, by the will, power and natural law, more real than in material life; for on earth many things appear different from a reality. Besides, the spirit is the reality of man and its corresponding objects are more real.

Q. Had the pre-existence?

A. As with God, so man had.

Q. Has the spirit any identity?

A. Yes.

Q. Will man ever lose his identity?

A. No. Eternal progression is the characteristic, both in the individual and social capacity, in proportion to the likeness and image of Deity, which are divine love and wisdom.

Q. Is there geographical scenery there as here?

A. Yes. It corresponds perfectly with what you behold, but more beautiful as you advance. All things are moving toward greater perfection—God is all, and in all. He moves on. You are comparatively but a speck. There is no reason for pride. Yet be lofty before temptation, and in the strength of God. Rise above the evils and falsities of your condition.

The spirit then gave intimation of departure, when Prof. Feltch, of Harvard College, asked—What spirit is now present, if the communications now given be from spirit intelligence?

A. There is an association of spirits present, whose concentrated views are given through one selected. We do not deem it wise to give names—you would believe none the sooner. Let the truth bear its own weight, and speak for itself. If we should say it was Abraham, a sceptical mind would say it could not be. If we should say it was one formerly known as low and illiterate, you would say it is impossible. Truth is truth, whether it comes from the highest position of celebrity, or from the lowest baker.

Great applause ensued.

A series of written questions were then read to be answered in the evening, pertaining to the reality and nature of the substance, animals and scenery of the spiritual world.

One rose from the audience and asked if there was such a rise and fall of prices as there is in this world. This was replied to by saying—"They were not there subject to those unjust disparities, oppressions, monopolies and material prices so current in the earth sphere. But it would not always be so on earth. But it is spirit nature that we now treat of."

Wm. H. POITRE.

Boston, May 18, 1887.

The Busy World.

GAMBLING.—A young man recently lost \$47,000 by gambling at roulette, at New Orleans.

A NEW SAINT.—A letter from Italy says the Pope is about to canonize Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America.

THE ASYLUM FOR INSANE CRIMINALS, authorized by the New York Legislature, has been located at Auburn.

THE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA has appointed an officer to investigate the causes of fires, for the purpose of detecting incendiaries.

Gov. JOHNSON, of TENNESSEE has consented to address the democratic workingmen of New York next 4th of July.

REBECCA CARLTON, the oldest person in New Hampshire, recently died at Bartlett, at the age of 104 years.

EAST.—A writer, speaking of the population, &c., of Aroostook county, says that their productions, are barley, oats, onions, and children, the last of which they raise without trouble.

MUSIC.—The common council, has appropriated \$2000 for music on the common, semi-weekly, during the coming season.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democratic State Convention will meet at Concord, N. H., on the 10th of June, to nominate a candidate for Governor.

CHLOROFORM.—Allen Hiscock, of Princeton, Ill., died recently from the effects of chloroform, taken to assuage the pain caused by a violent toothache.

THE PEACH CROP.—The Philadelphia Bulletin has reports from various parts of Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, that there is every appearance of the heaviest crop of peaches ever known.

THE GREAT WESTERN.—This once celebrated steamship, the third steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, built at Bristol, in 1839, is now for sale in London.

PUBLIC SPIRITED.—The proprietors of the New York Times offer a reward of \$5000, for information which shall lead to the detection and conviction of the murderer of Dr. Burdell.

THE SHAD FISHERIES OF CONNECTICUT are growing less and less every year, and the papers are calling upon the Legislature to take measures to prevent their being entirely destroyed.

A QUEER LAW.—The limitation of the time of day for marrying in England, is fixed by statute. The period, between eight in the morning and noon, is assigned as the legal time for all marriages.

CAUTION.—A gentleman of New Bedford, out of curiosity, analyzed whiskey, obtained from several liquor dealers of that city, and found large quantities of strychnine in each.

IOWA.—The area of the State of Iowa is ascertained by recent calculations and surveys to be 56,080 square miles, or 5166 square miles larger than had been supposed.

POLICE.—Judge Bebee of New York, having declined the office of Superintendent of Police, it was tendered to the Hon. Frederick A. Talmadge, who accepted it, and was sworn into office.

THE NEW STEAMBOAT NANTASKET, built for the Boston and Hingham Steamboat Company, has made a satisfactory trial trip, and is fully completed and accepted by the building committee. She is a beautiful specimen of architecture, and has great speed.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Mrs. HENDERSON, will speak in the Melodeon on Sunday, 24th, inst., at 3 and 7½ before 8 o'clock P. M.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, trance medium, will speak in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, on Sunday afternoon and evening, 24th inst.

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

MEETINGS IN OXFORD, on Sundays, morning and evening, at FARMOR HALL, Wintham street. D. F. Goddard regular speaker.

IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

Meetings also at Wait's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hours as above.

IN SALAM.—Meetings in Sewall street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening.

AT LYONUM HALL, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. TOMPKINS.

DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

JOHN S. ADA, S. EDITOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1857.

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

THE TRUE COURSE WITH SKEPTICS.

After all, every attempt on the part of Spiritualists, to force their opponents to a fair consideration, or an acceptance of the truths that are so clearly demonstrated to an unprejudiced mind, is useless and worse than useless. Argument is met by flat denial, facts met with plain, unfounded assertions of opinions, which are put forth with all the confidence of one who advances a great principle. It is an old adage and a true one, that "convince a man against his will, he's of the same opinion still."

Those editors who make statements prejudicial to the cause of a spiritual faith, in the phenomena, know very well that what they say has been disproved time after time. But they are very careful that their readers do not see these counter-statements. They watch over their columns with the vigilance of a medical committee on yellow fever, so that nothing of this kind appear.

We have learned, and a long experience has taught us, that the most effectual way to cause this truth to advance, is to allow it to take its own course. It is mighty and will prevail. Man's nature seems to put itself in hostile position against the leadings of another, and chooses to follow its own free, intuitive thought and reason, little thinking that these inflowing ideas are what they really are, the whisperings and monitions of unseen beings, who are ever near them as God's messengers to lead them into the ways of truth. And we shall find it best, we who are Spiritualists and would have others see the light which makes our hearts rejoice to stand aside, as it were, and permit without our interference these angel hands to lead, and these angel voices to instruct.

As soon as we begin to argue, and to say, in the honesty of our souls and the earnestness of our purpose, look at this self-evident fact, behold this truth, he whom we would guide, begins to stand up in a love of independence, assumes a position and holds to it, whether right or wrong, and the more we talk the more firmly he becomes fixed. But let these unseen, take his hand, let these unseen speak in his ear; and, supposing them to be his own thoughts, he accepts them, and prides himself in their adoption and maintenance.

We have evidence of the presence of these unseen missionaries sent to earth from heaven, every day of our lives.

"Sir," said a stubborn unbeliever, whom talk had met in vain, and who had vanquished every argument with denials, "Sir," said he, "I have got a great truth. I worked it out, sir, in my own mind—in my own mind. I don't want man or anybody to teach me."

And then he told us the great truth—the marvelous production of his "own mind." It was just what we supposed, as clearly the whispering of a spirit as could be; and what we had told him time and time again, but which he ridiculed when apparently coming from us.

Ah, these unseen! they are doing their work most gloriously. They are drawing man up from the valley, bidding him stand on the hill-top and behold the sun at its rising. We thank thee, ye angel host. Move on. The day dawns,—the night is passing away.

A RELIGION FOR THE PRESENT.

The religion of the Spiritualist is eminently one for the present. It recognizes man's immediate wants, and aims to supply them. Popular theology, on the contrary, imagines a heaven in some far off region, in some fog-enshrouded distance, the passage to which is by a night train through the grave, during which the traveller will find an opportunity to sleep; and then, roused in the morning by the sound of a trumpet, be called up to a judgment seat where he may be commanded to enter the gates of eternal blessedness, to play on a harp of a thousand strings forever, while his companion on the passage may be sent to outer darkness, there finding employment in gnashing his teeth for the same interminable period.

Spiritualism sees in everything that surrounds us, the wisdom, the goodness, and the love of God. He smiles in every sunbeam, and even the clouds are but the shadow of his great protective hand. Every event is acknowledged as right—every dispensation for the best.

Theology sees the devil in all things. It loves God because it fears the fabulous lion, that, with its perverted vision, it sees going, roaring up and down the earth, for some choice morsel to roll under its tongue. Every sunbeam is suspected of having a fiendish origin. Every cloud is a punishment upon us for Adam's transgression.

Talk to this theology about the beauty of the world, and the hypocritical thing will put on a very sanctimonious look, and tell us to "tread it under our feet." It makes a hell of the present, under the false supposition that by doing so, it makes a heaven of the future.

This theology seems to forget that we shall never have a future, that such a time as to-morrow will never come, and that in rushing forward to embrace it, it is only seeking to grasp the shadow of to-day.

Spiritualism accepts this fact as the basis of all its action. It adapts itself to the present, knowing well that in it, we do now, and shall forever, live. "Take no thought of the morrow," came from wisdom's lips eighteen centuries ago, and was spoken for man's best good. But those who profess to follow the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, have disobeyed this high command, and hence inharmonious, unhappiness, and strife. It has always been the morrow and not the to-day which the church provides for its members, but always to be lost.

Hence some are content with a low condition, satisfied that their souls will be saved, and that they will rise to crowns and thrones in the world to come. Poor souls, how sadly they will feel when entering a future state, they find they are the

same individuals; that a neglect here of a use of God's bounties only seems to lead to a like neglect of them there. It is a truth which the "church militant" has yet to learn, that if it cannot enjoy this world, this great and glorious creation resplendent with love and beauty, it cannot enjoy that world where the "church triumphant" is supposed to be located.

Therefore, as a religion for the present which is, and not for the future which never will be, spiritualism comes to you, reader, and to all on earth. Let the church laugh at it, if so they will; let those who boast of their piety, as write their names in books, as of the elect, tell you of "coming wrath;" let sceptics scoff and religionists deride, stand firm on truthful ground; and, with one hand held by angels above, and the other hand grasped by brethren below—being led and leading, thank God with us for this religion for the present.

OUR MESSENGER DEPARTMENT.

A candid inquirer writing from Burlington, Vermont, asks the following questions in reference to our Messenger Department, which we will answer for his enlightenment as well as for that of others, who, it is fair to presume may be similarly situated. In his investigation, he says he has never been able to convince himself that the communications given, were not gathered from the minds of persons present at the circle. He asks:

1st. Who are present when these communications are given?

We answer that but two persons are ever in the room during our sitting;—one the medium, and the other the person who writes down as spoken, the communications, which are given in the trance state, except when they are noticed as being written.

2d. Does any person present, including the medium know anything of the facts dictated by the spirit communicating?

To this we answer for ourselves first, and say that in no case have we published a communication from any spirit that we knew upon earth; neither have we ever known any of the facts given us.

We have invariably been obliged to make inquiries of the spirits respecting those of his or her friends on earth, to whom we should go for reference. This we have done not because if every word in the communication was false, it would not prove spirit power, but because we did not wish to give false spirits an opportunity to communicate lies. As for the medium we have the best reason to believe that she knows nothing about the spirits communicating, except in a few instances which we have named in the communication. We have the utmost confidence in her word; and we know that we can believe her. Circumstances too strengthen our belief. Let us ask whether it can be likely that a woman but a little over twenty, could have knowledge of so many different characters and names as manifest to us, and are given to us by those manifesting. All the tests published have been given since we commenced the paper, during the forenoon of each day that we have been able to sit, and two or three stories have been written beside. Some communications have been given which were not for publication, but have been sent privately to the parties they were intended for.

3d. After the facts are given in the communication in what particular are they found correct, and in what not?

When possible, we get the name of some person on earth whom the spirits say will know, and prove him true. Then the communication is read to the party, and if true is published; if not true it is laid aside, as we will not take the liberty of correcting it. If we did, we should soon be exposed. Sometimes when the main statements are correct, and one or two errors occur, they are published unaltered, as people have to learn that spirits are fallible and finite, and may err as well as mortals. We have often thought we should make a sorry figure as a spirit, trying to convince skeptics, who were questioning us in regard to dates and names, for we are not particularly good on those. We find most difficulty in obtaining dates, and they are not always correct to a month. The family name we never failed in, but the given name we sometimes get wrong, when every circumstance detailed is found to be correct. There are good reasons why this is so, but our limits will not admit of stating them.

The call for facts which our correspondent makes, is a proper one. It is fact not theory that the world wants. We are giving them fact, slowly but surely. Every person to whom one of the tests we publish is addressed, gets facts. If they are true to themselves they know that we could get them facts in no other way than that in which we profess to obtain them. And with but little trouble, those who are not interested directly, may ascertain whether it was likely that these tests came from our own mind or that of the medium, and whether they will stand the test of truth.

Friends of the cause will do much good by communicating facts to us; write them short, and stick to fact, and people will read, and improve for reading them.

STRANGE PRESENTMENT.—The loss of the magnificent ship Cathedral, and her commander, Capt. Howard, has caused a deep feeling of sincere regret that so noble a ship, and so noble a man should have been lost. Capt. Howard was universally beloved for his many excellent qualities, and his widow and orphans have the deep sympathy of all who know him. Capt. H. had a strange presentiment that he should not return to his home, and so thoroughly impressed was he with this belief that on taking leave of an old friend, he expressed his certainty that they should never meet again.—*Gazette.*

If we recollect aright, Captain Howard was a resident of Waterbury, Mass., and was for some years a firm spiritualist, which may account for his presentment.

Use yourself to kindness and compassion, and you may expect kindness and compassion in return.

Blame no man for what he cannot help. We must not expect of the dial to tell us the hour after the sun has set.

Seek wisdom, and you will be sure to find her; but if you do not look for her, she will not look for you.

IN NEW YORK.

We had the pleasure of listening to a discourse by R. P. Ambler in Dodworth's Hall, New York, on the 8d. inst. The theme was that of the spiritual and unseen being, the basis of what we look upon as the material, and recognize with our external vision. It was maintained that what we term the ideal is more actual than the real—that these things exist only from conditions which are liable to change, and are, therefore, transitory, while the spiritual and unseen, being the primary condition, remains immovable. As illustrative it was remarked that a drop of water exposed to the sun's rays soon becomes invisible. The water does not cease to exist but has gone back to its original and enduring elements. So of all things, this earth and all that is upon it. All reduced to their primary elements, would be unseen. It was argued, therefore that the unseen is the basis of all that is seen.

This world is the workshop in which the rough work is done, the painter but draws his outline here, the filling in, the beautifying, is reserved for the long summer day of eternity. We do not see the results of our labor, for the results are not in this world.

The discourse was eloquently beautiful, and what mention we can make of it in this brief note, will not do it justice. The attendance was full, and the audience very attentive.

In the evening T. L. Harris delivered an address in Academy Hall, taking for a text the words, "And at midnight a cry was heard." His delivery and sentiments were more of the church order than those of Mr. Ambler. He cited the various indications that exist, of a rapid declension of the number and influence of the ministers of christianity; stated on the authority of Carlyle that two-thirds of the clergy of England are deists. A distinguished clergyman, said Mr. H., now settled over one of the largest congregations in one of our principal cities, was one day in his library looking over books relating to a naturalistic view of religion. As he was engaged in this, a well-known literary gentleman entered, and made some remark that led the clergyman to say "O, I have always believed so."

"Then why don't you preach what you believe?" "Sir," replied the pastor very emphatically, "my intellectual congregation do not employ me to preach my own sentiments. I am salaried to preach their own, and I do so." Mr. Harris added, that he had recently seen a volume of sermons published by this clergyman.

The speaker after mentioning the decline of the church, pictured in glowing language the New Ministration that is to follow. As the spirit of man leaves the body, and from corruption and decay puts on incorruption and immortality, so from the body of rites and ceremonies, of materiality and externals, will arise a spiritual church, which, accepting the teachings of the bible in their true, spiritual, internal sense, shall crown with an undying faith and love, the Christ whose second coming will then be consummated.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Messrs. L. Colby & Co.—I am much pleased with your paper, and think it will fulfill the promise of the prospectus. Probably it will suit quite as many as if it were devoted entirely to Spiritualism. I do not know of any others that take it here. It seems to be new, to every one. Spiritualism is rapidly upon the gain here. When I commenced attending their meetings, (two years ago,) they were very sparsely patronized, but they have grown by opposition and denunciation, and changed from one hall to another, until they now meet in "Howard," the largest one in the city. We found at first, the part of community that exercise their reasoning powers with us in the work; and you could go into no other audience and see more intelligence manifested than in our little meetings. From a little spark, how great the fire! Now we can hardly go into a society in Providence that does not number more or less Spiritualists, in its flock, not professed ones always, but so in deed. We have had Mrs. Henderson with us, until lately; now we have Miss Sprague—both trance mediums of great power, pleasing in their address, and convincing in their logic. But perhaps I have wearied your patience. I know not whether you have a correspondent here or not, and thought you might like to be advised in relation to the progress of Truth, in this city of Roger Williams. If you wish to do so, you can publish this, though it will probably require correction. Do as you please. Yours, in the work of redeeming man from error, LARA H. B.

For the Banner of Light.

About six weeks since, Dr. Robbins accidentally called into a milliner's shop in Charlestown, where he met a strange gentleman and lady (Mr. and Mrs. Clapp of South Malden) to whom he was introduced. Immediately the Dr. addressed the lady, asking if she was not a medium, adding, I see the spirit form of a lady resembling you, dressed as a bride, standing near you, in company with other spirits, describing each one,—she says she entered the spirit world soon after marriage, but when married was dressed as she then appeared. After the description given, Mrs. C. said that it was accurate, that she lost a sister as described. This form then said to the Doctor, some time since, through a medium, I attempted to write sister some poetry, (stating the number of verses) but did not succeed to my mind with the medium, and promised to finish it at some future time; that time has now come, and when you go home I will come to you and dictate the other part, for I harmonize with you. Nothing was said of the subject or measure—she said she did not wish it. At the time stated, the lady came to the Doctor and dictated the conclusion of the piece, and it was left at the shop for Mr. and Mrs. C. This morning Mr. C. told me that the measure of the poetry was the same as that from the first medium, as also the subject, and there was complete unity in the piece. There were numbers present when Dr. R. spoke as here described. Dr. R. says it seemed as real as ordinary vision, and her remarks seemed like those of any person. There was no trance nor clairvoyance about it cognizable, if any one is disposed let them call on either or both of the parties. Their intelligence and standing in society forbid the idea of error. There has been no attempt by President Mahan to answer evidence of this character. No

automatic action of the brain in this case—but an unexplained mystery, except on the hypothesis of spiritualism.

COMMUNICATION FROM BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.

The following was received by a merchant of this city, through a private medium, or one who does not write for the public:

Oh! how happy is the thought, to know there is a land of rest beyond the vale of earth! There is a land, where beauty cannot fade;—a land where love shall not drop, nor be dismayed.

Christ was desecrated, before the glorious morning of light and joy dawned upon his spirit. It was a little while after his sorrow, he gained the victory over death. Then he saw in the distance that land of rest: so shall it be with you. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Let the angels steer your bark for you, in the storms of life, for they love to be trusted. The spirit world is one of peace, delight, and divine love—all things are bright and lasting—all things partake of the love that abounds there—the fullness of immortality is the presiding deity of that land of rest.

I was once your nearest friend while on earth. Then I thought you a deluded man. Now I find you were right—I was wrong. I investigated some into the truth of spiritualism—found there was something to build my hopes upon,—yet I was not willing to give credit to what I knew to be true, and threw all overboard.

I find the reason why so many mistakes are made, is owing to the condition of the mediums at the time the angels are communicating through them. If you look through a colored glass, all things you see partake of the color of the glass; so it is with the mediums—nothing can be perfect, for there is a defect in the glass you look through.

I find things quite different here from what I expected. When I became released from the body, I had the film removed from my eyes—then I did not see through a glass darkly, but I saw things as they were, not as they seemed to be. I find that, without truth, no man can be free. I had all that earth could give, to make me happy—yet I had a void that was never filled. Yes! dear friend! I had flowers in my bosom, but a wrangling thorn was there. I knew it, but could not rise above the surrounding influences that encompassed me. I would make many apologies to you, if you were a man to receive such. All I can say, is that I have lost much that cannot be regained. Since my escape from the body, I have found many of your spirit friends that would gladly help me to find the jewel I have lost. That cannot be, for the harvest is past, and the gate is shut. There is mercy beyond the grave—those that seek it shall obtain, even at the eleventh hour.

In this communication is contained the true aspirations of one that has walked through the dark valley and shadow of death. I have landed into perfect day: for here there is fullness of joy unspeakable, and full of glory—for those that ask for light shall receive the sun of truth that shall not go down.

Perhaps the world will say, this is a strange communication to receive from one that the world called a good man. If I had, while in the form, told what I felt to be true to the world, I should have written in a different strain. This communication is the greatest work that was ever published by BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.

I should be happy to have this communication published in the Banner of Light. They will tell you their communications are written entirely under the mediumship of Mrs. Conant. But let the world receive the truth where they can find it.

Would we communicate with the holy and loved of the spheres, we must seek the plane of holiness and love they occupy.

Truth is clothed in white; but it comes forth with all the colors of the rainbow.

Recent Events in Spiritualism.

"IF THEY DRINK ANY DEADLY THING," ETC.

We met a medium a few weeks ago, from New York city, who lately took poison enough, (by mistake,) to kill five men, but who was saved by spirits alone. Some of the first physicians in that city were called to the case, and decided that the man must die! After this, the suffering one had a "vision of angels," who asked him if he was ready to depart.

"No," was his response, for he loved life much, and still clung to it with a mighty grasp. But the pains caused by the "deadly thing" grew keener and still more keen, as the subtle poison coursed through the life-currents of that agonized organism. And again came the angel query,—"Are you ready to come to us?"

But no, the agony is not great enough yet, and he still refuses to be an angel-guest. Now comes that torture, to which all former pain seemed pleasure, and with it, that angel-seen grew brighter, and still more beautiful and attractive.

"Will you come with us, now?" said the angels, in sweet and winning accents.

"Into thy hands, O, God! I commit my spirit," said the now willing spirit of the dying one.

And with that beautiful resignation, the outer senses closed on the world—its beauties, its utilities and its toys, and gentle and serene slumber stole over the delicate nerves of both body and spirit. It was the influx of that circle of angels, whose power neutralized the otherwise deadly effects of the poison. And that influx could only penetrate the life-currents of the sufferer and effect the results, when the spirit was willing to go. A few hours of gentle sleep served to give nature her own harmony again, and he who drank that "deadly thing" was entirely unharmed.—*Era.*

Mrs. Emron:—Occasionally an item gets into the Free Press, against Spiritualism, but never any of the phenomena. A gentleman related to me yesterday as one of the many facts that had convinced him of the reality of "Spirit Communion," the following tests. Through curiosity he visited a circle in his native town, a quiet village, among the Green Mountains.

Thoroughly skeptical he seated himself at the table, an intelligence came and wrote the name of a much valued friend, whom he knew (or thought he knew), was alive and well, living in St. Louis, Missouri. The intelligence stated that it died in Louisville, Kentucky, of brain fever, and gave the week, day of the week, month, and day of the month, when it died, and stated that two letters that he had directed to it, were then lying in the post office at St. Louis. This was a damper for him, and he placed no confidence in the communication. This spirit insisted that the intelligence was correct, and that if he would write to his brother-in-law, living in St. Louis, he would find that he was receiving the truth. He, with his faith, wrote, and in due course of mail, received a reply that the facts were true in their minutest particulars. There was no person at the circle or in the town, who knew that he had such a friend, or was corresponding with such a person. The fact that he did not know that his friend had removed to Kentucky, was unknown to him, and was it, the spirit of his friend, who gave the intelligence? It could not have been, for it was not coming upon him. What was it, then, that was giving the intelligence? The gentleman is in New York, and has been the full particulars of his own life by calling upon the writer.—*Burlington Free Press.*

TRANSPORTATION OF MATERIAL OBJECTS.

Capt. Samuel Rideout and myself left Philadelphia, for Ohio and the Canadas, via Cincinnati and Detroit, Mich., leaving in our store to attend business, J. Greely, one of our firm. We took among other things with us a new clothes brush, upon which I put my private mark, it being my personal property. (I would cheerfully make oath to all I shall here relate.) We stopped at Harrisburgh the first night, where we both used said brush, and left in first train of cars before light.

The next night we remained at Altoona, and on looking for the brush, found it—missing. We both remarked, then, that we left it on our chamber table at Harrisburgh; and Mr. Rideout offered to purchase another brush, as mine was new and he had undertaken to keep it in his valise, mine being very fully packed, but I told him to wait till we needed it more. Several times, on our tour he offered to buy me a brush, but as often I put him off. We separated at Niagara Falls, he returning to Maine and I going to Quebec and returning to Philadelphia, via Montreal, Hudson River, and New York.

On my return, I left my baggage at Camden, where I boarded, (Mr. Rideout still remaining in Maine), and crossed over to our place of business. The first thing in particular I noticed, was the identical clothes brush! Mr. Greely affirmed he had seen said brush in the store for weeks before our return, notwithstanding he was quite sure he saw us pack it in our valise when we left. I remarked that the Spirit brought it back, for we had left it in Harrisburgh, Pa. He thought me joking, and no more was said. I left soon for Maine. While at a circle in Bangor, Me., the spirits voluntarily spelt out that I had lost two things while on my tour. (I had not mentioned the fact to any one.) I asked what were the articles.

Ans. A brush and memorandum book.

Ques. Where are they?

Ans. The brush was brought back to Philadelphia the next day after you left it, and the memorandum book is in Canada.

I will here remark that I did lose a memorandum book, in which were several entries, which I thought I left at Prescott, Ca.

A few evenings after, I met Mr. Wood, a deaf mute, a clairvoyant of much merit as a test and healing medium. Mr. W. was a perfect stranger to me, we never having seen each other, and neither of us knowing that the other existed. After giving the circle several excellent tests, he wrote on his slate, and handed me the following:—

"You are going to Philadelphia soon."

I remarked that was good, and then related to a gentleman by my side the brush story, in a whisper, so as not to disturb the circle. Just as I pronounced this sentence: "On entering my store the first thing I noticed was my brush," Mr. Wood wrote quickly on his slate again, and handed to me:

"Where was Mr. Greely at that time?"

(Recollect, Mr. Greely was the third partner, whom we left at home while absent.) I was delighted, and remarked,

"That is excellent."

He smiled and wrote again:

"Where is the little memorandum book?" and then made some six or eight entries precisely like those in the book I lost!

A PREMONITION.

A gentleman, whose word is in every respect reliable, states that as he was sitting alone in his office one Sunday morning, quietly reading the Bible and meditating, he heard three delicate musical sounds, like the sounds of vibrating harp-strings. After the lapse of a few seconds the same sounds were repeated. They were distinct and unmistakable, and seemed to proceed from the direction of a map that hung upon the wall. Knowing that there was no person in the body about the premises, who could have made these sounds, our friend was at loss to account for them, and the next day called upon a clairvoyant, to have the matter investigated by interior perception. The clairvoyant told him that the sounds were intended to intimate the death of two of his relatives, one of which was a child, and the other a grown person, and said that he would have a letter in the course of two or three days, announcing these facts. Accordingly, a couple of days after, he received a letter informing him of the death of his sister's child, and of an adult relative, both residing in a distant place, and of the sickness of neither of which he had before been informed.

SPIRIT MUSIC.

Mr. Levi Higbie, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes that his wife was frequently annoyed by very disagreeable sounds, which occurred especially after she retired to bed, and which, continuing through the night, would often deprive her almost entirely of sleep. Since these sounds subsided, she often hears the most beautiful music, both vocal and instrumental, which sometimes appears to be distant, and sometimes in the room where she is seated, though this can in no instance be heard by others. At her request the music will move from one position to another, and any tune will be played which she requests, and sometimes tunes are played with which she is entirely unacquainted. Frequently, after the invisible musicians have performed for a while, they will for a while stop, and apparently commence talking; but though she can hear their voices, she can not distinguish their words. One or two clairvoyants, who have examined the case, have told her that they perceived the spirits of two men and three women, from whom the sounds proceeded.

The Messenger.

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

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

These communications are not published for literary merit. 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 of Realities.

Some time since while in a western city, in company with a friend, whose privilege it is to see these who to the common sight of men on earth are unseen, and to look upon whatever our spirit friends may choose to present, she passed into a semi-trance state and said:

I see a large, high mountain. The rocks are sharp and rugged, yet grand and noble in their appearance. This mountain seems to belong to the people whom I see standing in the valley beneath. They have never dared to strive to reach its summit, on account of a dark being who wanders around it, and excludes all possible attempt of the people to form a pathway. Well they know that from the mountain, could they but ascend, the most advantageous view can be obtained of the boundless vale which lies stretched forth in the distance, watered by deep rivers and winding brooks. Green meadows and beautiful gardens lie in the far, far distance, hidden from their view for the want of some higher eminence, from which to examine the vast plain.

This lofty mountain is there, and though the dark being says, "Not so, you are the level ground; you have no height to ascend, the content of God will open the ground, and now possess and plunge you into its hidden depths."

Yet they linger, from this recent vision they could be seen the "white valley." They have the valley, and why do the mountain spirits descend, and slumber in a gentle lullaby of repose.

Pearls.

And good old and good new
And the old and the new of all times,
Sparkle forever.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day!
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As you may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing,
Into gray,
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep
But breathless as we grow when feeling most,
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep.
All heaven and earth are still—from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast;
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all creator and defence.

Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade;
The true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

Truth needs no color, with his color fixed;
Beauty needs no pencil, Beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixed.

The spoken word, the written poem, is said to be an epitome of the man; how much more the done work. Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute, but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruits do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy.

Only see.

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

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if we would but furnish the apartments.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost—and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where yet did glow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.

In sapphire rain Heaven ripples down:
The sweet south-winds wait upon wide
The glory-gate of Summer's tide;
A starry sweep of flowers is strown

Through the green meadows; white and gold,
It laughs along the glowing ground:
Such throng of blessings dance around
The old World's heart; lo, these unfold.

THE ENCHANTED SPRING;

OR,

NEVER JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS.

BY WILLIAM BENTLY OLIVER.

In the summer of 1853, I was attacked with a disease so different to anything which I had before experienced, that I was at a loss to determine what my symptoms betokened. I was nervous to the last degree—started at every sound—examined my pulse constantly—read a whole library of medical books, and consulted every doctor who came in my way.

Their answers invariably were, that my system had lost its tone—that the only remedy was change of air, lively company and plenty of good Scotch ale—pleasant medicines enough in themselves. The last one I consulted, not only prescribed, but found the medicines for me.

"Take a run down to the seaside, my good sir," said the kind doctor; "it will be nearly all the medicine you need. I have a summer dwelling there, perched up among the rocks—rude and simple enough for an anchorite, but just what will suit you I am sure. There is an old woman living there, who will cook fish for you in a way that Udd might envy, and there is always prime company at the hotel by the beach. Go and take possession, and if old Colonel Jones don't have the gout in his stomach, nor Miss Jerusha a fit of hysterics, I will come down to you once a week at least. Tell aunt Dinah to have her fish ready every day, just as if she were expecting you to eat it."

I took him at his word, and went down to Rockville the next day, armed with fish-hooks enough to catch all the perch between Long Wharf and "Georges." If you think I went all the way in the car, you are much mistaken. I got out when half way; stunned by the noise of crying children and sick with the diabolical air that pervaded those traveling pest-houses.

Half way then, I mounted the outside of "Calvin's"—not John Calvin's—stage, and with a good spyglass Havana, and an eye that took in all the beauties of the coast scenery that lay at our right, and the beautiful landscape at our left, we posted down as fast as four horses could carry us. Plump, rosy and good natured was the driver. Nobody would have thought that he could have borne the name of Calvin. He must be an unworthy recreant from the hard and severe doctrines of his namesake!

Be that as it may, he has an eye for the picturesque, as he fully proved when calling to my notice all the best points of the scenery, through which we were bowling along at an easy and comfortable rate.

"Where do you stop, sir?" asked Calvin as we rode triumphantly into town, at an accelerated pace.

"At the house owned by Doctor Harcourt. Do you know it?"

"Rather think I do, sir. Old aunt Dinah will cook your fish nicely."

"So the doctor said. In fact he prescribed her cooking as a medicine."

"Are you ill, sir?"

"Very," I replied gravely. "The Doctor thought it was my only chance to come here."

Here Calvin turned round and eyed me closely. He seemed satisfied with the inspection, but only said, "You are right, sir. A dose of Aunt Dinah's cooking will do you good."

"And Scotch ale," interposed.

"And Scotch ale will bring you round by the last of August."

If a good laugh would cure one of nervous af-

fections, I would have been certainly cured at the first sight of aunt Dinah. As might be expected from her name, she was a colored lady. She was very short and very thick, her circumference being that of a barrel, while her altitude was only that of a small keel.

She was dressed in a wonderfully short petticoat (no need of hoops there) which displayed an understanding of which few women could boast. A short sack was pinned tightly over the upper part of her figure, displaying its proportions, while a real Madras shawl of red and white, was wound gracefully around her head in ample folds as a turban, and a checked apron completed her arrangement. Every article of her dress was scrupulously clean, and had been ironed until it shone.

She showed me the whole of a very fine and white set of teeth, of nature's manufacture, and then ran to prepare my dinner, for which my ride had given me an appetite.

The house was nestled in among the rocks, and was almost as grey as they were. Like them too, it was covered with moss and lichen. It was open in front to the sea, and behind was a dense undergrowth springing up at the roots of the few trees that grew around it. At the side, sheltered from the north winds was a little garden cultivated by Aunt Dinah and her nephew Tommy, called by courtesy Doctor Harcourt's Tommy, and close to the house, was the little green wherry, which the said Tommy, launched as often as twice every day, to bring in the delicious fresh fish; and between these two excursions, he angled for perch from the rocks.

"What bait do you use Tommy?"

"Clams, sir, allurs."

"Alive or dead?"

Tommy showed his white teeth, in the vicinity of his ears. "Well," said he, at last, "it don't make much difference of the two, live ones are liked best, I guess, I likes best to fish with 'em."

It reminded me of that "quaint, old, cruel com-comb," as Byron calls Isaac Walton, who says, "and thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive: put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and when the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but he whose name is wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills; and with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the arming wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as possible, that he may live the longer."

I know that my pity for the clams was genuine, because the next day, I persuaded Tommy to take only dead ones for our bait.

But to return to Aunt Dinah's dinner, which consisted of hot coffee, fried perch and that delicious compound known as Indian Johnny-cake. I had been boarding at a first class Boston hotel—but for appetitious food, commend me to Aunt Dinah's table, spread with her nice white cloth, clean white dishes, and the silver forks and spoons, of which she said the Doctor "allurs," left a dozen in her care, and which shone like her own ivories.

By the time I had been there two or three days, I forgot that I ever had any nerves; I was growing too large for my clothes, and my appetite I well it was not a sick man's believe me.

O, the careless, happy, untroubled days in which I used to sit in that little green wherry, and rock on the bosom of the deep! What thorough enjoyment, heedless and forgetful of the great world which I had left behind me! I did not "allurs" fish, as Dinah would say. Tommy and I often caught fifty between us, but it sometimes turned out that Tommy caught forty nine and I, the rest.

My pocket editions of the poets served me well at that time; and so did my quaint little volume on "Lotos eating;" and my flute gave me fresh delight every day. Never had it sounded so beautifully to my ear as when upon the water.

Dr. Harcourt came down, and was delighted at the success of his prescription.

"Now if you do not happen to fall in love with any of these water witches whom you will be likely to see around here, I will come down every Saturday; but I hate nothing so bad as to be in the company of a moonstruck lover." The doctor was an inveterate bachelor, and the most beautiful "water witch" on the coast, would have been a mean rival to aunt Dinah in his regard.

I promised—but my hour was not then come.

"Take care how you promise, Ned. There is a certain spring about here of which if a man drinks, he can never leave this romantic locality until he takes one of the fair nymphs of the fountain for his wife."

"Indeed! And pray, where may this wonderful spring be found?"

"Every one has to find that out for himself. I know the spot, and I avoid it too."

I strayed off into the forest one day, when Tommy had gone to make some purchases for Dinah, and I did not want to go in the boat alone. It was a still quiet spot, and though not far from the town, not a sound could be heard from its busy streets. Peace seemed to brood like a dove over its habitations that day, and Nature seemed to repose in a dreamy slumber. The leafy shades were impervious to the bright sunlight, and a walk in the green copes of the wood, with the wild flowers blooming around, seemed like walking in a second Eden.

A little while, and I almost fancied that I had found the Eve to this paradise; for on parting a leafy screen that concealed my path, I saw a figure that arrested my footsteps at once.

It was a lady in deep mourning, kneeling beside a child who lay on the mossy carpet beneath the trees. The child was a fair, delicate boy, not over four years old, and he was evidently hurt, for the little shoe and stocking lay on the ground, and the white foot was streaked with blood, and swollen badly. The boy was very patient, and the mother was tenderly wiping the blood from the foot, with her handkerchief which she had dipped in a silver thread of water that murmured under the trees.

Of course I offered my assistance; and I suppose the lady saw something in my face that gave her confidence, and she allowed me to take the boy in my arms, and bear him towards the town. Long before we reached it, the little fellow had forgotten his injury in a rosy slumber. He had tripped over a branch of a fallen tree, and cut and bruised the little foot, so that it was impossible to step upon it. His last words, on sinking to sleep in my arms, were "don't cry mother—I am not hurt much."

At the door of a pretty white house, my companion stopped and made a sign for me to enter. I did so, and laying the boy upon a sofa, had time to observe things around me, while the lady had gone to take off her bonnet and shawl.

There were the evidences of taste everywhere. The bay window was curtained with honey suckle, which filled the room with its perfume. Books, flowers and pictures were there in profusion, and all in the best taste, simple, yet perfectly elegant; yet a shade of melancholy seemed to pervade everything. The room was too dark for cheerfulness, and the mourning attire of the lady herself, threw a sombre shadow into the apartment.

"I need not ask if Mrs. Harley is a widow," I thought, "for every thing betokens it."

I staid as long as I dared, and asked leave to see the little boy again next day. She assented, but

said at the same time, that people in her position had to be very careful about receiving visitors. I muttered something about not wishing to compromise her, but did not offer to retract my desire to call.

The next day Tommy was surprised at my indifference to going out in the boat. The fellow seemed so genuinely disappointed that I at length went to please him. But the interest which I had always felt in the occupation, strangely flagged to-day, and I hurried it over to return to dinner, so as to make my call.

Aunt Dinah said my appetite was good for "nuffin" that day. I did not wait for my bottle of ale to be uncorked, but left the table to array myself in my best suit. I was especially careful about my appearance, and in fact nothing suited me. Dr. Harcourt's looking glasses must have been poor ones. At any rate, they did not reflect an image that I could make up my mind to be proud of.

But I set off at last, and that call was the prelude to many more; until at length I had no excuse, for little Ned's foot had got well, and I had taken him out in the boat, and frightened his mother almost to death, when I confessed what I had done.

I asked her if I hadn't a right to take my namesake when I chose.

The remembrance of those days is very pleasant to me even now. I can truly say that they were those of perfect happiness, such as we seldom get a chance of cheating life out of. I was exceedingly fond of children, and loved little Ned, next to his mother; and although never, by word or sign did she betray that she liked me, still I thought, with the usual vanity of people in like circumstances, that there would be no difficulty in gaining her consent, when a proper time and sufficient acquaintance should make it right that I should talk to her upon the subject.

I called, indeed, one afternoon, with the express purpose of saying something which might at least sound the depths of her heart; and was ushered into a different room from that she had usually received me in. There were trunks in the hall, and an immense clatter of dishes in the usually quiet dining room; and a man's voice was heard distinctly mingling with the soft tones of Mrs. Harley.

I was impatient to know who this intruder might be, and I waited in a frame of mind by no means enviable. A brother or a lover? I thought, for Mrs. Harley's voice had now grown absolutely tender, although I could not distinguish what she said.

Presently she came into the room, apologised politely for her delay and turning back to beckon some one in, a tall handsome but sunburnt looking man walked in, and Mrs. Harley introduced him as her husband!

Queer enough—and queerly I felt too—but the hearty welcome with which he met me, left me no excuse for quarreling with him, although he had got my little Ned in his arms.

It was some comfort that Ned slipped down and ran to me, evidently preferring me to his father.

In the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. Harley had been in Australia three years, and had unexpectedly arrived a few hours before.

If I had seen a single glance of merriment from the eyes of Mrs. Harley, at my embarrassment, I should have forsworn her friendship then and forever; but she was calm, kind and cordial as ever, nay, in reality more so, for the presence of her husband seemed to give her confidence.

I had one satisfaction. I had not committed myself. I spent many agreeable hours afterwards with Mr. and Mrs. Harley, and I found that Ned did not forget old friends in finding new ones. I was still preferred to the father, by the boy, if not by the wife.

Dr. Harcourt came down the next week, flourishing and bustling, in his cordial way, and I forgot in his genial society that I had experienced any thing worthy of regret. Mr. Harley was his old friend, and we had a pleasant time together. The Doctor never knew that in curing my nerves, he had laid me liable to disease of the heart.

Aunt Dinah—long may she wave! I have paid my debts to her fish and johnny-cakes every summer since then, and the relish has not depreciated.

Tommy still plies the boat, and shows those incorruptible ivories with as much satisfaction on seeing me, as ever.

Next summer, however, I shall not go alone.

Agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE IN MICHIGAN.—The State of Michigan has established a College of Agriculture, on a farm of seven hundred fertile acres, near the new city of Lansing, where the State Capitol is located. Joseph R. Williams, late editor of the Toledo Blade, is President. It has an endowment of \$56,000, the proceeds of the Salt Spring lands, originally donated to Michigan Territory by the Federal Government. The Legislature has appropriated \$20,000 per annum, for two years, to support the College. There are already accommodations for eighty students. No charge is now made for tuition, but each student is required to work three hours a day, for which he is paid. This we believe, will be the first State Agricultural College actually in operation in America, but Pennsylvania and New York are preparing to follow. The Michigan College will be dedicated on the 13th instant. Harvard College, in this state, will have funds for a similar institution, as soon as the bequest of the late Benjamin Bussey, of West Roxbury, becomes available.

FLOWERS FROM BULBOUS ROOTS IN THREE WEEKS.—Put quicklime into a flower pot till it is rather more than half full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

ONIONS AND ROSES.—It is said, that onions certainly increase the fragrance of flowers, and that if a large onion is planted near a rose bush, so as to touch its roots, the odour of the flowers will be wonderfully increased, and the water distilled from those roses far superior to any other.

GERMAN HOT BEDS.—To construct German hot beds, take white cotton cloth, of a close texture, stretch it, and nail it on frames of any size desired; mix two ounces of lime water, four ounces of linseed oil, one ounce of white eggs, separately, and mix with the former. Spread the mixture with a paint brush, over the cloth, allowing each coat to dry before applying another, until they become waterproof. The following are some of the advantages these shades possess over glass. The cost is hardly one-fourth; repairs are easily and cheaply made; they are light; no matter how intense the heat of the sun, the plants are never struck down, or faded; neither do they grow up long, sickly, and weakly, as they do under glass and still there is abundance of light.

TRUE modesty is a flower whose grateful odor endures for ages. False modesty is a weed as poisonous as stramonium, and as deadly in its ultimate effects, as the prurient acid, distilled from the green and pretty leaves of peach trees.

Flashes of Fun.

SOWING THE TARES.—A story is told of a grave divine on Cape Cod, not long since, who awoke from a comfortable nap in his chair, and discovered his amiable helpmate in the performance of an act for which Gov. Marcy once made a charge of fifty cents to his State—in other words, mending his pantaloons. Inspired with a love of fun which seldom affected him, he inquired, "Why are you, my dear, like the evil adversary spoken of in Scripture?"

Of course, she was unable to discover any resemblance.

"Because," said he, while the husbandman slept, you sowed the tares."

FRIGHTENED CROWS.—A man has invented a scare-crow, so utterly terrific and hideous, that the crows are all busily engaged in bringing back the corn which they stole two years ago.

A QUICK PERCEPTION.—"Dick, I say, why don't you turn the buffalo robe t'other side out?—hair is the warmest."

"Bah, Tom, you get out. Do you suppose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide? I follow his style."

NEVER TAKE BARK.—A gentleman observed to a lady, that a mutual friend, since a late illness, had spoken like a puppy.

"No doubt of it," he replied, "for his physician has since ordered him to bark three times a day."

SHREWD.—A little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astounded his maiden instructress, who was fast approaching a "certain age," by the following translation:—

"Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a mantrap!"

A FAIR RETORT.—Some English officers, drinking in their tent, asked the chaplain for a toast.

"The Emperor of Russia," said the chaplain.

"What, our foe?" said the colonel.

"You live by him," said the chaplain.

The colonel then gave "The Devil."

"Do you mean to insult me?" said the chaplain.

"You live by him," said the colonel, very coolly.

"Do you not, good doctor?"

SATISFACTORY.—"What is the reason," said an Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind: she wants to be master, and so do I."

Scientific and Mechanical.

MARINE VOLCANO.—In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, reports from two masters of merchantmen were read, stating that, on the 30th December last, the vessel of one was rudely shaken as by a shock of earthquake, in 10 deg. south latitude and 21 deg. 35 min. west longitude, and that of the other when under the Equator, at 20 deg. west longitude. The first vessel experienced several other shocks, though slighter, accompanied by a rumbling noise, until four o'clock in the afternoon; the second only experienced one shock. The weather was perfectly calm at the time, the sea tranquil, the temperature remained unchanged. After the reports had been repeated, M. Elie Beaumont, the geologist, said that it had long been supposed, from preceding observations, that a volcano existed in the Atlantic, at about the latitude and longitude mentioned, that it was, no doubt, an explosion of it which had caused the sea captains to imagine there had been an earthquake.

CHEMICAL PROCESS FOR IMPREGNATING SILK.—A very important discovery has been made by a Mr. Petit, of Lyons, France, of a means of impregnating silk, by a chemical process, with gold, silver, brass, or iron, so that it can be woven with perfect flexibility, and thus form, as it were, stuffs of those metals. The invention has been secured by patent, and it will be worked by a company of capitalists on a large scale of manufacture. It is said that the price of this new and unique material will not be high.

MACHINE FOR SHAKING CARPETS.—The latest new invention is a machine for shaking carpets, which cleans the largest carpet in fifteen minutes, without the least damage to the fabric.

MARBLING PLASTER OBJECTS.—Objects in plaster of Paris are now rendered like marble, by coating them, one or more times, with liquid of two parts stearine and two parts Venetian soap, with twenty or thirty parts of cold solution of caustic potassa; then add one part of pearlash, and cold ley sufficient to produce perfect flexibility.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Yesterday and to-day! What a spell lies within those little words!

Yesterday! What was yesterday but our early life—what was our early life but yesterday? To-day is the stern reality of our existence—the fate that must be met and braved; but yesterday—oh, that was the poetry of existence—the lovely and beloved time when all was happiness and innocence around us, and when we were happy and innocent, too.

It was in the bright, free morning of yesterday that we kissed that gentle mother, whose whole life was full of love for us, and went bounding off to school. It was then that our playmates gathered around us, delighted to follow where we led. It was then that the merry slide down hill, the mad "snowball," the noisy game of hide-and-seek, filled up our list of pleasures. It was then that the blue eyed Susie looked timidly at us over the top of her spelling-book, and let us show her home from school, and cried with her little checked apron up to her eyes, when we were whipped. It was then that we loved the little fairy almost better than life itself, and had vague, impossible dreams of being cast away with her upon some desolate island, and living there with her forever. It was in the pleasant hours of yesterday that we watched her growing up, into a tall and graceful maiden—that we won her, strange to tell, and not to that fairie-like island, but to a plain and quiet home, where Paradise seemed to have been renewed on earth.

What says today to this? She points her finger, laughing scornfully the while, to the home which, from an humble cottage, has expanded into a marble palace, and shows us Susie—no longer young and modest—but gay, heartless, and fashionable—the careless mother of three daughters, as gay and careless as herself. Paradise seems to have given place to Pandemonium, for strife and bitterness reign within those walls. Unto today belongs the grave and careworn business man, who stands in his own beautiful house, and in his family, as a stranger. Today has done it all, for the youth who married Susie, needed hard lessons before he came to this. All the beauty of his life is laid away—it was yesterday, and today has nothing to do with it—yet sometimes, as he sits in the counting room of his great warehouse, and hears a hand organ playing, he buries his face in his hands, and something of the old grace and beauty come back, as he thinks, with tears in his eyes, of all that is lost to him forever.

PICTURES.

A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows—and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls, and nothing on them; for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the human soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps, idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment, may revel, refreshed and delighted. It is winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which can be read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

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Any communication on the subject will be gratefully acknowledged, and may be addressed to Dr. CHARLES H. HAYDEN, care of S. H. BARTY, 336 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. May 28.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE TABERNACLE.

A Discussion of Spiritual Philosophy, by CORA L. V. HATCH